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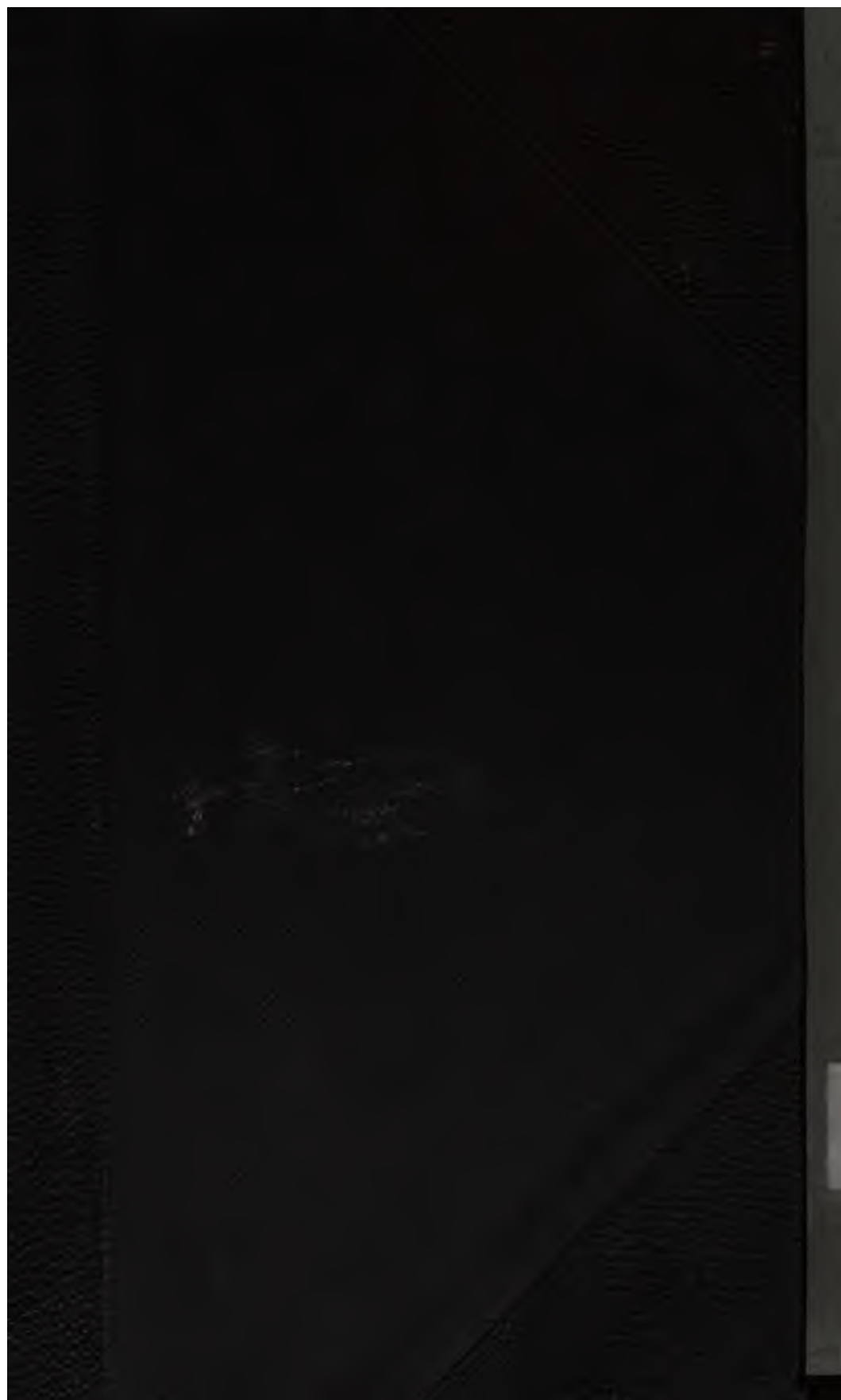
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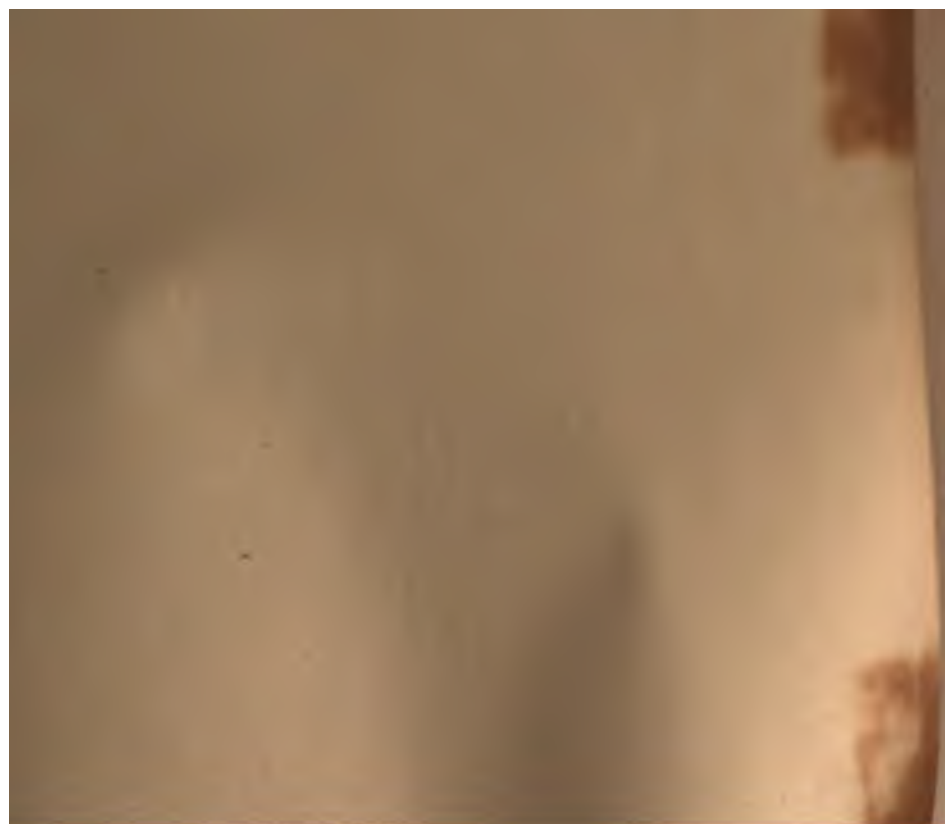
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CONTENTS.

- A Heroine of Conjugal Love, 781.**
A New Face on an Old Question, 577.
Anecdotal Memoirs of Emperor Nicholas I., 683.
A Sister's Story, 707.
Ancient Irish Church, 764.
Abyssinia and King Theodore, 265.

Baltimore, Second Plenary Council of, 618.
Breton Legend of St. Christopher, 710.
Bretons, Faith and Poetry of, 567.
Bible and the Catholic Church, 657.
Bishop Doyle, 44.
Bound with Paul, 389.

Catacombs, Children's Graves in, 401.
Campion, Edmund, 289.
Catholics in England, Condition and Prospects of, 487.
Catholic Church and the Bible, 657.
Catholic Sunday-School Union, 300.
Children's Graves in the Catacombs, 401.
Crisis, The Episcopalian, 37.
Christopher, St., Breton Legend of, 710.
Constantinople, Harem Life in, 407.
Conscience, Plea for Liberty of, 433.
Condition and Prospects of Catholics in England, 487.
Confessional, Episcopalian, 372.
Conscript, Story of a, 26.
Colony of the Insane, Gheel, 824.
Conjugal Love, Heroine of, 781.
Council of Baltimore, Second Plenary, 618.
Cowper, 347.
Country Church, a Plan for, 135.
Cousin, Victor, and the Church Review, 95.
Cross, The, 21.
Count Ladislas Zamoyski, 650.
Church, Ancient Irish, 764.
Church, Catholic, and the Bible, 657.
Church Review, and Victor Cousin, 95.
Churches, United, of England and Ireland, 200.
Church, Early Irish, 356.

Draper, Professor, Books of, 155.
De Garaison, Notre Dame, 644.
Doyle, Bishop, 44.
Duties, Household, 700.

Early Irish Church, 356.
England and Ireland, United Churches of, 200.
England, Catholics of, Condition and Prospects, 487.
Episcopalian Crisis, 37.
Episcopalian Confessional, 372.
Education, Popular, 228.
Edmund Campion, 289.
European Prison Discipline, 772.
Egypt, Harem Life in, 407.

Face, New, on an Old Question, 577.
Faith and Science, 338, 464.
Flaminia, 705.
Faith and Poetry of the Bretons, 567.
Flight of Spiders, 414.
Florence Athern's Trial, 213.

Garaison, Notre Dame de, 644.
Graves, Children's, in the Catacombs, 401.
Gathering, Roman, 191.
Glastonbury, Legend of, 517.
Gheel, Colony of the Insane, 824.
Girl, Italian, of our Day, 364, 543, 626.
Glimpses of Tuscany—The Duomo, 479; The Boboli Gardens, 679.
Good Works, Merit of, 125.

Harem Life in Egypt and Constantinople, 407.
Heroine of Conjugal Love, 781.
History, How told in the Year 3000, 130.
Holy Shepherdess of Pibrac, 753.
Holy Week in Jerusalem, 77.
How our History will be told in the Year 3000, 130.

Insane, Colony of, at Gheel, 824.
Italian Girl of our Day, 364, 543, 626.
Irish Church, Early, 356.
Irish Church, Ancient, 764.
"Is it Honest?" 239.
Ireland, Protestant Church of, 200.

Jerusalem, Holy Week in, 77.
John Sterling, 811.
John Tauler, 422.

King Theodore of Abyssinia, 265.
Keeble, 347.

La Fayette, Madame de, 781.
Legend of Glastonbury, 517.
Liberty of Conscience, Plea for, 433.
Life of St. Paula, sketches of, 380, 508, 670.
Life, Harem, in Egypt and Constantinople, 407.
Life's Chariv, 839.
Last Gasp of the Anti-Catholic Faction, 850.

Madame de La Fayette, 781.
Magas; or, Long Ago, 59, 256.
Miscellany, 130.
Merit of Good Works, 125.
Memoirs of Count Segur, 633.
Monks of the West, 1.

New Face on an Old Question, 577.
Newgate, 772.
Newman's Poems, 609.
Nellie Netterville, 82, 175, 307, 445, 589, 736.
New York City, Sanitary and Moral Condition of, 553, 712.
Nicholas, Emperor, Memoirs of, 683.
Notre Dame de Garaison, 644.

O'Neil and O'Donnell in Exile, 11.

Quietist Poetry, 347.

Race, The Human, Unity of, 67.
Rights of Catholic Women, 846.
Roman Gathering, 191.

- St. Paula, Sketches of her Life, 380, 508, 670.
 St. Christopher, Breton Legend of, 710.
 Sayings of the Fathers of the Desert, 76, 227, 572.
 Sanitary and Moral Condition of New York City, 553, 712.
 Segur, Count, Memoirs of, 633.
 Shepherdess of Pibrac, 753.
 Sterling, John, 811.
 Science and Faith, 338, 464.
 Sketches of the Life of St. Paula, 380, 508, 670.
 Sister Simplicia, 115.
 Sister's Story, 707.
 Spiders, Flight of, 414.
 Story of a Conscript, 26.
 Story, a Sister's, 707.
 Tauler, John, 422.
 The Cross, 21.
 The Church Review and Victor Cousin, 95.
 The Episcopalian Crisis, 37.
 The Rights of Catholic Women, 846.
 The Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, 618.
 The Story of a Conscript, 26.
 Theodore, King of Abyssinia, 265.
 Tennyson in his Catholic Aspects, 145.
 Unity of the Human Race, 67.
 United Churches of England and Ireland, 200.
 Veneration of Saints and Holy Images, 721.
 Wordsworth, 347.
 Women, Catholic, Rights of, 846.
 Zamoyaki, Count Ladislav, 650.

POETRY.

- All-Souls' Day—1867, 236.
 Benediction, 444.
 Elegy of St. Prudentius, 761.
 Full of Grace, 129.
 Iona to Erin, 57.
 Love's Burden, 212.
 Morning at Spring Park, 174.
 My Angel, 363.
 One Fold, 336.
 Poland, 154.
 St. Columba, 823.
 Sonnet on "Le Récit d'une Sœur," 306.
 St. Mary Magdalen, 476.
 Sonnet, 617.
 Tears of Jesus, 113.
 To the Count de Montalembert, 516.
 Wild Flowers, 566.

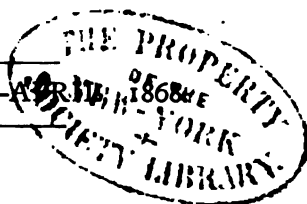
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- Assemblée Générale des Catholiques en Belge, 431.
 Appleton's Annual Cyclopædia for 1867, 574.
 Appleton's Short Trip to France, 717.
 Book of Moses, 142.
 Campbell's Works, 720.
 Catholic Sunday-School Library, 431.
 Catholic Crusoe, 719.
 Chandler's New Fourth Reader, 575.
 Chemical Change in the Eucharist, 285.
 Count Lucanor, 140.
 De Costa's Lake George, 718.
 Discussions in Theology, Skinner, 573.
 Elinor Johnson, 576.
 Folks and Fairies, 144.
 Great Day, 288.
 Gillet's Democracy, 719.
 Hints on the Formation of Religious Opinions, 573.
 Histoire de France, 719.
 House Painting, 720.
 Infant Bridal, by Aubrey de Vere, 143.
 Imitation of Christ, Spiritual Combat, etc., 575.
 Irish Homes and Irish Hearts, 576.
 Life of St. Catharine of Sienna, 142.
 Life in the West, 287.
 Memoirs and Letters of Jennie C. White—Del Bal, 858.
 Moses, Book of, 142.
 Mozart, 288.
 Margaret, a Story of Prairie Life, 576.
 Newman's Parochial Sermons, 716.
 Notes on the Rubrics of the Roman Missal, 574.
 Northcote's Celebrated Sanctuaries of the Madonna, 574.
 Ozanam's Civilization, 430.
 O'Kane's Notes on the Rubrics, 574.
 O'Shea's Juvenile Library, 719.
 On the Heights, 284.
 Palmer's Hints on the Formation of Religious Opinions, 573.
 Prayer the Key of Salvation, 143.
 Peter Claver, 142.
 Problems of the Age, 715.
 Queen's Daughter, 720.
 Red Cross, 575.
 Reforme en Italie, 143.
 Rossignoli's Choice of a State of Life, 576.
 Rhymes of the Poets, 718.
 St. Catharine of Sienna, Life of, 143.
 St. Colomba, Apostle of Caledonia, 281.
 Sanctuaries of the Madonna, 720.
 Tales from the Diary of a Sister, 288.
 The Catholic Crusoe, 719.
 The Queen's Daughter, 720.
 The Vickers and Purcell Controversy, 856.
 The Woman Blessed by all Generations, 860.

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THE MONKS OF THE WEST.*

BY THE COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT.

IN the galaxy of illustrious men whom God has given to France in this century, there is one whom history will place in the first rank. We mean the author of the *Monks of the West*, the Count de Montalembert. There has not been since the seventeenth century till now such an assemblage of men of genius and lofty character gathered round the standard of the church, combating for her and leaving behind them works that will never die. Attacked on all sides at once, the church has found magnanimous soldiers to bear the brunt of the battle, and meet her enemies in every quarter. Even though the victory has not yet been completely won, with such defenders she cannot doubt of final success and future triumph. How great are the names of Montalembert, Lacordaire, Ravignan, Dupanloup, Ozanam, Augustin Cochin, the Prince de Broglie, de Fal-

loux, Cauchy, and of so many others! The natural sciences, history, political economy, controversy, parliamentary debates, pulpit eloquence, have been studied and honored by these men; superior in all those sciences on account of the truth which they defend, and equal in talent to their most renowned rivals.

The figure of the Count de Montalembert stands conspicuous in that group of giant intellects by the universality of his eminent gifts. A historian full of erudition, an incomparable orator, and a writer combining the classic purity of the seventeenth century with the energy and fire of the nineteenth, an indefatigable polemic, a man of the world, yet an orthodox churchman, but above all a practical and fervent Christian; this great defender of Catholic truth has merited immortal praise from his contemporaries and from posterity.

Among all the works of this energetic champion of the faith, *The Monks of the West* holds indisputably the first place. It is the work of

* *The Monks of the West, from St. Benedict to St. Bernard.* By the Count de Montalembert, Member of the French Academy. 5 vols. 8vo. For sale at the Catholic Publication House, 126 Nassau Street, New York.

Montalembert's entire life. He has put into it his Benedictine erudition, his passionate love for truth, the charming and dramatic power of his style in the narration of events, his inimitable talent for painting in words the portraits of those famous characters whom he wishes to present to the eye of the reader; and their traits remain ineffaceably stamped on the mind. Especially does the soul of the true Christian breathe on every page of the volumes. For more than forty years their author bent piously over those austere forms of the Benedictine monks of the early ages to ask them the secret of their lives, of their virtues, of their influence on their country and their age. He has studied them with that infallible instinct of faith which had disclosed to him a hidden treasure in those old monastic ruins, and in those dusty and unexplored monuments of their contemporary literature; the treasure, namely, of the influence of the church acting on the barbarians through the monks. This is the leading idea of the whole work. It would be a mistake to expect, under the title of *Monks of the West*, a history of mere asceticism, or a species of continuation of the *Lives of the Fathers of the Desert*. Writers no longer treat, as that work does, the lives of the saints. Readers are not satisfied with the simple account of the virtues practised or the number of miracles performed by the canonized children of the church. Modern men want to look into the depths of a saint's soul; to know what kind of a human heart throbbed in his bosom, and how far he participated in the thoughts and feelings of ordinary human nature. The circumstances in which he lived and studied, the opinions formed of him by his contemporaries, are weighed, and the traces left by his sanctity or *genius on the manners and institu-*

tions of his country are closely considered.

The history of *The Monks of the West* is nothing else than a history of civilization through monastic causes. The third, fourth, and fifth volumes just published contain a complete, profound, exact, and beautiful account of the conversion of Great Britain to Catholicity. No work could be more interesting, not only to Englishmen, but to all who speak the English tongue. Hence, but a few months after the French edition of these bulky volumes, an English translation of them was given to the public, and is now well known and becoming justly wide-spread in the United States.

Irish and Anglo-Saxons, Americans by birth or by adoption, Catholics and Protestants, there is not one of us who is not interested in a work which tells us from whom, and how, we have inherited our Christian faith. Even Germans will learn in the perusal of these volumes their religious origin; for it was from the British isles that the apostles of Germany went forth to their labors. The English language is the most universally spoken to-day; the sceptre of Britain rules an empire greater than that of Alexander or of any of the Cæsars. The latest statistics tell us that there are one hundred and seventy-four millions of British subjects or vassals. The two Indies, vast Australia, and the islands of the Pacific Ocean belong mostly to the Anglo-Saxon race, and feel its influence. But what are all those great conquests compared to these once British colonies, now called North America? Who can foresee the height to which may reach this vigorous graft, cut from the old oak, invigorated by the virgin soil of the new world, and which already spreads its shade over immense latitudes, and which promises to be the

largest and most powerful country ever seen? Is it not therefore useful and interesting to study the religious origin of this extraordinary race? Is there an American in heart, or by birth, who is not bound to know the history of those to whom this privileged race owes its having received in so large a measure the three fundamental bases of all grandeur and stability in nations: the spirit of liberty, the family spirit, and the spirit of religion?

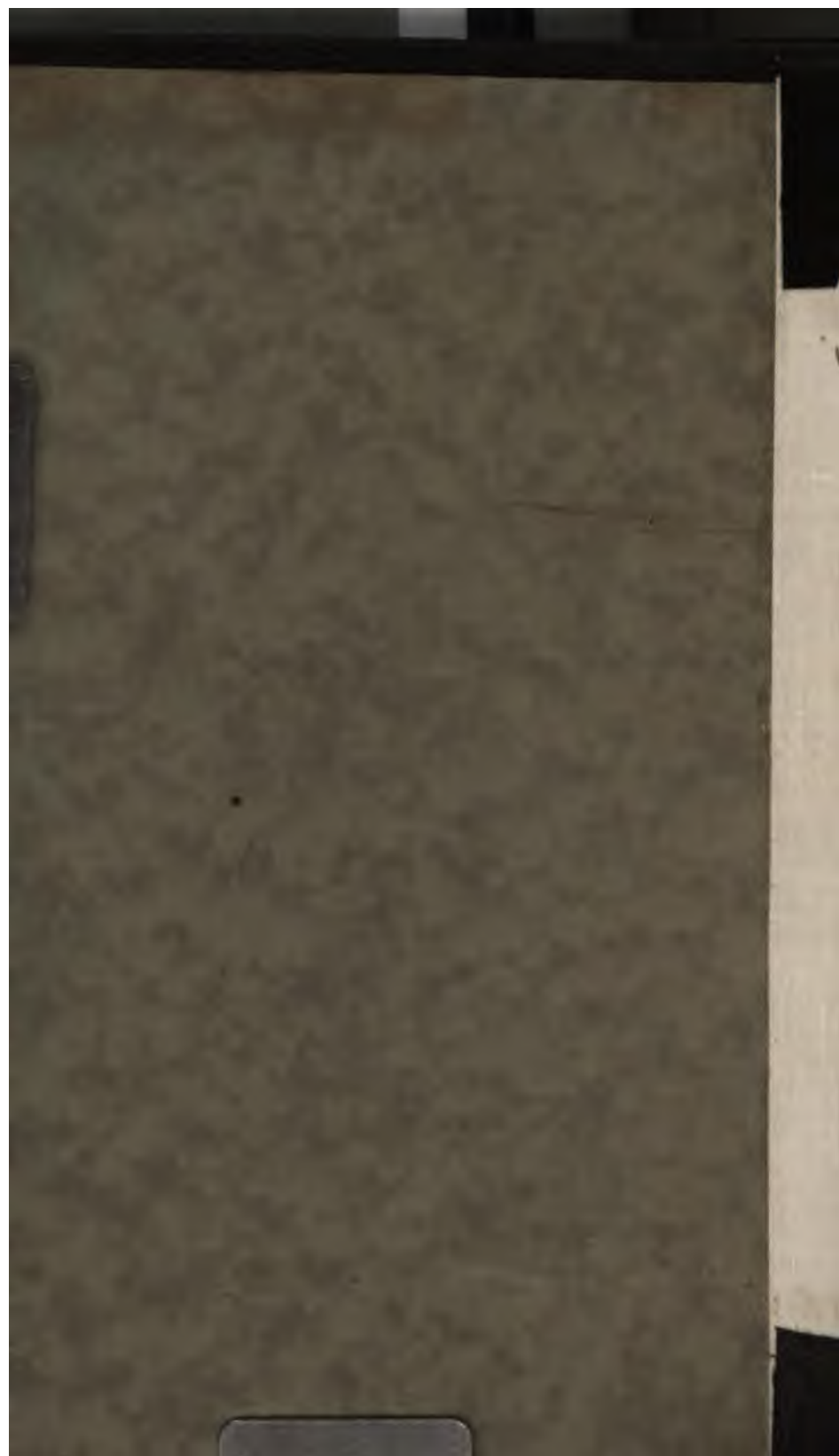
The history of the conversion of England by the monks answers all these questions. It comprises the apostleship of the Irish, and of the Roman and Anglo-Saxon elements during the sixth and seventh centuries. The Irish or Celtic portion of the history centres in St. Columba, whose majestic form towers above his age, illustrated by his virtues and influenced by his genius. The Roman element is represented by the monk Augustine, the first apostle of the Anglo-Saxons. Lastly, this race itself enters on the missionary career, and sends out as its first apostle a great man and a great saint, the monk Wilfrid, whose moral beauty of character rivals that of St. Columba. Shortly after these, as it were following in their shadow, walks the admirable and gentle Venerable Bede, the first English historian, the learned encyclopedist, alike the honor and glory of his countrymen, and of the learned of all nations.

We cannot resist the pleasure of giving, though it be but very incomplete and pale, a sketch of the great monk of Clonard, the apostle of Caledonia, St. Columba.* Sprung from the noble race of O'Niall, which ruled Ireland during six centuries, educated at Clonard, in one of those immense monasteries which recalled

the memory of the monastic cities of the Thebaid, he was the chief founder, though hardly twenty-nine years old, of a multitude of religious houses. More than thirty-seven in Ireland claim him as their founder. He was a poet of great renown, and a musician skilled in singing that national poetry of Erin, which so intimately harmonizes with Catholic faith. He lived in fraternal union with the other poets of his country, with those famous bards, whom he was afterward to protect and save from their enemies. Besides being a great traveller, like the most of the Irish saints and monks whose memory has been preserved by history, he had another passion for manuscripts. This passion had results which decided his destiny. Having shut himself up at night in a church, where he discovered the psalter of the Abbot Finnian, Columba found means to make a clandestine copy of it. Finnian complained of it as a theft. The case was brought to the chief monarch of Ireland, who decided against Columba. The copyist protested; anathematized the king, and raised against him in revolt the north and west of Hibernia. Columba's party conquered, and the recovered psalter, called the *Psalter of Battles*, became the national relic of the clan O'Donnell. This psalter still exists, to the great joy of the erudite patriots of Ireland.

Nevertheless, as Christian blood had flowed for a comparative trifle, and through the fault of a monk, a synod was convened and Columba was excommunicated. He succeeded in having the sentence cancelled; but he was commanded to gain to God, by his preaching, as many souls as he had destroyed Christians in the battle of Cooldrewny. To this injunction his confessor added the hardest of penances for a soul so

* The Catholic Publication Society will soon publish *The Life of St. Columba*, as given in the third volume of *The Monks of the West*.







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the island of Britain, where all had the same fresh color, and that they were pagans. Then, heaving a deep sigh, "what evil luck," he exclaimed, "that the prince of darkness should possess beings with an aspect so radiant, and that the grace of these countenances should reflect a soul void of inward grace! But what nation are they of?" "They are Angles?" "They are well named, for these Angles have the faces of angels; and they must become the brethren of the angels in heaven. From what province have they been brought?" "From Deira," (one of the two kingdoms of Northumbria.) "Still good," answered he. "*De ira eruti*—they shall be snatched from the ire of God, and called to the mercy of Christ. And how name they the king of their country?" "Alle or Ælla." "So be it; he is right well named, for they shall soon sing the Alleluia in his kingdom."*

We will not follow the apostolate of the monk Augustine in his pacific conquests, nor the touching solicitude of the Pope St. Gregory for his dear favorites. Not because this history lacks interest—we know none more attractive, or in which the glory of the Roman Church shines forth more brilliantly—but it is better known than that of the monk Columba, which has delayed us longer. "We may simply remark that, unlike the churches of Italy, Gaul, and Spain, in all of which the baptism of blood had either preceded or accompanied the conversion of the inhabitants, in England there were neither martyrs nor persecutors from the first day of Augustine's preaching, during the entire existence of the Anglo-Saxon Church. Placed in the presence of the pure, resplendent light of Christianity, even before they understood or accepted it,

those fierce Saxons, so pitiless to their enemies, displayed, in the presence of truth, a humanity and a docility which we seek in vain among the learned and civilized citizens of imperial Rome. Not a drop of blood spilled in the name of religion stained the English ground. And this prodigy is witnessed at a period when human gore flowed in torrents for any or every pretext, no matter how trivial. What a contrast between those times and later ages, when, in the very same island, so many pyres were lighted, so many gibbets raised on which to immolate the English who remained steadfast in the faith of Gregory and Augustine!"

The second volume of *The Monks of the West* comprises a thorough and varied account of the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons, not only by the missionaries sent from Rome, but also by those of England herself. The great figure of St. Wilfrid looms up in this epoch. As we cannot analyze his noble and holy life, we will resume, at least, some of his traits, as drawn by the pen of M. de Montalembert.

"In Wilfrid began that great line of prelates, by turns apostolic and political, eloquent and warlike, brave champions of Roman unity and ecclesiastical independence, magnanimous representatives of the rights of conscience, the liberties of the soul, the spiritual powers of man, and the laws of God—a line to which history presents no equal out of the Catholic Church of England; a lineage of saints, heroes, confessors, and martyrs, which produced St. Dunstan, St. Lanfranc, St. Anselm, St. Thomas a Becket, Stephen Langton, St. Edmund, the exile of Pontigny, and which ended in Reginald Pole."* . . . "In addition to all this, Wilfrid was

* Vol. iii. book xii. ch. 1, p. 347.

* Vol. iv. ch. 4, p. 368.

the precursor of the great prelates, the great monks, the princely abbots of the middle ages, the heads and oracles of national councils, the ministers and lieutenants, and often the equals and rivals of kings. When duty called, no suffering alarmed, no privation deterred, and no danger stopped his course. Four times in his life he made the journey to Rome, then ten times more laborious and a hundred times more dangerous than the voyage to Australia is now. But, left to himself, he loved pomp, luxury, magnificence, and power. He could be humble and mild when it was necessary; but it was more congenial to him to confront kings, princes, nobles, bishops, councils, and lay assemblies in harsh and inflexible defence of his patrimony, his power, his authority, and his cause."* . . . "His influence is explained by the rare qualities, which more than redeemed all his faults. His was, before all else, a great soul, manly and resolute, ardent and enthusiastic, full of unconquerable energy, able to wait or to act, but incapable of discouragement or fear, born to live upon those heights which attract at once the thunderbolt and the eyes of the crowd. His eloquence, superior to anything yet known in England, his keen and penetrating intelligence, his eager zeal for literary studies and public education, his knowledge and love of those wonders of architecture which dazzled the Christian nation, and to which his voice attracted such crowds, his constancy in trial, his ardent love of justice—all contributed to make of him one of those personages who sway and move the spirits of their contemporaries, and who master the attention and imagination even of those whom they cannot convince. Something generous, ardent, and

magnanimous in his nature commended him always to the sympathy of lofty hearts; and when adverse fortune and triumphant violence and ingratitude came in, to put upon his life the seal of adversity, nobly and piously borne, the rising tide of emotion and sympathy carried all before it, sweeping away all traces of those errors of conduct which might have seemed to us less attractive or comprehensible."*

The fifth and last volume ends with an elaborate essay of great interest on the Anglo-Saxon nunneries. It is certain that women have taken an active part in the civilization of modern nations, more particularly among the German tribes, whose purity of morals astonished the old Romans of the empire. The Germanic races considered woman as a person, not as a thing. No sooner was the light of the gospel received among them than their women began to distinguish themselves by the ardor of their faith and the generosity of their devotion. If monasteries cover the land, convents of women rival them in number, regularity, and religious fervor. It was the kings and nobles of the Heptarchy who first set the example of a cloistered life for men; it was also the queens and princesses who founded the first convents and became their earliest abbesses. Nothing is more interesting in the whole book, and nowhere is the author more successful, than in his portrayal of those primitive natures, still tintured with barbarism, passing through a complete transformation under the law of light and charity; to see those nuns devote themselves to as earnest a study of Greek and Latin as to that of the Holy Scriptures; quote Virgil, compose verses during the intervals of their religious duties and the singing of the office.

* *Ibidem*, p. 369.

* *Ibidem*, pp. 371-2.

Another remarkable trait is their profound and obstinate attachment to one or other of the parties who disputed the possession of supreme power in those troubled times—an attachment which is explained by the high rank of the abbesses who governed those numerous communities. A single one of those houses, the Abbey of Winbourne, contained five hundred nuns who sang the office day and night. Nothing is better calculated to give us a just appreciation of the manners of those times than the faithful description of the interior life of those great convents; the narration of their customs, of their lively faith, their enthusiasm for science, of their works, their literary correspondence, and of all the details of their existence. Whatever may be the charm which the author has infused into the rest of his book, that part of it, in our opinion, which excites most the curiosity of the reader by the novelty of its incidents, its charming legends, and which will be read with most avidity, is the last chapter on the Anglo-Saxon nuns.

May this rapid sketch inspire our readers with the desire of becoming better acquainted with this great and magnificent work! In all ages, remarkable books have been scarce, and, by a sad infirmity of the human mind, they have not always been properly appreciated during the lifetime of their authors. Almost all have been obliged to await the judgment of time and posterity to consecrate their glory. Let this not be the fate of *The Monks of the West*. Let us read and study this book. We shall find in it the history of the conversion of England in the sixth and seventh centuries; one of the most powerful arguments in support of the great thesis—that *the world has been civilized by the Catholic Church*. This point is the high aim, the noble thought, the idea and soul of Montalembert's master-piece. By it he has rendered an immense service to the Catholic cause, and on this account he deserves the undying gratitude of all Christians.

O'NEILL AND O'DONNELL IN EXILE.*

THE history of the Irish race presents certain features quite exceptional, and without parallel either in the ancient or in the modern world. For example, during these last two and a half centuries that strange history has been dual or double—half

of it in Ireland and the other half in foreign lands. There were the Irish in Ireland undergoing the emaciating process of confiscations and plunder, writhing under their penal laws for religion, with occasional gallant efforts at resistance, either in support of a dynasty (the Stuarts) or by way of fierce insurrection, as in 1798. And there were the Irish abroad in many lands, refugees, exiles, emigrants, who were always plotting and preparing a descent from France or

* *The Fate and Fortunes of Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, and Rory O'Donnell, Earl of Tyrconnel: Their Flight from Ireland; Their Vicissitudes Abroad, and their Death in Exile.* By the Rev. C. Meehan, M.R.I.A. Dublin: James Duffy. New York: Catholic Publication House. Pp. 583. 1868.

from Spain to redeem their countrymen from British oppression, or else giving their service as military adventurers to any power at war with England, hoping to deal their enemy somewhere, anywhere, a mortal blow. But their thought was ever Ireland, *Ireland*. What country on this earth has ever inspired its children with so deep, so passionate, so enduring love?

These side-scenes in the drama of Irish life have duly repeated themselves from generation to generation, down to the present day. We see one of them in the United States this moment. Always, alongside of the transactions in the island itself—the confiscations, and ejections, and famines, and packed juries—there is a parallel series of transactions outside among the exiles, all bearing reference to the “fate and fortunes” of the Irish at home; all moved and inspired by that insatiable craving to liberate the land of their fathers, and make good their own footing among the green hills where they were born. Of this collateral or episodic history, Fr. Meehan has selected one of the most striking and touching scenes, has thoroughly investigated it in all its aspects, and in this volume presented us with a very complete *monograph* of the outside life of O'Neill and O'Donnell, with their followers, from the moment when those chiefs suddenly dropped out of the large space they had so long filled in Ireland proper, and became a part of the external Irish world.

For this task, Fr. Meehan had unusual qualifications and advantages. He had long lived in Rome, where the last years of the illustrious chiefs were passed, and where, in the Church of S. Pietro Montorio, their bones lie buried under a simple inscription. More than thirty years ago, the sight of this inscription

(*D.O.M. Hic quiescunt Ugonis Principis O'Neill ossa* — “Here rest the bones of Hugh the Prince O'Neill”) excited within his mind an ardent curiosity to explore the mystery which has so long surrounded that sad flight of the “earls,” and their short, feverish life afterward. Since that day the author never lost sight of his object. Though devoted to his sacred duties, and occasionally occupied in illustrating some other page of the history of his country, as in his excellent narrative of the “Confederation of Kilkenny,” (*see Library of Ireland*), yet he was always adding to his store of materials for the illumination of this one dark passage in the fortunes of those most illustrious of Irish exiles. At length we have the result; and it leaves nothing to be desired. Yet we feel inclined at the outset to reproach the learned author for entitling his heroes Earl of Tyrone and Earl of Tyrconnel. Why has he done this when O'Neill's own epitaph has no allusion to such a title, which, indeed, was, in his eyes, a mark of disgrace and a badge of servitude? He had, it is true, submitted to sink for a short time formally from a high chief into an earl when he was in England, and had an object to gain by pleasing and flattering Queen Elizabeth; but in his own Ulster his name and title was The O'Neill; “in comparison of which,” says Camden, “the very title of Cæsar is contemptible in Ireland.”* Moreover, it was not until his long and desperate resistance was at length subdued, not till most of his warriors lay dead amidst the smoking ruins of Ulster, and he had made his submission to Mountjoy at Mellifont Abbey, that he consented to wear with shame the coronet of an earl before his own clansmen and kinsmen. It

* Camden: Queen Elizabeth.

was a condition of the queen's "pardon" that he should so abase himself. When he quitted Ireland, however, he flung down his coronet and golden chain, and never called himself Earl of Tyrone again. Fr. Meehan himself tells us (p. 161) while describing the honors paid to the chiefs upon the continent:

"Wherever there was an Irish seminary or conventual establishment, alumni and superiors vied with each other in congratulating the *illustrious princes*, for such was the designation by which they were recognized in Belgium, Italy, and all over the continent."

But on this subject it may be remarked that the policy of the British government in thus forcing the coronets of feudal nobility upon the unwilling brows of Celtic chieftains, whether in Scotland or in Ireland, has never yet been sufficiently understood. It was an essential part of the invariable British system of forcing its own form of social polity upon every part of the three kingdoms, as each part fell successively under English dominion. It was necessary, as Sir John Davies, Attorney-General for Ireland under James the First, declares, to abolish what he calls the "scambling possession" which Irish chiefs and clansmen had in their lands, and compel them to hold those lands by "English tenure;" in other words, that the chiefs should become *landlords* or proprietors of those districts which had formed the tribe-lands of their clans, and that their clansmen should become tenants subject to *rent*, which, in the seventeenth century, had grown to be a commutation for all feudal services. In short, the problem to be solved was to force in the already corrupt and oppressive feudal polity (which had long lost its true uses and significance) upon the free system of clanship, the ancient and na-

tural social arrangement of the Irish and Scottish Gaël. Neither did that plan, of obliging chiefs to become noblemen — and therefore both vassals and landlords—originate with Elizabeth and James, nor with Sir John Davies. King Henry the Eighth, a century earlier, offered to Con O'Neill, the chief of that day, the dignity of earl, which Con accepted as a delicate attention from a foreign monarch, but took care to be a chief in Tyrone—no vassals, no tenants, no "English tenure" *there*. The O'Brien of Thomond, however, upon that earlier occasion, did lay down at King Henry's feet his dignity of Chief *Dalcais*, and arose Earl of Thomond; his son was made Baron of Inchiquin; and the MacGilla Phadruig consented to become "Fitzpatrick" and Baron of Upper Ossory. For their compliance, they were rewarded with the spoils of the suppressed monasteries of their respective countries—places which their own fathers had founded and endowed for pious uses.

The process in Scotland was nearly analogous, after the accession of James to the throne of England. The Mac Callum More (Campbell) was created Duke of Argyll, and invited to consider himself proprietor of all Argyllshire—by English tenure—and landlord of all the Campbells. Mac Kenzie was dubbed Earl of Cromarty on the same terms; and so with the rest: but at home those Highland nobles were never regarded as anything but chiefs; and it was only by very slow degrees, and not perfectly until after 1745, that the old clan spirit and usages disappeared. Thus, in forcing conformity with English land-laws, and gradually bringing the soil of the two islands into immediate dependence upon the English sovereign, every step in advance is marked by some

chief submitting to be made earl or baron, and reducing his free kinsmen to serfdom. Those peerages, accordingly, are monuments of subjugation and badges of dishonor. Hugh O'Neill certainly did not value his title, flung it from him with impatience, quitted earldom and country to get rid of it, and protested against it on his tombstone. For these reasons, many readers of Fr. Meehan's book will wish that the author had given to his heroes the titles by which they themselves desired to be remembered.

Having thus vented our only censure, upon a matter rather technical and formal, the more agreeable task remains, of making our readers acquainted with all the merits and perfections of this charming book. Fr. Meehan does not undertake to narrate the earlier life and long and bloody wars against the best generals of England, but takes up the story where the chief was desperately maintaining himself, and still keeping his Red Hand aloft in the woody fastness of Glanconkeine, on the side of Slieve Gallen, and by the banks of Moyola water, awaiting the return from Spain of his brother-chief, Hugh Roe O'Donnell, with the promised succors from King Philip. But in those very same days, that famous Hugh Roe had lain down to die in Spain, and succor came none to the sorely pressed Prince of Ulster. His great enemy, Elizabeth, too, was on her death-bed, almost ready to breathe her last curse. But in her agonies she by no means forgot O'Neill. Father Meehan says:

"It is a curious and perhaps suggestive fact, that Queen Elizabeth, while gasping on her cushions at Richmond, and tortured by remembrances of her latest victim, Essex, often directed her thoughts to that Ulster fastness, where her great rebel, Tyrone, was still defying her, and disputing her title to supremacy on Irish soil. But of

this, however, there can be no doubt; for in February, while she was gazing on the haggard features of death, and vainly striving to penetrate the opaque void of the future, she commanded Secretary Cecil to charge Mountjoy to entrap Tyrone into a submission on diminished title, such as Baron of Dungannon, and with lessened territory, or, if possible, to have his head before engaging the royal word. It was to accomplish any of these objects that Mountjoy marched to the frontier of the north; but finding it impossible to procure the assassination of 'the sacred person of O'Neill, who had so many eyes of jealousy about him,' he wrote to Cecil, from Drogheda, that nothing prevented Tyrone from making his submission but mistrust of his personal safety, and guarantee for maintenance commensurate to his princely rank. The granting of these conditions, Mountjoy concluded, would bring about the pacification of Ireland, and Tyrone, being converted into a good subject, would rid her majesty of the apprehension of another Spanish landing on the Irish shore. It is possible that this proposed solution of the Irish difficulty may have reached Richmond at a moment when Elizabeth was more intent on the talisman sent her by the old Welsh woman, or the arcane virtues of the card fastened to the seat of her chair, than on matters of statecraft; but be that as it may, the lords of her privy council empowered Mountjoy to treat with Tyrone, and bring about his submission with the least possible delay."

The author next carries us through the imposing scene of the chief's submission and surrender at Mellifont Abbey, and gives a vivid account of that illustrious religious house, and the lovely vale of the Mattock in which it stands; of his gloomy resignation to his hated earldom; of the organization of Ulster into shires or counties, (never before heard of in those parts;) of the new "earl's" journey to London, along with Rory O'Donnell, the other "earl," and Lord Mountjoy, with a guard of horse:

"Nor was this precaution unnecessary; for whenever the latter was recognized, in city or hamlet, the populace, notwithstanding their respect for Mountjoy, the hero of the hour, could not be restrained from stoning Tyrone, and flinging bitter insults

at him. Indeed, throughout the whole journey, the Welsh and English women were unsparing of their invectives against the Irish chief. Nor are we to wonder at this; for there was not one among them but could name some friend or kinsman whose bones lay buried far away in some wild pass or glen of Ulster, where the object of their maledictions was more often victor than vanquished."

The new king, James the First, was very desirous to see O'Neill, who had, after his victory at the Yellow Ford, sent an ambassador to James at Holyrood, offering, if supplied with some money and munitions, to march upon Dublin, and proclaim *him* King of Ireland; but the Scottish king had been too timid to close with this offer. One may imagine with what mingled feelings O'Neill once more revisited that London, and Greenwich Palace, where in his younger days he had been a favored courtier, had talked on affairs of state with Burleigh, and disported himself with Sir Christopher Hatton, "the dancing chancellor." The author describes his reception at court:

"Nothing, indeed, could have been more gracious than the reception which the king gave those distinguished Irishmen; and so marked was the royal courtesy to both, that it stirred the bile of Sir John Harington, who speaks of it thus: 'I have lived to see that damnable rebel, Tyrone, brought to England honored and well-liked. Oh! what is there that does not prove the inconstancy of worldly matters? How I did labor after that knave's destruction! I adventured perils by sea and land, was near starving, eat horse-flesh in Munster, and all to quell that man, who now smileth in peace at those who did hazard their lives to destroy him. And now doth Tyrone dare us, old commanders, with his presence and protection!'"

Returning to Ireland, "restored in blood," O'Neill lived as he best could, in his new and strange character of an earl, infested by spies upon all his movements. "Notice is taken," says Attorney-General Davies, "of every person that is able to do either good or

hurt. It is known not only how live and what they do, but it is seen what they purpose or intend to do; insomuch, as Tyrone has heard to complain that he has many eyes over him, that he cannot drink a full carouse of sack the state was advertised thereof hours thereafter."* The author taken great pains to ascertain the nature of those dark intrigues against O'Neill and O'Donnell, which lasted four or five years after the timely escape of those two "from the toils of their enemies" only measure that could save from the fate of Sir William Wallace and of Shane O'Neill. O'Neill himself embroiled in endless suits; with Montgomery, Bishop of Derry; with Usher, Archbishop of Armagh, who each claimed a slice of his estates; with the O'Cahan, his own former Uriag sub-chief, who entered into the conspiracy against him, seduced by promises of Montgomery and Lord-Deputy Chichester. The result was, that the "undertaking" of the north coveted his wild domains, and could not comprehend how a rebellious O'Neill could possibly be allowed to possess broad lands in fee, which they wanted for themselves. Fr. Meehan has cast light upon these wicked negotiations than any previous writer the means and authorities for it now appears plain that the agent of these base plots was Christopher St. Laurence, the second baron of Howth, and one of the ancestors of the noble house that title, now gloriously flourishes amongst the Irish nobility. Meehan's researches have brought home to this noble caitiff the anonymous letter dropped in the Castle-Yard of Dublin, and

* Sir John Davies's Historical Tracts.

his deposition, shamelessly setting forth his own long-continued estates, and on the faith of contracts with several persons, among them Tyrone, Lord Mountgarrett, Robert Burke, and others, with a view to bring in the Spaniards, and to surprise the Castle of

O'Neill knew nothing, at least, of the conspiracy against him; but he had a very shrewd suspicion that the Lord-Deputy Chichester and the northern Anglicans were resolved to have him in order to get his estate confiscated. One of the McGuires, who was himself in danger from these intentions, escaped to the continent. The author says:

"while, Cuconnaught Maguire, grown old by his impoverished condition, and weary of vexations he could no longer contrive, about the middle of May, made his escape from one of the northward Ostend, whence he lost no time in going to Brussels, where Lord Henry was then quartered with his Irish

The latter presented him at the residence of the archdukes, who received him and evinced deep sympathy for their religiousists, and especially the northern, with whose wrongs they were thoroughly conversant, through Florence Coningsby Cusack and Stanihurst. Father Maguire would appear, informed Maguire that James would certainly arrest Tyrone; he went to London; and Maguire, on receiving this, despatched a trusty messenger to the earls to put them on their guard and then set about providing means for getting them off the Irish shores. The Lord Henry with the archdukes gave him a donation of 7000 crowns,* which he purchased, at Rouen, a vessel of some 100 tons, mounting sixteen cast-iron ordnance, manned by marines in full and freighted with a cargo of salt. When the vessel proceeded to Dunder command of one John Bath, a native of Drogheda, and lay there, waiting for instructions from Ireland."

The archdukes were greatly indebted to O'Neill, for the ample employment to the queen's troops in fighting the war in the Netherlands, and thus the English from aiding, as they wished, the provinces.

This Bath, on his arrival in Ireland, at once sought both O'Neill and O'Donnell, and informed them, on receiving sure information procured by Lord Henry O'Neill, Hugh's son, that they would both be certainly arrested, and at the same time placed at their service McGuire's ship, which he commanded. It needed great tact and coolness on the part of O'Neill to conceal from the Lord-Deputy his intention of departure. But at last—

"At midnight, on that ever-memorable 14th of September, 1607, they spread all sail, and made for the open sea, intending, however, to land on the island of Aran, off the coast of Donegal, to provide themselves with more water and fuel.

"Those who were now sailing away from their ancient patrimonies were, Hugh, Earl of Tyrone, with his countess, Catharina, and their three sons, Hugh, John, and Bernard. With them also went Art Oge, 'young Arthur,' son of Cormac, Tyrone's brother; Fadorchá, son of Con, the earl's nephew; Hugh Oge, son of Brian, brother of Tyrone, and many more of their faithful clansmen. Those accompanying Earl Rory were Cathbar, or Caffar, his brother; Nuala, his sister, wife of the traitor, Niall Garve; Hugh, the earl's son, wanting three weeks of being one year old; Rosa, daughter of Sir John O'Doherty, sister of Sir Cahir, and wife of Cathbar, with her son, Hugh, aged two years and three months; the son of his brother, Donel Oge; Naghtan, son of Calvagh, or Charles O'Donel, with many others of their trusted friends and followers. 'A distinguished crew,' observe the four masters, 'was this for one ship; for it is certain that the sea never carried, and that the winds never wafted, from the Irish shores, individuals more illustrious or noble in genealogy, or more renowned for deeds of valor, prowess, and high achievements.' Ah! with what tearful eyes and torn hearts did they gaze on the fast receding shores, from which they were forced to fly for the sake of all they held dearest! 'The entire number of souls on board this small vessel,' says O'Keenan, in his narrative, 'was ninety-nine, having little sea-store, and being otherwise miserably accommodated.' It was, indeed, the first great exodus of the Irish nobles and gentry, to be followed, alas! by many another, caused, in great measure, by a simi-

lar system of cruel and exceptional legislation."

There is a most interesting account of their stormy voyage in that small vessel; but after much hardship and danger, they made the port of Havre, and went up the River Seine to the ancient city of Rouen. The English ambassador at the court of Henry the Fourth of France, had the assurance to demand of the French government to arrest the refugees, but received a short answer: "Writing to Lord Shrewsbury, October 12th, 1607, Salisbury alludes to O'Neill's voyage thus: 'He was shrewdly tossed at sea, and met contrary winds for Spain. The English ambassador wishing Henry to stay them, had for his answer, *France is free*.'" (P. 123.)

From Normandy the party proceeded to Flanders, where they were received by the archdukes with the highest distinction ever shown to sovereign princes and their *suite*. At Brussels O'Neill met his son, the Lord Henry, then commanding a regiment of Irish for the archdukes, and also another young O'Neill, destined to do great things in his generation, namely, Hugh's nephew, Owen Roe. Our author thus introduces him:

"Even at the risk of interrupting O'Keenan's narrative, we may observe that none of these Irish exiles could have foreseen that a little boy, with auburn ringlets, then in their company, would one day win renown by defending that same city of Arras against two of the ablest marshals of France. Nevertheless, such was the case; for, thirty-three years afterward, Owen Roe O'Neill, son of Art, and nephew to the Earl of Tyrone, with his regiment of Irish, maintained the place against Chatillon and Meillarie, till he had to make a most honorable capitulation."*

And the same Owen Roe, still later, in the Irish wars of King Charles's day, fought and won the bloody battle of Benburb against the Scottish Presbyterian army, and

trampled their blue banner on the banks of that same Blackwater which had seen the glorious victories of the Red Hand. From Brussels the fugitives had an intention of proceeding to Spain, but were diverted from that purpose by the archdukes, and they finally set out for Rome. The narrative of their journey across the Alps is exceedingly interesting; and on their arrival at Milan, they were welcomed with high honors by the Spanish governor, the Conde de Fuentes, and by the nobility of the province; but it need hardly be said that, in all their movements, they were closely watched by British spies; and every attention shown to them was the subject of violent remonstrance on the part of English ambassadors. Father Meehan gives us the letter of Lord Cornwallis, then ambassador at Madrid, to the lords of the privy council, expressing his loyal disgust at the splendid hospitalities of the Governor of Milan:

"To the lords of the privy council.

"Having lately gathered, amongst the Irish here, that the fugitive earls have been in Milan, and *there much feasted* by the Conde de Fuentes, I expostulated it with the secretary of state, who answered that they had not yet had any understanding of their being there; that the Conde de Fuentes was not a man disposed to such largess as to entertain strangers in any costly manner at his own charge; and that sure he was he could not expect any allowance from hence, where there was intended no *receipt, countenance, or comfort* to any of that condition. I sent sithence by Cottington, my secretary, concerning one Mack Ogg, lately come hither, as I have been advised, to solicit for these people; which was, that as I hoped they would have no participation with the principals, whose crimes had now been made so notorious in their own countries, being both, upon public trial, condemned, and he of Tyrone, as I heard, of *thirteen several murders*; so I likewise assured myself that, in their own wisdoms, they would not hold it fit his majesty here should give harbor or ear to any of their ministers, and especially to that of Mack Ogg, who could not be supposed

* August, 1642. See Hericourt's *Siéges d'Arras*.

have had a hand in their traitorous
as; *having been the man and the*
in person, to withdraw them by sea
their own countries, in such unduti-
suspicious manner. That myself
a matter of that nature, solicitous
regard of my own earnest desire
thing might escape this state where-
intentions might be held different
eir professions. That for these fugi-
ing now out of their retreats, *weak*
e, and *people condemned and con-*
by those of their own nation, and
could not but daily expect the
and of God's justice for their so
natural and detestable crimes, both
nd heretofore committed, for *my own*
or I made no more account of them than
my fleas; neither did the king, my mas-
wise esteem them than as men repro-
th of God and the world, for their *fa-*
actions toward others, and inexcusa-
titude to himself."

author gives a minute and
narrative of the journey of
urles" through Italy, and their
e into the Eternal City, where
re affectionately received by
Paul V., who assigned them a
for their dwelling:

time at which the Irish princes
Rome was one of more than usual
; for, on the Thursday preceding
Sunday, the pope solemnly canon-
Francesca Romana, in the basilica
ter in the Vatican. Rome was then
by distinguished strangers from all
the known world, each vying with
r to secure fitting places to witness
d ceremonial. But of them all, none
honored as O'Neill, O'Donel, their
nd followers; for the pope gave or-
tribunes, especially reserved for
ould be erected right under the
This, indeed, was a signal mark of
ness's respect for his guests, greater
ich he could not exhibit. Among
tators were many English; and we
bly conceive how much they were
at seeing O'Neill* and the earl thus
by the supreme head of the church."

now began the long series of

ghout his narrative, O'Keenan styles O'Neill
to his Gaelic title, and calls O'Donel *the earl*.
was not sufficiently anglicized in accent or
to respect the law which forbade the as-
of the old Irish designation peculiar to the
Tyrone.

negotiations with the King of Spain
and the other Catholic powers, which
were to enable the "earls" to make
a descent upon Ireland, reconquer
their heritage, and liberate their un-
fortunate people from the bondage
and oppression they were now en-
during at the hands of King James's
"undertaking" planters. O'Neill had
written a formal diplomatic letter to
King James, recounting the various
plots and treasons which had been
practised against him by His Majes-
ty's servants in Ireland, demanding
back his ancient inheritance, and an-
nouncing that, in default of compli-
ance, he would hold himself at liberty
to go back to Ireland, with a suffi-
cient force to free his country. This
ultimatum took no effect. The pope
and the King of Spain, though they
treated him with high respect, and
awarded him a handsome pension,
were slow to give the material aid
that was needed; and in the year
1608, his comrade Rory (Rudraigh)
O'Donnell, called Earl of Tyrconnell,
died. Says Father Meehan:

"During his illness he was piously tended
by Rosa, daughter of O'Dogherty, his bro-
ther's wife, the Princess O'Neill, and Flo-
rence Conry, who had performed the same
kind offices for Hugh Roe O'Donel in Si-
mancas. On the 27th July, 1608, he re-
ceived the last sacraments, and on the
morning following surrendered his soul to
God. 'Sorrowful it was,' say the Donegal
annalists, 'to contemplate his early eclipse,
for he was a generous and hospitable lord,
to whom the patrimony of his ancestors
seemed nothing for his feasting and spend-
ing.'"

Soon after died O'Neill's son
Hugh, whom the English called
Baron of Dungannon. O'Donnell's
brother Caffar (Cathbar) died about
the same time, and the old chieftain
was now left nearly alone to carry on
his almost hopeless negotiations.
The Irish exiles in Spain, when they
heard of the death of the two O'Don-

nells and young O'Neill, wore mourning publicly, to the utter disgust of Lord Cornwallis, the English ambassador. He remonstrated with the King of Spain against suffering so indecent an exhibition, but received no satisfaction in that quarter; and he wrote thereon, says Father Meehan:

" 'The agent of the Irish fugitives in this city has presumed to walk its streets, followed by two pages, and four others of his countrymen, in black weeds—a sign that they are no unwelcome guests here.' This was bad enough; but the news he supplied in another letter was still worse, for he says: 'The Spanish court had become the staple of the fugitive ware, since it allows Tyrone a pension of six hundred crowns a month; Tyrconnel's brother's widow, one of two hundred crowns a month; and his brother's wife, one of the same sum.' "

If the British government could only have got hold of those mourners in their "black weeds," within its own jurisdiction, they would undoubtedly have been prosecuted and punished, like the men who lately attended a funeral in Dublin. Nothing can be more provoking to a government, sometimes, than public mourning for its victims. Indeed, the Russian authorities in Warsaw have been several times so exasperated by the sight of the citizens all clothed in black, mourning for a crowd of innocent people, cut down and ridden over by the cavalry in the streets, as to feel compelled to issue instructions to the police to drag every vestige of black apparel from every man, and every woman, and child in the public thoroughfares, and to close up every shop or store which should dare to keep any black fabric for sale. But in cases where this kind of provocation is perpetrated in some foreign country, and under the protection of its laws, then your insulted government must only bear the affront as it best can.

The author next proceeds, with

the aid of letters in the State Office, to narrate the various projects and speculations of O'Neill and his friends, with a view to the invasion of their native country; with all the projects and speculations the Irish government was made acquainted by means of its spies and diplomatic agents. England and Spain were just then at peace, and one main hope of the exiles was that a breach might take place between them. Our author says:

"Withal, it would appear that England had not then a very firm reliance on the good faith of Spain. Indeed, Turnbull's despatches show this to have been the case; and as for O'Neill, there is no reason to suppose that he calculated on some such lucky rupture, and that he would then have an opportunity of reversing the disaster of Kinsale, by sending a flotilla to the coast of Ulster, where the native population would rally to the standard of their attainted chieftain, and drive the new settlers back to England or to the Continent—anywhere from off the face of the native patrimony. Yielding to these apprehensions, James instructed his minister at the court of the archdukes to redouble his vigilance, and make frequent reports on the movements of the Irish troops in their businesses' pay, and, above all, to certify to the names of the Irish officers on whose court of Spain bestowed special marks of consideration. In fact, from the middle of 1614 till the close of the following year, Turnbull's correspondence is wholly devoted to these points, so much so, that the English cabinet had not only a full knowledge of Tyrone's designs, but ample information concerning all those who were suspected of countenancing them. No wonder, could surpass the minister's susceptibility on this subject; for if we were to blame himself, no Catholic functionary visiting the court of Brussels without impressing on the attention of their Highnesses the expediency, as well as duty, of aiding the banished earl and his coreligionists in Ireland."

At last, in January, 1615, O'Neill resolved to undertake the enterprise himself, some Catholic noblemen in Italy and Belgium engaging to furnish him with funds. He was to quit Rome by a certain day; but,

all his other projects, this was speedily communicated to Trumbull, who lost no time in making it known to the English cabinet. He did not leave Rome as he intended; but two months later:

"The Belgian agent sent another dispatch to the king, informing him 'that O'Neill hath sent from Rome two of his instruments into Ireland, called Crone and Conor, with order to stir up factions and seditions in that kingdom, where, in Waterford alone, there are no less than thirty-six Jesuits.'"

Next we find the same vigilant English minister apprising his government that O'Neill was about "to have some of his countrymen employed at sea in ships of war, as *pirates*, with commission to take all vessels," etc. In truth, it was for England a genuine "Fenian" alarm, this constantly menacing attitude of the veteran warrior of the Blackwater; a "Fenian" alarm, alas! of two hundred and fifty years ago. And how many there have been since! There was also the same eager impatience for action, the same maddening thought that the work must be done at once or Ireland was lost for ever. A certain physician, who attended O'Neill in this year, 1615, writes to a friend in London, giving him, as a sample of his patient's conversation and manner, the following anecdote:

"Though a man would think that he is an old man by sight—no, he is lusty and strong, and well able to travel; for a month ago, at evening, when his frere* and his gentlemen were all with him, they were talking of England and Ireland, and he drew out his sword. 'His majesty,' said he, 'thinks that I am not strong. I would be that hates me most in England were with me to see whether I am strong or no.' Those that were by said, 'We would we were with forty thousand pounds of money in Ireland, to see what we should do.' Whereon Tyrone remarked, 'If I be not in Ireland within these two years, I will never desire more to look for it.'"

* F. Chamberlaine, O.S.F.

So thought Sarsfield when he fled with the "Wild-geese" almost a century later—if they could not return with a reënforcement of French within one year, within two years, there was an end of Ireland. So thought Wolfe Tone, after still another century, as he was gnawing his own heart in Paris at the fatal delay, and crying, "Hell! hell! If *that* expedition did not sail at that moment, Ireland was subdued and lost for ever and ever." It is natural that the eager spirits of each generation of Irishmen should be in haste to see the great work done in their own day. But divine Providence is in no haste, and will not be hurried. Beyond all doubt, there is a destiny and a work in store for this Irish race, so wonderfully preserved through sore trials, and in spite of repeated persistent efforts to extirpate it utterly. It has a strong hold upon life, and a potent individual character. It will neither perish from the face of the earth nor forget a single tradition or aspiration, nor part with its ancient religious faith. It not only does not *attorn* to the dominant English sentiment and character, but seems, on the contrary, to become more antagonistic, and to cherish that antagonism.

And it is very notable that this desperate mutual repulsion between England and Ireland does not date from the "Reformation," nor does it altogether depend upon religious differences. It is true that the acceptance of the new religion by England and its rejection by the Irish furnished the former with a new pretext and a convenient machinery for oppression and plunder. But two centuries before this, Hugh O'Neill's time—and when the English were as Catholic as the Irish—we find his ancestor, Donal O'Neill, in his famous letter to Pope John

XXII., describing the relations of the two races in language which is still appropriate at this day: "All hope of peace between us is completely destroyed; for such is their pride, such is their excessive lust of dominion, such our ardent desire to shake off this insupportable yoke, and recover the inheritance which they have so unjustly usurped, that as there never was, so there never will be, any sincere coalition between them and us; nor is it possible there should in this life; for we entertain a certain natural enmity against each other, flowing from mutual malignity, descending by inheritance from father to son, and spreading from generation to generation."

The aged Prince of Ulster never saw his native land again. In the following year, 1616, he became blind and, some weeks after, having received the last rites of the church, he died at the Salviati palace at Rome.

His history from first to last is a striking and remarkable one. In the "religious" wars of the period, he was a conspicuous figure; and Henry the Fourth of France called him the third soldier of his age—he, Henry, being the first. But English historians of the past and present century have made it a rule to say nothing of him and of his great battles. They seem to desire that the name of the Yellow Ford should be blotted out of history. But once upon a time O'Neill occupied some attention in England. Spenser and Bacon wrote anxious treatises to suggest the best method of crushing him. Shakespeare delighted his audience at the "Globe" theatre by triumphant anticipations of the return of Lord Essex after destroying the abhorred O'Neill—

"Were now the general of our gracious empress
(As, in good time, he may) from Ireland coming,

Bringing rebellion broached on his sword
How many would the peaceful city
To welcome him?"

Camden, in his *Queen Elizabeth* given to the Irish war at due rank in the events of time and Fynes Moryson tells "the general voyce was of amongst the English after the of Blackwater, as of Hannibal the Romans after the defeat of the Carthagenians." Mr. Hume, though he says nothing of O'Neill's splendorous tales over the English, yet tally mentions that "in the year 1600 the queen spent six hundred thousand pounds in six months service of Ireland; and Sir Cecil affirmed that in ten years the land cost her three million five hundred thousand pounds," which would be about sixty millions of pounds sterling in money of the present day. So well, however, has the memory of all this been suppressed, that an educated Englishman at this day, if you mentioned to him the great battle of the Yellow Ford would not understand to what event you alluded; so that one is not astonished to find that Mr. Motley's voluminous book expressly dealing with the religious wars of Europe of the sixteenth and seventeenth days, and especially the reign of Elizabeth, not only ignores the action altogether, but does not even mention the name of O'Neill. When he does once under name him, he calls him not O'Neill, but "Shanes Moryson" (*History of United Netherlands*, iv. p. 94.)

The Irish, however, still cherish his name and keep his memory alive. The peasantry yet tell that the legend of a troop of the great Irish lancers all lying in trance in a cave under the royal hill of Slieve Donard, each holding his horse's head in his hand, and waiting for the

be removed that will set them free to strike a blow for their country ; and when a man once penetrated to the cave, and saw the sleepers their ancient mail, one of them raised his head and asked, *Is the time not yet ?* To the educated and reflective Irish, also, that cardinal epoch in Irish history, in which O'Neill was

the chief figure, has of late become a subject of more zealous study than it ever was before ; and these will heartily thank the accomplished author of the present work for the clear light he has thrown upon one strange and painful episode in his country's annals.

THE CROSS.

IN all ages, and among all nations, important events have been commemorated and transmitted to future generations by significant symbols. These mute symbols have served to represent the great leading ideas and characteristics of nations, communities, societies, and schools of religion, philosophy, morals, and politics. Enthusiasts have been treasured up in these simple and inanimate emblems. In thousands of instances they have served to call to mind the stirring events of a generation, the glories of a great nation, the triumphs in human progress, or the rise and fall of false religions, false philosophies, and false systems of all kinds. Each symbol comes to be a language and a history of its own, which can be comprehended at once by the most ignorant of those to whom it addresses. As the symbols which they represent pertain, in the most part, to affairs of the greatest magnitude, they have always been regarded with respect and veneration. When the legions of the Cæsars were achieving the conquest of a nation, their emblem of nationality and glory, and their inspiration in

battle, was the Roman flag emblazoned with the Roman eagles. In the midst of the fiercest contests, a simple glance at the national symbol would fire the heart of the soldier with patriotic ardor, and often turn the tide of battle in his favor. As he looked upon his flag, the Roman soldier beheld the greatness and glory of his country, with himself as a constituent element of all this greatness, and his heart and hand were nerved with Herculean strength to meet the foe. In the eagles which floated amid the din of battle, he read the history of the empire, with her conquests, her riches, her power, her grandeur, and her Cæsar ; and he cheerfully gave his life for the ideas thus evoked.

The Saracen, as he marched out to battle, beheld the crescent of his prophet, and was willing to die for his cause. As the crescent waves before him, his imagination pictures the prophet beckoning him on to battle, to conquest, to proselytism, and to the sensual joys of paradise, and his courage rises, his blood boils, and his cimeter leaps from its scabbard. No danger, no fatigue, no privation daunts or deters him so long as he

beholds the emblem of his religion and his race. He loves and venerates the silent symbol for the associations it calls to mind.

Napoleon I., with his battalions, traversed the continent of Europe, dictating terms to kings and emperors; and finally marshalled his victorious forces around the pyramids of Egypt. During this triumphal march, his most potent auxiliaries were the eagles of France draped in their tricolored plumage. At the bridge of Lodi, when the French hosts shrank back appalled from the carnage caused by the terrific fire of the Austrian, Napoleon raised aloft the emblem of France before the eyes of his panic-stricken veterans. In an instant every heart was nerved, and amidst storms of balls and the shrieks of the wounded and dying, the bridge was carried and the day was won. The eagles of the first Cæsars seemed to have alighted upon the tricolored flags of the modern Cæsar. Whether in the midst of the deadly snows of Russia, or of the burning sands of Egypt, or of the towering summits of the Alps, the great talisman which led the way and gave inspiration to the soldier, was the national symbol. It spoke to them of home, of kindred, friends, and of the glory of France; and they were willing to risk all for the ideas thus inspired.

How often has the tide of battle been turned in favor of England, both on land and sea, by raising the symbol of England, and the war-cry of St. George and the Dragon, in the thickest of the fight! How often, in the midst of battle and slaughter, has the drooping spirit of the Celt been roused to fierce enthusiasm and determination by a sight of his loved national emblem, the shamrock!

What true American can regard

his own national symbol without affection, love, and veneration! Whether he beholds it unfurled upon the battle-field, upon the ocean, or in foreign land, he reads in every stripe a history of his native land—of her struggles, her victories, and her future destiny. To its shadow the soldier is a man, the statesman a better patriot, the citizen a truer loyalist, and the American traveller in foreign lands more proud of his nationality.

We might cite instances *ad multum*; but we have adduced a sufficient number for illustration. What is the signification and the utility of these symbols? At the birth of a nation, it has always been the custom to devise some common symbol around which the people could rally as a type of nationality. On important occasions, both in peace and in war, this common emblem is placed in the midst of the people, to remind them of the past, to inspire them in the present, and to render them faithful in the future. It is associated with all their public events, their victories, their defeats, their sorrows, their glories, their progress, their power and greatness. It is, then, strange that it should be regarded with love, respect, and veneration? Is it strange that a sight of this mute talisman in the midst of its very depths, or that the heart of the patriot should swell with emotion and stern resolve when the honor and welfare of his country is in danger, or that the citizen should have a higher appreciation of the duties and destiny of man, or that the individual should always associate with his love of country, his pride of the past, his aspirations of the present, his hopes of the future, in association with his nationality? The mar-

has no love of father-land in his soul, who does not love and respect the emblem of his country's glory, is fit only for stratagems, conspiracies, and bloody tumults and disorders. Such a man can only be regarded as an enemy of his race; and will be frowned upon by the wise, the good, and the humane.

The emblems we have thus far alluded to refer to the worldly affairs of men, to matters of state, of government, and national prosperity. We now propose to refer briefly to the highest of all symbols—the symbol of symbols—the emblem of emblems—to one which relates to the temporal and eternal welfare of the entire human race, the holy cross. What is its signification and utility? What associations does it call to mind? It tells us of the Incarnate God sent to earth to give mankind a new law, to set them an example of a perfect life, to teach them those higher virtues and graces which fit them for happiness here and hereafter, and then to suffer and to die an ignominious death to atone for the sins of man. It calls up all the dread circumstances connected with the last days of our blessed Saviour when on earth. It brings to mind his betrayal by Judas, his arraignment before Pontius Pilate, his condemnation, his march to the place of execution with the *cross* upon his blessed shoulders, amidst the insults, the scoffs, the scourgings, the crowning with thorns, and other indignities of a Jewish and pagan rabble. It presents before us his ascent to the scaffold, his bloody transfixion between two thieves, his dreadful agony, his bloody sweat, his wounds, his slow and agonizing death. For whom, and for what, has the omnipotent Redeemer suffered these ignominies, these agonies, this cruel death?

For all mankind, as an atonement of their sins. With his almighty power he could have summoned around him legions of destroying angels, who could have crushed to powder his persecutors; or with his mighty breath he could have consigned them to instant annihilation. But his love and tenderness for man was infinite; and he mercifully refrained from employing the power which he possessed to their injury. How vast this condescension, this love, this devotion to mortals under such provocations!

Since the date of the crucifixion, the cross, with the image of our blessed Lord attached thereto, has been universally recognized as the chief symbol of Christianity. In the days of the apostles and their immediate successors it was their ever-present memento, friend, solace, badge, and emblem of faith. Recent discoveries in the catacombs of Rome have brought to light the rude altars of the first Christians, always stamped with and designated by the sign of the cross. When these early Christians were hunted down like wild beasts, and driven by the sanguinary pagans into the most secret recesses of the earth to escape martyrdom, the holy cross ever accompanied them, ever symbolized their faith, ever served as a beacon of light, and a rallying-point for the persecuted followers of Jesus of Nazareth.

Whenever the missionaries of the church have abandoned country and friends, taken their lives in their hands, and penetrated into the remotest wilds of the savage, in order to "preach the Gospel to every creature," the holy cross, with its divine associations, has always led the way, beckoning them on in their great life-work of love, mercy, and Christiani-

ty. Often have these devoted men met the martyr's fate; but they have died in holy triumph, with smiles and prayers on their lips, with their eyes fixed on the sacred cross, and their souls on heaven. If a nation's flag has been able to stir the soul of the soldier to deeds of noble daring amid the excitement of battle, the cross of Christ has been able, not less often, to fire the soul of the lone missionary with holy love and zeal in the midst of the savage wilderness. If, with flag in hand, the soldier has rushed to the cannon's mouth, and laid down his life to win a battle, no less frequently has the missionary, holding aloft the sacred cross, rushed to the desert places of the earth, where barbarism, pestilence, famine, cruelties, sufferings, and danger of martyrdom encompass him on every side. The soldier fights his battles under the eyes of his countrymen, cheered on by applauding comrades, by martial music, and by hopes of speedy preferment; but the Christian missionary fights alone, surrounded by wild foes, far from home and friends, with no hope of temporal reward, and where, if he is killed or dies a natural death, he may be devoured by wild beasts, or remain uncoffined, unburied, and unrecognized.

Statesmen, philosophers, warriors, and citizens of all ranks love and respect their national symbols because they call to mind the events and circumstances connected with their nationalities. These sentiments are commended by the whole world. The true Christian also loves and respects the symbol which calls up before him the facts and incidents connected with the passion and crucifixion of the Saviour. Let no one delude himself with the absurd idea that it is the *material* of the flag, or

of the cross, which calls forth the powerful emotions, and these resolutions. Let no one suppose that *idolatry* can spring from the temptation and reverence of objects which place before the mind's eye the form of symbols the important events of a nation, or the sufferings and death of a God. Let no one question the motives or the propriety of his fellow man who lies down in tears, in love, in gratitude and devotion before the recognized emblems and mementos of great nations, and of godlike achievements.

The cross of Christ! How and solemn the associations connected with it! How significant its appeals to the hearts of mortals! How eloquent its reference to a deemer's love for sinful man! How glorious its history, and how proof of heavenly aspirations!

The cross of Christ! How beautiful, how sublime, how soul-inspiring the ideas which encompass thee with a halo of light and glory! Ages past and gone, in all the lands of earth, as it has silently ministered to the souls and thoughts of men and carried them back to Calvary, what an infinity of blessings it has conferred! As we gaze at the Lamb of God, nailed to the cross, how and tender the memories which place before the mind! Every wound on the precious body, every expression of the godlike features, calls up some act of divine love and mercy! Silently, sadly, solemnly, the holy cross has borne its sacred burden to nations, through long ages of culture and light, of darkness and ignorance of civilization and barbarism—a nearer and potent agent in all good works—a talisman and solace for the poor and oppressed, as well as for the rich and powerful, a beacon of light

venly light, and a rallying-point for all Christendom !

In the dark ages, when Christianity and barbarism struggled for the mastery of Europe, the latter achieved a physical triumph ; but spiritually the cross of Christ prevailed, and the barbarian conquerors became Christian converts. When nations, communities, or individuals have been bowed down with calamities and sorrows, rays of hope and comfort have always shone from the holy cross. However poor, unfortunate, wicked, degraded, and despised an individual may be, the cross of Christ still beams upon him with compassion and mercy.

Languages may be oral or printed, or pictorial or symbolical. By the two first, ideas are conveyed *seriatim* and slowly ; by the last *en masse*, and instantaneously. Through the first the mind gradually grasps historical events ; through the last they are presented like a living tableaux, com-

plete in all their details. In the latter category stands the holy cross. It speaks a language to the Christian which appeals instantly to every faculty of his mind and soul. It strikes those chords of memory which take him back to Calvary, to the jeering rabble of Pilate, to the mocking minions of Caiphas, to the spectacle of a scourged, tortured, and crucified Redeemer.

Who can look upon this blessed emblem unmoved ? Who can regard this mute memento of the Son of God in behalf of fallen man without sentiments of love, respect, and veneration ? May God in his mercy grant that every one may properly appreciate this great emblem of Christianity—the symbol of symbols. The likeness of a crucified Redeemer sanctifies and hallows it. Not only at the name, but at the semblance of Jesus, let every knee bend in adoration.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

THE STORY OF A CONSCRIPT.

XIX.

IN the midst of such thoughts, day broke. Nothing was stirring yet, and Zébédé said :

"What a chance for us, if the enemy should fear to attack us !"

The officers spoke of an armistice ; but suddenly about nine o'clock, our couriers came galloping in, crying that the enemy was moving his whole line down upon us, and directly after we heard cannon on our right, along the Elster. We were already under arms, and set out across the fields toward the Partha to return to Schoenfeld. The battle had begun.

On the hills overlooking the river, two or three divisions, with batteries in the intervals, and cannon at the flanks, awaited the enemy's approach ; beyond, over the points of their bayonets, we could see the Prussians, the Swedes, and the Russians, advancing on all sides in deep, never-ending masses. Shortly after, we took our place in line, between two hills, and then we saw five or six thousand Prussians crossing the river, and all together shouting, "*Vaterland ! Vaterland !*" This caused a tremendous tumult, like that of clouds of rooks flying north.

At the same instant the musketry opened from both sides of the river. The valley through which the Partha flows was filled with smoke ; the Prussians were already upon us—we could see their furious eyes and wild looks ; they seemed like savage beasts rushing down on us. Then

but one shout of "*Vive l'Empereur !*" smote the sky and we dashed forward. The shock was terrible ; thousands of bayonets crossed and drove them back, were our bayonets driven back ; muskets were clubbed, the opposing ranks were confused and mingled in one mass ; the Prussians were trampled upon, while the order of artillery, the whistling of bullets, and the thick white smoke closing all, made the valley like the pit of hell, peopled by cruel and angry demons.

Despair urged us, and the wish to revenge our deaths before yielding up our lives. The pride of battle that they once defeated Napoleon incited the Prussians ; for they were the proudest of men, and their victories at Gross-Beeren and Katzbach had made them fools. But they were swept away them and their pride. Three times they crossed and recrossed at us. We were indeed forced back by the shock of their numbers, but how they shouted then ! They seemed to wish to devour us. Their officers, waving their swords in their hands, cried, "*Vorwärts ! Vorwärts !*" all advanced like a wall with the most est courage—that we cannot describe. Our cannon opened huge gaps in their lines, still they pressed on ; but from the top of the hill we charged again and drove them to the river. They would have massacred them if it had not been for one of our men, were it not for one of our batteries before Mockern, which had laded us and forced us to give up the pursuit.

This lasted until two o'clock ; half our officers were killed or wounded ; the Colonel, Lorain, was among the first, and the Commandant, Gémeau, the latter ; all along the river side were heaps of dead, or wounded men crawling away from the struggle. Some, furious, would rise to their knees to fire a last shot or deliver a final bayonet-thrust. The river was almost choked with dead, but no one thought of the bodies as they swept by in the current. The lines contending in the fight reached from Schoenfeld to Grossdorf.

At length the Swedes and Prussians ceased their attacks, and started farther up the river to turn our position, and masses of Russians came to occupy the places they had left.

The Russians formed in two columns, and descended to the valley, with shouldered arms, in admirable order. Twice they assailed us with the greatest bravery, but without uttering wild beasts' cries, like the Prussians. Their calvary attempted to carry the old bridge above Schoenfeld, and the cannonade increased. On all sides, as far as sight could reach, we saw only the enemy massing their forces, and when we had repulsed one of their columns, another of fresh men took its place. The fight had ever to be fought over again.

Between two and three o'clock, we learned that the Swedes and the Prussian cavalry had crossed the river above Grossdorf, and were about to take us in the rear, a mode which pleased them much better than fighting face to face. Marshal Ney immediately changed front, throwing his right wing to the rear. Our division still remained supported on Schoenfeld, but all the others retired from the Partha, to stretch along the plain, and the entire army formed but one line around Leipsic.

The Russians, behind the road to Mockern, prepared for a third attack toward three o'clock ; our officers were making new dispositions to receive them ; when a sort of shudder ran from one end of our lines to the other, and in a few moments all knew that the sixteen thousand Saxons and the Wurtemberg calvary, in our very centre, had passed over to the enemy, and that on their way, they had the infamy to turn the forty guns they carried with them, on their old brothers-in-arms of Durutte's division.

This treason, instead of discouraging us, so added to our fury, that if we had been allowed, we would have crossed the river to massacre them. They say that they were defending their country. It is false ! They had only to have left us on the Duben road ; why did they not go then ! They might have done like the Bavarians and quitted us before the battle ; they might have remained neutral—might have refused to serve ; but they deserted us only because fortune was against us. If they knew we were going to win, they would have continued our very good friends, so that they might have their share of the spoil or glory—as after Jena and Friedland. This is what every one thought, and it is why those Saxons are, and will ever remain, traitors ; not only did they abandon their friends in distress, but they murdered them, to make a welcome with the enemy. God is just, and so great was their new allies' scorn of them, that they divided half Saxony between themselves after the battle. The French might well laugh at Prussian, Austrian, and Russian gratitude.

From the time of this desertion until evening, it was a war of vengeance that we carried on ; the allies might crush us by numbers, but they should pay dearly for their victory !

At nightfall, while two thousand pieces of artillery were thundering together, we were attacked for the seventh time in Schoenfeld. The Russians on one side and the Prussians on the other poured in upon us. We defended every house. In every lane the walls crumbled beneath the bullets, and roofs fell in on every side. There were now no shouts as at the beginning of the battle; all were cool and pale with rage. The officers had collected scattered muskets and cartridge-boxes, and now loaded and fired like the men. We defended the gardens, too, and the cemetery, where we had bivouacked, until there were more dead above than beneath the soil. Every inch of earth cost a life.

It was night when Marshal Ney brought up a reinforcement—whence I knew not. It was what remained of Ricard's division and Sonham's second. The *débris* of our regiments united, and hurled the Russians to the other side of the old bridge, which no longer had a rail, that having been swept away by the shot. Six twelve-pounders were posted on the bridge, and maintained a fire for one hour longer. The remainder of the battalion, and of some others in our rear, supported the guns; and I remember how their flashes lit up the forms of men and horses, heaped beneath the dark arches. The sight lasted only a moment, but it was a horrible moment indeed.

At half-past seven, masses of cavalry advanced on our left, and we saw them whirling about two large squares, which slowly retired. Then we received orders to retreat. Not more than two or three thousand men remained at Schoenfeld with the six pieces of artillery. We reached Kohlgarten without being pursued, and were to bivouac around Rendnitz. Zébédé was yet living, and

unwounded; and, as we marched on, listening to the cannonade, which continued, despite the darkness, at the Elster, he said suddenly:

"How is it that we are here, Joseph, when so many others that stand by our side are dead? It seems as if we bore charmed lives, and cannot die."

I made no reply.

"Think you there was ever before such a battle?" he asked. "No, cannot be. It is impossible."

It was indeed a battle of giants. From six in the morning until six in the evening we had held our ground against three hundred and sixty thousand men, without, at night, having lost an inch; and, nevertheless, we were but a hundred and thirty thousand. God keep me from speaking ill of the Germans. They were fighting for the independence of their country. But they might do better than celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Leipsic every year. It is not much to boast of in fighting an enemy three to one.

Approaching Rendnitz, we marched over heaps of dead. At every step encountered dismounted cannon, broken caissons, and trees cut down by shot. There a division of the V Guard and the *grenadiers-à-cheval* led by Napoleon himself, had repulsed the Swedes who were advancing into the breach made by the treachery of the Saxons.

Four or three burning houses lit up the scene. The *grenadiers-à-cheval* were yet at Rendnitz, but crowds of unbanded troops were passing up and down the street. No rations had been distributed, and all were waiting something to eat and drink.

As we defiled by a large house we saw behind the wall of a court a number of *cantinières*, who were giving the soldiers drink from their wagons. There were there chasseurs, cuirassiers

cers, hussars, infantry of the line and of the guard, all mingled together, with torn uniforms, broken shakos, and plumeless helmets, and all seemingly famished.

Two or three dragoons stood on the wall, near a pot of burning pitch, their arms crossed on their long white cloaks, covered from head to foot with blood.

Zébedé, without speaking, pushed me with his elbow, and we entered the court, while the others pursued their way. It took us full a quarter of an hour to reach one of the wagons. I held up a crown of six livres, and the *cantinière*, kneeling behind her cask, handed me a great glass of brandy and a piece of white bread, at the same time taking my money. I drank, and passed the glass to Zébedé, who emptied it. We had as much difficulty in getting out of the crowd as in entering. Hard, famished faces and cavernous eyes were on all sides of us. No one moved willingly. Each thought only of himself, and cared not for his neighbor. They had escaped a thousand deaths to-day only to dare a thousand more to-morrow. Well might they mutter, "Every one for himself, and God for all."

As we went through the village street, Zébedé said, "You have bread?"

"Yes."

I broke it in two, and gave him half. We began to eat, at the same time hastening on, and had taken our places in the ranks before any one noticed our absence. The firing yet continued at a distance. At midnight we arrived at the long promenades which border the Pleisse, and halted under the old leafless lindens, and stacked arms. A long line of fires flickered in the fog as far as Randstadt; and, when the flames burnt high, they threw a glare on

groups of Polish lancers, lines of horses, cannon, and wagons, while, at intervals beyond, sentinels stood like statues in the mist. A heavy, hollow sound arose from the city, and mingled with the rolling of our trains over the bridge at Lindenau. It was the beginning of the retreat.

xx.

WHAT occurred until daybreak I know not. Baggage, wounded, and prisoners doubtless continued to crowd across the bridge. But then a terrific shock woke us all. We started up, thinking the enemy were on us, when two officers of hussars came galloping in with the news that a powder-wagon had exploded by accident in the grand avenue of Randstadt, at the river-side. The dark, red smoke rolled to the sky, and slowly disappeared, while the old houses continued to shake as if an earthquake were rolling by.

Quiet was soon restored. Some lay down again to sleep; but it was growing lighter every minute; and, glancing toward the river, I saw our troops extending until lost in distance along the five bridges of the Elster and Pleisse, which follow one after the other, and make, so to speak, but one. Thousands of men must defile over this bridge, and, of necessity, take time in doing so. And the idea struck every one that it would have been much better to have thrown several bridges across the two rivers; for at any instant the enemy might attack us, and then retreat would become difficult indeed. But the emperor had forgotten to give the order, and no one dared do anything without orders. Not a marshal of France would have dared to take it upon himself to say that two bridges were better than one. To such a point had the terrible discipline of Napoleon reduced those old captains!

They obeyed like machines, and disturbed themselves about nothing. Such was their fear of displeasing their master. As I gazed at the thousands of artillerymen and baggage-guards swarming over the bridge, and saw the tall bearskin shakos of the Old Guard, immovable on the hill of Lindenau, on the other side of the river—as I thought they were fairly on the way to France, how I longed to be in their place!

But I felt bitterly, indeed, when, about seven o'clock, three wagons came to distribute provisions and ammunition among us, and it became evident that we were to be the rear-guard. In spite of my hunger, I felt like throwing my bread into the river. A few moments after, two squadrons of Polish lancers appeared coming up the bank, and behind them five or six generals, Poniatowski among the number. He was a man of about fifty, tall, slight, and with a melancholy expression. He passed without looking at us. General Fournier, who now commanded our brigade, spurred from among his staff, and cried:

"By file left!"

I never so felt my heart sink. I would have sold my life for two farthings; but nevertheless, we had to move on, and turn our backs to the bridge.

We soon arrived at a place called Hinterthor—an old gate on the road to Caunewitz. To the right and left stretched ancient ramparts, and behind rows of houses. We were posted in covered roads, near this gate, which the sappers had strongly barricaded. A few worm-eaten palisades served us for intrenchments, and, on all the roads before us, the enemy were advancing. This time they wore white coats and flat caps, with a raised piece in front, on which

we could see the two-headed eagle of the *kreutzers*. Old Pinto, who recognized them at once, cried:

"Those fellows are the *Kaiserliks*! We have beaten them fifty times since 1793; but if the father of Marie Louise had a heart, they would be with us now instead of against us."

For some moments a cannonade had been going on at the other side of the city, where Blücher was attacking the faubourg of Halle. Soon after, the firing stretched along to the right; it was Bernadotte attacking the faubourg of Kohlgartenthor, and at the same time the first shells of the Austrians fell among us. They formed their columns of attack on the Caunewitz road, and poured down on us from all sides. Nevertheless, we held our own until about ten o'clock, and then were forced back to the old ramparts, through the breaches of which the *Kaiserliks* pursued us under the cross-fire of the fourteenth and twenty-ninth of the line. The poor Austrians were not inspired with the fury of the Prussians, but nevertheless, showed a true courage; for, in half an hour, they had won the ramparts, and although, from all the neighboring windows, we kept up a deadly fire, we could not force them back. Six months before, it would have horrified me to think of men being thus slaughtered, but now I was as insensible as any old soldier, and the death of one man or of a hundred would not cost me a thought.

Until this time all had gone well, but how were we to get out of the houses? The enemy held every avenue, and it seemed that we would be caught like foxes in their holes, and I thought it not unlikely that the Austrians, in revenge for the loss we had inflicted upon them, might put us to the point of the bayonet. Meditating thus, I ran back to a room,

where a dozen of us yet remained, and there I saw Sergeant Pinto leaning against the wall, his arms hanging by his sides, and his face white as paper. He had just received a bullet in the breast; but the old man's warrior soul was still strong within him, as he cried :

"Defend yourselves, conscripts ! Defend yourselves ! Show the Kaiserliks that a French soldier is yet worth four of them ! Ah ! the villains !"

We heard the sound of blows on the door below thundering like cannon-shots. We still kept up our fire, but hopelessly, when we heard the clatter of hoofs without. The firing ceased, and we saw through the smoke four squadrons of lancers dashing like a troop of lions through the midst of the Austrians. All yielded before them. The Kaiserliks fled, but the long, blue lancers, with their red pennons, were swifter than they, and many a white coat was pierced from behind. The lancers were Poles—the most terrible warriors I have ever seen, and, to speak truth, our friends and our brothers. *They* never turned from us in our hour of need ; they gave us the last drop of their blood. And what have we done for their unhappy country ? When I think of our ingratitude, my heart bleeds.

The Poles rescued us. Seeing them so proud and brave, we rushed out, attacking the Austrians with the bayonet, and driving them into the trenches. We were for the time victorious, but it was time to beat a retreat, for the enemy were already filling Leipsic ; the gates of Halle and Grimma were forced, and that of Peters-Thau delivered up by our friends the Badeners and our other friends the Saxons. Soldiers, citizens, and students kept up a fire from the windows on our retiring troops.

We had only time to re-form and take the road along the Pleisse ; the lancers awaited us there ; we defiled behind them, and, as the Austrians again pressed around us, they charged once more to drive them back. What brave fellows and magnificent horsemen were those Poles !

The division, reduced from fifteen to eight thousand men, retired step by step before fifty thousand foes, and not without often turning and replying to the Austrian fire.

We neared the bridge—with what joy, I need not say. But it was no easy task to reach it, for infantry and horse crowded the whole width of the avenue, and arrived from all the neighboring roads, until the crowd formed an impenetrable mass, which advanced slowly, with groans and smothered cries, which might be heard at a distance of half a mile, despite the rattling of musketry. Woe to those upon the other side of the bridge ! they were forced into the water and no one stretched a hand to save them. In the middle, men and even horses were carried along with the crowd ; they had no need of making any exertion of their own. But how were we to get there ? The enemy were advancing nearer and nearer every moment. It is true we had stationed a few cannon so as to sweep the principal approaches, and some troops yet remained in line to repulse their attacks ; but they had guns to sweep the bridge, and those who remained behind must receive their whole fire. This accounted for the press on the bridge.

At two or three hundred paces from the crowd, the idea of rushing forward and throwing myself into the midst entered my mind ; but Captain Vidal, Lieutenant Brétonville, and other old officers said :

"Shoot down the first man that leaves the ranks !"

It was horrible to be so near safety, and yet unable to escape.

This was between eleven and twelve o'clock. The fusilade grew nearer on the right and left, and a few bullets began to whistle over our heads. From the side of Halle we saw the Prussians rush out pell-mell with our own soldiers. Terrible cries now arose from the bridge. Cavalry, to make way for themselves, sabred the infantry, who replied with the bayonet. It was a general *saute qui peut*. At every step of the crowd, some one fell from the bridge, and, trying to regain his place, dragged five or six with him into the water.

In the midst of this horrible confusion, this pandemonium of shouts, cries, groans, musket-shots, and sabre-strokes, a crash like a peal of thunder was heard, and the first arch of the bridge rose upward into the air with all upon it. Hundreds of wretches were torn to pieces, and hundreds of others crushed beneath the falling ruins.

A sapper had blown up the arch!

At this sight, the cry of treason rang from mouth to mouth. "We are lost—betrayed!" was now the cry on all sides. The tumult was fearful. Some, in the rage of despair, turned upon the enemy like wild beasts at bay, thinking only of vengeance; others broke their arms, cursing heaven and earth for their misfortunes. Mounted officers and generals dashed into the river to cross it by swimming, and many soldiers followed them without taking time to throw off their knapsacks. The thought that the last hope of safety was gone, and nothing now remained but to be massacred, made men mad. I had seen the Parthians choked with dead bodies the day before, but this scene was a thousand times more horrible; drowning wretches dragging down those who

happened to be near them; shrieks and yells of rage, or for help; a broad river concealed by a mass of heads and struggling arms.

Captain Vidal, who, by his coolness and steady eye, had hitherto kept us to our duty, even Captain Vidal now appeared discouraged. He thrust his sabre into the scabbard, and cried, with a strange laugh: "The game is up! Let us be gone!"

I touched his arm; he looked sadly and kindly at me.

"What do you wish, my child?" he asked.

"Captain," said I, "I was four months in the hospital at Leipsic; I have bathed in the Elster, and I know a ford."

"Where?"

"Ten minutes' march above the bridge."

He drew his sabre at once from its sheath, and shouted:

"Follow me, *mes enfants!* and you, Bertha, lead."

The entire battalion, which did not now number more than two hundred men, followed; a hundred others, who saw us start confidently forward, joined us. I recognized the road which Zunnier and I had traversed so often in July, when the ground was covered with flowers. The enemy fired on us, but we did not reply. I entered the water first; Captain Vidal next, then the others, two abreast. It reached our shoulders, for the river was swollen by the autumn rains; but we crossed, notwithstanding, without the loss of a man. We pressed onward across the fields, and soon reached the little wooden bridge at Schleissig, and thence turned to Lindenau.

We marched silently, turning from time to time to gaze on the other side of the Elster, where the battle still raged in the streets of Leipsic.

The furious shouts, and the deep boom of cannon still reached our ears; and it was only when, about two o'clock, we overtook the long column which stretched, till lost in distance, on the road to Erfurt, that the sounds of conflict were lost in the roll of wagons and artillery trains.

XXI.

HITHERTO I have described the grandeur of war—battles glorious to France, notwithstanding our mistakes and misfortunes. When we were fighting all Europe alone, always one against two, and often one to three; when we finally succumbed, not through the courage of our foes, but borne down by treason and the weight of numbers, we had no reason to blush for our defeat, and the victors have little reason to exult in it. It is not numbers that makes the glory of a people or an army—it is virtue and bravery.

But now I must relate the horrors of retreat. It is said that confidence gives strength, and this is especially true of the French. While they advanced in full hope of victory, they were united; the will of their chiefs was their only law; they knew that they could succeed only by strict observance of discipline. But when driven back, no one had confidence save in himself, and commands were forgotten. Then these men—once so brave and so proud, who marched so gayly to the fight—scattered to right and left; sometimes fleeing alone, sometimes in groups. Then those who, a little while before trembled at their approach, grew bold; they came on, first timidly, but, meeting no resistance, became insolent. Then they would swoop down and carry off three or four laggards at a time, as I have seen crows swoop upon a fallen horse, which they did

not dare approach while he could yet remain on his feet.

I have seen miserable Cossacks—very beggars, with nothing but old rags hanging around them; an old cap of tattered skin over their ears; unshorn beards, covered with vermin; mounted on old worn-out horses, without saddles, and with only a piece of rope by way of stirrups, an old rusty pistol all their fire-arms, and a nail at the end of a pole for a lance; I have seen these wretches, who resembled sallow and decrepit Jews more than soldiers, stop ten, fifteen, twenty of our men, and lead them off like sheep.

And the tall, lank peasants, who, a few months before, trembled if we only looked at them—I have seen them arrogantly repulse old soldiers—cuirassiers, artillerymen, dragoons who had fought through the Spanish war, men who could have crushed them with a blow of their fist; I have seen these peasants insist that they had no bread to sell, while the odor of the oven arose on all sides of us; that they had no wine, no beer, when we heard glasses clinking to right and left. And no one dared punish them; no one dared take what he wanted from the wretches who laughed to see us in such straits, for each one was retreating on his own account; we had no leaders, no discipline, and they could easily outnumber us.

And to hunger, misery, weariness, and fever, the horrors of an approaching winter were added. The rain never ceased falling from the gray sky, and the winds pierced us to the bones. How could poor beardless conscripts, mere shadows, fleshless and worn out, endure all this? They perished by thousands; their bodies covered the roads. The terrible *typhus* pursued us. Some said it was a plague, engendered by the dead not

being buried deep enough; others, that it was the consequence of sufferings that required more than human strength to bear. I know not how this may be, but the villages of Alsace and Lorraine, to which we brought it, will long remember their sufferings; of a hundred attacked by it, not more than ten or twelve, at the most, recovered.

At length, on the evening of the nineteenth, we bivouacked at Lutzen, where our regiments re-formed as best they might. The next day we skirmished with the Westphalians, and at Erfurt we received new shoes and uniforms. Five or six disbanded companies joined our battalion—nearly all conscripts. Our new coats and shoes were miles too large for us; but they were warm. The Cossacks reconnoitred us from a distance. Our hussars would drive them off; but they returned the moment pursuit was relaxed. Many of our men went pillaging in the night, and were absent at roll-call, and the sentries received orders to shoot all who attempted to leave their bivouacs.

I had had the fever ever since we left Leipsic; it increased day by day, and I became so weak that I could scarcely rise in the mornings to follow the march. Zébédé looked sadly at me, and sometimes said:

"Courage, Joseph! We will soon be at home!"

These words reanimated me; I felt my face flush.

"Yes, yes!" I said; "we will soon be home; I must see home once more!"

The tears forced themselves to my eyes. Zébédé carried my knapsack when I was tired, and continued:

"Lean on my arm. We are getting nearer every day, now, Joseph. A few dozen leagues are nothing."

My heart beat more bravely, but my strength was gone. I could no longer carry my musket; it was

heavy as lead. I could not eat; my knees trembled beneath me; still I did not despair, but kept murmuring to myself: "This is nothing. When you see the spire of Phalsbourg, your fever will leave you. You will have good air, and Catharine will nurse you. All will yet be well!"

Others, no worse than I, fell by the roadside, but still I toiled on; when, near Folde, we learned that fifty thousand Bavarians were posted in the forests through which we were to pass, for the purpose of cutting off our retreat. This was my finishing stroke, for I knew I could no longer load, fire, or defend myself with the bayonet. I felt that all my sufferings to get so far toward home were useless. Nevertheless, I made an effort when we were ordered to march, and tried to rise.

"Come, come, Joseph!" said Zébédé; "courage!"

But I could not move, and lay sobbing like a child.

"Come! stand up!" he said.

"I cannot. O God! I cannot!"

I clutched his arm. Tears streamed down his face. He tried to lift me, but he was too weak. I held fast to him, crying:

"Zébédé, do not abandon me!"

Captain Vidal approached, and gazed sadly on me:

"Cheer up, my lad," said he; "the ambulances will be along in half an hour."

But I knew what that meant, and I drew Zébédé closer to me. He embraced me, and I whispered in his ear:

"Kiss Catharine for me—for my last farewell. Tell her that I died thinking of God's holy mother and of her."

"Yes, yes!" he sobbed. "My poor Joseph!"

I could cling to him no longer.

"Catharine!" And she, turning her head, cried:

"Joseph! Do you know me?"

"Yes," I replied, holding out my hand.

She approached, trembling and sobbing, when again and again the cannon thundered.

"What are those shots I hear?" I cried.

"The guns of Phalsbourg," she answered. "The city is besieged."

"Phalsbourg besieged! The enemy in France!"

I could speak no more. Thus had so much suffering, so many tears, so many thousands of lives gone for nothing—ay, worse than nothing, for the foe was at our homes. For an hour I could think of nothing else; and even now, old and gray-haired as I am, the thought fills me with bitterness. Yes, we old men have seen the German, the Russian, the Swede, the Spaniard, the Englishman, masters of France, garrisoning our cities, taking whatever suited them from our fortresses, insulting our soldiers, changing our flag, and dividing among themselves, not only our conquests since 1804, but even those of the republic. These were the fruits of ten years of glory!

But let us not speak of these things. They will tell us that after Lutzen and Bautzen, the enemy offered to leave us Belgium, part of Holland, all the left bank of the Rhine as far as Bâle, with Savoy and the kingdom of Italy; and that the emperor refused to accept these conditions, brilliant as they were, because he placed the satisfaction of

his own pride before the happiness of France!

But to return to my story two weeks after the battle of thousands of wagons, filled with wounded, crowded the road from Strasbourg to Nancy, and through Phalsbourg. Not a single *cortège* escaped the eyes of Grédel and Catharine, and the hearts of fathers and mothers sought them for their children. That day Catharine found me in a heap of other wretches, with cheeks and glaring eyes—hunger.

She knew me at once, and Grédel gazed long before she spoke.

"Yes! it is he! It is Joseph!"

They took me home. When I describe my long illness, my need for water, my almost miraculous escape from what seemed death? Let it suffice the kind friends to know that, six months after Grédel and I were married; that *sieur Goulden* gave me half his property, and that we lived together happy as birds.

The wars were ended, the Bourbons had been taught by their misfortunes, and the people only awaited the moment of vengeance. But here let us rest. Let the people of sense tell me that I have been well in relating my campaign—that my story may show the vanity of military glory, and that no man can gain happiness by peace, liberty, and labor—will take up my pen once more to give you the story of Waterloo.

THE EPISCOPALIAN CRISIS.

In medical science, a *crisis* is the change in a disease which indicates its event, the recovery or death of the patient, and is, therefore, the critical moment. Webster also defines crisis to be "the decisive state of things, or the point of time when an affair is arrived at its height, and must soon terminate, or suffer a material change." No attentive observer of the religious movements which are going on around us can fail to see that the Episcopalians are, at this moment, in an interesting condition. On the one hand, the ritualists are pushing ceremonial and doctrine much further than even the elasticity of Protestantism will permit, while, on the other, the low-churchmen, alarmed at the demonstrations of their opponents, are renewing the battle-cries of the Reformation, lest the labors of Luther and Henry VIII. should be frustrated in their communion. There will soon be the clashing of arms and the interchange of active hostilities. As Catholics, we cannot but take a deep interest in the result, and we hope that all the combatants will, before going into battle, understand the cause for which they are fighting, and then faithfully fight to victory or death. An honest man should always stand by his colors, or at least openly renounce them. The object of this article is, to give a diagnosis of the present state of Episcopalianism, and, as far as our abilities and kind intentions go, to prescribe a remedy for the patient.

In the first place, we find that there is a feverish excitement about the trial of the Rev. Mr. Tyng, who, in violation of a canon, has had the hardihood to preach in a church of

another denomination than his own. The canon under which he is arraigned seems to present a case against the reverend gentleman, and from the complexion of the court appointed to try him he has little chance of escaping conviction. But we imagine that even his condemnation will be nominal, and appear more as the assertion of a power than the exercise of it. The low-churchmen are quite excited by the discussion of the points involved in the trial. A writer in *The Episcopalian* considers the affair as the most important in the annals of American ecclesiastical history. Whatever the verdict of the court may be, it is of little account compared to the angry feelings and bitter divisions among brethren which will flow from it, and become more or less permanent. Certainly, there is more bitterness among the different sections of Episcopalians, than there is between them and other Protestants. Low-churchmen love their Protestant brethren, with the one exception of high-churchmen, whom they regard with a natural antipathy. High-churchmen love none but themselves, not the sects whom they eschew, nor the Catholic Church, which eschews them. The trial of Rev. Mr. Tyng is not the cause of the angry feelings which are now manifested, but merely the occasion for bringing them out. They exist before any occasion, and are found in the very heart of the Episcopal Church. If the Rev. Dr. Dix had preached in a Methodist place of worship, it is quite possible that no one would have made objection; but Mr. Tyng, being on the other side of

the house, cannot have the same liberty. The truth is, that all rules have a wide interpretation, and are to be explained by custom, and here the defendant in the exciting trial has the advantage. Even if he should be condemned, he will be likely to have nearly all the popular sympathy, and so will become the greater man, as a kind of martyr for his principles.

The occasion, however, has brought out a bold manifesto from the high-churchmen, which is to be understood as their platform, around which they seek to rally their friends. Sixty-four clergymen have joined together to form what they call "The American Church Union," to which they invite all Episcopalians who sympathize with them. They declare that the evils of the time are fearful, "the young are growing up without education, the community is familiarized with scenes of lewdness, the marriage contract is made contemptible, the ordinances of the Gospel of Christ are disused, and the public worship of God is neglected." While thus the torrent of iniquity rages around them, they find that an evil has arisen within the Episcopal fold, which threatens the subversion of their whole system. It is nothing less than the denial of the necessity of ordination of ministers by bishops. "The right is claimed of preaching anywhere, at pleasure; ministers of non-Episcopal communities are invited to preach in our churches; and the intention is announced of breaking down every barrier between our church and the religious bodies around her." To counteract this destructive movement, they associate themselves together, in a union offensive and defensive. They promise to uphold the laws, the canons, and to follow the "godly admonitions of the bishops," while they seek "to maintain

unimpaired principles which have received from their Seabury, White, Griswold, Doane, and Wainwright."

While we confess that our thies are with the signers of the toral, we frankly avow that it is what vague and, to our minds, sistent. No doctrine whatever is stated, except that of the necessity of episcopal ordination. The creed referred to, and the (undisputed) general councils; but no exposition of their teaching is given. Then, he will be a wise man who follow, at the same time, in the footsteps of the fathers whom they name Seabury, Hobart, and Doane were churchmen in various degrees of orthodoxy; but White and Griswold were quite on the other side of the line. While Dr. Wainwright was generally thought to have been on both sides at the same time. To us, the fact that he seems the best and most judicious model for the rising generation of churchmen who would follow "all things to all men." Then, he who would follow the godly admonitions of the bishops must be able to go to the four points of the compass at the same time.

an adventurer who would obey the admonitions of Bishops McIlwain and Potter, or, at the same time, follow the counsels of Doctors Doane and Clark. The convulsions of the zeppa would be nothing to the deliriums of his mind. No physician could prescribe a remedy for such a patient. "No man can serve two masters; either he will hate the one and love the other, or cleave to the one and despise the other." Why, then, in this enlightened day, write contradictions and talk nonsense? Twenty years ago, twenty-eight bishops issued a solemn declaration against pluralism; "and," says the *Protestant Churchman*, "one of the gent

who has signed this address of the American Union not only soundly lectured, but held up to scorn and derision" these prelates, and especially the Boanerges of Western New York, who, smelling Romanism from afar, vaults like a beaked bird upon his prey. "O shame!" says the writer we have quoted, "where is thy blush?"

While thus the armies of the high-churchmen have begun to array themselves for battle, the bugle sounds loudly from the opposing camp, and the evangelicals are gathering together in earnest. A church union is being formed among them, and a writer in the *Episcopalian* thus speaks the designs of his party: "Let this evangelical church union be extended to every diocese and parish in the land where its principles are approved. The sacramental system is not the Gospel system, but its direct antipodes, in which the sacraments are degraded from their true position of sacred *emblems*, and made to serve as pack-horses to carry lazy sinners to heaven. I hear hundreds of ministers and thousands of laymen exclaim, 'Oh! that we had the power to rescue the church from the hands of those who are corrupting it!' These will be rejoiced to learn that nothing is more simple and feasible. How? I reply by saying, what even high-churchmen will hardly dare to deny, that the church of the Reformation was eminently an evangelical church, and that the evangelical portion of the present Episcopal Church constitutes absolutely all of the real successors of the English Reformed Church in this country. Ritualists and sacramentarians have no more right in this communion than avowed Romanists." The low-churchmen have the decided majority, and thus give letters dimissory to their offending brethren. "God speed the

Church Union!" says a contributor to the *Protestant Churchman*; "but let Mr. Hopkins and his friends beware lest they themselves should be the very first upon whom this discipline shall fall. Dr. Guillotine experienced the beautiful operation of that ingenious instrument of death invented by himself. This is a precedent from which these gentlemen might learn a lesson."

The low-churchmen make a point that, while they prefer the episcopal form as more scriptural and more conformed to the primitive system, they do not unchurch other Christian denominations, and that, in this respect, they follow the teachings of the founders of the reformed English communion. They also contend that the right of the church to amend or change its laws and services is inalienable, and that the time has arrived when some important changes should be made. Bishop Griswold, whose "godly admonitions" the Church Union desires to follow, thus expressed himself: "In the baptismal office are, unfortunately, some few words which are well known to be more injurious to the peace and growth of our church than any one thing that can be named." "Allow me," says the Bishop of Chester, "to omit or alter fifteen words, and I will reconcile fifteen thousand dissenters to the church." It appears, also, that an opinion was expressed by a late presiding bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church that the great body of Episcopalians desire some change in the phraseology of their services, and that the peace and prosperity of the church require it.

Here, then, the impartial observer can see how the ground lies. The high-churchmen insist upon Episcopal ordination, and are determined to resist all changes, while they are, many of them, disposed to give a Catholic

interpretation to the *articles* and liturgy. The low-churchmen oppose them on all these points, and insist that a Protestant communion ought not to call itself Catholic, or use words of doubtful meaning; and that the literal sense of the articles which form their real confession of faith should be imposed upon all Episcopalians. We have ventured to call this a crisis because, if there be vitality in either party, there must come a conflict from which one side must retire defeated, leaving the field and the spoils of war to the victors. But as this is not the first crisis which has occurred in the history of Anglicanism, we opine that the battle will be fought with blank cartridges, and that, after considerable smoke, it will be found that nobody is hurt. Then from the unbloody field the combatants will retire to war with words, and to be greater enemies than ever. Individual soldiers will lay down their arms to sally in the direction of Geneva or Rome; but the great Episcopal body will quietly await another crisis. Yet this condition of a church which claims (according to some of its members—the Pan-Anglican Synod, for example) to be a *part* of the Catholic Church, is not healthy. In contradictories there cannot be accord, and one is right and the other is certainly wrong. A careful diagnosis of the malady of our patient leads us to the following conclusions: No one is bound to impossibilities, and therefore, before their own church, the low-churchmen are right on all points of the controversy, while, before the Christian world, their opponents are singularly isolated and unfortunate. The Episcopal Church contains two opposing elements which must ever war against each other, and, while there are inconsistencies in both liturgy and articles, the low-churchmen stand upon

the only reasonable ground, and with truth to their adversaries they who would be sacrament ought to go where their system properly belongs, and where all others are in harmony with it. Such are sure, will be the judgment of an impartial observer.

1. The Episcopalians have a right to reform their services when they choose, and are at perfect liberty to agitate the question. In the constitution of their own church they have the power to alter, change, modify both their liturgy and creeds. Did not the Church of England do this on several occasions? Has not the American Episcopal Church done it also? Did she materially alter the prayer-book by striking out, for example, both the office of absolution, and also the Arian Creed? That which has been done can surely be done again, especially in a body which disclaims infallibility, and is, therefore, susceptible of change, and is ever open to progress. Here it seems to us that the high-churchmen have no ground on which to stand. They cannot assert that anything which the church teaches is the voice of God, because she expressly tells them that she has no authority. They cannot hold any reasonable theory of ecclesiastical pretensions, because, if they insist on it, they would unchurch themselves. A church ought to know its own powers, if it have any. It may have its own opinions, and express them as such; but they have no right to lord it over the consciences of their brethren who disagree with them, as if they (the actuary) were the church rather than their more numerous opponents. Their fathers whose "godly traditions" they seek to follow, surely never meant to cast their "incomprehensible liturgy" in an iron mould.

sides, in sober common sense, all the extravagancies of the low-churchmen are nothing compared to the doings of the extreme ritualists, who have so metamorphosed the service that no uninitiated Episcopalian could ever recognize it. Think of changing every rubric, and engrafting upon the common prayer the actual ceremonies and even the words of the Roman missal. We understand that few of the signers of the union manifesto are opposed to these advances of ritualism, and that many of them are ready to hear confessions or celebrate Mass when a good occasion is offered. With what face, then; can they find fault with their brethren who exercise their liberty in another direction? And inasmuch as there is a manifest inconsistency between various parts of the prayer-book, it would be well for them and for truth to have their code revised, that the world may know precisely what they do mean.

2. On the vexed question of Episcopal ordination, we are convinced that the high-churchmen are wrong, before their own communion and before the world. The reformers under whose inspirations the English Church was formed, never intended to unchurch the religious bodies of the continent with whom they were in sympathy. The words of the ordinal refer only to the rule to be adopted in the Anglican body, and do not decide at all the question of the validity of non-Episcopal orders. The twenty-third of the thirty-nine articles is so expounded by Burnet. He says that by common consent a company of Christians may appoint one of their own members to minister to them in holy things; for we are sure "that not only those who penned the articles, but the body of this church for above half an age after, did, notwithstanding irregularities,

acknowledge the foreign churches, so constituted, to be true churches as to all the *essentials* of a church. The article leaves the matter open for such accidents as had happened, and such as might still happen. Although their own church had been less forced to go out of the beaten path than any other, yet they knew that all things among themselves had not gone according to those rules that ought to be sacred in regular times. Necessity has no law, and is a law of itself."

The opinions of Cranmer, and of Barlow, the reported consecrator of Archbishop Parker, were distinctly Erastian. At a conference held at Windsor, 1547, Cranmer answers to the question, "Can a bishop make a priest?" as follows: "A bishop may make a priest, and so may princes and governors also, by the authority of God committed to them." Barlow replies, "Bishops have no authority to make priests without they be authorized by the Christian princes, and that laymen have other whiles made priests."

To the question, "Whether in the New Testament be required any consecration of a bishop or priest, or only appointing to the office be sufficient?" Cranmer answers, "He that is appointed to be a bishop or priest needeth no consecration by the Scriptures, for election or appointing thereto is sufficient." Barlow also expresses the same sentiment. (See Stillingfleet's *Irenicum*, and Collier, vol. ii. appendix.)

The "judicious" Hooker undoubtedly maintains the true Episcopalian belief, that ordination by bishops is preferable, but not of absolute necessity to a church. A very able article in this Magazine, published September, 1866, (Vol. III. No. 18,) shows the truth of our view. Passages are deduced from a work called

Vox Ecclesie, which contain the high-church position, and admit that in case of *necessity* (which is left to the individual to determine) "orthodox presbyters may ordain." As Archbishop Parker said, "Extreme necessity in itself implieth dispensation from all laws." The author of this article, to which we beg leave to refer our readers, shows plainly that such a doctrine "overthrows the very idea of apostolical succession, elevates human necessity above divine law, and legitimates every form of error and schism."

Before their own communion, therefore, the low-churchmen have every advantage, as they are consistent with the principles of the Reformation which brought their church into being. When Protestants desert their own platform, on what ground can they logically stand?

Secondly, before the Christian world the high-churchmen occupy a very unfortunate position. They make assertions which unchurch themselves, while they separate from their brethren, and aspire to an ecclesiastical status which they have not, which the whole world denies to them, and which they can never defend. If the apostolical succession is necessary to the existence of a church, then by the verdict of all who hold such a doctrine, they are no church; for with all their pretensions, they have it not. It has been shown over and over again, by arguments incontestable, that the ordination of Archbishop Parker, if indeed it ever took place, was wholly and entirely invalid. There is not satisfactory evidence that any ceremony of consecration was observed; there is no proof whatever that Barlow, the officiating prelate, was ever ordained; and lastly, the form used (according to the theory of the high-churchmen) was utterly inadequate to convey valid

orders. What need, then, to further with those who will not. If any Catholic bishop, at the should venture to consecrate the form which they tell us was in Parker's case, he would be to severe censure, and his act be considered totally null and less. One would naturally say that the judgment of the Church on this question would be held in respect. She has preserved the ancient rite, and holds the absolute necessity of episcopal ordination and while she considers it a sacrament to reiterate the sacrament of she reordains, without question without condition, every English minister who, coming into her fold, to the sacred priesthood. The course has been adopted by the Pan-Angelican Synod of the Eastern Orthodox Church, who more regards the Episcopalian church than she does the Methodist or Presbyterians. Is any evidence required by any honest man? If the opinion of the eastern church is of any weight, it has been more than once given. Dr. J. J. Beck, a Russian priest, in a work on "Catholic Orthodoxy," at some length of the English church which he pronounces to be These are among his words:

"1. The *Anglo-Catholic* faith, at the point of apostolical succession, its needfulness, held latitude of views, subversive of the whole of the church. 2. The boasting or concord of Anglicans on essentials is a specious *illuminantism* decked and disfigured with Catholic spoils."

"As Parker's consecration is invalid, the apostolic line was broken off, irremediably broken off."

"If Rome considered all the actions by Parker and his suc-

BISHOP DOYLE.*

"WHAT can you teach?" "Any thing from A, B, C, to the third book of Canon Law." "Pray, young man, can you teach and practise humility?" "I trust I have, at least, the humility to feel that the more I read the more I see how ignorant I have been, and how little can, at best, be known." Such were the pithy replies to the equally condensed questions put by the venerable Dean Staunton, of Carlow College, to a young Augustinian friar who had been proposed as candidate for a professorship in that rising institution. The friar was Father James Doyle, then in his twenty-seventh year. Erect in stature, austere in features, the candid earnestness of his mind beaming through his expressive countenance, which bore the evident traces of studious habits, and the freedom of his unpretentious manners—all these qualities, combined in his looks and declared by his language, immediately enlisted the sympathetic esteem of the dean. Nor was his youth an obstacle to his acceptance. His appointment to the position followed, and the six years spent by him in the college served as a fit preparation for the public career of this eminent man, the narrative of whose life forms an essential part of the history of his country for at least fifteen years.

From the valuable work to which reference is made in the note to this article, we find much to admire in the noble character who forms the subject of Mr. Fitzpatrick's literary effort. There must have been placed

at his disposal a rich and store of material from which his biography was compiled. It is itself, in a literary point of view, creditable to the diligence of the author; but at present we content ourselves with an attempt to gather from its comprehensive and place before our readers one of the most remarkable events which distinguished the life and character of the prelate, influenced by the action of the

Of respectable and honorable ancestors, he was born in New Ross, County of Wick, in 1786. In an appendix to the work before us there is a chronological article showing the descent of the Doyle family from some of the royal sept—a portion of the history by no means uncommon, which we would refer to, should doubt his original nobility of blood. For us it will suffice to say that some of his immediate ancestors had fallen for their country and faith, and that even as far back as 1691, there were few more distinguished than the bold chieftain, "Brigadier Doyle," who was sent from Limerick, by the king, to collect men and horses for the Jacobite army.

Anne Warren, the mother of the future bishop, was a Catholic of Quaker extraction, and she died before the child's birth. The young Doyle was brought up in a world under circumstances not of indigence, still not of luxury in worldly goods. But his richly endowed him; and his virtues can be sought more than in the intrinsic power of his

* *The Life, Times, and Correspondence of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin.* By W. J. Fitzpatrick, J. P. 2 vols. 8vo. Boston: P. Donohoe.

no external change can diminish, and which retains its richness, independent of the uncertainties of variable fortune! Nor was his childhood other than obscure, if we may apply the term to that state which, though humble, was illustrated by the tender care and enlightened piety of a Christian mother. His boyhood was not remarkable for those extraordinary manifestations of genius said to be discovered in the younger days of great men. No phenomena indicative of unusual fortune or success in life attended his boyish acts, although there is a tale of some careless fortune-teller having prognosticated the high position and distinguished labors which afterward rendered his name so memorable. At the age of eleven he ran the risk of being shot for his curiosity in observing, at a distance, a battle fought between the patriots of the rebellion and the English forces.

His school-days commenced at Rathnavogue, where a Mr. Grace was conducting a seminary of learning to whose seats both Catholics and Protestants had equal access. Hitherto his mother had been his instructor, and there are no impressions so important or so lasting as those imparted to the infant mind by the solicitous teaching of a parent. Under her guidance, the youthful aspirations which inclined his developing reason to the ecclesiastical state of life, were fostered and encouraged, as she early perceived that the tendency of his mental faculties directed in the path of a holy vocation. In the year 1800, she placed him under the care of an Augustinian friar named Crane, who soon discovered the talents of the boy through his eagerness for knowledge, and his intensely studious habits. She died in 1802, leaving him an orphan, but with the prospect of his soon becoming a member of the Augustinian order, which he en-

tered three years afterward. Notwithstanding that he entertained a strong repugnance to the eleemosynary practices of religious communities of begging from door to door—and this aversion he ever retained—he still selected a conventual life in preference to the more public and active labors of a missionary priest. His respect for the dignity of the priestly office was a characteristic trait in his life as bishop, and his ideas on the subject seem to have originated from that natural good taste with which he had been gifted from his infancy.

The ordeal of the novitiate passed through with fidelity, he made his vows as member of the order in 1806, in the small thatched chapel at Grantstown. The marked abilities displayed at this period induced his superiors to select him to be sent with some others to the college of their order at Coimbra, in Portugal, a well-conducted institution, and connected with the celebrated university of that place. As he was afforded all the ample opportunities held out to those attending the university lectures—a privilege accorded only to a few—his mind was immensely enriched, and what is of still greater importance, his ideas were enabled to attain a sturdiness of growth and liberality of expansion which ever afterward distinguished his writings and speeches. In his subsequent examination before a committee of both houses of parliament, he testified to the numerous advantages which were then, as now, derived from a continental education for the priesthood. In 1815 days, indeed, it was no longer, as it had been in 1780, felony in a foreign priest, and high-treason in a native, to teach or practise the doctrines of the Catholic religion in Ireland. Still, the penal laws, although relaxed, had left their evil traces long after their name had

ceased to excite terror, even if it occasioned a thrill of hatred in the breasts of those who had so long been subjected to the clanking of their fetters. It seems somewhat of an anomaly for Protestantism, which was inaugurated under the plea of freeing and enlightening the human mind, to sanction the enactment and enforce the execution of laws directly calculated to crush religious freedom, and make it criminal to educate the children of the conquered Catholics. It is, however, but one of the innumerable inconsistencies with which the histories of nations and of creeds regale us at intervals.

Whilst young Doyle was deeply engaged in drinking in from the purest and deepest springs theologic lore, and treasuring up in his capacious mind the classic and philosophic eloquence of ancient times, the sound of war disturbed his retirement. A French invasion overturned the independence of the country, and so rapid was the advance of Junot that the vessel which bore away in safety to Brazil the royal family was hastened in its departure by some shots from the conquering army. The peninsular war ensued, in which the Portuguese, aided by the English under Wellington, drove out the irreligious soldiers of the empire. The enthusiasm which inflamed the minds of the natives was taken up by the young students, and among them Doyle shouldered his musket, believing that the best way to prove one's fidelity to truth and justice is to *act* when action alone is effective.

Mr. Fitzpatrick does not explain the short stay made by the student in the college of Coimbra, as we find him in Ireland, in 1808, preparing for the reception of holy orders. He had concluded a good course of study, and his natural abilities must have rendered him fully competent to be ad-

mitted to the order of priesthood which he received in 1809, in the humble, thatched chapel of his youthful days. But as there were then, to a greater extent than present, existing prejudices against religious orders in Ireland, he was not only refused faculties, but even the preparatory examination, by Dr. Ryan, Coadjutor Bishop of Ferns. The young priest quietly remained in his convent until called, upon the recommendation of some friends who admired his talents, to the position of professor in Carlow College. Here he rendered most important services. Within its walls he spent six years most studiously occupied both for his own advancement and for the benefit of his pupils. The advantage of procuring positions in seminaries or colleges for young priests of talent and taste for prolonged study, is easily perceived when we consider the necessity—more especially at the present day—of fitting some for the higher duties of their order—the defence and exposition of Catholic doctrines in a literary manner. Had the talents of Dr. Doyle received no cultivation more than that afforded by a superficial knowledge of theology in a rudimentary course of three years, his life would have passed in obscurity, and his eminent public services could never have been successfully accomplished. The light of genius is, indeed, a gift of nature, but the intensity of its brilliancy depends upon art and culture. Besides this, his taste for literature excited the enthusiasm, whilst it encouraged the efforts of the students. His lectures on eloquence, which had, up to that time, been considerably neglected among the Irish clergy, served as an incentive to their ardor in pursuit of that noble science, at the same time that it furnished his own mind with the in-

exhaustible resources which he afterward wielded with such mighty effect. We know of similar results having been attained by the late eminent Cardinal Wiseman whilst rector of the English College at Rome. The necessity of a learned clergy was scarcely ever felt as much as at the present day, when men of abilities and cultivation may be daily encountered, eager and earnest for the truth, but not ready to admit it upon insufficient or superficial grounds. This view, entertained by Dr. Doyle whilst in Carlow College, led him to inculcate the same principles to those around him.

But the scene of his labors changes, and we now approach the period of his life in which his publications procure for him that general recognition of power and virtue, hitherto accorded him in a humbler sphere of duty. By an unprecedented unanimity he was elected, in 1819, to succeed Dr. Corcoran in the diocese of Kildare and Leighlin. The selection was more remarkable, as in those days there were feelings of strong dislike entertained against members of religious communities, and the subject caused no slight trouble at Rome. The wise regulations of the church for the election of bishops were observed in Ireland then, as they are now. Assembled together, the clergy received the Holy Eucharist, prayed for light to direct their action, retired in silence, strengthened and enlightened, to give their voice for the most fitting subject; and the result showed in this case, that, as they had the generosity to pass over the bounds of prejudice, the Holy Ghost guided them in their deliberations. It was not a little surprising that the choice had fallen upon an Augustinian friar; but that the dignity should be conferred upon one so young—he was only thirty-two years of age

—and with such universal satisfaction, went far to prove the high esteem in which he must have been held. The custom of electing elderly persons to the episcopal office is generally admitted to have traditional usage in its favor, although we do not read of our Lord having regarded age as a qualification in his apostles, and St. John is believed to have been a mere youth. Innocent III., one of the most illustrious popes that ever reigned, was only thirty-seven years of age when he ascended the chair of St. Peter. And although the youthful appearance of the new bishop was made the occasion of adverse criticism in some quarters, he entered upon his office no less deeply impressed with the truth of what St. Augustine said of the episcopate, "*Nomen sit oneris, non honoris*," than if he were bowed down by age.

Mr. Fitzpatrick's work exposes to us many evils that had been allowed to grow up in the diocese under the inactive government of some of Bishop Doyle's predecessors. Incompetent persons are found in every state of life, and many of the miseries by which society is afflicted arise from faithlessness or incapacity in incumbents of high positions. Energy and diligence were not characteristic of those who had gone before him, and abuses that had been tolerated by negligence, grew into evils which were magnified by their proximity to the sanctuary. But Bishop Doyle was one of those faithful ministers who felt the responsibilities enjoined upon his office, "*quasi pro animabus reddituri rationem*." Some customs common among the clergy were not much in accordance with ecclesiastical propriety, and it is not easy to eradicate what has been allowed to attain a long growth. It is true that the penal times had but just ceased, and the decadence in ecclesiastical dis-

cipline brought about by the dreary night of persecution, was of such magnitude as not to be quickly remedied. Still, the new bishop had brought with him into the office a thorough knowledge of the laws of the church, and a sense of the obligation of carrying these laws into execution whenever possible. These were the two principal reasons to which must be ascribed the successful issue of all his measures at reform. He called the attention of his clergy to the decrees of the twenty-fourth session of the Council of Trent, with regard to the reformation of the church, and dwelt upon the penalties to which he himself should be liable were he to neglect the enforcement of those wise regulations.

For the decency of public worship, the ornaments and linens of the altar, and everything connected with the sacred ceremonies of religion, he had the most scrupulous regard. He instituted regular visitations in his diocese, as he felt that he could not be exempted from a sinful negligence in omitting to comply with the decrees of Trent in this respect. In these visitations he discovered the sad state to which ecclesiastical discipline had fallen before his days. In one instance the vestments were found to be in such an unbecoming state that he tore them asunder. Returning next year to the same parish, he found the identical old vestments sewn together and kept in a turf-basket. To prevent a repetition, he consigned them to the flames, and as the parish priest was by no means a poor man, the wretched taste displayed by him was wholly unpardonable.

Hunting was not an unusual occupation with the clergy of those days. Practices by no means tending to increase the respect of the people for their pastors, had been al-

lowed to accompany the marriage and funeral services of country districts, and all these claimed the diligent reformatory care of the active bishop. The office of reformer—as the very sound has to some an odious signification—is not the most envious one in the world, and it acquires a peculiarly distasteful character from those whose self-interested conduct may fall under its action. Hence the young bishop was sometimes accused of rashness in his undertaking to correct abuses of so long a standing, and the plea was set up that good and wise men had tolerated them in the past. Nor was he free from the receipt of letters of complaint, principally, though not always, from old pastors who found great difficulty in abandoning habits which their sense of right would not permit them to justify. They remonstrated with him for carrying out laws for the execution of which he was responsible. But he kindly reasoned with them on the necessity which pressed him to be faithful to his trust; and as he never urged his own feelings or his own bias as the motive of his action, but always appealed to the law of the church, he gradually effected the most beneficent results. He never used harshness, even where it might appear, if not necessary, at least justifiable, and never was he accused of disregarding the reasonable explanations of the humblest of his clergy. Law, not self; justice, not caprice, were the motives that incited him; and, guided by such principles, he confided the success of his efforts to God, and thus labored under the inspiration of the church.

The sacrament of confirmation had been but rarely administered before his time, and he frequently was affected to tears when, instead of children to receive it, there were crowds of gray-haired men and women. The

education of the young had been much neglected by many parish priests, whose taste for agricultural pursuits led them to devote more time to the cultivation of farms than to the instruction of their people. One rural gentleman insisted that he could well attend to his flocks of sheep without neglecting his spiritual flock; but the bishop required that his time should be exclusively devoted to his ministry. Many justified their engagement with worldly occupations, or their inattention to their duties, by pointing to the curate, and, loudly affirming his energetic zeal, declared him fully competent to direct the parish, whilst the old man should repose from his labors and enjoy in ease the fruits of his past services in the vineyard of the Lord. The persistent labors of the bishop at length produced that good result ever to be expected from a faithful discharge of duty. Visitations were regularly conducted throughout his diocese, and the long-neglected canons of the church were reëstablished, to the great satisfaction of all good priests, as well as with salutary consequences to the people.

Not less important in their results were the spiritual retreats which he inaugurated amongst his clergy. The efficient means of preserving and strengthening the spiritual life of the priesthood had been long impossible in the times of persecution; but when this obstacle was removed, his predecessors took no steps to remedy the ill effects of their omission. One thousand priests and almost every prelate in Ireland assembled at Carlow, in 1820, to avail themselves of the advantages of silence and prayer under the direction of the young bishop, who conducted the religious exercises. He had been always known as an austere man to himself, and most conscientiously attentive

to even the minor duties of his ecclesiastical state, and the brilliant manner in which he guided his attentive hearers through this retreat deeply impressed them. "These sermons," (he preached three times a day,) writes Rev. Mr. Delany, "were of an extraordinarily impressive character. We never heard anything to equal them before or since. The duties of the ecclesiastical state were never so eloquently or efficiently expounded. His frequent application and exposition of the most intricate texts of Scripture amazed and delighted us; we thought he was inspired. I saw the venerable Archbishop Troy weep like a child, and raise his hands in thanksgiving. At the conclusion of the retreat he wept again, and kissed his coadjutor with more than a brother's affection."

Dr. O'Connell narrates that "for the ten days during which the retreat lasted, Dr. Doyle knew no rest. His soul was on fire in the sacred cause. He was determined to reform widely. His falcon eye sparkled with zeal. The powers of his intellect were applied to the good work with telling effect. At the close of one of his most impassioned exhortations, he knelt down on a *prie-dieu* immediately before me. The vigorous workings of his mind, and the intense earnestness of purpose within, affected even the outward man. Big drops of perspiration stood upon his neck, and his rochet was almost saturated." The fruits of these labors were proportionate to their intensity, for the soil was good, and needed but that cultivation, for want of which it had long lain fallow. To reform the morals of the people, he knew that the source of their moral teaching—the priesthood—must be enlightened and elevated. It seems that there can be nothing better calculated to effect a

cordial coöperation of ecclesiastical duties and responsibilities than that a bishop should thus be willing and capable of teaching his clergy in learning as well as in devotion ; and of impressing, by propriety of language and dignity of position, those sublime truths that should be frequently proposed to their consideration. Another great work undertaken by him was the revival of diocesan conferences, which had long fallen into desuetude. He ordained that they should be held regularly, and his own learning was a safe guarantee of their practical utility. The many intricate questions of moral theology, as well as local issues with which the clergy of a well-conducted diocese should be conversant, were usefully discussed in those assemblies with freedom and decorum. The general non-observance of statutes and laws, arising principally from the difficulties of the penal times, called for more strenuous efforts than would have been otherwise needed. The severity of penal laws against the practices of religion, or the administration of the sacraments, diminished the number of priests, who were obliged to hide themselves in the mountains, and minister by stealth and under fear of death in solitary places to the spiritual necessities of their flocks. This accounts for the statute which was passed in a synod of Kildare in 1614, allowing lay persons to administer the Blessed Eucharist to each other in cases of necessity. But those times had passed, and Dr. Doyle believed that what was then justifiably permitted could be so no longer without sin on his part. Conscientious fulfilment of duty alone directed him in these many salutary reforms introduced by him for the welfare of his people ; and we dwell upon them with greater pleasure, as they evince the true character of a

bishop. These, and many other beneficent changes introduced by Bishop Doyle, were but in accordance with the improved condition in which the Catholics of his day found themselves. After long and painful finally triumphant struggles to recover some of their lost freedom, they felt for a length of time the effect of that odious tyranny, by whose means the proud, religious ascendancy of the hostile sect had long aimed at a complete subjection of the body and soul of the Catholic population. It is pleasing to find that the first relaxation of rigorous, repressive measures against the Catholic Irish was due to the influence exercised by the American revolution upon European affairs. In 1778, Catholics were allowed to hold property as well as their Protestant fellow-citizens ; although this was but a slight concession forced from the justice of their rulers, the Irish people derived from it an encouragement to persevere in asserting their further claims, so often deceitfully promised and justly withheld. These claims of his countrymen now assumed great weight in the minds of legislators, as they became more importunately urged upon their notice by the successful efforts of O'Connell. Bishop Doyle did not hesitate to enter the arena, and throw the weight of his mighty intellect and the no less important influence of his official position, into the contest. A remarkable vigorous exposition of the state of the question, and of the necessity of yielding to the demands of justice, published in a letter signed J. R. inspired new hope into his friends, and drew upon him the hostile attention of numerous opponents.

Polemics have, in our day, assumed a character quite different from which distinguished them in former times. Much of the rancorous

called religious, which dissipated society, and caused even doubt sometimes to bear an uncertain aspect, has passed away, and the nobility of feeling which irritates, but never convinces, is now less easily encountered than the one of persuasive argumentation. It may be that men were then more thoroughly in earnest about religion than they are at present; but it is not easy to maintain that less must be expressed in order to be calculated to offend, and that facts intended to do violence to the religious love. It is more probable that with the progress of the age, men are learning more of the true religion, and are leaving off that virulence which poor passion is likely to bring with it into the sanctuary of divine truth. One thing is certain, that a more for the better has come over the world which elicits religious disputation at present; and the questions which elicit our interest and enlist our religious consideration are agitated in a milder manner than in the days of Bishop Doyle, when it was not that a religious dispute closed with abuse or vituperation, and that views were not unfrequently expressed by blows.

A discussion arose between the Duke of Kildare and Magee, the present Archbishop of Dublin, both were able combatants in the field which afforded ample room for assault and defence, the contest was long and fierce, and forth the wit and sarcasm, and the learning and eloquence undisturbed by both disputants. As the cooling by time, it warmed and increased in interest, it drew into its current many warriors eager to join in the fray. A spirit of domination naturally arose from the rela-

tions between Catholics and Protestants, determined Magee to assume a loftier tone, with more pretentious, and, on that account, less tenable grounds. These circumstances rendered the humiliation of his defeat more irksome to his high position. The Marquis of Wellesley must have been an impartial judge, and at the conclusion of the politico-religious combat, he declared that Magee "had evidently got the worst of it." Several other opponents who successively assaulted "J. K. L.," were easily disposed of by his mighty pen.

Influenced by his genius and eloquent writings, the movement led by the great "Agitator" progressed toward its desired result. A change was imperceptibly coming over the spirit of the times. To retain a nation in bondage to a political or religious ascendancy not founded on the good-will of the subject, must, in the long run, become impossible. As long as a people preserve unsubdued their spirit of religious or national freedom, there is no power on earth capable of frustrating their ultimate triumph. A great writer observes that the war in which violence attempts to oppress truth must be a strange and an arduous one. No matter how doubtful may be the result for a time, no matter how obscure the horizon of events, truth must in the end conquer, for it is imperishable—it is eternal as God himself. Thus was it in the struggle for emancipation in Ireland. The truth became at length generally admitted, that no civil legislation, no state authority, has a right to interfere with the sanctity of human conscience; and that the power which attempts to violate the natural gift of religious freedom transcends its limits, and is guilty of a grievous crime against the established order of Providence.

Before Dr. Doyle's entrance upon

the public duties of his episcopal office, the efforts made for their emancipation by the Catholics had produced but little effect. Petitions crowded to the parliament, but they were hastily and sometimes scornfully rejected. Religious equality had been promised as a reward for the parliamentary union of both countries in 1800; but the insidious policy of Pitt proved the promise fallacious, and when the nation found itself cheated out of its legislative power, without even this slight recompense of religious freedom, deep was the indignation felt. In the movements preceding Dr. Doyle's efforts for the recovery of their rights, the Catholics were unaided by the "higher order" of their countrymen, "who sensitively shrank from participating in any appeal for redress." (Vol. 1, p. 156.) The people were thus abandoned by those whom they regarded as their natural leaders, and, with some exceptions, "the Catholic clergy not only held aloof, but deprecated any attempt to disturb the general apathy." (Ibid.) But Dr. Doyle brought new energy to the combat, and, although the victory which crowned the labors of the great "Liberator" in 1829 was principally due to his own herculean powers and indomitable spirit, still the assistance rendered by the Bishop of Kildare was highly appreciated by O'Connell himself. Here it may be remarked that the Duke of Wellington is sometimes lauded for yielding to the claims of the Catholics. It is just to accord praise wherever merited; but, as the hostility of Wellington to the demands of his countrymen had been for years the greatest obstacle to their being satisfied, and as he yielded at last evidently through fear of revolution in case of refusal, it would appear that a reluctant concession, rendered when it could not

be safely withheld, is but a groundwork upon which to erect a monument to his generosity.

It would be a long though ungrateful task, to trace the progress of the bishop through many labors for the temporal and moral welfare of his people. Throughout every page of the work before us we may perceive the deep sorrow with which he continually wept over their moral and social improvement. Wide-spread disaffection, long misgovernment had evil results in various species of secret societies—Ribbonmen, White-boy o'-day men, etc.—formed either for purposes hostile to the actual society, or, more frequently, for self-defence against the power and extensive organization of the Ribbonmen. The Ribbonmen promised "to be true to, and assist each other in all things lawful;" even justifiable in their original object, they not unfrequently became guilty of acts which soon drew the opposition of the clergy. Dr. Doyle found his diocese extensively overrun by numerous parties of these societies; but, as the people were in general opposed to them, him, his disapprobation was effectual in checking their progress. As most of the discontent arose from the collection of tithes from the Catholics for the support of Protestant ministers, he reprobated the law which were thus the cause of evils which it was their office to remove. He himself counselled his people to offer a negative opposition to the collection of these tithes, by refusing to pay them, but never to resort to violence or a forcible execution of the law. To force obedience to the law was frequently a dangerous experiment. The legal claims of the Protestants were sometimes satisfied at the expense of the lives of their unsupporters. However incom-

character it might appear, is no uncommon occurrence the meek parson at the military force, leading an some undefended cabin ; their manœuvres in orness himself of a cow, an or even a wretched bed of a destitute family.

fury, the people would resist the soldiers, and of human life was often it of a tithe-collecting ex-It may be interesting to following verbatim copy of ncing the sale by auction able spoil secured in a foray by an evangelical in the neighborhood of

soaled by Public Cout in Ballymore on the 15 Inst the property of James new bed and one *gowne* y of John quinn seven earn the property of the t one *petty coate* and one property of the widow seized under and by viring warrant for tythe due John Ugher. Dated this May 1824."

celebrated examination be- mittee of parliament in Doyle rendered ample tes- he practical evils of this otwithstanding the mer- ure to which he subjected ithe business, there was e to alleviate the misery the sufferings with which gnart, and Ireland still er this, one of her most calamities—the cause of ent and the source of her l. Not a little remarka- istorical fact, that before the reformation the Irish er consented to the sys- s established in all other

countries by the law of the church. Before the invasion there was no such thing known. After that lamentable period the English conquerors attempted to establish it as in England, but "Giraldus Cambrensis," says Doctor Doyle, "imputes it to the Irish as a crime that they would not pay tithe, notwithstanding the laws which enjoined such payment ; and, now at the end of six hundred years, they are found to persevere, with increased obstinacy, in their struggles to cast off this most obnoxious impost."

A long letter addressed to his liberal friend, Sir H. Parnell, in 1831, is occupied in expounding his views on poor laws and church property. His advocacy of laws to relieve the poor drew forth his eloquent pleading in their behalf, whilst his extensive knowledge of canon law made him familiar with the ancient legislations of the church with respect to tithes. A short but characteristic passage from this letter we cannot omit : "I am a churchman ; but I am unacquainted with avarice, and I feel no worldly ambition. I am, perhaps, attached to my profession ; but I love Christianity more than its worldly appendages. I am a Catholic from the fullest conviction ; but few will accuse me of bigotry. I am an Irishman hating injustice, and abhorring, with my whole soul, the oppression of my country ; but I desire to heal her sores, not to aggravate her sufferings. In decrying, as I do, the tithe-system, and the whole church establishment in Ireland, I am actuated by no dislike to the respectable body of men who, in the midst of fear and hatred, gather its spoils ; on the contrary, I esteem those men, notwithstanding their past and perhaps still existing hostility to the religious and civil rights of their fellow-subjects and countrymen ; I even lament the

painful position in which they are placed. What I aspire to is the freedom of the people; what I most ardently desire is their union—which can never be effected till injustice, or the oppression of the many by the few, is taken away. And as to religion, what I wish is to see her freed from the slavery of the state and the bondage of mammon—to see her restored to that liberty with which Christ hath made her free—her ministers laboring and receiving their hire from those for whom they labor—that thus religion may be restored to her empire, which is not of this world, and men once more worship God in spirit and in truth." In this one paragraph we have a compendious exposition of his views and aims with regard to the civil and religious freedom of his country.

When the disfranchisement of the forty-shilling free-holders—a disastrous piece of legislation—was effected in 1831, Dr. Doyle undisguisedly expressed his liberal views of individual right and liberty. One position maintained by him is somewhat remarkable, and we record it, as it accords with the opinion of our fellow-citizens. "It is the natural right of man," he writes—"a right interwoven with the essence of our constitution, and producing as its necessary effect the House of Commons—that a man who has life, liberty, and property, should have some share or influence in the disposal of them by law. Take the elective franchise from the Irish peasant, and you not only strip him of the present reality or appearance of this right, but you disable him and his posterity ever to acquire it. He is now poor and oppressed—you then make him vile and contemptible; he is now the image of a freeman—he will then be the very essence of a slave. . . . Like the Helot of Athens, he may go to the forum and

gaze at the election, and then to hew his wood and fetch his water to the freeman—an inhabitant not a citizen, of the country which gave him birth."

Whilst thus battling with the injustice of the times, and with effect his powerful pen and frequent voice—expounding his views of human right, reproving insipid politicians, reprobating the unwise legislation of the government and refuting the calumnies by which his religion was assailed—he lost sight of the humbler duties of his pastoral office. From the tangled and uncertain issues of public discussion, he would revert with a sense of relief to the special care of his immediate flock. Great was the solicitude which he so frequently expressed and always felt for the salvation of his people. "Ah!" he exclaims, "how awful to be made responsible for even one soul! 'then,' as St. Chrysostom says, 'I held answerable, not for one, but for the whole population of an entire diocese!' '*Quid de illis sacerdotibus dicendum, a quibus sunt omnium animarum requirendæ?*'" It will tell, in more than volumes, to know his character as bishop, the exalted views he had of the value of a Christian soul. "If such," he proceeds to say, "the value of one immortal soul redeemed by the precious blood of an innocent God, what must be the value of thousands? And oh! what the responsibility of him who has to answer for one, but for multitudes—perhaps ultimately, for millions! How he reasonably hope to enter heaven unless with his dying breath he repeat with truth, 'Father, of whom thou hast confided to me, may not one have perished through my fault.'" In this spirit his efforts for the education and moral improvement of his people were carried

to a successful issue. His wise restitution of the laws of the church to their proper control over everything connected with his diocese, completely removed the confusion which had long reigned. The statutes decreed for the government of his clergy were rigorously enforced. He placed upon a more intelligible basis the hitherto unsettled relations of religious orders to regular diocesan authority, and although a religious himself, he was never accused of partiality toward such communities. In fact, he found it necessary as it was difficult to induce them to undertake reforms which he deemed very much needed in some points of discipline, in order to render their services more efficient. He writes, (vol. ii. p. 187,) "I have, from time to time, suggested to men of various religious orders the necessity of some further improvement, but in vain. They seem to me the bodies of men who are profiting least by the lights of the age. I regret this exceedingly," etc. In 1822, he wrote that "to suppress or secularize half or most of the religious convents of men in Portugal would be a good work." Thus his zeal for the cause of truth and the benefit of the church led him, not only in this, but in other instances, to express opinions which not many would venture to publish. It is curious to notice his estimate of a writer to whom but few would accord the same justice. In a letter written to Mariana in 1830, he says, "You would like to know something of Fleury. Well, he is the ablest historian the church has produced; but he told truth sometimes without disguise, and censured the views and conduct of many persons, who in return gave him a bad name." As he loved, instead of fearing freedom of thought, so, too, he boldly expressed his opinions; and with all

the power at his command endeavored to carry out his views. He was no mere theorist, although he theorized extensively upon two important subjects. One was upon the practicability of effecting a union between the Anglican and Catholic churches, and the other had reference to the formation of a patriarchate for Ireland. For his action upon both of these questions, arising as they did from the circumstances of his time, he has been made the object of adverse, as well as favorable criticism. Of his theological knowledge, and of the light which his own native genius threw upon every topic he touched, there can be but one opinion, nor will there be found any rash enough to doubt the honesty of his intentions. This is sufficient to exonerate him from all unbecoming charges in the minds of enlightened men, and it is only the vicious and ignorant that stoop to the imputation of evil motives. His view with regard to the union of the churches appears to have been a doctrinal submission to the Catholic Church, and a compromise in matters of discipline. The advantages to be derived from having a patriarch in Ireland, were presented by Dr. Doyle with his usual argumentative ability; and although accused of having desired the office for himself, the charge is an undoubted fabrication. Both of these projects fell through for want of coöperation; but they show the extent to which his love of truth, and love of peace, and love of increasing the power of Christianity led him. Before concluding this notice of only a small portion of his labors and of the events which attended his career, we will transcribe the opinion formed of him by the Count de Montalembert, who, in a tour through Ireland in 1832, visited Dr. Doyle and Dr. Murray. "They have inspired me," he writes, "with

the greatest veneration, not only for their piety and other apostolic virtues, but for their eloquence and elegance of manners. Dr. Doyle is well known to the Catholic world as one of the most solid pillars of the true faith, and the three kingdoms will long remember his appearance at the bar of the House of Lords, where, by his eloquent exposition of Catholic doctrines, he confounded the peers of England—the descendants of those men who signed the great charter, but whose faith they have denied."

Wasted by his continual labors and incessant care for the welfare of his people, he felt the gradual approach of the last great combat to which all must ultimately yield. He might well exclaim with Saint Paul, "I have fought the good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith, and now there is laid up for me a crown of glory, which the Lord shall render to me, the just Judge." "When exhausted nature apprised him that the last sad struggle was approaching, he called for the viaticum. But recollecting that his Master had expired on the hard bed of the cross, and anxious to resemble him even in his end, he ordered his mourning priests to lift him almost naked from his bed, and stretch him upon the cold and rigid floor, and there, in humiliation and penance and prayer, James of Kildare and Leighlin accepted the last

earthly embrace of his God." was in 1834, in the forty-eighth of his age, and in the fifteenth episcopate.

Mr. Fitzpatrick has rendered valuable service to his country and religion by writing the life of this eminent man. The next thing to being a man is to propose to our people an example of great and good men, they should honor, and whose memory should inspire those who counter them. Ireland has many such whose histories have not yet been written, and whose lives would do more to raise in the souls of her sons a generous emulation of their actions. An incident in the life of Dr. Doyle will show that this was a principle with which he himself was deeply impressed, and which he has emphatically expressed. A foreign monk, dressed rather picturesquely, once approached him with a meek aspect, and said that he was a member of a community from the continent just come to Ireland to see the relics of a man said to have been "beatified." At the same time he offered to the bishop a considerable portion of the relics. The bishop was somewhat ruffled in temper and replied sternly: "Sir, we need not see the ashes of beatified foreigners, while we see the bones of our martyred forefathers whitening the ground around us."

IONA TO ERIN !

HAT SAINT COLUMBA SAID TO THE BIRD BLOWN OVER FROM IRELAND
TO IONA.*

I.

CLING to my breast, my Irish bird,
Poor storm-tost stranger, sore afraid !
How sadly is thy beauty blurred—
The wing whose hue was as the curd,
Rough as the seagull's pinion made !

II.

Lay close thy head, my Irish bird,
Upon this bosom, human still !
Nor fear the heart that still has stirred
To every tale of pity heard
From every shape of earthly ill.

III.

For you and I are exiles both ;
Rest you, wanderer, rest you here !
Soon fair winds shall waft you forth
Back to our own beloved north—
Would God, I could go with you, dear !

IV.

Were I as you, then would they say,
Hermits and all in choir who join,
' Behold two doves upon their way ;
The pilgrims of the air are they,
Birds from the Liffey or the Boyne !'

V.

But you will see what I am banned
No more, for my youth's sins, to see—
My Derry's oaks in council stand,
By Roseapenna's silver strand—
Or by Raphoe your flight may be.

* is a very ancient legend of the great founder of Iona, and very characteristic of his exalted patriotism and tenderness for all creatures, in which he was an antitype of the seraphic St. Francis.

Iona to Erin.

VI.

The shrines of Meath are fair and far,
 White-winged one ! not too far for thee—
 Emania, shining like a star,
 (Bright brooch on Erin's breast you are !)*
 That I am never more to see.

VII.

You'll see the homes of holy men
 Far west upon the shoreless main—
 In sheltered vale, on cloudy Ben,
 Where saints still pray, and scribes still pen
 The sacred page, despising gain !

VIII.

Above the crofts of virgin saints,
 There pause, my dove, and rest thy wing.
 But tell them not our sad complaints !
 For if they dreamt our spirit faints
 There would be fruitless sorrowing.

IX.

Perch as you pass amid their trees,
 At noon or eve, my travelled dove,
 And blend with voices of their bees
 In croft, or school, or on their knees—
 They'll bind you with their hymns of love !

X.

Be thou to them, O dove ! where'er
 The men or women saints are found,
 My hyssop flying through the air ;
 My seven-fold benedictions bear—
 To them, and all on Irish ground.

XI.

Thou wilt return, my Irish bird—
 I, Colum, do foretell it thee.
 Would thou couldst speak as thou hast heard
 To all I love—O happy bird !
 At home in Eri soon to be !

* It is said that Macha, the queen, traced out the site of the royal rath of Emania, near Armagh, with the pin of her golden brooch. See Mrs. Ferguson's "*Ireland before the Conquest*," for this and other interesting Celtic legends.

MAGAS ; OR, LONG AGO.

A TALE OF THE EARLY TIMES.

CHAPTER VII.

ARE there any souls who can read the gospels as they would a common history of an heroic being? Whose frames do not thrill at the sublime words the anointed Saviour uttered? Whose hearts do not glow with an unearthly warmth at the touching incidents which mark the divine footsteps? Who see in the miracles only a temporary relief from natural ailments? Who feel in the tremendous agony of the passion only the ordinary tide of human emotion in contemplating suffering? Such as these will not sympathize with Lotis, as she rose from the cleansing waters with one sole aspiration in her heart; one firm, unchangeable purpose in her will; one object of interest for her intellect; one single love to fill every affection she was conscious of. Long ago she had sought the truth, the light, the life, the way. She possessed them now; it remained for her to form herself upon the model, to think his thoughts, to act his deeds, to live in his sight, and be crucified in him; and all because she felt that here on earth it was the only life worth having, the only love worth loving. The perversion of the world had become to her the necessary result of its having forsaken God; and because it has forsaken God, and cannot recognize truth, it will ever persecute good; and they that live godly in Jesus Christ must necessarily suffer persecution—the persecution to which a blessing is promised. Day and night did Lotis meditate on the words of God; nor was it long ere she desired to bring them

into action. After the example of the Christians of Jerusalem, she had placed her resources at the feet of the Bishop of Athens, and now she placed her services under his direction. But there was one thought that haunted her, and often she uttered one word in his presence; that word was Chione.

“And what do you think can be done for Chione, my child?” asked the good bishop one day.

“I do not know, father, (so let me call you, I beg;) I do not know; but I understand her struggle now, which I did not when I sat with her on the ruins; I see what she meant when she could not give up Magas, or the applause of the world. She dreaded slavery because she was not free in soul. Would I could win the interior freedom for her by wearing the exterior chain. Father, let me beg Chione’s freedom, bodily freedom; hers is not a spirit to be coerced into discipline. Surveillance only exasperates her.”

“I believe it, my child, when it is not of her own choosing. Remember, however, she obeys Magas.”

“Because he flatters her, fosters her pride, and maintains her in her station; besides, she loves him, and a woman easily obeys where she loves.”

“She has bound herself to follow Christ.”

“But she does not feel free to do it. Perhaps, were exterior freedom granted to her, she might follow what she knows to be truth. I shall never forget her appearance in the ruins of Tiryns when first I accosted her. Chione has not lost her faith.”

"Faith without works is dead,"* said the bishop ; "for works are the expression of our love, of that divine charity without which we are nothing.† Though we speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, we become as sounding brass or tinkling cymbals."

"Chione knows this," said Lotis ; "she feels it intensely ; it is this feeling which occasions the struggle which she says is destroying her."

"Well, she shall have her freedom, my daughter, though I doubt its effecting a good result. It is scarcely in the redemptive order. Our Lord cured those only whose souls were turned to him.‡ Men try to penetrate the secrets of matter, and call their guesses science. The action of mind they observe not, or they would see that it obeys laws as unfalteringly as the insensate stone. A soul perfectly united to God is endowed with power that seems supernatural to those who know not that 'soul' is of divine origin, and even in its primal attributes towers above matter. The action of such a soul on one open to its influences is miraculous, as all action of grace is ; but it was once Adam's privilege by conferred gift at creation ; it is now the Christian's right, purchased for him by Christ. The apostles, as you know, heal those whom their shadow falls upon, not of their own power, but by virtue of the Holy Spirit that dwells in them ; but the power of God thus manifests itself only when the recipient has at least some degree of recipient power, obtained by grace also. Christ is silent before his unbelieving judges, works no miracle for Herod ; yet he cannot exist without grace flowing from him ; but grace falling on

souls who will not receive it, but hardens them the more.* This is why an apostate is ever harder to reconvert than one who has never received the faith ; this is why we are forbidden to cast our pearls before swine ; this is why I tremble for Chione. Remorse was busy at her heart when you left her. If she listens to the voice of God thus speaking within her, she may yet be a saint ; if she rejects the proffered voice, I fear, I fear the effect of grace rejected in such a mind as hers ; it will demonstrate itself with no ordinary power."

"At the words she heard at Ephesus she fainted away," said Lotis.

"Better," answered the bishop, "better had she thrown herself at the feet of the apostle, and said simply, 'I repent me of my sin.' Of what service to her was her remorse? It stopped her eloquence, paralyzed her tongue. She could no longer mystify her hearers by vain terms of an unintelligible philosophy of which she held the key in her hand, though she would not use it. From what you have told me, it was remorse, and not repentance, she felt."

"Oh ! that she might be saved, though it were as by fire," fervently ejaculated Lotis.

The bishop looked at her face beaming with heavenly charity, and the spirit of prophecy awoke within him.

"Lotis," said he, "all Christians are more or less sureties for one another, and must bear each other's burdens, even as our Master became surety for each one of us, and bore our sins upon the cross. It is a fearful burden Chione has to endure, more especially for one of her disposition. 'Twill be, indeed, a saving as if by fire, when salvation comes to her. Say, would you be willing to

* James ii. 20.

† 1 Cor. xiii. 2.

‡ "And he did not many mighty works there, because of their unbelief." Matt. xiii. 58.

* "And God hardened the heart of Pharaoh." Exodus x. 27.

help her bear her burden? If the flames are kindled, and she shrinks from them, will you pass through them in her place?"

"To save her? Yes! Indeed I would! Father, I love Chione."

"Then offer yourself to God for her, my daughter, and strengthen yourself by prayer for the suffering you must look forward to. Chione will be granted to expiatory love."

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CHAPTER VIII.

"Now, my Chione, we will go to Athens."

"No, not to Athens, Magas ; anywhere rather than to Athens ; I beg of you not to take me to Athens."

"Why, what caprice is this? Where in all the world will you find yourself likely to be appreciated so well as at Athens? What audience more intelligent, more refined, more susceptible of sublime emotions? I love Athens ; you know I do, and you may judge of the depth of my love for you, that, to ensure your freedom, I have kept from it so long ; but now, no one has a claim upon you save myself ; so we will go to Athens."

"I thought you had set your heart on going to Rome."

"That was only when I deemed Athens was out of the question. But my—my Chione, you are free ; we may go anywhere. My estates are suffering from want of my presence ; besides, I will settle some of the revenues on you. You must come to Athens with me."

It was very unwillingly that Chione acceded ; but what could she do? Was she less a slave now than before? Sometimes she thought she was more so ; for had she gone to the Lady Damaris, resumed the practice of her religion, which clung to

her inner being, although outwardly she gave no sign of faith, she knew she would have been not only freed, but placed in a position to render her independent of Magas. And why did she not do this now—why? Her fame had preceded her to the city, and she resolved to prove worthy of the reputation she had acquired. Poetry, art, mythic types, and Christian dogmas, blended in euphonic union in the discourses she delivered, while her impassioned verse thrilled every heart ; everywhere she was greeted as the modern Sappho, everywhere honored as the tenth muse ; and at last the acclamations of her fellow-citizens called her to the very temple of the muses in which we were first introduced to her, there to receive the crown of music, eloquence, and poesy. How could she refuse? How could she renounce the world?

. The throng was immense ; not only the *élite* of Athens were there, but strangers came in crowds to hear the celebrated Leontium. The small temple had been somewhat injudiciously chosen, since not one half of the crowding throng could enter. The festival had been proposed as a private tribute of friendship from the most exalted citizens of Athens to their adorable muse ; but Leontium (as her public name ran) was no longer a private person ; it was found impossible to distance the crowds ; and hastily a platform was erected outside the building in the sacred grove, that the public might be accommodated and have a chance of hearing their favorite sing the glories of Athens.

We will not attempt to describe the preparatory exercises ; the beautiful interwindings and graceful wreathings of the various myths represented on that day, when all the energies of the city seemed exhausted to impart glory to the classical

allegories that were about to disappear from among mankind for ever. There was an elegance, a chastity about the performance never witnessed before, and an influence was felt impending that belonged not to the types before them. To the superior taste of Magas and Chione some of this atmosphere of exaltation was doubtless due ; yet the audience felt as if something more than this was around them ; as if the divinities themselves were present, and insisting on receiving the homage that for so many ages had been presented as their right.

But now it was nearly over.

The walls of Thebes had risen to the lyre of Amphion, while the slow but untiring Hours had followed to its soft music the glorious chariot of Apollo ; and so artfully was all contrived that the spectators could not discover by what magic the stones were moved, or the figures representing the hours supported as they moved on the mists away.

Hermes, instructing Cadmus in the art of letters ; Minerva, introducing the distaff into the household ; and Ceres, teaching man to sow the corn ; all these had followed with appropriate poetry and music, with many others of a similar description. And then, as if to heighten the effect by contrast, came a hush, a calm, a silence ; the stage was covered with clouds ; the incense rendered every object indistinct ; low, melancholy tones uttered at intervals, kept expectation on the stretch ; then suddenly a blast of trumpets seemed to clear away the mists ; and the clouds receding, disclosed Aurora opening the gates of the morning to the music of the spheres, who then passed slowly out of sight as a far more lovely vision broke upon the spectators—Venus Urania, borne by the graces into the company of the muses, de-

scending from the skies to greet the votaries who, garlanded and wreathed, were waiting to receive her in a burst of celestial song. The illusion was complete ; the daughter of Cœlus and of Light was on her first appearance greeted with a tumult of applause ; and as in wavy, measured movements, encircled by the graces, she floated down to earth, scattering her bright inspirations in sparks of fire upon the muses who were kindling into enthusiasm at her approach, the whole assembly caught the melody as it rose from the inspired sisterhood :

Beautiful daughter of Cœlus and Light,
Coming in glory to gladden our sight,
Vision of loveliness ! star of the day !
Grateful and glad is the homage we pay,
All girt by the graces, thou comest to earth ;
With joy and with music we welcome thy birth.
Oh ! stay, thou sweet goddess, to brighten our life,
To banish our sorrows, to still every strife.
O Venus Urania ! we call upon thee,
Inspirer of gladness, of ecstasy !

The singers were the multitude ; the sound of the voices of the muses, or those who personified them, was lost in the thrilling greeting which that multitude gave to their favorite—Chione.

Dressed in a dazzling robe span-gled with gold, crowned with rays so artificially disposed that they seemed to emit light as she was descending, Chione came forward as the Venus Urania of the Temple.

The throng hushed as she raised her arm to speak ; among the thousands there, scarce a sound was heard ; the very breathing was suppressed, for fear one tone of that eloquent voice should be unheard. "My friends," she began.

Suddenly a low, piercing wail broke upon the throng, like the moan of a distressed spirit, so unearthly was the sound. Again it rang through the echoes, under ground, over head. Chione started, and the throng was awed. Then, in the fearful silence,

these words were heard. Distinctly they came forth, though uttered in a wild, unearthly cadence, as if they were spoken by one of another world :

Once for silver, now for gold,
Is the Lord of glory sold !
Woe, deep woe !
Judas went to his own place ;
Nor shall time the sin efface.
He must every joy forego !
For ever, woe !*

Every heart was chilled ; Chione paled and trembled. Magas sprang to her relief. "It is but a trick of your own devising ; you are paid back in your own coin. Compose yourself, it is nothing." The crowd was too dense to allow a search to be made. There was a long pause, but at length Chione was called upon to proceed. Her theme was, "The Glory of Athens—of Athens, the Civilizer of the Nations."

The tremor which was still slightly apparent in the frame of the Venus Urania when led forward by Magas, (now habited as Apollo, that he might consistently bear a part in the scene, and watch over any demonstration that should again affect the goddess he worshipped with so intense a devotion,) gave an increased interest to her appearance ; the look of appeal she seemed to cast over that mighty throng, as if to claim protection from some invisible enemy of her peace, imparted an additional tenderness to the sympathies of the audience. Chione regained her courage, as she inhaled the moral atmosphere that surrounded her ; she forced back the unwelcome shades of thought that had been called from their tombs, where she intended them to lie buried for ever. She gazed around. The scene at the back of the stage had been

changed. The citadel of Athens had been introduced, and hovering above it was Minerva, the tutelary divinity of the place. Chione was evidently surprised ; perhaps again she suspected an interruption ; but Magas whispered, "By my command," and she at length made a gesture, as if to begin. There was, however, a marked change in her inspiration ; she was no longer the commanding genius of the temple. It was evident to all that she was under some irrepressible, some irresistible influence. Magas looked anxious ; his whole soul was bound up in Chione's success. She was his pride, his glory, his Aspasia, his Sappho. Never yet had he known her to fail ; and he watched her words as if his very life depended upon them. She commenced :

"Athenians, you have asked me to speak to you of the glory of our city. Behold it ! Wisdom is watching over its citadel. The glorious Minerva, issuing from the head of the immortal father of gods and men, presides over the welfare of Athens—has ever presided over it ! This is our crown, this our glory. The history of this our Athens, is unlike the history of any other city in the world ; for it forms a chain of glory, a long-continued tissue of renown. Her history is a web of varied dyes, introducing characters of every degree of virtue, talent, heroism, or nobility.

"Time was, Athenians, that this beautiful land, now covered with fertile fields and richly ornamented villas ; now the splendid resort of intelligence, philosophy, and science—time was, that Athens, the enlightened, the refined, the artistic ; Athens, whose works of beauty will supply all time with models ; Athens, whose pathways throughout the whole region round, even to the Piræus, are adorned with statues of her illustrious sons—the poets, painters, war-

* It is on record that, at the first preaching of the Gospel, numerous signs, sounds, and words were uttered in the pagan temples, at the times of worship, to the confusion of the multitudes therein assembled. I leave the fact as I found it, to the construction of my readers, each one for himself.

riors, and statesmen she has produced ; Athens, within whose citadel arises the Parthenon, which would itself be the wonder of the world, were not that wonder exhausted on beholding the gigantic statue of our tutelary goddess which it contains ; time was, that Athens was a drear and sandy waste, the resort of savages who knew not the use of fire—who were clothed in skins, and lived on roots and acorns.* But Minerva looked with complacency on the spot she had selected for the dwelling-place of her chosen people. She sent Theseus to Attica, to clear the land from the pirates that infested it ; to enact laws, and teach the uncultured men to submit to righteous rule. It was first the law of force, though not unmixed ; for men unused to government must be coerced until their powers of mind expand ; until they feel what lawful government can effect ; until they know that lawlessness is not true liberty. But not long was Athens ruled by one. Athenæ, Queen, who loves this citadel, had other views. Her chosen city was to bear the glorious palm of an enlightened freedom.

"A deed unparalleled in the annals of nations occurred. Codrus, her king, inspired by that sublime divinity who hath care of Athens, devoted himself to destruction, that the favored city of Minerva might be saved. Codrus died ! more sublime in his death than the loftiest monarch ever was in life. Who does not bow before the shade of Codrus ? Who does not feel that, by his patriotism, his disinterestedness, his heroism, he laid the foundation of his country's greatness ?

His death—our life !

"Bear with me ; I must pause a moment here."

* These were probably chestnuts, not acorns.

Music filled up that pause ; but music so solemn, so grand, that the audience felt as if the spirit of the mighty dead were hovering over them. Chione resumed :

"To so great a hero, it was impossible to find a worthy successor ! Man is not fit for irresponsible power. Too commonly he uses it but to give the reign to his own passions, while he represses in his subjects the development of those lofty qualities of soul which distinguish man from the brutes that scour our plains. No other king ever wielded the sceptre in Athens ; for Minerva intended that a people should be formed, and not a single individual. She wished a body of men to rise to greatness, not a crowned monarch to acquire renown by the extirpation of millions.

"Athenæ loved her children, and she gave them a law-giver whose first act relieved the poor of their burdens ; released them from the oppression of the rich. Solon knew that the poor are the sinews of a nation ; he knew too, that there is a point in which the crushing power of debt destroys the qualities that form the man, the free-man so dear to wisdom ; and Athens shook off this oppression beneath his righteous sway. The laws of Solon shall be honored as long as rectitude itself is honored, because they recognize that principle of individual development which alone can form a great people. Particular modes of bringing out this principle may change, may pass into other modes ; but the principle itself is eternal, it is worthy of Solon, worthy of the descendant of the immortal Codrus ; it was a direct inspiration of that wisdom which has so unweariedly watched over the formation of the Athenian people.

"Such a principle was it to which we owe the sages and the heroes that adorn our annals. What heart does

not thrill on hearing the name of Miltiades, of Themistocles, of Cimon, or Aristides? Who does not glow with rapture at beholding the works of Phidias, of Praxiteles, Apelles? Who can study with Anaxagoras, converse with Socrates, or speculate with Plato and Aristotle, nor feel the divine inspiration communicated to themselves? Who can read the annals of Xenophon and Thucydides, without feeling proud that he himself is a citizen of Athens; and which of us has not wept tears of ecstatic emotion at beholding a tragedy of Euripides or of Sophocles? What country in the world could ever boast of such a galaxy of celebrated names?

"Tell me not that these men were not all of Athenian origin. What if some few of them first saw the light in some other city than that of Athens. Not the less to Athens do they owe their genius and their fame; none the less from her did they receive their inspiration, their culture, and development. The influence of Athens is not limited to her own domain. Her great men live for ever to kindle thoughts of greatness throughout the world. Many far distant, both in time and space, will, to endless ages, love to muse with Pericles on the banks of the Ilissus, while he is planning those exquisite creations which have linked his name with all that is sublime and beautiful in human art. Many will rejoice with him as gently he sinks to rest, sustained by the sublime consciousness that, during the whole of his long career, he had never caused an Athenian to shed a tear.

"His career was for humanity, and in this he resembled Athens; for unlike the vulgar glory that crowns the conqueror's arms, the boast of Athens is that, although so many deeds of prowess attest the heroic valor of her children, yet never,

never did she enter on an aggressive war for the mere sake of conquest, for the vain-glorious motive of adding by injustice another territory to her own. No, Athens has shed her benefits abroad; has made known to the nations all the virtues of the earth. She has proved herself capable of great acts, alike in war as in peace. Her genius is godlike, it is diffusive. The very site Minerva chose for her citadel betokens this destiny. Athens is compelled by circumstance to seek by peaceful commerce the corn necessary for her subsistence. The goddess gave her the honey of Hymettus, the Pentelic marble, and the silver mines of Laurion, that her eloquence might be sweet, her courage firm, and her commerce gainful; but she denied her corn, that corn which is the nutriment of the body, that, by fetching it from foreign lands, she might, in doing so, communicate to the world those sublime ideas which form the nobler nutriment of the soul.

"Thus is it that wisdom is the glory of Athens; it explains the history of the past; it affords a key to our present position.

"The mighty genius of force now bestrides the nations; it keeps down the surging emotions of half-savage men; itself, with its stoical insensibility to beauty, with its gladiatorial slaughters, betokening that it is hardly yet emerged from barbarism. Is this constrained calm to effect no purpose in the decrees of wisdom? Examine, and you will find that the glory of Athens is still increasing, even under a supposed subjection.*

"The nominal dependent refines and civilizes her conqueror. The wisdom of Athens, which, confined

* The Romans, out of reverence to letters, left to Athens a nominal freedom a long time after they had virtually subjugated her. It was not till the reign of Severus that her civilization was crushed. Chione is supposed to speak one hundred and fifty years before that period.

within its own narrow domain, could but have enlightened the inhabitants of a few cities, is now spreading over the entire earth; the words of its sages are instructing our haughty rulers; the myths of our poets are civilizing Rome. This, then, is the glory of Athens; and such glory must needs be eternal. Lands may change owners, and physical force give a momentary, a seeming nobility to a barbarian; but mind is immortal! the empire of ideas lasts for ever. Thus is Athens the civilizer of the nations.

"Sons of Athens! heirs of the philosophic ages! children of the poets! to you I need not explain how the beautiful devices which surround us are types of a higher knowledge—how many a glorious idea lies hidden under the name Minerva. The veiled Isis of Egypt, upon whose statue was inscribed, 'I am all that has been, all that shall be, and none among mortals has ever yet lifted my veil,' was, as you know, but another form of our loved Deity. Wisdom must preside at every institution designed to last. The precepts of Anaxagoras, the reveries of the divine Plato, alike instruct us in the eternity of ideas. Truth goes by different names upon this earth; it is represented by the nations under different myths, according to the conception men form of it. It requires a high intellect to contemplate truth in the abstract; to most minds it is simplified, endowed with power by being personified; hence our worship. Isis in Egypt, in Athens becomes Minerva; the veil, if not lifted, is at least rendered more transparent; and it may be that the time of its lifting is at hand. Portents of wondrous power are working in men's hearts; the principle of development evolved in Athens is becoming spread over the earth. Let us take courage. Athens is

still at the head of civilization; mains with her children that shall continue.

"Three words are awakened within my breast
While dwelling on Athena's story;
Three words are a key unlocking the rest,
Illustrating Attica's glory.
These words proceed from no outward cause,
Within us they write their immortal laws.

"Man was created all free, all free,
Chains seen at his birth were never;
Believe it, in spite of the enmity
And folly of men put together.
I fear not the slave who has broken his chain,
'Tis the Godlike resuming his own again.

"And Virtue is more than an empty call,
It may guidance and practice be,
Though man may stumble, and totter, and fall
He may strive for divinity.
And what unto reason doth seem unreal,
Full oft, to the child-like, doth Wisdom reveal

"For a God *doth* exist; and a Holy Will
Is there still, though the human will palter;
Over time, over space, the high thought floats
All glowing with life that ne'er falters;
While all things move round in unceasing char,
That spirit breathes peace through the heavenly

"Oh! guard well these words within every breast
For on them rests Attica's glory;
Proclaim and observe them, with increasing zeal
—They're the keys of Athena's story.
No man can e'er forfeit his inward worth,
While wisdom within to these words giveth birth

Chione ceased. She had not said as she was wont to do; she felt conscious that in palliating paganism please the audience, she was pining with her own conscience. When she proposed first to speak her dress, she had intended to give synopsis of the philosophy and history of Greece, and to avoid mythology; but the words she had heard had embittered her spirit, rendered it defiant; and half-angrily, half-castically, had she uttered the sentiments we have recorded. There not, however, the mesmeric sympathy between her and the assembled crowd that was wont to produce

* The German student will here recognize the song is an imitation, or rather a translation adapting the subject of Schiller's "Drei Worte nenn' ich inhaltschwer." The infidelity of Chione, like modern times, does not hesitate to avail itself of learned from Christianity, when such truths can their unsound philosophy; in fact, the truth that it, saves their theory; error cannot stand of its

tric bursts of enthusiasm, albeit they agreed with the sentiments expressed. Her own enthusiasm had been quelled before commencing; she could not then communicate what she did not possess. But it had been previously arranged that she was to be crowned; she had been invited there for that purpose; therefore the figure representing Minerva ceased to hover in the air, came forward, and, to very sweet music, placed the crown on Chione's head.

Beauty, crowned by Wisdom's hand,
Reigns triumphant in the land.
Her scented dower
Is music linked to poetry,
In tones of heavenly harmony,
Attuned to earth's necessity by Eloquence,
bright power!

The pause that succeeded was filled up with throwing of bouquets and shouts of congratulation. When a lull came, and Chione was about to give a parting salute to the spectators, these words came distinctly to her ear, though in so low a tone that they were inaudible to any but herself and those close to her:

Earth's crown of glory is a crown of thorns;
Such the Saviour's head adorns,
Who died for thee.
Crowned with thorns, for thee he bled,
On the cross his life-blood shed,
All for thee!

Chione became very pale; she attempted to come forward, but fell back in the arms of her attendants; she had fainted.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

THE UNITY OF THE HUMAN RACE.

THIS is one of a series of popular discourses given at the Imperial Asylum of Vincennes, France, by A. de Quatrefages, member of the Institute, and Professor of Natural Science. After some preliminary remarks to his audience, he proceeds to the question, What is man? "It is not difficult to perceive that man is neither a mineral nor a vegetable, neither a plant nor a stone. But is he an animal? Not likely, when we reflect upon all his attributes.

"None of you would like to be compared to those animals who feed on grass, to the hog who wallows in the mire, nor to the dog, in whom man has found the qualities of both friend and companion; nor further, to the horse, though he were as celebrated as the famous Gladiator.

"Man is not an animal. He is

distinguished above the brute creation by numerous and important attributes. We have only to consider his intellectual capacity, the power of articulation, which gives to every people a special language, the capacity to write, which reproduces language; the aid of the fine arts, to explain and materialize the conceptions of his imagination. He is also distinguished above animals by two fundamental characters which belong solely to him. Man is the only organized and living being who has the abstract sentiment of both good and evil, the only being in whom there exists a moral sense, the only one who believes in a future state, and who recognizes the existence of beings superior to himself, having influence upon him for good or evil. It is this two-fold conviction which

grasps and holds the great truths which are called religion.

"At a later period I will return to these two questions of morality and religion, not as a theologian, but as a naturalist. At present I limit myself to this fact, that man, however savage he may be, shows signs of morality and religion that are not found in any animal. Consequently, man is a being apart, separated from animals by two great distinctions which are his own, and also by his incontestable superiority. There the difference ceases. With regard to his body, man is nothing more or less than an animal. Apart from some differences of form and disposition, he is no more than equal to the superior animals that surround us. If we take for comparison those that assimilate to our general form, anatomy shows us that our organs are the same as theirs; we find in them muscle for muscle, nerve for nerve, that is found in man himself. Physiology, in turn, has demonstrated that, in the body of man, the organs, the muscles, the nerves, have the same animal functions.

"This fact is indisputable, taken from a purely scientific and practical view. We cannot experiment upon man, but it is possible to do so upon animals. Human physiology employs the means to enlighten us upon our organic functions. Physicians have carried to the sick-bed the result of their investigations upon animal life. Anthropology also, we shall see, has derived useful lessons from beings who are essentially our inferiors. Anthropology should descend still lower than animals to enlighten us thoroughly. Vegetables are not animals any more than animals are men; but man, animals, and vegetables are linked together in the same living organization. By this only, they are distinguished from

the minerals, which are neither one nor the other, and by certain general facts known to all.

"All organized beings have a limited duration, all are created small and weak, all grow and become strong; during a part of their existence, all decrease in energy and vitality, sometimes also in size, and die. During life, all organized beings have need of nourishment. Before dying, all produce, either by seed or by an egg, (I speak of species, not individuals,) which is the source of the species that seem to come directly from a shoot, a layer, or a grain, all proceed from a grain, or an egg. Thus, all these great phenomena are common to all living organized beings, including man as well as plants. I suppose a general law for their government. Science confirms this conclusion every day, which is not the invention of reasoning alone, but is regarded as an *experienced fact*. Further explanations are not necessary to show the magnificent result.

"How admirable, that man and the smallest insect, that the lord of the soil and the smallest plant, are attached one to the other, by the same links, and that the entire living creation forms together a perfect harmony!

"In this communion, and in certain phenomena of this accordance with certain laws, equally common, there results one consequence upon which I would not too strongly insist. Whatever may be the questions relating to man, that we have to examine whenever these touch upon any one of the phenomena that are common to living organized beings, we must not only investigate animal life, but also vegetable life, if we would wish to find the truth.

"When one of these questions is proposed, what can we truthfully reply? We must examine the

under the general laws that govern other living organized beings. If the investigation tends to make man an exception to these general laws, we all know it is false. If you resolve the problem so as to include man in the general laws, you may be sure that you are scientific and correct. With these proofs, and these only, I proceed to the second question of anthropologists. Are there several species of men, or does there exist but one, comprising several races?

"Some explanations are necessary. Examine the designs before you, and you will discover the principal varieties exhibited in the human type. You have there individuals from all parts of the world; you see that they differ considerably in color, some in their hair, others in their size, or in their peculiar features. It behooves us to ascertain if the differences that present themselves in these human groups are those of *species*, or if they merely indicate the existence of *races* belonging to the same species.

"In order to reply to this question, we must ascertain the true significance of the words *species* and *race*. The result of the discussion depends on these two words. Unhappily, they are often confounded and badly defined, and we become enveloped in mystery when we wish to consider them more closely. Let us then form a precise idea before entering into otherwise profitless details.

"None of you certainly confound the horse with the ass; though the horse may be no larger than the dogs of Newfoundland, or though the ass would attain the size of an ordinary horse—for example, the large asses of Poitou. You will immediately say they are different species. You will say the same if you place a dog and a wolf side by side.

"We call by the one name of dogs several different types, such as the

spaniel, the greyhound, the lap-dog, the Newfoundland, the King Charles; and we are right. However, if we were to judge by the eyes only, and even after more minute observations, there is between the dogs I have named greater differences of color, proportion, and size, than between the horse and the ass. The latter have certainly more similarity between them than the types of dogs I have named.

"If I should place a black and a white water-spaniel side by side, you would call them both spaniels, though of a different color. When we examine vegetables, it is the same thing; a red and a white rose are equally roses; pears that are sold two for a penny, are the same species as those sold at twenty cents each.

"Without any doubt you have arrived at the exact conclusion of the naturalists; like them, you have resolved the questions of *species* and *race*, which at first sight seemed, for the reasons I have given, more or less confused.

"These examples fully prove that popular observation and common sense are in many things fully as reliable as the investigations of science. Were such deductions generalized into scientific language, I feel sure there would be found few if any mistakes.

"These investigations prove that animals and vegetables vary within certain limits. The dog remains but a dog, whatever may be his general form, color, or his shape. The pear is but a pear, whatever may be its flavor or the color of its skin. It is from these facts that I am led to believe that variations can be transmitted through generations. The union of two spaniels produces spaniels, the union of two mastiffs produces mastiffs. Thus, in a general manner, the result is, that beings of

the same species can cease to resemble each other absolutely; moreover, take exteriorly different characters, without isolating or forming different species; as I have said, the *dog remains a dog*, whatever may be the modifications he presents. These are precisely the groups formed by individuals which we have spoken of as the remote primitive types of species that have formed distinct secondary groups, which naturalists call *races*.

"You will understand, then, what is meant in speaking of the races of beeves, horses, etc. We have domesticated but one kind of beeves, which have generated the Breton race, the great beeves of Uri, of such savage aspect, and also the gentle Durhams. We have but one kind of domestic horse, and this has given us the pony, as well as the enormous horses that are seen in the streets of London, commonly used by the brewers; finally, the several races of sheep, goats, etc., belong to one and the same species. I place this assemblage of proof vividly before you to avoid vagueness in your investigations, which would be attended with serious mistakes. I will now cite examples from the vegetable kingdom, which will be as familiar to you as the foregoing.

"Let us take the coffee-tree. Its history is quite interesting. The coffee-tree was originally from Africa. It has from time immemorial been cultivated in Abyssinia, on the borders of the Red Sea. It was not until toward the fifteenth century that the seed migrated from this sea and penetrated into Arabia, where it has been cultivated since that epoch. It is from there in particular that we get the famous Mocha. The use of coffee became common immediately. From the east it was introduced into Europe at a later period, and it was

at Marseilles that it was used for the first time in France.

"The first cup of coffee drank in Paris, was in the year 1615. A few grains were brought over by a French sailor called Thevenot. Twenty years after, Soliman Aga, ambassador of the Porte, under Louis XIII., gave an entertainment to some friends of the king, where it was introduced, and the beverage pronounced lightful. The use of coffee, however, did not become general in France until the eighteenth century. We see, then, that coffee has not been long in use. It was almost a century and a half before it became common among Europeans.

"During this time Europe was tributary to Arabia for this beverage. All the coffee that was consumed in Europe came from Arabia, particularly from Mocha. Toward the beginning of the eighteenth century the Dutch tried to import it from Java, one of their Indian colonies. They succeeded. From Java some plants were sent to France, and planted in heated earth, which also proved a success.

"One of these plants was carried to Paris in 1710, and was placed in one of the beds of the Jardin des Plantes. It flourished, and supplied the first less plants. Toward 1720 or 1730 a French marine officer named Destiaux, thought that, as the Arabs had cultivated coffee in Arabia, it could also be acclimated in the French colonies in the Gulf of Mexico. At the moment of emigrating for Martinique he took three plants from the Jardin des Plantes, and carried them with him. The voyage was long and impeded by headwinds. Water becoming scarce, it was necessary to put the crew upon provisions. Captain Destiaux, like others, had but a small allowance

each day, and this he shared with his coffee-plants. Notwithstanding all his care, two of them died in their transit. One only arrived safe and sound at Martinique. Planted immediately, it prospered wonderfully, and from it have descended all the coffee-trees in the Antilles, and in South-America.

"Thirty years after, our western colonies exported millions of pounds each year. You see that the plant, starting from Africa, reached the east, the extremity of Asia, then America and the west. It has consequently made almost the tour of the world. In this long passage it has changed.

"Laying aside the plant that we are not familiar with, let us take merely the grain. It is not necessary to be a planter to distinguish its different qualities and their provinces. No one will confound the Mocha with the Bourbon, the Rio Janeiro with the Martinique. Each grain carries in its form, in its proportions and aroma, its extraction, so to speak.

"From whence came these changes? We cannot certainly explain the why or the wherefore, and follow rigorously the relation of cause and effect; but in taking these phenomena together, it is evident that these modifications result from the differences of temperature, climate, and cultivation.

"This example, taken from the vegetable kingdom, shows us that by transporting the same vegetable to different places, and subjecting it to different culture, *diverse races* are obtained.

"Tea that was transported to South America several years since presents the same results.

"Now take an example from among the animals. You know that the turkey is a native of America. Its introduction into Europe is quite recent.

"In America the turkey is wild; and there, in the condition of its natural existence, it presents several characteristics which distinguish it from the domestic bird. The wild turkey is beautiful. Of a rich brown color, its plumage presents the reflections of blue, copper, and gold, making it truly a beautiful ornament. It was on account of its plumage that it was first brought to France. No one dreamed of eating it, and the first one that was served upon a table in France, was in the year 1570, and upon the occasion of the nuptials of King Charles IX.

"When found to be such a luxury, it was considered too good to be merely looked at, and it passed from the court to the farm-yard, from farm to farm, from east to west, from north to south. At this present time it is an article of commerce all over France.

"In going from farm to farm, and from country to country, this bird has sustained different conditions of existence, nourishment, and temperature, but never a continuation of its primitive condition that was natural to it in America. The result is, that it has changed, and at this present time the turkey in France bears no resemblance to its savage source. In general, it is smaller, and its rich plumage has undergone a marked change. Some are yellow, others white, some mixed with black, gray, and yellow. Almost all the localities devoted to raising the fowl have caused several new varieties, which have transformed them into *races*.

"To have thus changed their habits so as to lose resemblance to their first parents, are our French fowls any the less descendants of the wild turkeys of America? Are they less the brothers, or cousins, if you like the term better? Have they ceased to be of the *same species*? Certainly not!

"That which is characteristic of the turkey is also true of the rabbit. The wild rabbit lives around and about us, on our downs, and in our woods. It resembles our domestic rabbits but little. Among the latter you will see the large and the small, the smooth-haired and the silky; the black and the white, the yellow and the gray, and the mixed. In a word, this species comprises a great number of different races, all constituting one and the same kind with the wild races we see around us. From these facts, which I could multiply, we can deduce an important consequence to which I call your attention. A pair of rabbits left unmolested in a field, would, in a few years, people entire France with their descendants. We have seen how the single coffee-plant, carried by Captain Destiaux, has propagated all the plants now found in America.

"The wild turkeys and their domestic descendants, the wild rabbits and theirs, reduced to captivity, could then be considered by naturalists as all proving equally their descent from one primitive pair.

"This is the secret of species. Having always before our eyes numbers of single groups of animals or vegetables, for one reason or other we hardly consider them as descendants of one only primitive pair; we call what we see a *species*; if there are differences observable among these groups, they are *the races of this species*.

"Observe that, in my explanations, I have not given for a certainty the existence of one primitive source for rabbits and turkeys. I do not affirm the fact, as neither observation nor experience—the two guides we must follow in science—teaches anything in this regard. I simply say, all are as though descended from one only primitive pair.

"In summing up the question of

species and *race*, it is not difficult to understand nor to believe, we know the savage type, and historical authority which permits us to attach to this type the group or less different, according to the degree of domestication. But when we want to understand the savage type, the want of historical authority, the question becomes extremely difficult, because the differences in one and the other, and also in the different groups, could not be considered other than sufficient to characterize different species.

"Happily, physiology comes to our relief. We find in this one of those grand and beautiful laws, which holds and maintains the established order, and which we admire the more we study it. the law of *crossing*, which governs all animals as well as vegetables, and is consequently applicable to man himself.

"We understand by the term *crossing*, all unions effected between animals belonging to different species, or to two different races. The result of the unions obeying these laws is called *crossing*, if the animals of *different species* are united, in the majority of cases the union is barren.

"Thus, for example, it has been said a million of times all over the world to effect a union between rabbits and hares. It is said to have succeeded twice.

"Much doubt is cast upon the possibility of such a union by the testimony of a hundred undoubted talent, habituated to the laws of nature, who believed these unions to be possible. Though a man may be himself of all possible means of success, he was not more fortunate than his predecessors, Buffon and the baron de Geoffroy St. Hilaire. Thus, the hare and the rabbit, though presenting conformity in appearance, cannot be made to produce. Such is the general law of crossing two different *species*.

"In a few cases, the union between two different species may be fruitful, but the offspring cannot reproduce. For example, the union between a horse and an ass. The product of this union is the mule. All the mules in the world are the descendants of the ass and the mare. These animals are so numerous in Spain and South America that they are preferred to horses, on account of their great strength and powers of endurance. The genet, which is less desirable because it is not so robust, is the fruit of the inverse crossing of the horse and the female ass. The genet, no more than the mule, can reproduce. If one or the other is desired, of necessity recourse is had to the two *species*. In extremely rare cases, fecundity remains among some of their descendants, but it diminishes gradually from the second generation down to the third, fourth, and fifth. The same result is shown in the union of the canary bird. I could here accumulate a crowd of analogous details. Above all, two great general facts appear that comprehend all, and are the expression of the law; they are that, notwithstanding the accumulated observations of years, made from experiments on certain species, not a single example is known of an intermediate species being obtained by the crossing of animals belonging to two different *species*.

"This general fact explains how order is maintained in the actual living creation. Were it otherwise, the animal and vegetable world would have been filled with intermediate groups, passing from one to the other insensibly, and in the confusion, it would be impossible for naturalists to recognize them. The general conclusion to draw from these precedents is, that infecundity is the law of union between animals of different *species*.

"Unions are always more fruitful when between two animals of the same race. Their descendants are as fruitful as the parents and the grandparents, where pains are taken to preserve the race pure, and to prevent strange blood from debasing it.

"When, on the contrary, a union is effected between two different races belonging to the same species, producing a mongrel race, the contrary takes place.

"There is no difficulty in obtaining a mongrel race—the result of a crossing of races; but the difficulty is when there is a pure race, and it is desirable to have it maintained, that great care is needed to prevent strange blood from changing it.

"Races crossed by mongrels—that is to say, by animals of the same species, but belonging to different races, multiply around us. There are the dogs in the streets, the cats of the alleys, the coach-horses; all beasts among whom the race is undecided in consequence of crossing indiscriminately, their characteristics becoming confounded.

"Far from endeavoring to obtain cross races, men who are occupied in raising stock, also bird-fanciers, know with what care they endeavor to preserve the purity of the races they keep. This is the general fact, and the result is, *that infecundity is the law of unions between animals belonging to different races*.

"This is the fundamental distinction between *species* and *race*. This distinction ought to be the more known and considered, as it is borrowed from experience.

"When there are two animals, or two vegetables, of whom we are uncertain as to whether they are two distinct *species*, we have but to observe if their union is fruitful; and if this quality attaches to their descendants, we can then affirm that, de-

spite the differences that separate them, *they are the races of the same species*. If, on the contrary, their offspring diminishes in a remarkable manner at the end of several generations, we can then, without hesitation, declare them to belong to *distinct species*. In citing these examples, I have not overlooked the subject of my discourse, or the question at its commencement.

"In referring to the designs before our eyes, they show us that between the human groups the differences are marked enough, though to all appearance less considerable than they appeared at first. We do not know the types, or the primitive types, of the several groups.

"When we meet with one or several men presenting the characteristics of these types, and we cannot recognize them in spite of historical explanations, we are led to judge by our eyes. Without taking man himself into account, we cannot decide if these several differences that present themselves in the human family are those of *race* or of *species*; if man can be considered as having had but one primitive source only, or if he should have been derived from several primitive sources.

"I have said before, and repeat again, man is an organized and living being. Under this head he obeys all the general laws to which are attached all organized and living beings; he obeys, consequently, the law of crossing. He must then apply this law to ascertain *if there is one or several species of men*. Take, for example, the two types farthest removed—those which seem more separated than the others by the greatest differences—namely, the white and the black.

"If these types really constitute *distinct species*, the union between these species should follow the proof that

we have seen characterize them between animals, and vegetal different species. They should be fruitful in the majority of cases, nearly so. Fecundity should appear at the end of a short time, and they could not form inter-families between the negroes and whites. If these are only *the one and the same species*, then, on the contrary, should be fruitful, and fecundity should be common among their descendants, and they should form intermediate races.

"These facts are decisive, and admit of no doubt.

"For three centuries the European, *par excellence*, has achieved, so to say, the conquest of the world. They have gone everywhere. Everywhere they have found local races who have borne a resemblance. Whenever they have crossed with them, these unions have been fruitful; more so than with the indigenous to themselves.

"Man, from the result of the abolition of slavery—which has never stained the soil of France—has transported the negro everywhere he has crossed with slaves, and everywhere they have formed a population of mixed blood. Wherever the negro has crossed with local groups or families, there has arisen an intermediate race, whose character manifest their two origins. The whites have finally crossed with the mongrels of all origins. The result is, that in certain parts of the globe—particularly in America—there is an immense mixture of people, comparable to the class, to the dogs in our streets and the cats of our alleys.

"The rapidity with which these mongrel races cross and multiply is really remarkable. It is scarcely a few centuries—hardly twelve generations—since Europeans penetrated

different parts of the world. It is estimated that already the number of mongrels resulting from the crossing of whites with natives, is a seventieth of the whole population of the globe. Experience is indisputable, if we even deny modern science, or at least, wish to make man an exception to all living and organized beings. We must admit that all men form but one species, composed of a certain number of different races ; consequently, all men can only be considered as having descended from one primitive pair.

"We arrive at this conclusion in despite of all kinds of dogmatical, theological, philosophical, and metaphysical considerations. Observation and experience alone, applied to the animal and vegetable kingdoms, in a word, science, conducts us to the conclusion, *there exists but one species of man.*

"This result, I do not fear to say, is of great and serious importance ; for it creates in our minds an idea of the universal fraternity of science and reason, the only schools that many persons recognize at this present time.

"I hope that my demonstrations will have convinced you ; meanwhile, I am not ignorant, and you all know, that anthropologists differ. There are among my contemporaries a number of men, even of great merit, who believe in the plurality of the human species. You may possibly come into contact with them. Listen attentively, then, to the reasons they will urge to make you see with their eyes. You will find that their reasonings all tend to prove that there is too great a difference between the negro and the white for them to be of the same species. In reply, state that between the black and the white spaniel, the lap-dog and the mastiff, there exist greater differences than exist between the European and the African. Yet these animals are all

dogs. They may argue, perhaps, that man, whatever may have been his characteristics, could not have generated both blacks and whites. Then ask why the wild turkey, whose origin, and that of its ancestors, we are acquainted with, and the wild rabbit, which we find everywhere, could have generated all our domestic races ?

"We cannot, I repeat, explain perfectly the how and the wherefore ; but what we know is, that the fact exists, and we shall find a general explanation in all states of existence—in all conditions of people.

"It is not, then, surprising that man presents, in the different groups, the differences herein depicted ; man who trod the earth long before the turkey and the rabbit ; man, who for centuries has existed upon the surface of the globe, submitting to the most diverse and opposite conditions of existence, multiplying again the causes of those modifications by his manners and habits, by his ways of living, by more or less care in his own preservation ; man, finding himself in more marked and varied conditions than those sustained by the animals we have quoted. If anything surprises us, it is that the distinctions are not more considerable.

"In turn, ask the polygenists—as those *savans* are called who believe in the multiplicity of the human species—how it is that when the white man locates in any country, from the antipodes, if you will, or from America or Polynesia—that if he unites with the natives, who differ the most completely from him, these unions are fruitful, and that, above all, there remains traces of this alliance in producing a mongrel race ?

"If you press the question more closely, you will find them denying the truth of species ; by so doing, placing themselves in contradiction

with all naturalists, botanists, or zoologists, without exception; consequently, with all the eminent minds who have followed in the wake of Buffon, Tournefort, Jussieu, Cuvier, and Geoffrey St. Hilaire, who made the animal and vegetable kingdoms their study, without discussion, or dreaming of its connection with man. In agitating these doctrines, polygenists place themselves in opposition to the most firmly established science. You will hear them declare that man, above all, is an exception; that he is guided by laws peculiar to himself; and that arguments deduced from the study of animals and

plants, are not applicable to him. Then reply that, in the name of the natural sciences, they are certainly in error, and that it is an impossibility that a living and organized being can escape the laws of organization and of life, having a body fortified against the laws that govern organic matter; that man, to be living and organized, obeys, under his title, all general laws, and those of intersection like all the others. The conclusion that we have attained is, then, legitimate, and the nature of the arguments employed to combat them, is a proof the more in its favor.

SAYINGS OF THE FATHERS OF THE DESERT.

A CERTAIN brother was praised in Abbot Antony's presence. He went to visit him, and tried to see whether he would bear mortification; and finding that he could not, he said to him: "Thou art like a house which is fair to the eye on the outside, but within hath been despoiled by robbers."

St. Synclitica said: "As a treasure which is exposed is quickly spent, so, also, is every virtue which is made public soon reduced to nothing. For as wax melteth before the face of the fire, even so doth the soul waste away with praises, and lose the firmness of virtue." Again, she said: "As it is impossible that the seed and shoot should exist at the same time, even so those who enjoy the glory of this world are unable to bear heavenly fruit."

A certain brother said to Abbot

Pastor: "What shall I do, for when I sit in quiet I lose my spirits?" The old man replied, "Neither despise nor condemn any one, nor cast obloquy upon him, and God will give thee rest."

Abbot Antony said: "There are persons who wear away their bodies by fasting; but because they have not discretion, they are far distant from God."

A certain old man said: "If thou art ailing in body, do not lose thy spirit; for if the Lord God desireth thee to become sick, who art thou that thou shouldst be impatient under it? Doth he not provide for thee in all things? Canst thou live without him? Be patient, therefore, and beseech him to give what is expedient for thee, that is, to do whatsoever may be his will, and to sit in patience, eating thy bread in charity."

HOLY WEEK IN JERUSALEM.

THE sacred offices of the Catholic Church, wherever celebrated, are admirably calculated to increase devotion, and render intelligible the recent events of the ecclesiastical year. In every land the ceremonies of the great week which ends the season of Lent have deep interest to the faithful, since they portray the chief events of redemption. These annual commemorations of the passion of Christ have, however, an additional solemnity and power in the two chief cities of religion, Rome and Jerusalem. In the first, the vicar of Christ takes part in the holy rites ; in the second, the whole service is more impressive than elsewhere ; the great events here occurred, the remembrance of them is fresh, year by year, in closest proximity to the spot where they took place. It is hazarding little to say, that nowhere on earth does the observance of holy week have the deep solemnity which marks it in Jerusalem, the reason just given. While the rubrics of the Missal and Breviary are followed with great exactness, several things peculiar to the place create an interest which may render a description of them worthy of attention.

In the morning of Palm Sunday, 1865, the writer of this sketch went to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, to be present at the benediction of palms by his excellency the Patriarch of Jerusalem. The palms, in bunches, seven feet in length, and green, are brought every year from Gaza, a little city about fifteen miles distant. Tied in bunches of suitable size, they were placed in the most holy sepulchre, the

patriarch being outside the sacred place until the time for sprinkling them with holy water and incensing, when he entered for that purpose. The benediction completed, the distribution of the palms took place, and the long procession began. Chanting the antiphons, the clergy and laity went twice around the sepulchre, and once around the stone of unction, and then passed into the Latin chapel.

The solemn Mass, to be celebrated by the patriarch, was to begin immediately. The holy sepulchre, being about six feet square, is, of course, much too small for that purpose, and therefore a temporary altar of large size was promptly set up in front of the sacred tomb. While the attendants were preparing and decorating this, in compliance with an intimation given early in the morning, I went into the most holy sepulchre, and offered the Divine Sacrifice—it being the third time I had been privileged to say Mass in that holiest of places. To me it is one of the most memorable things in life, that this happiness should, at such a time, have been mine—that a simple priest could say Mass in “the new tomb of Joseph, which he had hewn out of the rock,” while the patriarch was officiating outside the sacred place.

On Wednesday, the office of Tenebræ was said in the church. The patriarch was present and a large number of priests, friars, seminarians, and choir-boys, and many of the laity. The service was very solemn, and the music good. The priests were seated in front of the holy sepulchre, and the triangular candlestick was placed at the right hand of the door

leading to the tomb. The chanting of the Lamentations was most impressive; and when the words, "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, *converte te ad Dominum Deum tuum!*" were uttered, it seemed that this plaintive entreaty even now could be addressed with fitness to the city that once was full of people, but is solitary, and made tributary to her enemies. There was a wild pathos and deep earnestness in the chant when the summons to turn to the Lord God was made, as if the singer knew that to-day there is need for the city to listen and obey. Jerusalem is in the power of the followers of the false prophet of Mecca; schismatic Christians outnumber the Catholics; the Jews know not the Lord their God; and the ways of Sion mourn. Would that the exposition could be heard by all, that they might be perfectly united as a company of brethren, having the same faith and the same worship!

In the afternoon, the column of the flagellation of Christ was exposed for an hour or two, by removing the iron grating from the front of it. As is well known, a portion of the column is in Rome, in the church of Saint Praxede. The fragment here is only about one foot high, and of the same diameter. It is kept in the Latin chapel, in a recess over an altar named after it, and cannot be seen during the year, as there is little light in the chapel, and that comes through a window high above and nearly over the altar. A popular devotion is to pray in front of the column, and then touch it with a rod, about twenty inches long, having a brass ferule or cap on the end; this ferule is kissed on the place which had touched the stone. It being impossible to reach the pillar by the hand through the grating, this method has been contrived to satisfy the devotion of those who are anx-

ious to salute with reverence the objects and places connected with the passion of our Lord. On Friday, at five o'clock, we went to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the office was to begin early, but waited nearly an hour, in the morning, until it pleased the Turkish door-keeper to come and unlock the portals. While standing here, several other subjects for consideration presented themselves, the most striking the evident fact that Christians were sining to celebrate the divine service in the holiest week of the year in the most sacred place on earth. We were compelled to delay the fulfilment of their wishes until permission had been given by a Mohammedan. When we were admitted, the services were long, occupying five or six half hours. The holy oils were consecrated. At the end a procession was formed, and the blessed sacrament was carried twice around the sepulchre, and once around the stone of unction, and then was deposited in a repository which stood over the tomb where our Lord had lain centuries ago.

At one o'clock, the Mandatum ceremony of washing the feet of the pilgrims, was performed by his excellency the patriarch in front of the most holy sepulchre. He gave each of the pilgrims a wooden casket about seven inches long, round made, and having spaces under the lid of pearl for relics from the stations of the Via Dolorosa. Of the objects of interest brought from the Holy Land, there is scarcely any one valued more than this cause of the time, place, and occasion when it was received.

The office of the Tenebræ began at three o'clock, as on the day before. Nothing can surpass in solemnity and deep impressiveness the chanting of the Lamentations in this place. The profound desolation of the soul of

prophet as he uttered the sad words fully expressed and realized; and the remembrance of the calamities which have so frequently befallen Jerusalem, and even now are her portion, gives bitterness to the insulting demand, "Is this the city of perfect beauty, the joy of all the earth?"

On Good Friday the patriarch officiated again in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The passion was sung on Calvary by three chanters, the first reciting the narrative by Saint Matthew, another the words of our Lord, the third sung the remainder. The voice of the priest who chanted the words of Jesus was gentle and low, and so like what we may imagine to have been that of our Lord, to become painful and oppressive. When the ejaculation, *consummatum est*, had been made, the first chanter went to the place where the cross had been set up on which Jesus died, and kneeling there, in a low voice uttered the words, *et inclinato capite, dixit spiritum*.

The prayers were chanted in front of the altar of the crucifixion, which belongs to the Catholics, and is at a place properly called of the crucifixion, as being that where our Lord was nailed to the cross; it is to the right, and about twelve feet from the spot where the cross was set up. At the unveiling of the cross, at the moment, "*Ecce lignum crucis*," was there here also; and, when the crucifix was laid on the pavement in front of the altar, it covered the stone which marks the locality where our Lord was fastened to the tree. The elevation of the cross at such a time and place was deeply impressive. After the patriarch, the priests, monks, and laity, having put off their shoes, came in their order, and kissed the feet of the image of the Redeemer.

Wishing to spend as much of Good

Friday on Calvary as was possible, I returned to the church in the afternoon, and sat for a long time on the floor, leaning against the large square pillar, within ten feet of the spot where the great oblation was made. While there, I meditated and prayed as well as was possible under the circumstances. For many years the Catholics have had exclusive possession of the church during the last three days of holy week; and accordingly, when the faithful had been admitted, the doors were locked, and the sacred offices performed in peace, free from the annoyance of the crowd which generally fills the edifice. To-day, however, on returning, I found the doors open, and every one allowed free access. Many who were not Catholics were now present, and among them were five or six English travellers who were out sight-seeing. Accompanied by their dragoman or interpreter, they came on Calvary, and looked around with idle curiosity. One of them, had he been alone, would probably have knelt down and prayed; but, being with his friends, he only bent one knee, and bowed his head a moment at the place where the cross had been set up. The others of the party, evidently, did not believe this to be the spot of the crucifixion. They were more attracted by the gold, silver, and diamonds on the image of the Blessed Virgin, on the little altar of the Dolors, than by anything else, and for some time admired the brilliancy of these as a candle was held near, and talked of them as the most interesting objects. One glance at the place where the Lord died was enough for them; and when they went away, it was a relief to find the chapel again occupied by those who came to worship. People who have no faith should not visit the Holy Land. If they do, they derive little benefit

themselves, and give great disedification to Christians of every name.

It was now toward the close of the day. Some persons, chiefly Greeks, were praying on Calvary, when a Turkish officer came up, and made signs for them to depart. Unwilling to do so, they remained for some time, when he summoned several soldiers who, with muskets, came up to enforce obedience to his commands. They walked slowly around the chapel, close to the wall; and then the people, seeing that they must go, quietly arose and descended. I have little doubt that the church was cleared in order to prepare for the solemn procession in the evening. Although the soldiers behaved with as much decorum as possible, it was a sad sight for Christians to find themselves driven from Calvary on Good Friday by Turks, and it was the bitterest thing experienced in Jerusalem.

There is always a company of soldiers on duty when any service of unusual interest takes place in the church. They are there by request of the French Consul, who is the representative of the European protector of the Holy Land, and are designed to preserve order and add to the display. Although the church covers a large area of ground, there are no spaces of great extent; and thus the presence of men to keep order is necessary. It is recorded with pleasure that, during a residence of two months in the holy city, I saw no act of incivility, nor even a rude look, on the part of the soldiers. The Greeks and Armenians, not to be excelled by Catholics, ask for the soldiers on occasion of their solemnities; and thus, the court of the church, and the edifice itself, are not unfrequently occupied by the military.

In the evening, the patriarch and clergy, with a crowd of laity, assem-

bled in the church for the great procession which is made but on this day. The sacred building was filled to its utmost capacity; but, owing to the perfect arrangements made, the long service was gone through without the least irregularity or embarrassment. There were seven sermons on the passion, in as many different languages, by priests from the nations whose vernacular they spoke. The office began in the Latin chapel, and the first sermon, delivered with much fervor and pathos, was in Italian. When this had been concluded, the procession was formed. As it moved from one station to the next, verses of the *Miserere* were sung. One of the Franciscan brothers, carrying a large crucifix, led the procession, an acolyte being on either side of him. At the place of the division of the garments of Christ, the sermon was in Greek—at that of the mocking, in another Eastern language. When we had climbed the stairs of Calvary, and were at the place of crucifixion, the cross was laid on the ground, while the sermon in German was preached. Then the crucifix was taken from this place, where our Lord was once nailed to the wood, and carried to that where Christ died. The sermon at this place was in French, and was preached by the leader of the French caravan of pilgrims, a venerable ecclesiastic. When the discourse was finished, several priests came to take the body down from the cross. The crown of thorns was first removed, very slowly, and with great reverence. The nails were then tenderly drawn from the hands; and, as each was removed, the arm of the figure, having joints at the shoulders, was brought down to the side of the body. The feet were, in like manner, disengaged from the nail; a sheet passed under the arms, and the body lowered to the altar,

and laid on fine linen. Holding the corners of this cloth, four priests slowly carried the figure down the stairs to the stone of unction, where the patriarch strewed myrrh over it, and sprinkled rose-water. The sermon as now preached in Arabic by the franciscan curate of the Church of the Nativity, at Bethlehem, and was delivered in a most energetic manner.

Of the seven sermons preached, it was probably the one understood by the largest number of those present. Finally, the body was carried to the most holy sepulchre, and laid in the very place where once reposed the Son of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. Here the sermon was in Spanish, in compliment to that nation of Catholic renown; and, when it had been finished, the procession went to the Latin chapel, whence it had started, and the service of the day was over.

It will be readily understood that the ceremony of taking down from the cross, and carrying the image of the Lord to the tomb, was intended to be a representation of the manner in which the deposition took place on the day of the earth's redemption. As a most powerful sermon, reaching the heart through the sight. By the body was carried back eighteen hundred years. Standing on Calvary, we were looking on him whose arms were stretched out on the cross, as if, by his infinite love, he would embrace all mankind. We saw him as if that we might live, and dead as if we might be ransomed from the grave. No word was spoken, as good Father Jucundino came with pincers to remove the crown of thorns, which

he did in such a devout manner, as to make us feel that we were witnessing the great transaction itself. The power and impressiveness of the whole ceremony were such as to render the bystanders awestruck and faint. A scene like this it is impossible to forget, and neither pencil nor words could produce a similar result.

On Holy Saturday I prayed a long time in the sepulchre, where our Lord had lain, as on this day. To be on Calvary on Good Friday, and in the Tomb on Easter eve, had been the desire of my heart. With the realization of such a wish, any one should be content; for he has a privilege granted to but few whose homes are distant from the Holy Land. In the afternoon, the daily procession was made with solemnity, the patriarch and many priests and laymen being present. The pilgrims from Europe were also in the train.

Easter-day was the last of my sojourn in the holy city. Many priests wished to say Mass in the holy sepulchre, some of whom had not yet had that privilege. I said Mass on Calvary, for the last time, that day. During the day the shrines were visited, and the tomb was now indeed the place of the resurrection. "*Surrexit, non est hic.*" Yes! the grave is empty, and death hath no more power over him who was once here but is risen and gone. We see the place where the Lord lay. His day of victory has come, and the triumph over death and hell is complete. The tears of the Christian are dried, and the joy of the Paschal time begins.

NELLIE NETTERVILLE; OR, ONE OF THE TRANSPLANTATIONS.

CHAPTER I.

THE stream which divides the county of Dublin from that of Meath runs part of its course through a pretty, rock-strewn, furze-blossoming valley, crowned at its western end by the ruins of a castle, which, in the days of Cromwell, belonged to one of the great families of the Pale—the English-Irish, as they were usually called, in order to distinguish them from the Celtic race, in whose land they had cast their fortunes.

A narrow, winding path leads from the castle to the stream below, and down this there came, one cold January morning, in the year of the great Irish "transplantation," a young girl, wrapt in a hooded mantle of dark cloth, which, strong as it was, seemed barely sufficient to defend her from the heavy night fogs still rolling through the valley, hanging rock and bush and castle-turret in a fantastic drapery of clouds, and then falling back upon the earth in a mist as persistent, and quite as drenching, as an actual down-pour of rain could possibly have proved. Following the course of the zigzag stream, as, half-hidden in furze and bramble, it made its way eastward to the sea, a short ten minutes' walk brought her to a low hut, (it could hardly be called a house,) built against a jutting rock, which formed, in all probability, the back wall of the tenement. Here she paused, and after tapping lightly on the door, as a signal to its inmates, she turned, and throwing back the hood which had hitherto concealed her features, gazed sadly up and down the valley. In spite of the fog-

mists and the cold, the spot indeed lovely enough in its desolate and admiring glance, from one already familiar with its beauty; but in those dark, heavy, as it seemed, with unshed tears, there was far less of admiration than of the longing, wistful gaze of one who felt she was looking upon a scene she loved, and was anxious, therefore, to imprint upon her memory even the minutest of its features. For a moment she suffered her eyes to wander thus, from the clear, bright stream flowing near at her feet to the double line of fantastic, irregularly cut rocks crowned with patches of gorse and fern, shut out the valley from the world beyond as completely as if it had been meant to form a separate kingdom in itself; and then, as if by a strong and painful effort of the will, she glided toward the spot where the castle stood, with its tall, square towers in sharp and strong relief against the gloomy background of the sky. "firm and fearless-looking keep," as the habitation of one of the brave come of an invading race, he held his own against all invaders, had need to be; but while it looked boldly from a shoulder of out-jutting rock, like the guardian fortress of a glen, the little village which nestled at its foot, the mill which turned merrily to the music of the bright stream, the smooth trees and dark woods immediately around it, the rich grazing lands, with herds of cattle, which stretched away as the eye could reach beyond, all seemed to indicate that its

had been so long settled on the spot as to have learned at last to look upon it rather as his rightful inheritance than as a gift of conquest. Castled keep and merry mill, trees and cattle and cultivated fields, the girl seemed to take all in, in that long, mournful gaze which she cast upon them; but the thoughts and regrets which they forced upon her, growing in bitterness as she dwelt upon them, became at last too strong for calm endurance, and throwing herself down upon her knees upon the cold, damp earth, she covered her face with both her hands, and burst into a passionate fit of weeping. Her sob must have roused up the inmates of the hut; for almost immediately afterward the door was cautiously unlocked, and an ancient dame, with a large colored handkerchief covering her gray hairs, and tied under her chin, even as her descendants wear it to this hour, peeped out, with an evident resolve to see as much and be as little seen as possible in return, by the person who had, at that undue hour, disturbed her quiet slumbers. The moment, however, she discovered ~~who~~ it was that was weeping there, all thoughts of selfish fear seemed to vanish from her mind, and with a wild cry, in which love and grief and sympathy were mingled, as only an Irish cry can mix them, she flung her strong, bony arms around the girl, and exclaimed in Irish, a language with which—we may as well, once for all remark—the proud lords of the Pale were quite conversant, using it not only as a medium of communication with their Irish dependents, but by preference to English, in their familiar intercourse with each other. For this reason, while we endeavor to give the old lady's conversation verbatim, as far as idiom and ideas are concerned, we have ventured to omit all the mispronuncia-

tions and bad grammarisms which, whether on the stage or in a novel, are rightly or wrongly considered to be the one thing needed toward the true delineation of the Irish character, whatever the rank or education of the individual thus put on the scene may happen to be.

"O my darling, my darling!" cried the old woman, almost lifting the girl by main force from the ground; "my heart's blood, a-cushla machree! what are you doing down there upon the damp grass, (sure it will be the death of you, it will,) with the morning fog wrapping round you like a curtain? Is there anything wrong up there at the castle? or what is it all, at all, that brings you down here before the sun has had time to say 'Good-morrow' to the tree-tops?"

"O Grannie, Grannie!" sobbed the girl, "have you not heard? do you not know already? It was to say good-by—I could not go without it, Grannie! I never shall see you again—perhaps never."

Pity, and love, and sympathy, all beaming a moment before upon the face of the old hag, changed as instantaneously as if by magic, into an expression of wild hatred, worthy the features of a conquered savage.

"It is true, then!" she cried; "it is true what I heard last night! what I heard—but wouldn't believe, Miss Nellie—if you were not here to the fore to say it to me yourself! It is true that they are for robbing the old master of his own; and that them murdering Cromwellians—my black curse on every mother's son of them—"

But before she could bring her denunciation to its due conclusion, the girl had put her hand across her mouth, and, with terror written on every feature of her face, exclaimed:

"Hush, Grannie, hush? For Christ and his sweet Mother's sake,

keep quiet! Remember such words have cost many an honest man his life ere now, and God alone can tell who may or may not be within hearing at this moment."

She caught the old woman by the arm as she spoke, dragging rather than leading her into the interior of the cottage. Once there, however, and with the door carefully closed behind her, she made no scruple of yielding to the anguish which old Grannie's lamentations had rather sharpened than allayed, and sitting down upon a low settle, suffered her tears to flow in silence. Grannie squatted herself down on the ground at her feet, and swaying her body backward and forward after the fashion of her people, broke out once more into vociferous lamentations over the fallen fortunes of her darling.

"Ochone! ochone! that the young May morning of my darling's life (which ought to be as bright as God's dear skies above us) should be clouded over this way like a black November's! Woe is me! woe is me! that I should have lived to see the day when the old stock is to be rooted out as if it was a worthless weed for the sake of a set of beggarly rascallions, who have only come to Ireland, may be, because their own land (my heavy curse on it, for the heavy hand it has ever and always laid on us!) wasn't big enough to hold their wickedness."

It was in perfect unconsciousness and good faith that old Grannie thus spoke of Nellie and her family as of the old stock of the country—a favorite expression to this day among people of her class in Ireland.

The English descendants of Ireland's first invaders had, in fact, as years rolled by, and even while proudly asserting their own claims as Englishmen, so thoroughly identified

themselves both by intermarriage and the adoption of language and manners with the Celtic of the soil that the latter, ever too ready for their own interests, to be won by kindness ended by transferring to the clannish feeling once given to their own rulers, and fought in the name of the old stock, as we speak of under the standard of De Burgh or a Fitzgerald as they fought against Cromwell and bitterly against Cromwell's soldiers as if an O'Neil or a MacDonagh had led them to the door. To Nellie Netterville, therefore, sympathy and indignation towards Grannie seemed quite as natural a matter of course as if the blue veins coursing through her veins had derived from a Celtic chieftain instead of from an old Norman of the days of King Henry.

Nellie was, moreover, connected with the old woman by a tie which in her days was as strong, and even stronger, than that of race; for the English of the Pale had adopted in its comprehensive sense the Irish system of fosterage, and Grannie had acted as foster-mother to Nellie's father, was, to all intents and purposes, as devoted to the person of the daughter as if she had been indeed a grandchild of her own.

But natural as such sympathy might have seemed, and sooth to no doubt it was to her wounded feelings, it was yet clothed in such generous language that it had a direct effect upon Nellie the very opposite to that which, under any other circumstances, it might have been expected to produce. It recalled her to the necessity of self-possession, and she was conscious that she must command her own feelings if she hoped to control those of her warm-hearted father. So, when she heard that her father, she deliberately wiped the tears from her eyes, and rose from the settle on which she had flung herself.

minutes before, in an un-
l agony of grief. When she
she had thoroughly master-
wn emotion, she drew old
toward her, made her sit
the stool she herself had
ed, and kneeling down be-
said in a tone of command
ntrasted, oddly yet prettily
with the child-like attitude
for the purpose of giving it:
must not say such things,

I forbid it! Now and for
bid it! You must not say
gs. They can neither help
e us sorrow, and they might
life, old woman, if any evil-
person heard them."

ife! my life!" cried old
passionately. "And tell
la, what is the value of my
if all that made it pleasant
rt is to be taken from me?

seen your father, whom I
this breast until (God par-
I loved him as well or bet-
hem that were sent to me
n portion? haven't I seen
ht back here for a bloody
he very flower of his days?
t I lead the keening over
: self-same moment that I
own poor boy was laying
stark on the battle-field,
had fallen (as well became
e defence of his own mas-
l now you come and tell
ou—you who are all that is
the wide world; you who
the very pulse of my heart

you were in the cradle—
and the old lord are to be
of your own kingdom, and
only knows where, into
it—(him an old man of se-
you a slip of a girl that
yesterday, so to speak, in
's arms)—and you would
keep quiet, would you?
e me belie the thought of

my heart with a smiling face? and
all for the sake of a little longer life,
forsooth! Troth, a-lannah, I have
had a good taste of that same life al-
ready, and it's not so sweet I found
it, that I would go as far as the ri-
ver to fetch another sup of it. Not
so sweet—not so sweet," moaned the
old woman, rocking herself back-
ward and forward in time to the in-
flexion of her voice, "not so sweet
for the lone widow woman, with
barely a roof above her head, and
not a chick or child (when you are
out of it) for comfort or for coax-
ing!"

Grannie had poured forth this ha-
rangue with all the eloquent volubi-
lity of her Irish heart and tongue,
and though Nellie had made more
than one effort for the purpose, she
had hitherto found it quite impossi-
ble to check her. Want of breath,
however, silenced her at last, and
then her foster-child took advantage
of the lull in the storm to say:

"Dear old Grannie, do not talk so
sadly. I will love and think of you
every day, even in that far-off west to
which we are exiled. And I forgot
to say, moreover, that my dear mo-
ther is to remain here for some
months longer, and will be ready (as
she ever is) to give help and comfort
to all that need it, and to you, of
course, dear Grannie, more than to
all the rest—you whom she looks
upon almost as the mother of her
dead husband."

"Ready to give help? Ay, that
in troth she is," quoth Grannie.
"God bless her for a sweet and gen-
tle soul, that never did aught but
what was good and kind to any one
ever since she came among us, and
that will be eighteen years come
Christmas twelvemonth. Ochone!
but them were merry times, a-lan-
nah! long before you were born or
thought of. God pity you that you

have burst into blossom in such weary days as these are !”

“Merry times? I suppose they were,” said Nellie good-naturedly, trying to lead poor Grannie’s thoughts back to the good old times when she was young and happy. “Tell me about it now, dear Grannie, (my mother’s coming home, I mean,) that I may amuse myself by thinking it all over again, when I am far away in the lone west, and no good old Grannie to go and have a gossip with when I am tired of my own company.”

“Why, you see, Miss Nellie, and you mustn’t be offended if I say it,” said Grannie, eagerly seizing on this new turn given to her ideas; “we weren’t too well pleased at first to hear that the young master was to be wedded in foreign parts, and some of us were even bold enough to ask if there weren’t girls fair enough, ay, and good enough too, for that matter, for him in Ireland, that he must needs bring a Saxon to reign over us! However, when the old lord up yonder at the castle, came down and told us how she had sent him word, that for all she had the misfortune to be English born, she meant, once she was married in Ireland, to be more Irish than the Irish themselves, then, I promise you, every vein in our hearts warmed toward her; and on the day of her coming home, there wasn’t, if you’ll believe me, a man, woman, or child, within ten miles of Netterville, who didn’t go out to meet her, until, what with the shouting and the hustling, she began to think, (the creature,) as she has often told me since, that it was going to massacre her, may be, that we were; for sure, until the day she first saw the young master, it was nothing but tales upon tales she had heard of how the wild Irish were worse than the savages themselves, and how murder and

robbery were as common and the thought of with us as daisies in the springtime. Any way, I thought that for a moment, she might think it long; for when she came round upon us at the castle—standing between her husband and her father-in-law, (the old lord self,) we gave her a cheer that I have been heard from this to-day, if the wind had set that way, and though she didn’t then understand the ‘*Cead-mille-failthe*’ to the ladyship!” that we were shouting for our Irish, she was cute enough, at such events, to guess by our eyes and what our tongues were saying. “That wasn’t all,” continued Grannie, growing more and more garrulous as she warmed to her theme; “it wasn’t all neither; for when the people were so tired they could shout no more, and quiet was restored, she whispered something to the young master; and what do you think she did, my dear, but led her right to the place where me and my mother (his own foster-brother, that’s what God rest him!) were standing in the crowd, and she put out her white hand and said, (it was the first and last time that ever I heard the sound of the English,) ‘It is I, then, that was my husband’s foster-mother, isn’t it?’ And says I, in my own tongue, for I had picked up a little English enough at the castle for ‘Please your ladyship, I am, and so is the boy,’ says I, pulling my boy forward—for he was shy at first and had stepped a little back when she came near—‘this is the boy that slept with Master Gerald’—was the master, you know, he was ‘on my breast.’”

“‘Well, then,’ said she, giving her hand to me and the other to my mother, ‘remember it is with my foster-mother I mean to lead out the daughter to-night;’ and troth, my pet, she

as good as her word, and not a soul would she dance with, for all the fine lords and gentlemen who had come to the wedding, until she had footed it for a good half-hour at least with my Andie. Ah! them were times indeed, my jewel," the old crone querulously wound up her chronicle by saying. "And to think that I should have lived to see the day when the young master's father and the master's child are to be hunted out of their own by a Cromwellian upstart with his 'buddagh Sassenachs,' (Saxon clowns,) like so many bloodhounds at his heels, to ride over us rough-shod."

So far the young girl had "seriously inclined her ear" to listen, partly to soothe old Grannie's grief by suffering it to flow over, and partly, perhaps, because her own mind, exhausted by present sufferings, found some unconscious relief in letting itself be carried back to those bright days when the sun of worldly prosperity still lighted up her home. The instant, however, that the old woman began, with all the ferocity of a half-tamed nature, to pour out denunciations on the foes who had wrought her ruin, she checked the dangerous indulgence of her feelings by saying:

"Hush, dear Grannie, and listen to me. My mother is to stay here until May, (so much grace they have seen fit to do us,) in order that she may collect our stock and gather such of our people together as may choose to follow us into exile."

"Then, may be, she'll take me," cried old Grannie suddenly, her withered face lightening up into an expression of hope and joy that was touching to behold. "May be she'll take me, a-lannah!"

Nellie Netterville eyed Grannie wistfully. Nothing, in fact, would she have better liked than to have taken that old relic of happier days

with her to her exile; but old, decrepid, bowed down by grief as well as years, as Grannie was, it would have been folly, even more than cruelty, to have suffered her to offer herself for Connaught transplantation. It would have been, however, but a thankless office to have explained this in as many words; so Nellie only said: "When the time comes, dear old woman, when the time comes, it will be soon enough to talk about it then—that is to say, if you are still able and willing for the venture."

"Willing enough at all events, God knows," said Grannie earnestly. "But why not go at once with you, my darling? The mistress *is the mistress* surely; but blood is thicker than water, and aren't you the child of the man that I suckled on this bosom? Why not go at once with you?"

"I think it is too late in the year for you—too cold—too wretched; and besides, we are only to take one servant with us, and of course it must be a man," said Nellie, not even feeling a temptation to smile at the blind zeal which prompted Grannie to offer herself, with her sixty years and her rheumatic limbs, to the unprofitable post of bower-maiden in the wilderness. "It would not do to alter our arrangements now," she continued gently; "but when spring comes, we will see what can be done; and in the mean time, you must go as often as you can to the castle, to cheer my dear mother with a little chat. Promise me that you will, dear Grannie, for she will be sad enough and lonely enough, I promise you, this poor mother, and nothing will help her so much in her desolation as to talk with you of those dear absent ones, who well she knows are almost as precious to you as they can be to herself. And now I must begone—I must indeed! I

could not go in peace without seeing you once more, and so I stole out while all the rest of the world were sleeping; but now the sun is high in the heavens, and they will be looking for me at the castle. Good-by, dear Grannie, good-by!"

Sobbing as if her heart would break, Nellie flung her arms round the old woman's neck; but Grannie, with a wild cry of mingled grief and love, slipped through her embraces and flung herself at her feet. Nellie raised her gently, placed her once more upon the settle, and not daring to trust herself to another word, walked straight out of the cottage, and closed the door behind her.

CHAPTER II.

THE sun had by this time nearly penetrated through the heavy fog, which had hung since early dawn like a veil over the valley; and just as Nellie reached the foot of the path leading straight up to the castle, it fairly broke through every obstacle, and cast a gleam of wintry sunshine on her face. That face, once seen, was not one easily to be forgotten. The features were almost, and yet not quite, classic in their beauty, gaining in expression what they lost in regularity; and the frequent mingling, by intermarriages, of Celtic blood with that of her old Norman race, had given Nellie that most especial characteristic of Irish beauty — hair black and glossy as the raven's wing, with eyes blue as the dark, double violet, and looking even bluer and darker than they were by nature through the abundance of the long, silken lashes, the same color as her hair, which fringed them. She carried her small, beautifully-formed head with the grace and spirit of a young antelope, and there was something of firmness even in the elastic lightness of her move-

ments, which gave an idea of energy and decision not naturally to be looked for in one so young and girlish, both as to form and features. Her tight-fitting robe of dark and strong material, though evidently merely adopted for the convenience of travelling, rather set off than detracted from the beauty of her form; and over it hung that long, loose mantle of blue cloth which seems, time out of mind, to have been a favorite garment with the Irish. It was fastened at the throat by a brooch of gold, curious and valuable even then for its evident antiquity; and with its broad, graceful folds falling to her feet, and its hood drawn forward over her head, and throwing her sweet, sad face somewhat into shadow, gave her at that moment, as the sun shone down upon her, the very look and expression of a *Mater Dolorosa*.

Ten minutes' rapid walking up a path, which looked more like an irregular staircase cut through rock and turf-mould than a way worn gradually by the pressure of men's feet, brought her to the platform upon which the castle stood.

Moated and circumvallated toward the south and west, which were easy of access from the flat lands beyond, Netterville was comparatively defenceless on the side from whence Nellie now approached it; its builders and inhabitants having evidently considered the deep stream and valley which lay beneath as a sufficient protection against their enemies.

The great gate stood looking eastward, and Nellie could see from the spot where she halted that all the preparations for her approaching journey were already almost completed. A couple of sorry-looking nags, (garrans, the Irish would have called them,) one with a pillion firmly fixed behind the saddle, were be-

slowly up and down in readiness for their riders. Little sorrowful groups of the Irish dependents of the family stood here and there on the terraces, waiting (faithful to the old ways) as they ever were in those days to give one parting glance and then a sorrowful, long farewell to their lord and his heiress; a little further off, like hawks on the wing around their prey, might be seen a band of those iron-handed, stern men in whose favor the partition of the present owners' soil had been decreed, and who were now set there, half to watch and half to enforce departure, should any attempt at evasion or resistance be made. Something very like an angry storm clouded Nellie's brow when she caught sight of these men who were to benefit she was being deprived of her inheritance; but, unwilling to indulge such evil feelings, she turned her gaze to pass quietly from them until it rested once more on the streamlet and valley as they flowed eastward toward the sea. When some one tapped her on the shoulder, and, turning sharply, Nellie found herself confronting a woman not many years older, but younger than herself, but with a face so high, beautiful as it was, the indulgence of wild passions had stamped a look of premature

age upon her. "What would you with me?" said she, surprised at the familiarity of the stranger's station, and not in the least recognizing the person who had been so kind to her. "I know you not. What would you with me?"

"Little or nothing," said the stranger in a harsh and taunting voice; "nothing, my fair young mistress, that has been, of the Netterville—only I thought perhaps, you could say if the old lord will be after going with you

into exile. They told me she was," she added, with a gesture toward the soldiers; "and yet, as far as I can see, only one of the garrans has a pillion to its back. But, may be, she'll be for going later—"

"I have already said," Nellie coldly answered, for she neither liked the matter nor the manner of the woman's speech—"I have already said that I know you not, and, in all likelihood, neither does my mother. Why, therefore, do you ask the question?"

"Because I *hope* it!" said the woman, with such a look of hatred on her face that Nellie involuntarily recoiled a step—"because I hope it; and then perhaps, when she is houseless and hungry herself, she will remember that cold December night when she drove me from her door, to sleep, for all that she cared, under the shelter of the whin-bushes in the valley."

"If my mother, good and gentle as she is to all, ever acted as you say she did, undoubtedly she had wise and sufficient reasons for it," Nellie coldly answered.

"Undoubtedly — good and sufficient reasons had she, and so, for that matter, had I too, when I put my heavy curse upon her and all her breed," retorted the girl, with a coarse and taunting laugh. "And see how it has come to work," she added wildly — "see how it has come to work! Ay, ay — she'll mind it when it is too late, I doubt not; and will think twice before she lets loose her Saxon pride to flout a poor body for only asking a night's shelter under her roof. Roof! she'll soon have no roof for herself, I guess; but if ever she has one again, she'll think better of it, I doubt not."

"She will think next time just what she thought last time — that,

so long as you lead the life you lead at present, you would not, though you were a princess, be fitting company for the lowest scullion in her kitchen."

Thus spoke a grave, sweet voice (not Nellie's) close at the woman's elbow. She started, as if a wasp had stung her, and turned toward the speaker.

A tall lady, dressed in widow's weeds, with a pale face and eyes weary, it almost seemed, with sorrow, had approached quietly from behind, and overhearing the girl's defiant speech, saved Nellie the trouble of an answer by that firm yet most womanly response. Then passing to the front, she put her arm round Nellie's waist, as if to protect her from the very presence of the other, and drew her away, saying:

"Come along, my daughter; the morning wears apace, and these long delays do but embitter partings. Your grandfather is already waiting. Remember, Nellie," she added in a faltering voice, "that he, with his seventy years, will be almost as dependent upon your strength and energy as you can be on his. He is my dead husband's father, and therefore, after a long and bitter struggle with my own heart, I have devoted you, my own and only treasure, to be his best support and help and comfort in the long and unseasonable journey to which the cruelty of our conquerors has compelled him. I trust—I trust in God and his sweet Mother that I shall see no cause later to repent me of this decision!"

Nellie drew a little closer to her mother, and a strange firmness of expression passed over her young face as she answered quietly:

"My own unselfish mother, doubt not that I will be all—son and daughter both in one—to him; and fear not, I do beseech you, for our safety. What

though he has seen his seventy winters and I but barely seventeen! We ~~are~~ strong and healthy, both of us; and with clean consciences (which is more than our foes can boast of) and good wits, I doubt not we shall reach our destination safely. Destination!" she repeated bitterly—"ay, destination; for home, in any sense of the word, it never can be to us."

"Say not so, my Nellie—say not so," said her mother gently. "Home, after all, is only the place where we garner up our treasures; and, therefore, in the spot where I may rejoin you, however wild and desolate it otherwise shall be, my heart, at all events, will acknowledge it has found its home!"

As they thus conferred together, mother and daughter had been moving slowly toward the castle, in absolute forgetfulness of the woman who had originally made a third in the group, and who was still following at a little distance. She stopped, however, on discovering that they had no intention of making her a sharer in their conversation, and, gazing after them with a fearful mingling of hatred and wounded pride on her coarse, handsome features, exclaimed aloud:

"The second time you have flouted me, good madam! Well, well, the third is the charm, and then it will be my turn. See if I do not make you rue it!"

Shaking her fist, as she spoke, savagely in the air, she turned her back upon Netterville towers, and rushed down a path leading directly to the river.

As Mrs. Netterville and her daughter approached the castle-gates, a young man came out to meet them, and, with a look and bearing halfway between that of an intelligent and trusted servant and a petted follower, said hurriedly:

"My lord grows impatient, ma-

dam. He says he is ready to depart at once, and that the sooner it is done the better. And, in troth, I am much of the same way of thinking my own self," he added, with that sort of grim severity which some men seem almost naturally to assume the moment they feel themselves in danger of giving way to grief, in the womanly fashion of tears.

Hamish was of the same age as Nellie, though he looked and felt at least eight years older. He was her foster-brother, as we have already said, and had been her companion in the nursery; but as war and poverty thinned the ranks of followers attached to the house of Netterville, he had been gradually advanced from one post of confidence to another, until, young as he was, he united the various duties of "bailiff" or "steward," as it would be called in Ireland—major-domo or butler, valet, and footman, all in his own proper person.

"True," said Mrs. Netterville, in answer to his communication—"too true. Every moment that he lingers now will be but a fresh barbing of the arrow. Come, my Nellie, let us hasten to your grandfather. Would that I could persuade him to take Hamish with him instead of Mat, who has little strength and less wit to help you in such a journey. I should be far more at ease, both on his account and yours, my daughter."

"Faix, madam, and it was just that same that I was thinking to myself awhile ago," cried Hamish eagerly. "Sure, who has a better right to go with Mistress Nellie than her own foster-brother? And am not I strong enough, and more than willing enough to fight for her—ay, and to die for her too, if any of them black-browed hypocrites should dare for to cast their evil eyes upon her or the old master?"

"Strong enough and brave enough

undoubtedly you are," said Nellie, speaking before her mother could reply, "and true-hearted more than enough, my dear foster-brother, are you; but, if only for that very reason, you must stay here to help and comfort my dear mother. Bethink you, Hamish, hers is, in truth, the hardest lot of any. We shall have but to endure the weariness of long travel; she will have to contend with the insolence of men in high places—yes, and perhaps even to dispute with them, day by day, and hour by hour, for that which is her rightful due and ours. This is man's work, not woman's; and a man, moreover, quick-witted and fearing no one. Will you not be that man, Hamish, to stand by her against the tyrant and oppressor, and to act for her whenever and wherever it may be impossible for her to act for herself?"

Hamish would have answered with a fervor equal to her own, but Mistress Netterville prevented him by saying, with a mingling of grief and impatience in her manner:

"It is in vain to talk to you, Nellie! You have all your grandfather's stiff-necked notions on this subject. Nevertheless it would have been far more to my real contentment if he and you had yielded to my wishes, seeing that there is many a one still left among our dependents to whom, on a pinch, I could entrust the care both of cattle and of household gear, and but one (and that is Hamish) to whom willingly I would confide my child."

"Now, may Heaven bless you for that very word, madam," cried Hamish eagerly and gratefully; and then turning to Nellie, he went on: "See now, Mistress Nellie, see now, when her ladyship herself has said it—surely you would never think of going contrary to her wishes!"

"Listen to me, Hamish," said

Nellie, putting her hand on his shoulder and standing still, so that her mother unconsciously moved on without her. "Ever since that weary day when the sheriff came here to inform us of our fate, I have had a strange, uncomfortable foreboding that my mother will soon find herself in even a worse plight than ours. A woman, as she will be, alone and friendless—foemen all around her—foemen domiciled even in her household—foemen, the worst and cruellest of any, with prayer on their lips and hypocrisy in their hearts, and a strong sword at their hips, ready to smite and slay, as they themselves express it, all who oppose that wicked lust for wealth and power which they so blindly mistake for the promptings of a good spirit! With us, once we have obtained our certificate from the commissioners at Loughrea, it will be far otherwise. Each step we take in our wild journey westward will, if, alas! it leads us further from our friends, set, likewise, a safer distance between us and our oppressors. Promise me, therefore, to ask no more to follow us who go to peace and safety, but to abide quietly here, where alone a real danger threatens. Promise me even more than this, my foster-brother—promise to stay with her so long as ever she may need you; and should aught of evil happen to her, which may God avert! promise to let me know at once, that I may instantly return and take a daughter's proper place beside her. Promise me this, Hamish—nay, said I *promise*?—Hamish, you must swear it!"

"I swear it! by the Mother of Heaven and her blessed Child, I swear it!" said Hamish fervently; for he saw at once that there was much probability in Nellie's view of the subject, though, in his overweening anxiety for the daughter, he had

hitherto overlooked the chances danger to the mother. "But, Christ save us!" he added suddenly, as some wild notes of preparation reached his experienced ear; "Christ save us the old women are not going to keep for your departure as if it were burial!"

"Oh! do not let them—do not let them; bid them stop if they would not break our hearts!" cried Nellie, rushing on to overtake her mother, while Hamish, in obedience to her wishes, struck right across the terrace toward a distant group of women, among whom, judging by their excited looks and gestures, he knew that he should find the keeners. Long, however, ere he could reach them, a wild cry of lamentation, taken up and prolonged until every man, woman, and child within ear-shot had lent their voices to swell the chorus, made him feel that he was too late; and turning to ascertain the cause of this sudden outburst, he saw that Lord Netterville had come forth from the castle, and was standing at the open gates. A fine, soldierly-looking man he was, counting over seventy years, yet in appearance not much more than sixty, and as he stood there, pale and bare-headed, in the presence of his people, a shout of such mingled love and sympathy, grief and execration rent the air, that some of the Cromwellian soldiers made an involuntary step forward, and handled their muskets in expectation of an attack.

"Tell them to stop!" cried the old man, throwing up his arms like one who could bear his agony no longer. "For God's sake, tell them to stop! Let them wait, at least," he added, half bitterly, half sorrowfully, "until, like the dead, I am out of hearing."

There was no need for Hamish to become the interpreter of his wishes. That sudden cry of a man's irrepres-

ible anguish had reached the hearts of all who heard it, and a silence fell upon the crowd—a silence more expressive of real sympathy than their wildest lamentations could have been.

The old lord bowed, and tried to speak his thanks, but the words died upon his lips, and he turned abruptly to take leave of his daughter-in-law. She knelt to receive his blessing. He laid his hand upon her head, and then, making an effort to command his voice, said tenderly:

"Fare thee well, my best and dearest! It is the way of these canting times to be for ever quoting Scripture, and for once I will follow fashion. May Heaven bless and keep thee, daughter; for a very Ruth hast thou been to me in my old age; yea, and better than seven sons in this the day of my poverty and sorrow!"

He stooped to kiss her brow and to help her to rise, and as he did so, he added in a whisper, meant only for the lady's ear:

"Forgive me, Mary, if I once more allude to that subject we have so much discussed already. Are you still in the mind to send Nellie with me? Think better of it, I entreat you. The daughter's place should ever, to my poor thinking, be beside her mother!"

"I *have* thought," she answered, "and I *have* decided. If Nellie is my child, she is your grandchild as well; and the duty which her father is no longer here to tender, it must be her pride and joy to offer you in his stead. Moreover, my good lord," she added, in a still lower tone, "the matter hath another aspect. Nellie will be safer with you! This place and all it contains is even now at the mercy of a lawless soldiery, and therefore it is no place for her. Too well I feel that even I, her mother, am powerless to protect her."

Lord Netterville cast a wistful glance on the fair face of his young granddaughter, and said reluctantly:

"It may be that you are right, sweet Moll, as you ever are. Come, then, if so it must be, give us our good-speed, and let us hasten on our way."

He once more pressed her affectionately in his arms, then walked straight up to his horse, and leaped almost without assistance to the saddle. But his face flushed scarlet, and then grew deadly pale, and as he shook his reins and settled himself in his seat, it was evident to Hamish, who was holding his stirrup for him, that he was struggling with all his might and main to bear himself with a haughty semblance of indifference before the English soldiery. After he was seated to his satisfaction, he ventured a half glance around his people, and lifted his beaver to salute them. But the effort was almost too much; the big tears gathered in his eyes, and his hand shook so violently that he could not replace his hat, which, escaping from his feeble grasp, rolled under his horse's feet. Half a dozen children darted forward to recover it, but Hamish had already picked it up and given it to his master, who instantly put it on his head, saying, in a tone of affected indifference:

"Pest on these trembling fingers which so libel the stout heart within. This comes of wine and wassail, Hamish. Drink thou water all thy life, good youth, if thou wouldst match a sturdy heart with a steady hand, when thy seventy years and odd are on you."

"Faix, my lord, will I or nill I," said Hamish, trying to fall in with the old man's humor by speaking lightly; "will I or nill I, it seems only too likely that water will be the best part of my wine for some time

to come; leastways," he added in a lower voice, "leastways till your honor comes back to your own again, and broaches us a good cask of wine to celebrate the day."

"Back again! back again!" repeated Lord Netterville, shaking his head with a mixture of grief and impatience impossible to describe. "I tell thee, Hamish, that men never come back again when they carry seventy years with them to exile. But where is my granddaughter? Bid her come forth at once, for it's ill lingering here with this weeping crowd around us, and yonder pestilent group of fanatics marking out every mother's son among them, doubtless, for future vengeance."

Mrs. Netterville heard this impatient cry for her only child, and flung her arms for one last passionate embrace round Nellie's neck. Then, firm and unfaltering to the end, she led her to Hamish, who lifted her as reverently as if she had been an empress (as indeed she was in his thoughts) to the pillion behind her grandfather.

Lord Netterville barely waited until she was comfortably settled, ere he stooped to kiss once more his

daughter-in-law's uplifted brow which, waving his hands toward weeping people, he dug his spur into his horse's sides, and rode forward.

Then, as if moved by one common impulse, every man, woman, and child in presence there, fell upon their knees, mingling prayers and blessings, and howls and imprecations, as only an Irish or an English crowd can do; and yet obeying the last to the wishes of their chief, it was not until he was well-nigh out of sight that they broke out into that wild, wailing keening which they were known to accompany their loved ones to the grave. But the wind was less considerate, and as it unluckily set that day bore one or two of the long, sad strains to him in whose honor they chanted. As they fell upon the exile's ears, the stoical calm which he had hitherto maintained forsook him utterly; the reins slipped from his hands, he bowed his head till his white locks mingled with the horse's mane, and, "lifting his voice," he wept as sadly and strainedly as a woman.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE CHURCH REVIEW AND VICTOR COUSIN.*

ticle in the *Church Review* an estimate of the character of O. A. Brownson as a philosopher; but what it says has really nothing to do with that gentleman, and is an attempt, not very successful, brilliant indeed, to vindicate Brownson's philosophy from the unjust judgment we pronounced in the magazine of last June. Brownson is not the editor, nor the editors, of THE CATHOLIC; the article in question was signed with no name, was impersonal, and the *Review* has no authority for its authorship to any one living, or for holding any but the responsibility for its merits and faults. When the name of a writer is attached to an article, he should be answerable for its contents; but if not, the magazine in which it appears is alone responsible. According to this rule, we hold the *Review* answerable for its article against ours.

The main purpose of the reviewer was to prove that we wrote in entire ignorance of M. Cousin's philosophy, and to vindicate it from very grave charges we urged. As to our ignorance, as to his knowledge, that must be left to itself; but we can say sincerely that we should be most happy to have been in the position to see Cousin's philosophy from the charge of being irrationalistic, pantheistic, antagonistic to Christianity and the like. One great name would be on the list of our adversaries,

American Quarterly Church Review. New York: Richardson. January, 1868. Art. ii., Cousin as a Philosopher. Victor Cousin's philosophy. Catholic World."

and their number would be so much lessened. We should count it a great service to the cause which is so dear to us, if the *Church Review* could succeed in proving that the errors we laid to his charge are founded only in our ignorance or philosophical ineptness, and that his system is entirely free from them. But though it talks largely against us, assumes a high tone, and makes strong assertions and bold denials, we cannot discover that it has effected anything, except the exhibition of itself in an unenviable light. It has told us nothing of Cousin or his philosophy not to be found in our article, and has not in a single instance convicted us of ignorance, malice, misstatement, misrepresentation, or even inexactness. This we shall proceed now to show, briefly as we can, but at greater length, perhaps, than its crude statements are worth.

The principal charges against us are: 1. We said M. Cousin called his philosophy eclecticism; 2. We wrongly denied scepticism to be a system of philosophy; 3. Showed our ignorance of Cousin's doctrine in saying it remained in psychology, never attained to the objective, or rose to ontology; 4. Misstated his doctrine of substance and cause; 5. Falsely denied that he admits a nexus between the creative substance and the created existence; 6. Falsely asserted that he holds creation to be necessary; 7. Wrongly and ignorantly accused him of Pantheism; 8. Asserted that he had but little knowledge of Catholic theology; 9. Accused him of denying the necessity of language to thought.

In preferring these charges against

M. Cousin's philosophy, we have shown our ignorance of his real doctrine, our contempt for his express declarations, and our philosophical incapacity, and the reviewer thinks one may search in vain through any number of magazine articles of equal length, for one more full of errors and fallacies than ours. This is bad, and, if true, not at all to our credit. We shall not say as much of his article, for that would not be courteous, and instead of saying it, prefer to let him prove it. We objected that M. Cousin assuming that to the operation of reason no objective reality is necessary, can never, on his system, establish such reality; the reviewer, p. 541, gravely asserts that we ourselves hold, that to the operations of reason no objective reality is necessary, and can never be established! This is charming. But are these charges true? We propose to take them up *seriatim*, and examine the reviewer's proofs.

1. We said M. Cousin called his philosophical system eclecticism. To this the reviewer replies:

"Eclecticism can never be a philosophy; making, among other arguments, the pertinent inquiry: 'How, if you know not the truth in its unity and integrity beforehand, are you, in studying those several systems, to determine which is the part of truth and which of error?'"

"We beg his pardon, but M. Cousin never called his philosophical system Eclecticism. In the introduction to the *Vrai, Beau, et Bien*, he writes:

"One word as to an opinion too much accredited. Some persons persist in representing eclecticism as the doctrine to which they would attach my name. I declare, then, that eclecticism is, undoubtedly, very dear to me, for it is in my eyes the light of the history of philosophy; but the fire which supplies this light is elsewhere. Eclecticism is one of the most important and useful applications of the philosophy I profess, but it is not its principle. My true doctrine, my true flag, is spiritualism; that philosophy, as stable as it is generous, which began with Socrates and Plato, which the gos-

gel spread abroad in the world, and Descartes placed under the severe foreshadowing of modern thought."

"And the principles of this philosophy are the touchstone with which to try several systems, and to determine which is the part of truth and which of error. Eclecticism, in Cousin's view of it, as one who has discovered who had 'studied his subject with some care,' is something more than blind syncretism, destitute of principle, a fumbling among conflicting systems to pick out such theories as please us."

If M. Cousin never called his philosophical system eclecticism, did he defend it from the objections brought on against it, that, 1. Eclecticism is a syncretism—all systems mingled together; 2. Eclecticism proves of everything, the true and the false, the good and the bad; 3. Eclecticism is fatalism; 4. Eclecticism is the absence of all system? Why did he not say at once that he did not profess eclecticism, instead of saying he did, and endeavoring to prove that the eclectic method is at once philosophical and historical?*

Everybody knows that he professed eclecticism and defended it as a method, do you say? But does he not maintain, from first to last, that a philosopher's whole system is in his method? Does he not say, "Given a philosopher's method, we can foretell his whole system"? And is not his whole course of the history of philosophy based on this assumption? We wrote our article for those who knew Cousin's writings, not for those who did not know them. There is nothing in the passage quoted from the reviewer quoted from Cousin, that contradicts what we said. We did not say that he always called philosophy eclecticism, or pretend that it was the principle of his system. We said:

"There is no doubt that all school systems, have their part of truth, as

* See *Fragments Philosophiques*, t. i. pp.

of error; for the human mind cannot be pure, unmixed error any more than it can be pure, unmixed evil; but the method is not the method of constructive philosophy any more than it is the method of constructing true Christian philosophy.

The Catholic acknowledges will not derive it from them, nor can it be derived by studying their systems. He is independent of them; and having in its unity and integrity, he is studying them, to distinguish what that is true from the errors they contain. It must be the same with Victor Cousin. *M. Cousin was not an eclectic; and he finally asserted eclecticism as a method of historical verification, real and original method of philosophy.* The name was therefore wisely chosen, and is now seldom used. (*Catholic World*, p. 335.)

The reviewer read this passage and would have seen that we were aware of the fact that latterly we ceased to profess eclecticism as a method of verification; and when he read our article through, he would have seen that we were aware of the fact that we were aware of his system, and that we were aware of it as such.

Victor Cousin counts scepticism as a part of philosophy. We object, very pertinently, since every system has a truth, and every system has something affirmative. 'What, then, is the truth of the system, which is a system of pure negation and not only affirms nothing but denies that any thing can be affirmed?' Will the reviewer answer the question?

The reviewer, of course, finds us wrong. Here is his reply:

The history of the progress of the human mind in the phase of scepticism is not complicated. At different periods it has been, to wield a strong, sometimes a salutary, influence over the age. Its work, it is true, is negative, and not constructive; but it serves as a check and restraint upon speculation, and the establishment of hypotheses, it has its *raison*

d'être, and contributes, in its way, to the advancement of truth. Nor can the works of Sextus, Pyrrho, Glanvil, Montaigne, Gassendi, or Hume be considered less 'systematic' than those of any dogmatist, merely from their being 'systems of pure negation.' (P. 533.)

That it is sometimes reasonable and salutary to doubt, as if the reviewer should doubt his extraordinary genius as a philosopher, we readily admit; but what salutary influence has ever been exerted on science or morals by any so-called system of scepticism, which denies the possibility of science, and renders the binding nature of virtue uncertain, we have never yet been able to ascertain. Moreover, a system of pure negation is simply no system at all, for it has no principle and affirms nothing. A sceptical turn of mind is as undesirable as a credulous mind. That the persons named, of whom only one, Pyrrho, professed universal scepticism, and perhaps even he carried his scepticism no farther than to doubt the reality of matter, may have rendered some service to the cause of truth, as the drunken helotæ promoted temperance among the Spartan youth, is possible; but they have done it by the truth they asserted, not by the doubt they disseminated. There is, moreover, a great difference between doubting, or suspending our judgment where we are ignorant or where our knowledge is incomplete, and erecting doubt into the principle of a system which assumes all knowledge to be impossible, and that certainty is nowhere attained or attainable. It seems, we confess, a little odd to find a Church Review taking up the defence of scepticism.

3. We assert in our article that M. Cousin, though he professes to come out of the sphere of psychology, and to rise legitimately to ontology, remains always there; and, in point of

fact, the ontology he asserts is only an abstraction or generalization of psychological facts. The reviewer is almost shocked at this, and is "tempted to think that the time" we claim to have spent in studying the works of Cousin with some care "might have been better employed in the acquisition of some useful knowledge more within the reach of our 'understanding.'" It is possible. But what has he to allege against what we asserted, and think we proved? Nothing that we can find except that Cousin professes to attain, and perhaps believes he does attain, to real objective existence, and, scientifically, to real ontology. But, my good friend, that is nothing to the purpose. The question is not as to what Cousin professes to have done, or what he has really attempted to do, but what he has actually done. When we allege that the being, the God asserted by Cousin, is, on his system, his principles, and method, only an abstraction or a generalization; you do not prove us wrong by reiterating his assertion that it is real being, that it is the living God, for it is, though you seem not to be aware of it, that very assertion that is denied. We readily concede that Cousin does not *profess* to rise to ontology by induction from his psychology, but we maintain that the only ontology he attains to is simply an induction from his psychology, and therefore is, and can be, only an abstraction or a generalization. We must here reproduce a passage from our own article.

"What is certain, and this is all the ontologist need assert, or, in fact, can assert, is, that ontology is neither an induction nor a deduction from psychological data. God is not, and cannot be, the generalization of our own souls. But it does not follow from this that we do not think that which is God, and that it is from thought we do and must take it. We take it from thought and by

thinking. What is objected to in psychologists is the assumption that the purely psychological or subjective is that from this psychological or subjective fact we can, by way of induction, attain ontological truth. But as we understand Cousin, and we studied his works with care thirty or thirty-five years ago, the honor of his private correspondence he never pretends to do. What he is, that in the analysis of consciousness detect a class of facts or ideas which psychological or subjective, but real logical, and do actually carry us out of the region of psychology into that of ontology. That his account of these facts or ideas to be accepted as correct or adequate, we do not pretend, but that he *professes* to analyze them and distinguish them from psychological facts is undeniable.

"The defect or error of M. Cousin's point was in failing, as we have already observed, to identify the absolute or necessary ideas he detects and asserts with *l'unique ens necessarium et reale*, and in attempting to assert them in their objectivity as objective to the human personality. He never succeeded in cutting himself loose from the German nonsense of subjective-object or objective-subject, and he had clearly proved an idea to be objective to the reflective reason and the human personality, he did not dare assert it to be objective in relation to the whole subject. It was impersonal, but might be in a sense subjective, as Kant maintained regard to the categories." (*Catholic Review*, pp. 335, 336.)

The reviewer, after snubbing us for our ignorance and ineptitude which are very great, as we are aware and humbly confess, repeats us in this manner:

"And yet nothing in Cousin is else more positive than that this 'pure and simple degree of the reason, when will, and personality are as yet absent, this 'intuition and spontaneous revelation which is the primitive mode of revealing objective to the whole subject in ever *simple* sense, and is, consequently, confined to the objective, and a revelation of it."

"Can the critic have read Cousin's lectures on Kant, 'thirty or thirty-five years ago'? If so, we advise him to refresh his memory by a re-perusal, and perhaps to withdraw the strange assertion that Cousin held an 'absolute idea to be impersonal'."

ht be in a certain sense subjective, *maintained with regard to the category* scepticism of Kant,' says Cousin on his finding the laws of the be subjective, personal to man; is a mode of the reason where : laws are, as it were, deprived of ivity—where the reason shows it- entirely impersonal.

he critic would wish this imper- ity to be objective to the 'whole id not to the 'personal only,' as if any greater degree of objectivity : than in the other, it is not easy looks like a distinction without a

The abstract and logical dis- apparent, but though distinct, the bject,' and the 'human personal- t be separated, so that what is ob- one, shall not be so to the other : 'whole subject' is, simply, the feeling, willing being, which we inguished from the world external an idea, then, is revealed to us by mpletely foreign to us—if an act son is spontaneous and unreflec- s, impersonal—what is there that re objective to the subject?

ve said, that such an act is objec- subject in every *possible* sense. : not to forget the conditions of 'Does one wish,' says Cousin, 'in elieve in the objectivity and valid- reason, that it should cease to ppearance in a particular subject— r instance? But then, if reason of the subject, that is, of myself, ng to me. For me to have con- of it, it must descend into me, it e itself mine, and become in this jective. A reason which is not h, in itself being entirely universal, carnate itself in some manner in usness, is for me as though it did t Consequently, to wish that the order to be trustworthy, should ely to be subjective, is to demand ibility.'" (Pp. 534, 535.)

ave introduced this long ex- order to give our readers a imen of the reviewer's style acity as a reasoner. It will that the reviewer alleges, as gainst us, what is in question ry thing that he is to prove. e read Cousin's Lectures on and we know well, and have

never thought of denying that he criticises Kant sharply, says many admirable things against him, and professes to reject his subjectivism; we know, also, that he holds what he calls the impersonal reason to be objective, operating independently of us; all this we know and so stated, we thought, clearly enough, in our article; but we, nevertheless, maintain that he does not make this impersonal reason really objective, but simply independent in its operations of our personality. He holds that reason has two modes of activity—the one personal, the other impersonal; but he recognizes only a distinction of modes, sometimes only a difference of degrees, making, as we have seen, as quoted by the reviewer, the impersonal reason a sublimer "degree" of reason than the personal. He calls the impersonal reason the spontaneous reason, sometimes simply spontaneity. All this is evident enough to any one at all familiar with Cousin's philosophical writings.

But what is this reason which operates in these two modes, impersonal and spontaneous in the one, personal and reflective in the other? As the distinction between the personal and impersonal is, by Cousin's own avowal, a difference simply of modes or degrees, there can be no entitative or substantial difference between them. They are not two different or distinct reasons, but one and the same reason, operating in two different modes or degrees. Now, we demand, what is this one substantive reason operating in these two different degrees or modes? It certainly is not an abstraction, for abstractions are nullities and cannot operate or act at all. What, then, is it? Is it God, or is it man? If you say it is God, then you deny reason to man, make him a brute, unless you

identify man with God. If you say it is man, that it is a faculty of the human soul, as Cousin certainly does say—for he makes it our faculty and only faculty of intelligence—then you make it subjective, since nothing is more subjective than one's own faculties. They are the subject itself. Consequently the impersonal reason belongs as truly to man, the subject, as the personal reason, and therefore is not objective, as we said, to the whole subject, but at best only to the will and the personality—what Cousin calls *le moi*. The most distinguished of the disciples of Cousin was Theodore Jouffroy, who, in his confessions, nearly curses Cousin for having seduced him from his Christian faith, whose loss he so bitterly regretted on his dying-bed, and who was, in Cousin's judgment, as expressed in a letter to the writer of this article, "a true philosopher." This true philosopher and favorite disciple of Cousin illustrates the difference between the impersonal reason and the personal by the difference between *seeing* and *looking*, *hearing* and *listening*, which corresponds precisely to the difference noted by Leibnitz between what he calls simple *perception* and *apperception*. In both cases it is the man who sees, hears, or perceives; but in the latter case, the will intervenes and we not only see, but look, not only perceive, but apperceive.

Now, it is very clear, such being the case, that Cousin does not get out of the sphere of the subject any more than does Kant, and all the arguments he adduces against Kant, apply equally against himself; for he recognizes no actor in thought, or what he calls the fact of consciousness, but the subject. The fact which he alleges, that the impersonal reason necessitates the mind, irresistibly controls it, is no more than Kant

says of his categories, which he utterly maintains are forms of subject. Hence, as Cousin criticises Kant very justly with subject and scepticism, we are equally justified in preferring the same criticism against himself. This is what is showed in the article the reviewer is criticising, and to this he should have replied, but, unhappily, has not. He only quotes Cousin to the effect "to wish the reason, in order to be trustworthy, should cease entirely to be subjective, is to demand a possibility," which only confirms what we have said.

We pursue in our article the argument still further, and add:

"Reduced to its proper character, as asserted by M. Cousin, intuition is empty and stands opposed not to reflection, but to discursion, and is simply the immediate direct perception of the object without the intervention of any process, more or less elaborate, of reasoning. This is, in its not an unusual sense of the word, precisely its more common sense, but it is a sense that renders the distinction between intuition and reflection of no importance to Cousin, for it does not carry him out of the sphere of the subject, or afford him any ground for his ontological inductions. He has the question as to the objectivity and reality of the ideal to solve, and no recognized method of solving it. His ontological conclusions are therefore, as a writer in the *Christiana* told him as long ago as 1835, based simply on the credibility of reason in its trustworthiness, which can never be established, because it is assumed that the operation of reason, no objective truth is necessary, since the object, if it may, for aught that appears, be included in the subject." (*Catholic World*, p. 338)

We quote the reply of the reviewer to this at full length, for no man can abridge or condense it without losing its essence.

"If a man speaks thus, after a study of Cousin, it is almost useless to quarrel with him. He either has not understood the philosopher, or his scepticism is hopelessly obstinate. Intuition, as asserted by Cousin, is not reduced to its proper character."

not simply misrepresented, when it is empirical; for it is the primitive mode of reason, and prior to all experience. Its revelation of the objective to the subject and to be a revelation must, of course, be into the consciousness of the subject. Cousin has carefully and repeatedly established the true character of intuition as a measure to the understanding in the reason and free from any touch of subjectivity. *For, his ontological conclusions rest on a measure in the credibility of reason, and, of course, this credibility can never be established in any logical way, although, metaphysically, it is undeniably established.* One may 'assume,' at the end of time, that 'to the operation of reason no objective reality is necessary, for the object may, for aught that appears, be included in the subject,' but the universal and invincible opinion of the human race has been, and will be, to the contrary of such an assumption.

As firmly as Reid and Hamilton have established the doctrine of sensible perception, and the objective existence of the material world, has Cousin that of the objective existence of the absolute, and, on the very same ground, the veracity of consciousness. All the mass of mankind have lived in profound ignorance of any necessity for such assumptions. When they sowed and reaped, bought and sold, they never questioned the real existence of the objects they dealt with; *nor did they, when the idea of duty or religion made itself felt in their souls, dream of 'for such an operation of reason, no objective reality was necessary.'*

Men have an unquestioning but uncomfortable belief, that the very idea of obligation implies *something outside of them*, that *ges*. Something other than itself it must be that commands the soul. Right is a reason; and duty a fact. The philosophy, that does not come round to an enlightened and intelligent holding of the unreflecting belief of mankind, but separates itself from it, is more than useless. In such wisdom it is indeed 'folly to be wise.' And this philosophy comes from insisting on a logical demonstration of what is logically undemonstrable—of what is superior, because prior to reasoning. We cannot *prove* to the understanding truths which are the very substance and groundwork of that understanding itself." (Pp. 536, 537.)

This speaks for itself, and concedes, actually, all we alleged against Cousin's system; at least it convicts us of no misapprehension or misrep-

resentation of that system; and the reviewer's sneer at our ignorance and incapacity, however much they may enliven his style and strengthen his argument, do not seem to have been specially called for. Yet we think both he and M. Cousin are mistaken when they assume that to demand any other basis for science than the credibility or faith in the trustworthiness of reason, is to demand an impossibility, for a science founded on faith is simply no science at all. There is science only where the mind grasps, and appropriates, not its own faculties only, but the object itself. The reason, personal or impersonal, is the faculty by which we grasp it, or the light by which we behold it; not the object in which the mental action terminates, but the medium by which we attain to the object. If it were otherwise, there might be faith, but not science, and though reason might search for the object, yet it would always be pertinent to ask, Who or what vouches for reason? Descartes answered, The veracity of God, which, in one sense, is true, but not in the sense alleged; for on the Cartesian theory we might ask, what vouches for the veracity of God? The only possible answer would be, it is reason, and we should simply traverse a circle without making the slightest advance.

The difficulty arises from adopting the psychological method of philosophizing, or assuming, as Descartes does in his famous *cogito, ergo sum*, I think, therefore, I exist, that man can think in and of himself, or without the presence and active concurrence of that which is not himself, and which we call the object. Intuition, on Cousin's theory, is the spontaneous operation of reason as opposed to discursion, which is its reflex or reflective operation, but supposes that reason suffices for its own

operation. In his course of philosophy professed at the Faculty of Letters in 1818, he says, in the consciousness, that is, in thought, there are two elements, the subject and object; or, in his barbarous dialect, *le moi et le non-moi*; but he is careful to assert the subject as active and the object as passive. Now, a passive object is as if it were not, and can concur in nothing with the activity of the subject. Then, as all the activity is on the side of the subject, the subject must be able to think in and of itself alone. The fact that I think an existence other than myself, on this theory, is no proof that there is really any other existence than myself till my thought is validated, and I have nothing but thought with which to validate thought.

The *cogito, ergo sum* is, of course, worthless as an argument, as has often been shown; but there is in it an assumption not generally noted; namely, that man suffices for his own thought, and, therefore, that man is God. God alone suffices, or can suffice, for his own thought, and needs nothing but himself for his thought or his science. He knows himself in himself, and is in himself the infinite Intelligible, and the infinite Intelligens. He knows in himself all his works, from beginning to end, for he has made them, and all events, for he has decreed them. There is for him no medium of science distinguishable from himself; for he is, as the theologians say, the adequate object of his own intelligence. But man being a creature, and therefore dependent for his existence, his life, and all his operations, interior and exterior, on the support and active concurrence of that which is not himself, does not and cannot suffice for his thought, and he does not and cannot think in and of himself alone, in any manner, mode, form, or degree, or with-

out the active presence and presence of the object, as Pierre has well shown in his other very objectionable *Réfutation de l'ecticisme*. The object being independent of the subject, and not supplied by the subject, must exist *a priori*, since, if it did not, it could not concur with the subject in the production of thought. There can therefore, to the true philosopher, be no question as to the credibility or worthiness of reason, the validity or invalidity of thought. The question for him is, Do we know? What do we think? He who knows that he thinks, and what he thinks, for thought is science, and he knows, knows that he knows what he knows.

The difficulty which Cousin's reviewer encounters arises from placing the question of method before the question of principles. We showed in our former article how such difficulty can arise in the case of him who has settled the question of principles—which are given, found, or obtained by the act of the subject without them—allows the method they prescribe. The error, we repeat, arises from the psychological method, which poses all the activity in thought in the subject, and supposes it to be operative in and of itself without any objective reality, reality, on Cousin's system, the psychological method, can be established.

The reviewer concedes that objective reality cannot be established in a logical way, but maintains there is no need of so establishing it; for "men have an unquestionable belief that there is an unconquerable *being* that is outside of them." Nobody denies the belief, but its validity is precisely the matter in question. He

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home. Can it be that he is
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t of philosophy of his own,
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Hamilton says, "All think-
egation." So much the worse,
r Sir William Hamilton. All
g is affirmative; and pure ne-
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and affirms both the subject
g and the object thought, and
elation to each other. This,
sometimes, is the doctrine of
, as any one may ascertain by
his essays, *Du Fait de Con-*
and *Du Premier et du dernier*

Fait de Conscience.* Though even in
these essays the doctrine is mixed up
with much that is objectionable, and
which leads one, after all, to doubt if
the philosopher ever clearly perceived
the fact, or the bearing of the fact, he
asserted. Cousin often sails along
near the coast of truth, sometimes al-
most rubs his bark against it, without
perceiving it. But we hasten on.

4. We are accused of misstating
Cousin's doctrine of substance and
cause. Here is our statement and
the reviewer's charge:

"M. Cousin," continues THE CATHOLIC
WORLD, 'professes to have reduced the ca-
tegorics of Kant and Aristotle to two—sub-
stance and cause; but as he in fact identi-
fies cause with substance, declaring substance
to be substance *only in so much* [the italics are
ours] as it is cause, and cause to be cause
only in so much as it is substance, he really
reduces them to the single category of sub-
stance, which you may call, indifferently,
substance or cause. But, though every sub-
stance is intrinsically and essentially a cause,
yet, as it *may be something more* than a cause,
it is not necessary to insist on this, and it may
be admitted that he recognized two catego-
ries.'

"What is exactly meant by these two con-
tradictory statements it is not easy to guess;
but let Cousin speak for himself:†

"Previous to Leibnitz, these two ideas
seemed separated in modern philosophy by
an impassable barrier. He, the first to sound
the nature of the idea of substance, brought
it back to the notion of force. This was the
foundation of all his philosophy, and of what
afterward became the Monadology. . . .
But has Leibnitz, in identifying the notion
of substance with that of cause, presented
it with justness? Certainly, substance is
revealed to us by cause; for, suppress all
exercise of the cause and force which is in
ourselves, and we do not exist to ourselves.
It is, then, the idea of cause which introdu-
ces into the mind the idea of substance.
But is substance nothing more than cause
which manifests it? . . . The causative pow-
er is the essential attribute of substance; it
is not substance itself. In a word, if has
seemed to us surer to hold to these two

* *Fragments Philosophiques*, t. i. pp. 248, 256.

† VI. Lecture, Course of 1818, on the Absolute.

primitive notions ; distinct, though inseparably united ; one, which is the sign and manifestation of the other, this, which is the root and foundation of that.'

"One would think this sufficiently explicit for all who are not afflicted with the blindness that will not see." (P. 539.)

We see no self-contradiction in our statement, and no contradiction of M. Cousin. We maintain that M. Cousin really, though probably not intentionally or consciously, reduces the categories of Kant and Aristotle to the single category of substance, and prove it by the words italicized by the reviewer, which are our translation of Cousin's own words. Cousin says, in his own language, in a well-known passage in the first preface of his *Fragments Philosophiques*, "Le Dieu de la conscience n'est pas un Dieu abstrait, un roi solitaire, rélégué par-delà la création sur le trône désert d'une éternité silencieuse, et d'une existence absolue qui ressemble au néant même de l'existence : c'est un Dieu à la fois vrai et réel, à la fois substance et cause, toujours substance et toujours cause, *n'étant substance qu'en tant que cause, et cause qu'en tant que substance*, c'est-à-dire, étant cause absolue, un et plusieurs, éternité et temps, espace et nombre, essence et vie, indivisibilité et totalité, principe, fin, et milieu, au sommet de l'être et à son plus humble degré, infini et fini, tout ensemble, triple enfin, c'est-à-dire, à la fois Dieu, nature, et humanité. En effet, *si Dieu n'est pas tout il n'est rien*."* This passage justifies our first statement, because Cousin calls God substance, the one, absolute substance, besides which there is no substance. But as our purpose, at the moment, was not so much to show that Cousin made substance and cause identical, as it was to show that he made substance a necessary cause, we allowed,

for reasons which he himself in the passage cited by the reviewer from his course of 1818 on the absolute, that he might be said to distinguish them, and to have reduced the categories to two, instead of only, as he professes to have three. But the reviewer hardly needs to be told that, when it is assumed that substance is cause only on condition of causing, that is, causing from the necessity of its own being, the distinction is not substantially distinguished from the substance causing, and is only a mode or affection of the substance itself, or, at best, a phenomenal phenomenon.

5. Accepting substance and cause as two categories, we contend that Cousin requires a third ; namely, the creative act of the cause, the substance, and contingent existence, as asserted in the ideal formula, *Ens creat existentias*. To the reviewer cites, from Cousin's following passage in reply :

"In the fifth lecture of the course of 1818 M. Cousin says :

"The two terms of this so comprehensive formula do not constitute a dualism, in the first term is on one side and the second on the other, without any other connection between them than that of being perceived at the same time by the intelligence ; from this, the tie which binds them is intellectual. It is a connection of *generation* which draws the second from the first, and conversely carries it back to it, and which, with the two terms, constitutes the *three* integral elements of intelligence. We draw this relation which binds various unities, and you destroy the necessary connection of the two terms of every proposition. These three terms, distinct, but inseparable, constitute at once a triplicity and an indivisible unity. Carried over to Theodicy, the theory I have explained to you is nothing less than the very foundation of Christianity. The Christians' God is once triple and one, and the animadversions which rise against the doctrine I have ought to ascend to the Christian Trinity (P. 540.)

We said in our article, "Under

* *Fragments Philosophiques*, t. i. p. 76.

head of substances he (Cousin) ranges all that is substantial or that pertains to real and necessary being, and under the head of cause the phenomenal or the effects of the causative action of substance. He says he understands, by substance, the universal and absolute substance, the real and necessary being of the theologians; and by phenomena, not mere modes or appearances of substance, but finite and relative substances, and calls them phenomena only in opposition to the one absolute substance. They are created or produced by the causative action of substance.* If this has any real meaning, he should recognize three categories as in the ideal formula, *Ens creat existens*, that is, Being, existences, or creatures, and the creative act of being, the real nexus between substance or being and contingent existences, for it is that which places them and binds them to the Creator."

The passage cited by the reviewer from Cousin is brought forward, we suppose, to show that it does recognize this third category; but if so, what becomes of the formal statement that he has reduced the categories to *two*, substance and cause, or, as he sometimes says, substance or being and phenomenon? Besides, the passage cited does not recognize the third term or category of the formula. It asserts not the *creative* act of being as the *nexus* between substance and phenomenon, the infinite and the finite, the absolute and the relative, etc.; but *generation*, which is a very different thing, for the generated is consubstantial with the generator.

6. We were arguing against Cousin's doctrine, that God, being intrinsically active, or, as Aristotle and the schoolmen say, *actus purissimus*,

most pure act, must therefore necessarily create or produce exteriorly. In prosecuting the argument, we anticipated an objection which, perhaps, some might be disposed to bring from Leibnitz's definition of substance, as a *vis activa*, and endeavored to show that, even accepting that definition, it would make nothing in favor of the doctrine we were refuting, and which Cousin undeniably maintains. We say, "The doctrine that substance is essentially cause, and must, from intrinsic necessity, cause in the sense of creating, is not tenable. We are aware that Leibnitz, a great name in philosophy, defines substance to be an active force, a *vis activa*, but we do not recollect that he anywhere pretends that its activity necessarily extends beyond itself. God is *vis activa*, if you will, in a supereminent degree; he is essentially active, and would be neither being nor substance if he were not; he is, as Aristotle and the schoolmen say, most pure act; . . . but nothing in this implies that he must necessarily act *ad extra*, or create. He acts eternally from the necessity of his own divine nature, but not necessarily out of the circle of his infinite being, for he is complete in himself, is in himself the plenitude of being, and always and everywhere suffices for himself, and therefore for his own activity. Creation, or the production of effects exterior to himself, is not necessary to the perfection of his activity, adds nothing to him, as it can take nothing from him. Hence, though we cannot conceive of him without conceiving him as infinitely, eternally, and essentially active, we can conceive of him as absolute substance or being, without conceiving him to be necessarily acting or creating *ad extra*."

The reviewer says, sneeringly, "This is the most remarkable passage

* *Fragments Philosophiques*, t. i. pp. xix. xx.

in this remarkable article." He comments on it in this manner :

"Thus appearing to accept the now exploded Leibnitzian theory, which Cousin has combated both in its original form, and as maintained by De Biran, our critic tries to escape from it by this subtle distinction between the southern and south-eastern sides of the hair. He enlarges upon it, God, according to him, is indeed *vis activa* in the most eminent degree, but this does not imply that he must act *ad extra*, or create. He acts eternally from the necessity of his nature, but not necessarily out of the circle of his own infinite being. Hence, though we cannot conceive of him but as infinitely and essentially active, we can conceive of him as absolute substance without conceiving him to be necessarily creating, or acting *ad extra*. M. Cousin, he says, evidently confounds the interior acts of the divine being with his exterior or creative acts.

"We have no wish to deny that he does make such a confusion. To one who holds that 'to the operation of reason no objective reality is necessary, and that such reality can never be established,' this kind of subjective activity of the will, which seems so nearly to resemble passivity—these pure acts, or volitions, which never pass out of the sphere of the will into causation—may be satisfactory; but to one who believes that God is not a scholastic abstraction—to one who worships the 'living God' of the Scriptures—it will sound like a pitiful jugglery with words thinly veiling a lamentable confusion of ideas. God is a person, and he acts as a person. The divine will is no otherwise conceivable by us than as of the same nature as man's will; it differs from it only in the mode of its operation—for with him this is always immediate, and no deliberation or choice is possible—and it is as absurd to speak of the activity of his will, the eminently active force, never extending 'out of the circle of his own infinite being,' as it would be to call a man eminently an active person whose activity was all merely purpose or volition, never passing into the creative act *ad extra*, or out of the circle of his own finite being.

"If St. Anselm is right, that, to be *in re* is greater than to be *in intellectu*, then has the creature man, according to the critic, a higher faculty than his Creator *essentially and necessarily* has. For his will is by nature causative, creative, productive *ad extra*, and it is nothing unless its activity be called forth into act external to his personality,

while the pure acts of the divine remain for ever enclosed in the circle of divine consciousness without realizing themselves *ad extra*!" (Pp. 540, 541.)

We do not like to tell a man face, especially when he assumes lofty airs and makes the large tensions of our reviewer, that he does not know what he is talking about, or understand the ordinary terms and distinctions of the science he professes to have mastered, for that our judgment, would be unbecomingly but what better is to be said of the philosopher who sees nothing in the distinction between the act *ad intra*, whence the eternal procession of the Son and the procession of the Holy Ghost, and the divine act *ad extra*, whence and nature, the universe, all things visible and invisible, distinguishable from the one necessary, universal, immutable, and eternal than in "the distinction between the southern and south-eastern sides of the hair"? The Episcopalians were right in calling the *Review's* criticism on us "racy," "stinging," "scathing;" it is certainly sound, such as no mortal could foresee, or be prepared to answer to the satisfaction of its author.

In the passage reproduced for ourselves we neither accept nor the definition of substance given by Leibnitz, nor do we say that Cousin accepts it, although he certainly favors it in his introduction to the *Posthumous Works of Maine de Biran*, and adduces the fact of his having adopted it in his defence against the charge of pantheism,* but simply argue that, if any one should adopt it and urge it as an argument for pantheism, it would be of no avail, because Leibnitz does not pretend that substance is or must be active out of itself, or out of its own in-

* *Fragments Philosophiques*, t. i. p. 3.

is, must be creative of exterior acts. This is our argument, and must go for what it is worth.

We admit that in some sense God may be a *vis activa*, but we show most immediately that it is in the sense that he is most pure act, that in the sense opposed to the *potentia* of the schoolmen, and means that God is *in actu* most perfect being; and that nothing in his being is potential, in need of being filled up actualized. When we speak of his activity, within the circle of his own being, we refer to the fact that he is living God, therefore, Triune, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. As all life is active, not passive, we mean to imply at his life is in himself; and that he lives and does eternally and necessarily live, and in the very fulness of being in himself; and therefore nothing wanting to his infinite and perfect activity and beatitude in himself, or without anything but himself. This is so because he is Trinity, three equal persons in one essence, and therefore he has no need of anything but himself; nothing in his being or nature necessitates him to *ad extra*, that is, create existences distinct from himself. Does the reviewer understand us now? He is an Episcopalian, and believes, professes to believe, in the Trinity, and therefore, in the eternal generation of the Son, and the eternal procession of the Holy Ghost. Do these imply action? Action assuredly, necessarily, and eternal action, because they are necessary in every essence or being of God, and he could not be otherwise than three persons in one God, if, *per impossibile*, he would. The unity of essence and trinity of persons do not depend on the divine will, but on the divine nature. Well, is this eternal action of generation and proces-

sion *ad intra*, or *ad extra*? Is the distinction of three persons a distinction *from* God, or a distinction *in* God? Are we here making a distinction as frivolous as that "between the southern and south-eastern sides of a hair"? Do you not know the importance of the distinction? Think a moment, my good friend. If you say the distinction is a distinction *from* God, you deny the divine unity—assert three Gods; if you say it is a distinction in God, you simply assert one God in three persons, or three persons in one God, or one divine essence. If you deny both, your God is a dead unity in himself, not a living God.

The action of God *ad intra* is necessary, proceeds from the fulness of the divine nature, and the result is the generation of the Son and the procession of the Holy Ghost. Now, can you understand what would be the consequence, if we made the action of God *ad extra*, or creation, proceed from the necessity of the divine nature? The first consequence would be that creation is God, for what proceeds from God by the necessity of his own nature is God, as the Arian controversy long ago taught the world. The second consequence would be that God is incomplete in himself, and has need to operate without, in order to complete himself, which really denies God, and therefore creation, everything, which is really the doctrine of Cousin, namely, God completes himself in his works. Can you understand now, dear reviewer, why we so strenuously deny that God creates or produces existences distinguishable from himself, through necessity? Cousin says that God creates from the intrinsic necessity of his own nature, that creation is necessary. You say he has retracted the expression. Be it so. But, with all deference, we assert that he has

not retracted or explained away his doctrine, for it runs through his whole system; and as he nowhere makes the distinction between action *ad intra* and action *ad extra*, his very assertion that God is substance only in that he is cause, and cause only in that he is substance, implies the doctrine that God, if substance at all, cannot but create, or manifest himself without, or develop externally. What say we? Even the reviewer sneers at the distinction we have made, and at the efforts of theologians to save the freedom of God in creating. Thus, in the paragraph immediately succeeding our last extract, he says, "But all this quibbling comes from an ignorant terror, lest God's free-will should be attacked." The reviewer, on the page following, admits all we asserted, and falls himself, blindfold, as it were, into the very error he contends we falsely charge to the account of Cousin. "The necessity he (Cousin) speaks of is a metaphysical necessity, which no more destroys the free-will of God, than the metaphysical necessity of doing right, that is, obligation, destroys man's free-will."* (P. 542.) *Metaphysical* necessity, according to the reviewer, p. 537, means real necessity, since he says, "Metaphysics is the science of the real," and therefore God is under a real necessity of creating. Yet it is to misrepresent Cousin to say that, according to him, creation is necessary! But assume that, by

metaphysical, the reviewer means *moral*; then God is under a moral necessity, that is, morally bound to create, and consequently would create if he did not. But we have more in the same paragraph: "A power essentially creative *cannot but create*." Agreed. But to assert that God essentially creative, is to assert that he is necessary creator, and that creation is necessary, for God cannot change his essence or belie it in act. But this assertion of God essentially creative, is precisely what we objected to in Cousin, and therefore, while asserting that God is finitely and essentially *active* in his own being, we denied that he is essentially *creative*. He is free of his own nature to create or not, as he pleases. The reviewer does not seem to make much progress in defending Cousin against our criticisms.

7. That Cousin was knowingly and intentionally a pantheist, we have never pretended, but have given it as our belief that he was not. We do not think that he ever comprehended the essential principle of pantheism, foresaw all the logical consequences of the principles he himself adopted and defended. But his doctrine notwithstanding all his protests to the contrary, is undeniably pantheism, if any doctrine ever deserved to be called by that name. It is found not here and there in an incidental phrase, but is integral; enters into the very substance and marrow of his thought, and pervades all his writings. We felt it when we attempted to follow him as our master, and had the greatest difficulty in the world to get him a non-pantheistic sense, and never succeeded to our own satisfaction in doing it.

Cousin's pantheism follows necessarily from two doctrines that from first to last, maintains. First, there is only one substance. Second,

* The reviewer, misled by the evasive answer of Cousin, supposes the objection urged against his doctrine, that creation is necessary, is, that it destroys the free-will of God; but that, though a grave objection, is not the one we insisted on; the real objection is, that if God is assumed to create from the necessity of his own nature, he is assumed not to create at all, for what is called his creation can be only an evolution or development of himself, and consequently producing nothing distinguishable in substance from himself, which is pure pantheism. Of course, all pantheism implies fatalism, for if we deny free-will in the cause, we must deny it in the effect; but it is not to escape fatalism, but pantheism that Cousin's doctrine of necessary creation is denied, as we pointed out in our former article.

ond, Creation is necessary. He says in the *Avertissement* to the third edition of his *Philosophical Fragments* that he only in rare passages speaks of substance as one, and one only, and when he does so, he uses the word, not in its ordinary sense, but in the sense of Plato, of the most illustrious doctors of the church, and of the Holy Scripture in that sublime word, I AM THAT I AM ; that is, in the sense of eternal, necessary, and self-existent Being. But this is not the case. The passages in which he asserts there is and can be only one substance, are not rare, but frequent, and to understand it in any of these passages in any but its ordinary sense, would make him write nonsense. He repeats a hundred times that there is, and can be, only one substance, and says, expressly, that substance is one or there is no substance, and that relative substances contradict and destroy the very idea of substance. He is talking, he says in his defence, of absolute substance. Be it so ; interpret him accordingly. " Besides the one only absolute substance, there is and can be no substance, that is, no other one only absolute substance." Think you M. Cousin writes in that fashion ? But we fully discussed this matter in our former article, and as the reviewer discreetly refrains from even attempting to show that we unjustly accused him of maintaining that there is and can be but one substance, we need not attempt any additional proof. The second doctrine, that creation is necessary, the reviewer concedes and asserts, " In Cousin, as we have attempted to explain, creation is not only possible, but NECESSARY," repeating Cousin's own words.

" As to Cousin's pantheism, if any one is disposed to believe that the systems of Spinoza and of Cousin have anything in common, we can only recommend to him a dili-

gent study of both writers, freedom from prejudice, and a distrust of his own hastily formed opinions. It is too large a question to enter upon here, but we would like to ask the critic how he reconciles the two philosophers on the great question he last considered—the creation. In Spinoza, there is no creation. The universe is only the various modes and attributes of substance, subsisting with it from eternity in a necessary relation. In Cousin, creation, as we have attempted to explain, is 'not only possible but necessary.' The relation between the universe and the supreme Substance is not a necessary relation of substance and attribute, but a contingent relation of cause and effect, produced by a creative fiat." (P. 545-)

A necessitated creation is no proper creation at all. And Cousin denies that God does or can create from nothing ; says God creates out of his own fulness, that the stuff of creation is his own substance, and time and again resolves what he calls creation into evolution or development, and makes the relation between the infinite and the finite, as we have seen, not that of *creation*, but that of *generation*, which is only development or explication. He also denies that individuals are substances, and says they have their substance in the one absolute substance. Let the reviewer read the preface to the first edition of the *Fragments*, reproduced without change in subsequent editions, and he will find enough more passages to the same effect, two at least in which he asserts that finite substances, not being able to exist in themselves without something beyond themselves, are very much like phenomena ; and his very pretension is, that he has reduced the categories of Kant and Aristotle to two, substance or being, and phenomenon.

Now, the essential principle of pantheism is the assertion of one only substance and the denial of all finite substances. It is not necessary, in order to be a pantheist, to maintain

that the apparent universe is an eternal mode or attribute of the one only substance, as Spinoza does; for pantheism may even assert the creation of modes and phenomena, which are perishable; its essence is in the assertion of one only substance, which is the ground or reality of all things, as Cousin maintains, and in denying the creation of finite substances, that can act or operate as second causes. Cousin, in his doctrine, does not escape pantheism, and we repeat, that he is as decided a pantheist as was Spinoza, though not precisely of the same school.

The reviewer says, p. 544, "We proceed to another specimen of the critic's accuracy; 'M. Cousin says pantheism is the divinization of nature, taken in its totality as God. But this is sheer atheism.'" Are we wrong? Here is what Cousin says in his own language: "*Le panthéisme est proprement la divinisation du tout, le grand tout donné comme Dieu, l'univers-Dieu de la plupart de mes adversaires, de Saint-Simon, par exemple. C'est au fond un véritable athéisme.*"* If he elsewhere gives a different definition, that is the reviewer's affair, not ours. We never pretended that Cousin never contradicts himself, or undertook to reconcile him with himself; but the reviewer should not be over-hasty in charging inaccuracy, misrepresentation, or ignorance where none is evident. He may be caught himself. The reviewer stares at us for saying Cousin's "exposition of the Alexandrian philosophy is a marvel of misapprehension." Can the reviewer say it is not? Has he studied that philosophy? We repeat, it is a marvel of misapprehension, both of Christian theology and of that philosophy itself. The Neoplatonists were pantheists and emanationists, and Cou-

sin says the creation they ascribed was a creation proper. Let the reviewer save us from the scathing of the reviewer.

8. We said, in our article, "a great misfortune for M. Cousin, that what little he knew of Catholic theology, caught up, apparently, at second hand, served only to mislead him. The great controversies of Catholic dogmas have enlightened the darkest passages of psychology and ontology, and placed the Catholic theologian on a vantage-ground from which they who know it not are incapable of conceiving. Before your Descartes, Spinozas, Fichtes, Hegels, and Cousins dwindle into pigmies." The reviewer repeats to this:

"This is something new indeed, to think the great Gallican churchmen of the seventeenth century, whom Cousin stood so intimately, and for whom he sincere an admiration, would be the claim an exclusive vantage-ground from knowledge of the controversies on Catholic dogma. For these men, alike of the Cartesians and of Port Royal, were Cartesian; their faith was interwoven with their philosophy; it was not in opposition to it. And he knew that that philosophy was based on a thorough understanding of the great controversies on Catholic dogma, which had been carried on in the schools by laymen as well as by ecclesiastics.

"But who is the Romish theologian the critic refers to, and how is it he makes little use of his 'vantage-ground'?" Descartes brought modern philosophy to its final secularization, we recollect any theologian so eminent as the great men he has named dwindle into pigmies before him. Unless, indeed, they should take place from their being out of the worthy man's sight and comprehension, as to be 'dwarfed by the distance' as Coleridge says." (Pp. 546, 547.)

We referred to no Romish theologian in particular; but if the reviewer wants names, we give him the names of St. Augustine, St. Gregory the Great, St. Anselm, St. Bonaventure, St. Thomas of Aquino, For-

* *Fragments Philosophiques*, t. i. pp. 18, 19.

Malebranche, even Cardinal Gioberti, the last, in fact, temporary of Cousin, whose *visioni sopra le dottrine del* ove his immense superiority, and of the others named. Cousin may have addressed the great Gallican church of the seventeenth century, but understand them as theologians did not, if we may judge his writings; moreover, all the churchmen of that century were churchmen. As great, if not more found among Italians, Poles, and Germans, as known to the Protestant. Has the reviewer forgotten, never known, the great men of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries flourished in the great orders, the Dominicans, Franciscans, Augustinians, and especially Jesuits—men whose learning, and ability were surely by their humility and

spoke not of Cousin's little knowledge of Catholic theology; but of his impetuous judge, not being a Catholic theologian, and comparatively a stranger to theology; but we will accept his judgment in the case. Denies that there is anything in philosophy not in consonance with Christianity and the church; that his philosophy im-

dogma of the Word or the challenges proof to the Yet what does the reviewer of Cousin's resolution of the cited some pages back, in language, into God, nature, unity? He says God is *C'est-à-dire, à la fois Dieu, humanité.*" Is that in consonance with Catholic theology?

Then, of the Word, after having proved in his way that the ideas of the true, the beautiful, and the good are necessary and absolute ideas, and identified them with the impersonal reason, and the impersonal reason with the Logos, he asks what then? Are they God? No, gentlemen, they are not God, he answers, but the Word of God, thus plainly denying the Word of God to be God. Does that prove he knew intimately Catholic theology? What says the reviewer of Cousin's doctrine of inspiration and revelation? That doctrine is, that inspiration and revelation are the spontaneous operations of the impersonal reason as distinguished from the reflective operations of the personal reason, which is pure rationalism. Is that Catholic theology, or does it indicate much knowledge of Catholic theology, to say it is in consonance with that theology?

In his criticism on the Alexandrians or Neoplatonists, he blames them for representing the multiple, the finite, what they call creation, as a fall, and for not placing them on the same line with unity, the infinite, or God considered in himself. Is that in accordance with Catholicity, or is it a proof of his knowledge of Catholic theology to assert that it is, and to challenge the world to prove the contrary? But enough. No Catholic theologian, not dazzled by Cousin's style, or carried away by his glowing eloquence and brilliant generalizations, can read his philosophical works without feeling that he was no Christian believer, and that he neither knew nor respected Catholic faith or theology. In his own mind he reduced Catholic faith to the primitive beliefs of the race, inspired by the impersonal reason, and as he never contradicted these as he understood them, he persuaded himself

that his philosophy did not impugn Christianity and the church.

9. The reviewer says :

"One more extract, by way of capping the climax. Seemingly ignorant of Cousin's criticism upon De Bonald's now exploded theory of language, and his exposition of De Biran's, the critic thinks, 'He would have done well to have studied more carefully the remarkable work of De Bonald; had he done so, he might have seen that the reflective reason cannot operate without language.' Has this man not read what Cousin has written, on the origin, purpose, uses, and effects of language, that he represents him as believing that the reflective reason can operate without language, without signs !" (P. 547.)

If M. Cousin maintains that the reflective reason cannot operate without language, as in some sense he does, it is in a sense different from that in which we implied he had need to learn that fact. We were objecting to the spiritualism — we should say intellectism, or noeticism — which he professed, that it assumed that we can have pure intellects. Cousin's doctrine is that, though we apprehend the intelligible only on the occasion of some sensible affection, yet we do apprehend it without a sensible medium. This doctrine we denied, and maintained, in opposition, that, being the union of soul and body, man has, and can have in this life, no pure intellects, and that we apprehend the intelligible, as distinguished from the sensible, only through the medium of the sensible or of a sensible representation, as taught by Aristotle and St. Thomas. The sensists teach that we can apprehend only the sensible, and that our science is limited to our sensations and inductions therefrom ; the pure transcendentalists, or pure spiritualists, assert that we can and do apprehend immediately the noetic, or, as they say, the spiritual ; the peripatetics hold that we

apprehend it, but only through the medium of sensible representation. Cousin, in his eclecticism, takes the sensation the occasion of the apprehension of the intelligible as its medium. On his theory the sensible is no more a medium of apprehension than on that of the transcendentalists ; for the apprehension of doing a thing is very different from the apprehension of the medium of doing it.

Now, language is for us the sensible representation of the intelligible, and, as every thought is the apprehension of the intelligible, therefore to every thought language of some sort, is essential. The reviewer stumbles, and supposes that he is accusing Cousin of being ignorant of what he is not ignorant, but he supposes that we mean by reflective reason the discursive as distinguished from the intuitive faculty of the soul, which, if he had comprehended all our philosophy, he would have seen is not the case. Intuitive reason is ideal, not empirical.

Our act, whether spontaneous or reflective, but a divine judgment confirmed by the Creator to us, constituting us capable of intellect of reason, and reasoning. Reason is our reason, and the divine judgment, or the divine reason, directly and immediately confirmed to us by the Creator in every act of creating us. In the discursion, then, but what Cousin and the reviewer call direct or immediate apprehension or operation of the reflective reason. Hence, to the operation of the simple, direct apprehension of the *intelligible*, as well as of the discursive or reasoning, language of some sort, as a sensible medium, is necessary and indispensable. The reviewer will prove to us that he holds, or in any sense admits, that he will tell us something of

that we did not know before, and we will then give him leave to abuse us to his heart's content.

But we have already dwelt too long on this attempt at criticism on us in the *Church Review*—a *Review* from which, considering the general character of Episcopalians, we expected, if not much profound philosophy or any very rigid logic, at least the courtesy and fairness of the well-bred gentleman, such as we might expect from a cultivated and polished pagan. We regret to say that we have been disappointed. It sets out with a promise to discuss the character of Dr. Brownson as a philosopher, and confines itself to a criticism on an article in our magazine without the slightest allusion to a single one of that gentleman's avowed writings. Even supposing, which the *Review* has no authority for supposing, that Dr. Brownson wrote the article on Cousin, that article was entitled to be treated gravely and respectfully; for no man in this country can speak with more authority on Cousin's philosophy, for no one in this country has had more intimate relations with the author, or

was accounted by him a more trust worthy expositor of his system.

As to the reviewer's own philosophical speculations, which he now and then obtrudes, we have, for the most part, passed them over in silence, for they have not seemed to us to have the stuff to bear refuting. The writer evidently has no occasion to pride himself on his aptitude for philosophical studies, and is very far from understanding either the merits or defects of such a man as Victor Cousin, in every respect so immeasurably above him. We regret that he should have undertaken the defence of the great French philosopher, for he had little qualification for the task. He has provoked us to render more glaring the objectionable features of Cousin's philosophy than we wished. If he sends us a rejoinder, we shall be obliged to render them still more glaring, and to sustain our statements by citation of passages from his works, book and page marked, so express, so explicit, and so numerous, as to render it impossible for the most sceptical to doubt the justice of our criticism.

THE TEARS OF JESUS.

"And Martha said : Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. . . . Jesus saith to her : Thy brother shall rise again. . . . And Mary saith to him : Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. . . . And Jesus wept."

DISCIPLE.

"KIND Lord,
Dost Martha's love prefer ?
Cheer Mary's heavy heart likewise,
And say to her,
Thy brother once again shall rise.

The Tears of Jesus.

"Why fall those voiceless tears
 In sad reply
 To her, as if thine ears
 Heard not her cry?"

"What opens sorrow's deep abyss
 At Mary's word?
 When Martha spoke, no grief like this
 Thy spirit stirred."

MASTER.

"My child,
 Remember what I said to her—
 The elder of the twain,
 When she, the busy minister,
 Of Mary did complain.

"Know, they who choose the better part
 And love but me alone,
 Ask only that my loving heart
 Shall make their griefs mine own.

"To Martha is the promise given
 That Lazarus shall rise from sleep;
 But Mary is the bride of heaven—
 With her shall not the bridegroom weep?"

DISCIPLE.

"Kind Lord,
 When breaks my heart in agony,
 Dost ever shed a tear with *me*?"

MASTER.

"My Child,
 Wilt all things else for me resign?
 Wilt others' love for mine forego?
 Wilt find thy joy alone in me?
 Then will I count thy griefs as mine,
 And with thy tears my tears shall flow
 In loving sympathy."

SISTER SIMPLICIA.

WHAT a wet, disagreeable day it is! If papa hadn't bought the tickets to-night, I don't believe I should have come out to-day, even for the sake of hearing Ristori in Marie Antoinette. She can't do better than we in Mary Stuart, and I already go back in your cosy library again; besides, I haven't finished looking at those curious illuminated books of your father's, so we go home to-morrow, I fear I have time, for papa has an inn for us all this evening."

Spoke Anita Hartridge as she and Mary Kenton took their places in the way stage on their way to a matinee at the French Theatre. Anita's father was a Baltimore merchant. He had been in the city buying goods, but it was the first time he had brought his daughter with him. The two girls were warm friends. They had been brought up together, and it was not yet a year since they had bidden adieu to the convent walls, the one to become a motherless, the gay mazes of the great society; the other to come to the household angel to the faithful mother, who were already beginning to grow old. It has been a week, a week all too soon come to an end; and Mary Kenton sits looking sadly, so wrapped in her regret that she does not even raise her eyes when the stage stops to take the passengers.

Mary is thinking of Anita, of her beauty and brilliancy, her quick, sunny Southern gayety, and yet true, sympathetic heart; and wonders what will become of her with no mother to restrain her levity and a father who thinks of gratifying her lightest wish.

How gladly she would share with her own mother's tender care; and if she could but be taken from this whirl of amusement for a short time; but no; they return to-morrow. Well, here they are at Union Square, and Anita is speaking softly.

"Mary, did you ever see so beautiful a face? No, not opposite; over there in the corner next the door—that younger Sister of Mercy. She looks like Elizabeth of Hungary. I have been watching her all this time, and she has never looked up once. She seems inspired. Do you believe any one *can* be so happy as she looks, I mean any one who leads so self-denying a life?"

But there is no time to reply. They leave the omnibus and are soon entranced under the magic power of the great tragedian.

"I wish I were Ristori," said Anita, as they left the theatre. "To have her power and to be admired as she is admired; oh! that were grand. That were a life worth living. What is it to live as we do—to-day as yesterday, and to-morrow as to-day again—no grand purpose; and when we die, have the world go on just the same as before? Such lives are not worth living. I wish I could be great as Madame de Staël, or beautiful as Madame Recamier."

"O world! so few the years we live,
Would that the life that thou dost give
Were life indeed!"

repeated Mary slowly; "and yet, there are other lives that I had rather take for my model than any of these."

"Yes, I know, Mary. You would take rather the life of some saint, St. Elizabeth herself, perhaps; you are

always so good and gentle; and Sister Agnes used to say that she knew you would come back to her some time as a sister yourself. But I am not at all so; I love the world, and society, and amusement, and am only dissatisfied because I am neither so brilliant nor beautiful as I should like to be. I feel that your ideal is the better one, but I have not strength of character enough to live anything but a gay, butterfly life. You know my favorite song is, 'I'd be a butterfly,' and indeed I do wish for beauty more than anything else in the world. And yet, after all, that face that I saw under the plain black bonnet was of a heavenly beauty that I cannot forget. Page's copy of the *Madonna della Seggiola* that we admired so much yesterday is scarcely more beautiful."

"And her life has been as beautiful as her face, they say. But there is our stage. Let us hurry a little; mother will be waiting dinner for us already."

A low rap at Mrs. Kenton's door. It is the hour after dinner, and Dr. Kenton and Mr. Hartridge are in the library, alternately discussing business and their meerschauts. There are two hours yet before the ladies need dress for the evening. Mrs. Kenton is sitting in her large chair before the grate, and the girls come in quietly and draw up two low ottomans at her feet. The gas is not yet lighted, and the twilight throws long, deep shadows from the curtains and the quaint, old-fashioned high bedposts.

"Mother, we have seen Sister Simplicia to-day. Anita very much wishes to hear her history, and you have never told it to me yet. It is just the night to tell a story, just such a night as we read of, 'without, the snow falling thick and fast, but within a bright fire throwing its cheerful light around the room and light-

ing up the countenance of the tor,'" said Mary, smiling.

"I imagine the fire you are talking about was of hickory log great, wide fireplace; and this a city grate," said her mother in the same tone; and then more seriously "but I will tell you the story if you wish it, and all the more so as I was thinking of her at the moment you entered."

"Eight years ago Rose H. was the belle of our circle. I remember her as I would have loved a little sister of my own, had I been blessed with one. She was the younger sister of my dearest friend; and when Rachel died, she left Rose half orphaned, for their mother was dead, and the father only too indulgent. Rose was not easily spoiled, but looking back now at this distance I think that I have never known a girl dearer to me than she was her equal. Mr. H. was wealthy, and she had all that a heart could wish. Of course she was much sought after and much loved, but few were made unhappy by her, for she was far too generous and too conscientious to be a coquette, and when one evening she came, blushing and trembling, and told me that Willis Courtney loved her."

"Willis Courtney, the son of my father's old partner?" asked Anita.

"You have seen him?"

"Yes; he was my ideal when I was still a very little girl. But I was sent away to be educated, and never saw him afterward."

"He was worthy of Rose, though very different. How proud he was of her! I loved to watch them together. He was so gentle and thoughtful of every little attention, and trusted and honored her so completely. It seemed there never could be a brighter future in store for them than for these two, and surely they never could be any more desir-

of the choicest blessings of earth. Mr. Harding was happy in his child's happiness, and Willis only waited a visit from his father to give him the glad surprise. Mr. Courtney was at that time the senior partner in your father's firm, Anita! Willis was in the second year of his law studies, and in less than a year he could look forward to establishing a home; for his father was growing old, and had told him often that he only wished to see him happily settled in life before he died. And so the weeks passed in happiness, and to-morrow Mr. Courtney should come. I shall never forget how anxiously Rose awaited this coming—expectant, hopeful, timid. 'Willis says his father is a stern man. I shall be so afraid of him. Perhaps he will not approve of me'—with a half-frightened laugh; 'I do so want him to like me. Willis honors him so, and yet says he always stood in awe of him. Do you think he will like me? I wish to-morrow were past, I dread it so; and yet Willis says he is sure to love me, and that he will be so glad to have a daughter.'

"And Willis was at the depot, impatient to see his father again, and still more impatient to have the crowning seal of approval set upon his choice.

"At length the shrill whistle of the distant train, a few anxious glances through the darkness, and the bright red light of the engine glides past slowly. Why is it that this red glare, shining as it passes, seems to throw a sort of supernatural glare over the platform and the waiting figures? A strange, weird feeling comes over him. Is it himself standing there, or is he, too, only some phantom of his own imagination? In a moment he lives over his whole past life in one comprehensive flash, as people who are drowning are said to do.

But the train has stopped, and there is his father's bald head among the crowd of rushing passengers. Willis passes his hand quickly over his forehead, as if to brush away the illusion, and advances to meet him.

"It is a glad meeting. Mr. Courtney looks at his son, and, as he looks, the benignant smile on his face broadens and deepens. It is something to have delved in the counting-house all these years, and bent his shoulders over the dull ledgers, that *these* shoulders may have no need to bend, and that this intellect shall have the means of making the best of itself; and, as he walks beside him to the waiting carriage, he says in his heart, 'There is none equal to *my* son.'

"And now they sit in their parlor at the '— House,' and the bottle of old port is almost emptied, for Mr. Courtney is fond of good wine. The waiter has arranged the fire, and brought in a fresh bottle, and father and son are alone.

"'And now, Willis, who is she, this divinest of her sex; and when am I to see her?'

"'To-morrow, or this evening if you prefer. Mr. Harding is almost an invalid, and so spends his evenings at home, and Rose seldom leaves him.'

"'*Harding!* What Harding is this? You always spoke of her as "Rose," and I never thought to ask her family name,' said Mr. Courtney, in ill-suppressed anxiety.

"'Thomas Harding, formerly of New-Orleans. Why, father, what is it; are you ill? What can I do for you?' said Willis, rising from his chair quickly, as Mr. Courtney arose and staggered toward the mantle-piece. He stood there, resting his folded arms on it, with his head so buried in them that the son could see nothing of his face. John Court-

ney was not a man to be approached easily. Whatever the joys or sorrows of his life might have been, his son was as ignorant of them as the stranger who met him just an hour ago. So Willis stood now at a little distance, not feeling sufficient freedom to approach, and anxiously awaiting some word or movement that should give him permission to speak. But none such came, and, after a few moments, Mr. Courtney raised his head, saying, 'A glass of wine, Willis. I felt a little faint a moment ago. Traveling is tiresome work for an old man.' And Willis filled the glass silently; for there was a look in the white face that chilled, while it awed him—a look of determination, and yet of indecision at the same time.

"It seemed as if a cold, misty atmosphere had suddenly entered the room; and the two men spent the remainder of the evening in a vain effort to sustain a conversation upon all manner of general subjects, which the son seemed always to succeed in shaping till it just approached the subject in which alone he was then interested, and the father always to turn it off just in time to prevent its touching. At length Willis arose, saying:

"But your journey has tired you very much, father. I will go now, that you may have a long night's rest."

"Yes, yes. I am no longer so young as I was once."

"But after his son had gone, he forgot his weariness, and spent the night in walking up and down the length of the parlor, and drinking wine, as the waiter said in the morning, 'like a high-bred gentleman;' and when the morning came, the look of indecision had passed away, and the determination alone remained.

"And Willis passed the long hours of darkness in a nightmare of unde-

fined dread, half asleep, but tirelessly conscious of all around him. He came to a state that confused imagination with reality, till the most frightful became impressed with all the details of real events—so real that on the morning, with the unchanged, smiling face of the servant could he feel certain that they were waking dreams, and that he had lived a horrible year. But the water, and the cheerful breakfast, and all the invigorating influences served to restore him. He laughed at the absurd, and went around to his father's room, wondering that he should have been so discouraged and uncomfortable in his presence last evening, and tally resolving to let no such thing come over their intercourse on the morning.

"As he stepped into the hall he noticed the well-known baggage with the initials, 'J. C.,' and said to the waiter:

"What carelessness is this! I have never carried up my baggage."

"As soon as you had gone last evening," said the waiter, "I went to his door, sir, and asked if I should send it up then; but he said, 'No, as he should leave early in the morning, sir.'"

"Willis hurried up and found the old man at breakfast, or rather there beside it, for he had eaten nothing, although he said he had finished.

"Why, father! your baggage?"

"Yes, yes, a telegram. Mr. M. will turn immediately; and now sit down a moment. There is half an hour yet before going to the train. Do you finish your studies?"

"In two months."

"So I thought—so I thought. There is no hurry about your studies. You need not hurry to practise, and I need

assistance in my business just at present. There are some speculations in the West that must be attended to. There is money in them, but I can't trust Stephens to go alone, and I want to send you with him. I shall make all arrangements for you to start at the end of two months.'

"But, father—Rose?"

"Time enough. There's nothing will test your affections like a little absence. Besides, you aren't either of you old enough to know what you want yet. If in two years you both feel as you do now, why, then we'll see about matters; and you know your means don't depend on your practice; besides, you'll get along better in that for seeing something of the world before you commence. I'm getting to be an old man, Willis, and need my son's help a little now. Surely he won't make any objections to doing what I desire?"

"Filial respect and affection was a strong trait in Willis Courtney's character. Disobedience to the father whom he had always feared, and to whom he was really so much indebted, was a thing of which he had never thought before, and thought of now only to put away the idea as one unworthy of him; and Rose, who loved her own father devotedly, respected him the more for his duty to his; and so it came about that when the two months had passed, he went to California with Stephens, the head clerk of the firm, and Rose had only the long, tender letters; and Mr. Harding, who had never been dissatisfied while Willis was here, grew suddenly restless, and longed to travel.

"As long as Rose was so happy, I was contented here," he said, "but now she is often sad, and I think a little change will be good for both of us. I have travelled too much in my life to be satisfied to settle down in

one spot and remain there. I must see Italy once again before I die.'

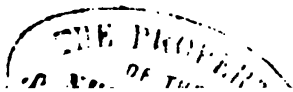
"And so their passage was taken, and one morning we stood on the deck of an English steamer to bid them 'God speed;' and after we had come on shore again, stood long watching the ship till it was far down the bay.

"At first Rose wrote long, cheerful, descriptive letters. A summer at a German watering-place had almost entirely restored Mr. Harding's health, and in the early autumn they began their tour, intending to visit Vienna, and, passing directly from there to Venice, make a short stay in two or three cities of Northern Italy, and then go on to Rome to spend the winter.

"Letters came seldom now—it was at the beginning of our civil war—and when they came, there was no longer any mention of Willis, nor of glad anticipations of return; and later, in a letter dated at Brescia, she wrote: 'I am in the city of Angela da Brescia. How was it possible for her to be what she was? I cannot understand it. To rise up out of the shadow of a great grief, and to go forth cheerfully into the world and work to do good and make others happy. It needs more than human will. God alone can give the strength to do this, and yet if he does it sometimes, as he did for her, why not always?'

"And still there was no mention of any personal grief; but the whole tone of her letter was sad, and I felt that something more than a mere transient annoyance had occurred to thus destroy her accustomed cheerfulness.

"At first, the genial climate and the revival of old associations—for he had spent several winters there in his youth—had seemed to give Mr. Harding a new life, and almost a second



youth, while they visited the familiar places, and he pointed out to his daughter the glorious relics of past architecture and the grand works of the old masters ; but it was only for a time, and when we heard again, his strength was failing rapidly. At Rome they had met an old friend who was staying there with his wife, so they joined company, and planned their return together for the ensuing summer.

"And all this time we had only heard of Willis Courtney that he had, without returning home, joined the Union army as a private, and that his father, whose sympathies were entirely Southern, was very much displeased ; and, in addition, that he had sold out his interest in the business, some said in order to retire and enjoy his wealth, others, to avoid a financial crisis which he imagined to be impending.

"In May came another letter from Rose. The time of their return was uncertain ; her father was feeble, and wished neither to leave the mild climate, nor to risk the danger of a voyage, till he should be stronger. And in reply to some question of mine—'I have heard no word from Willis Courtney this winter, and even last autumn his letters had changed and were no longer like him. But I cannot write of this. I do not understand it all. . . I have spent almost the entire day in St. Peter's. I do this often. It is God's grandest monument on earth, and I never feel so near him as here. I never truly felt the love of holiness before ; but here, under the influence of the inimitable grandeur of his church, and in the presence of his earthly representative, I can almost shut out the vanities of the world, and bow before God alone, worshipping him in supreme love and reverence. I love the beautiful rites of the church.

Ah ! how gladly I would lie beneath the shadow of her wings and sleep the last sleep—or if that not be, take the vows which make me the bride of heaven and shut out for ever the cares and deceptions of the world. My poor father needs me so much, so entirely dependent upon me. I cannot leave him while he lives. He is fearfully changed, and grown so much older within the two months that you would scarcely recognize him now. I hope I shall soon be better, and am sure he will be, for he is always so cheerful.

"But this was not to be, and after lingering a few weeks longer, he died amid the scenes he had loved so well, having first exacted a promise from Rose that she would return to New York with Mr. and Mrs. Rowland.

"They had a pleasant voyage, with good weather and a smooth sea, and the vessel glided along, making every day her full number of knots, and making glad the hearts of the passengers, who were returning to home and friends.

"Mr. and Mrs. Rowland spent the time on deck, and Rose sat near them, always with a book open on her lap ; to the carelessness of the server she appeared to be reading those who, after a few days, began to notice the sad face, noticed, to the leaves of the book were turned and that her glance rested wearily on the sea. These were days of rest. The slow rolling of the waves lent her an artificial calm. The events of the last few months had stunned her, and this was a transition state before reaction set in. A sort of veil seemed to have been drawn between her vision and the future, and the future seemed a blank desert that she had no wish to explore, and before which she stood

She seemed to be falling into dreamy melancholy which so often precedes insanity, and Mrs. Rowland watched her anxiously, and Mr. Rowland made every exertion to divert her attention, making every little excuse to get her to walk on deck, to notice some peculiar cloud or starfish. And so the days passed till they were within two days of New York; then the pilot came on board, and they began to realize, for the first time, that they were almost home. He brought the last papers, ten days old now, and the hitherto excited passengers were all excitement, crowded here and there in little groups eagerly discussing the news he had brought, for those were times of great interest, and this news was the latest at Bull Run.

Mr. Rowland had put a paper into Miss Harding's hands, and as she read, she became first interested; then the blood mounted to her face, and Mr. Rowland remarked:

You have not yet forgotten that you are an American, Miss Harding.

She replied quickly and continued reading. Presently the paper dropped from her hands; her face became deadly pale, and she leaned weakly against the rail for support. Mr. Rowland took up the paper and reread the page she had been reading, but in vain; he saw nothing that would have startled her, and so passed away, thinking he had been mistaken, thus leaving her alone to confront herself to the reality of what she had read.

What she had read? It was only a name, and that the name of a common soldier.

In looking over the list of the names of those found dead on the battlefield of Bull Run, she had found the name of Willis Courtney.

"The next day they reached Sandy

Hook. But it was already evening, and they were obliged to anchor over night, and defer running up to the city till the next morning. There were many impatient at this detention, but none more so than Rose Harding. What has come over her? her kind friends asked each other in vain; but she was no longer indifferent, and her face expressed a cheerful determination. It was a conviction of duty, and a resolution to fulfil it. All the night after the news, she had lain awake and pictured to herself the horrors of lying wounded on the battle-field, and of dying alone in the cold and darkness. She had loved Willis Courtney with the full depths of a first matured affection, and she loved him now, despite the indifference and coldness with which he had rewarded that love. And now he was dead, and whatever had come between them on earth had passed away; and, strange as it seemed to her, she felt that he had come back to her, and that they were nearer together than they had ever been. But he was dead, and he had died in a noble cause, and she felt ashamed of her own selfish grief, that had shut out the world and its cares and sorrows. The old words came ringing in her ears:

"The noblest place for man to die,
Is where he dies for man."

"Had he not died nobly? And then she contrasted her own life with his. What had *she* done to make any of God's creatures better or happier! 'Nothing! nothing!' Then came bitter regrets, and accusations against her destiny. Why had she not been permitted to be near him in the last struggle? Had not her own pride been perhaps somewhat to blame? He had suffered alone.

"Then suddenly he seemed to stand beside her, and pointing upward, to repeat to her those words of Christ:

'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'

"It was a revelation. What God had done for Angela da Brescia, he had done for her. Darkness had passed away, and in its place was light, and the warmth of renewed life. 'Unto the least of these,' Willis was gone. On earth she could do nothing more for him; but there were others, others who were laying down their lives as nobly and in the same cause; for these she could work; and whatever she could do 'unto the least,' she should be doing for *him* and for *Christ*.

"It was no mere momentary enthusiasm. She came home to join the devoted band of the Sisters of Mercy, and among these she was one of the bravest and truest. No duties were too arduous and no dangers too great, for this child of luxury to encounter. Herself, and the great wealth which she had inherited from her father, she consecrated to the service of God. Like the noble Paula of old, who went forth from pagan Rome to assemble around her a community of sisters in Palestine, 'she was piteous to them that were sick, and comforted them, and served them right humbly,' and 'laid the pillows aright' with a tender hand; and many a poor soldier thanked her for his life, and many more blessed with dying lips the name of her who had robbed the grim messenger of his terrors, and shown the light of God's love gilding the horizon of the valley of the shadow of death.

"And when the war was ended, she came back to New York, to continue, in another field, her labors of love. Here she visited hospitals and prisons, carrying the promises of the Father's forgiveness to the repentant, and words of comfort and consol-

tion to those who were sick and weary of life.

"One morning, about a year after she was visiting prisoners in New York with an older sister, she was in the Tombs a new prison attracted her attention by his fine bearing, and evident reluctance to speak to any of his companions, and as he turned, and she caught a view of his profile, she was struck with a feeling that it was familiar; and yet she had surely never seen the man. But he seemed to talk of religion; and when she gave him a pocket Bible, he said, 'until she should next visit the prison.' But all that day the face seemed to haunt her. It came between her prayers; it visited her dreams the night, and hung over her like an incubus that would not away by entreaties; and she found herself looking forward to her next visit with a mixed feeling of anxiety and curiosity. When at last she went to the old man recognized her, and he said suddenly, in a trembling voice,

"'Are you Rose Harding?'

"'I am Sister Simplicia.' Rose Harding,' she replied, startled at the suddenness and eagerness of the question.

"He looked at her wonderingly and then said:

"'Are you happy? But what do you ask. Your face and voice are the same. See here,' he added, and he handed her back the open Bible which was one that Willis had given her years ago, and on the fly-leaf which the man now opened was written—

'Rose Harding.

From Willis Courtney.'

"This was the one relic she had kept of her past life. She had fastened those leaves together with white wafers, so that they should be invisible, and had for-

is book must be especially
l, and so had given it often to
rs to read. She had intend-
destroy everything that should
her of Rose Harding ; but
ames, written in his hand, she
ot destroy, but had thought to
m even from herself.

this man had torn them open.
as if he had committed a
e ; as if he had opened the
the dead ; for were these not
ong ago ?

he was speaking hurriedly :
um John Courtney. I have
ng to tell you ; something
hunted me down for years,
ven me here at last.' And
ned.

had been her father's confi-
clerk years ago in New Or-
In an evil moment, he had
himself to take a small sum
drawer ; for his salary, large
it was, was not sufficient to
e expenses of a young man
ed gay company, drank much
bled more. It was not dis-
, and so he had helped him-
in, and Mr. Harding, who
reely older than himself, and
olute confidence in him, had
le no discovery ; but when it
time to balance the yearly
s, he knew it could be con-
o longer, and so one night
enough more to pay travel-
enses, and to help him in
into some business for him-
d left on a night-boat for the

He remained secreted in St.
ll he had discovered through
ers that Mr. Harding had no
n of prosecuting him ; then,
aving adopted the precaution
ging his appearance as much
ible, and his name from James
onto John Courtney, had come
imore and gone into business,
h he had prospered, and had

married into one of the first families
in the place. His wife had died
while Willis was yet a child, and he
had centered his pride and affection
upon this only boy. For his sake
he had worked untiringly, and had
showered his wealth upon him, that
he might never know the temptation
that had overcome his father. But
from making any acknowledgment to
Mr. Harding his pride shrunk. He
had, indeed, sent back the money he
had taken, but to see Mr. Harding
he had felt to be impossible. James
Rellerton was dead, and John Court-
ney must stand without reproach be-
fore the world, and no man living
must know that there was any con-
nection between the two.

" But when Willis had spoken the
name of Thomas Harding as that of
the father of his affianced bride, it
seemed that retribution, from being
so long delayed, had come upon him
with double harshness, as the inter-
est of a debt that has run long is
sometimes greater than the principal
itself. Should he destroy the happi-
ness of the son for whom he would
have given his life, or run the risk of
being recognized by Mr. Harding ?

" He could do neither ; and besides,
would Mr. Harding allow his daugh-
ter to marry the son of James Reller-
ton ?

" Then he had resolved to separate
them, and let time and events de-
cide the future means to be employ-
ed. It had been a double game. If
Willis had been instructed to watch
Stephens, Stephens had been no less
definitely instructed to watch Willis ;
and when, after six months, he had
reported that the correspondence be-
tween him and Rose was undimi-
nished, he had received instructions
that he must ' see to it that it
should cease gradually ;' and so the
letters had been intercepted, a few
times changed, and then no longer

sent in any form. The father had said:

"My son will blame her, and his pride will prevent his suffering."

"But when did pride prevent suffering? It may prevent the showing of any sign, and it did here; but Willis had been one of the first volunteers, and then he had fallen; and the old man had been left desolate with a double crime upon his conscience. He had no object in attending to business and making money now, so had sold his interest, and tried to find in travel that alleviation from thought which could alone make life endurable. But he could not leave himself — the one thing he desired to leave — and an attraction beyond his control had brought him back to New Orleans. Here the necessity for excitement had again led him into the old temptation of gambling. But he was not always successful; and when the Mississippi was again open, he had travelled on the boats, at first with better success, but at last had become too well known, and in looking for a new field, had fallen in with a band of counterfeiters, and so had come to New York in their employ.

"And this was the end of it all.

"At first Rose had listened with an intense loathing for the man. Had he not wronged her father, and blighted her own youth, and even chased his own son to his death; and was he not a counterfeiter and a gambler; an outcast before God and man?

"Then, as she turned her glance,

it fell upon her cross, and it brought back the scene on Calvary at the face of Him who had prayed 'Forgive them.' Then she looked again at the old man, and, trembling with emotion, he cast himself on the floor at her feet, crying:

"Merciful sister, pray for me."

"And the peace of God came to her, as she clasped her hands and raising to heaven her eyes with the tears of a gentle pity, prayed aloud:

"O Jesus! be merciful; and with me even as I deal with the repentant man."

"The Bible of his son first, and the labors of the appointed minister of God afterward, brought him again under the benediction of the church. She it was who stood beside him in the last struggle, and closed the eyes with more tenderness than a daughter; for hers was that holy birth, born of heaven and earth, which dwells only in the consecrated home."

Mrs. Kenton had finished. The long shadows had grown longer, mingled together, till it had become only darkness; and then the moon had arisen and was shining a pale light through the masses of the dark clouds. They arose silently, and went each to her own room. For Anita Hartridge this night was the turning-point in life. The "terfly" was such no longer, and its place grew up the noble woman.

Did Sister Simplicia, as she sat at her prayers that night, know what she had done for her Master that day?

THE MERIT OF GOOD WORKS

recent article we endeavored in the catholic doctrine, that works as well as faith are an essential condition of justification. It implies, of course, that good works are meritorious, and that eternal life is due to them as a recompense.

We wish to elucidate this a little more fully, and to show the nature of that merit which is ascribed to good works proceeding from the principle of faith informed by charity.

In the widest sense of the word, merit signifies any kind of excellence or merit. In this sense, a pious man is said to have merit; and pure intellect or intellectual perfections, as well as the merely natural gifts, are the objects of merit, admiration and praise. In the strict sense of the word, merit signifies the quality by which certain voluntary acts entitle the person who performs them to an eternal recompense. It is in this sense that merit is ascribed to the good works of a just man. These are said by Catholic theologians to deserve eternal life by a condignity and a title of jus-

tice. It is meant by merit of condignity that there is an equality of dignity or intrinsic worth between the work performed and the recompense bestowed. This is easily understood in regard to human affairs. It is not so easily understood, however, how a man can deserve the reward of eternal life from the Creator. Good works, however excellent they may be, are of a finite order, and as measured by a human standard, appear

to be totally incommensurate with the infinite, and therefore wanting in all condignity with an infinite recompense. So far as the mere physical entity of the works is concerned, this is really so. The gift of a cup of cold water to a person suffering from thirst, the recital of a few prayers, a trivial act of self-denial, evidently bear no proportion to eternal beatitude. Neither does a life like that of St. Paul, filled with labors, or a long course of penance and prayer like that of St. Romuald, or a martyrdom like that of St. Polycarp. The mere extent or duration of the labor or suffering, considered as something endured for the sake of God, is nothing in comparison with the crown of immortal life. The condignity of good works is not derived from an equality or proportion between their physical extent and duration and the physical extent and duration of the recompense. It is derived from an equality in kind between the interior principle from which good works proceed, and the interior principle of beatitude. The interior principle of good works is charity; not a merely natural charity, but a supernatural, a divine charity, produced by the Holy Spirit. Good works proceed from a supernatural principle, and are performed by a concurrence of the human will with the divine Spirit. They have, therefore, a superhuman, divine quality, and are elevated to the supernatural order, the same order to which eternal beatitude belongs. They are, therefore, equal to it in dignity in this sense, that they are equally supernatural. The principle of divine

charity in the soul is, moreover, the germ of the eternal life itself, which is promised as the reward of the acts which proceed from charity. The life of grace is the life of glory begun, and the life of glory is the life of grace consummated. The germ is equal in grade and quality with the tree which it produces, though not equal in extent and perfection. In the same manner, a little act, like that of giving a cup of water to another for the love of God, although trivial in itself, contains a principle which is capable of uniting the soul to God for all eternity. It is the principle of divine love, making the soul like to God, imitating on a small scale those acts of the love of God toward men which are the most stupendous, and therefore, making the soul worthy to be loved by God with a love of complacency similar in kind to that love which he has toward himself.

Again, the value and merit of services rendered by one person to another are estimated, not alone by the substance of the services rendered, but by the quality of the person who renders them. An article of small utility or cost is sometimes more valued as a token of affection from a dear friend, or as a sign of esteem and honor from a person of high rank, than a large sum of money would be which had been accumulated by the industry of a servant. The good works of a just man fall under this category. They are estimated according to the quality and rank of the person who performs them. The just man is the friend of God, and the services he renders to God are valued accordingly, not as so much work done, but as tokens of love and fidelity. As a friend of God, the just man is a person of high rank in the scale of being. He is a "partaker of the divine nature," as

St. Peter distinctly affirms. man nature is exalted and ed to a certain similitude nature of God; and the ac proceed from it have a co ing dignity and elevation, tioned to their end, which i life, or the consummation union between human na the divine nature in etern tude. The just man is the son of God the Father, thr union with God the Son i This adoption into a part with Jesus Christ in his son flects the dignity and exce the person of Christ upon h and upon all his works. A ber of Christ and a son of person and his works are su the whole natural order, an fore, there is nothing which relation of condignity towa except the supernatural orde

It is evident, therefore, th nerate nature has condign the state of glory, and that works which proceed from condignity with degrees of in this state of glory. Re nature bears the image of pires after union with God, to find its beatitude in th of God, is made apt and to be admitted into the of heaven. It demands, t as its last complement, th *gloriæ* which enables it to face to face. The personal the soul to God as its fri Father, and the personal lov to the soul as his friend and quire that they should have vision of each other and live t This living with God is ete which is, therefore, the on recompense for the love of C cised by the just man upon

Theologians do not, how gard the title in strict just

natural reward, or the ratio of merit, as consisting solely in the condignity of the meritorious themselves. They place it in the promise of God, or in the providence which is promulgated, in which special rewards are assigned as the recompense for good works performed in the use of grace. Therefore, they say that the reward of eternal life is due to the justice, not by an obligation *ex se* from the act of the creature, but by an obligation of the Creator to himself to fulfil his own promise. They say that God may reward the creature by the virtue of his sovereign dominion, and may demand any amount of service from the creature as his simple due, without obliging him any reward for it; and may even annihilate him if he does not, and, moreover, that the angels, and the blessed in heaven, who have a perfect condignity for supernatural rewards, do not merit any. Therefore, they say, the creature cannot merit a reward, but is rewarded according to rigorous justice only according to a rule of reward derived from the free determination and promise of God. Some others even hold that the reward of meritorious works with a deserved reward is altogether excluded, and denotes merely that they are conformed to the standard or law which is laid down by the divine will, is, therefore, only required by the definition of the law, so that one should confess that the good works of the just man entitle him to a supernatural reward by reason of a promise which God has made to those who are so extremely good. It is at the sound of the phrase, "of condignity," as applied to the law, that we adopt the opinion of Scotus. We please. For our own part, we are of the other and more common doctrine of condignity which we

have already explained. We do not apprehend any danger to the glory of the Almighty from the exaltation of his own works, or any diminution of the merits of Christ from the glorification of his saints. On the contrary, the power and glory of God are magnified the more, the more like to himself the creature is shown to be which he has created. "God is admirable in his saints;" and, the more excellent their works are, the greater is the praise and homage which accrues to him from these works which are offered up to him as acts of worship. The only error to be feared is the attributing of something to the creature which he derives from himself, as having self-existent, independent being. To attribute to angel or man as much good as is in a withered leaf, is equivalent to a total denial of God, if this good is not referred to God as first cause. But to attribute to created nature all possible good, even to the degree of hypostatic union with the divine nature, does not detract in the slightest degree from the truth that God alone is good in himself, if the good of the creature is referred to him as its source and author. No doubt all right to existence, to immortality, to felicity of any kind, is derived from God, and is originally a free gift to the creature from him. But the right is a real right, of which the creature has just possession when God has given it to him, one which may be an inalienable right in certain circumstances, that is, a right which God cannot, in consistency with his own attributes, withdraw. When God creates a rational nature, in which he has implanted the desire and expectation of immortal existence and felicity, he implicitly promises immortality and felicity. We do not like to hear it said that he can annihilate such a creature or withhold from it

the felicity after which it naturally aspires, unless it be as a just punishment for sin. So, when God creates man anew in the supernatural order, by giving him the grace of regeneration, he gives him an implicit promise of eternal beatitude. It is very true that he can exact from him any amount of service he pleases, as a debt that is due to his sovereign majesty; yet he cannot justly withhold from him final beatitude, unless he forfeits it by his own fault. The special reward annexed to every good work is undoubtedly due only by virtue of the explicit promise which God has made, to reward every such good work by an increase of grace and glory. It is also true that God does confer some degrees of glory on the just out of pure liberality and beyond the degree of merit. Moreover, the period of merit is limited by the decree of God to this life, because it is fitting that the creature should increase and progress, during his probation, toward the full measure of his perfection, and should afterward remain in that perfection when he has arrived at his term. We think, therefore, that we have made it plain enough that good works have a merit of condignity in relation to eternal life, and nevertheless derive this merit from the promise and appointment of God, subject to such conditions as he has seen fit, in his sovereign wisdom and liberality, to establish.

The doctrine we have laid down detracts in no way from the merits of Christ. Christ alone has the principle of merit in his own person as an original source. He alone has merited of condignity grace to be bestowed on others. His merits alone are the cause of the remission of sins, and the bestowal of regenerating, sanctifying, saving grace. His merits are as much superior to the

merits of the saints as the superior to the inferior merit of the body. His incarnation, death are, in a word, the meritorious cause of human redemption from the beginning to the end, and, in their own proper order of causation, are entirely sufficient for the redemption of Christ is the only mediator of redemption and salvation between God and man, in whom the Father is reconciling the world to himself. His acts alone are referable to a principle higher or more noble than his own personality. Although human grace, sanctity, or merit, therefore, to be referred to him as the chief author, and to merely consider subjects only as recipients of his aid and concurrent causes, is easy to understand, therefore, is meant by presenting the merits of the Blessed Virgin Mary and the saints before God as a mode of bestowing grace. The saints have not merited anything over and above that which Christ has merited, and have they merited, by a merit of dignity, even the application of the merits of Christ to others. Their personal merits, they have obtained a kind of right of priority to ask in a specially efficacious manner for graces and favors to be conferred on those for whom they intercede. Their mediation and intercession are, therefore, only efficacious of impetration and prayer, and are, by virtue of a right which they have obtained by a title of justice, is what is meant by merit of dignity, which denotes a certain priority in a person to obtain from God favors for which he asks. The merit of congruity is all that is added to the Blessed Virgin or the saints as a groundwork of their intercession, power, by any Catholic theologian. It is the same in kind with which the just on earth possess

the of which they obtain, through those who imagine that it either
in prayers, blessings and graces places man in the room of Christ, as
other persons. It is easy to see, his own Saviour, or substitutes the
before, how completely the Ca- mediation of the Blessed Virgin and
tic doctrine is misunderstood by the saints for the mediation of Christ.

FULL OF GRACE.

FLOWERS in the fields, and odors on the air,
The spring-time everywhere ;
Music of singing birds and rippling rills,
Soft breezes from the hills ;
So broke the sweetest season, long ago,
Far from this death-cold snow,
In that blest land which smiles to every eye,
Most favored from on high ;
And in one town whose sheltering mountains stand
Broad breast-plates of the land ;
So fair a spring-time sure was never seen,
Since Eden's walks were green.

A sudden glory flashed upon the air,
A face unearthly fair ;
A beauty given but to those alone
The nearest to the throne ;
The great archangels who upon their hair
The seven planets wear,
Lightly as diamonds—such the form that now,
With brilliant eyes and brow,
Paused by the humble dwellings of the poor,
Entered the humblest door,
Veiling his awful beauty, far too bright,
With wide wings, strong and white.

Within the dwelling where his flight was stayed
A kneeling woman prayed.
The angel bowed before that holy face,
And hailed her " Full of Grace."
No other title, not the kingly name
Which David's line can claim ;
Not highest rank, though unto her was given
Queenship of earth and heaven ;

Not as that one who gave life to the dead,
Bruising the serpent's head ;
Not even as mother of the Sacrificed,
The world-redeeming Christ.

This thought might be a sermon, while yet we,
Heirs of eternity,
Walk this brief, sin-surrounded tract of life,
Wage this short, sharpest strife,
Which must be passed and won before the rest,
The triumph of the blessed.
And when the hour supreme of fate shall come,
And at our promised home
We wait in breathless and expectant dread
Between the quick and dead,
Then may the angel warders of the place
Welcome us, "Full of Grace."

TRANSLATED FROM L'ECONOMISTE BELGE.

HOW OUR HISTORY WILL BE TOLD IN THE YEAR 3000.

IN those days—our latest posterity *loquitur*—the people were not entirely freed from the savage instincts of their ancestors, the anthropophagi, those ferocious contemporaries of the deluge and such great inundations of the world. True, they did not still eat their enemies, nor break their skulls with clubs ; they did not pierce their bodies with arrows of bone and flint ; but they did the work more delicately, entirely according to the rules of art, with the precision of a surgeon who cuts off a limb, or the coolness of a butcher who bleeds a sheep. By dint of inventions, calculations, and trials of every kind, they fabricated, at last, most ingenious tools, very convenient and very simple, and which they handled with equal dexterity. They were not instruments of natural philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, or

mathematics ; our fathers possessed, it is true, objects of this kind, but they did not think it proper to put them in the hands of the people. Their thermometers, microscopes, telescopes, and electrical machines remained in the shade of libraries or the cabinets of the learned. The people were ignorant of their names and uses, while they well understood the management of the tools of which they speak. So you will suppose these were very useful articles, as they were so generally employed in every clime and nation, and their object to moralize and instruct mankind, as governments consented to their gratuitous distribution among their subjects—went farther, even, and imposed their use. But alas ! no ; they were only tools of death and carnage, worthy to figure among the arms and instruments of torture of preceding

s; for while some shot off bullets, others threw to enormous distances; of brass and steel, that made in human walls, burnt up, and sunk ships.

The men of this time were called "civilized"! Strange to say, they had shed torture, and wished to do without the pain of death. The old horrified them, and the sight of the gallows gave them a vertigo! They had journals and books filled with beautiful phrases in honor of peace and civilization. But they did not comprehend the sense of aphorisms which they repeated incessantly and inscribed everywhere, on the walls of their temples, and the first principle of their constitutions.

Their age to them was the age of glory, and they seemed ready to burst with pride when they considered their enormous riches, the fame of their sciences, and the extent of their sciences. In appearance, one might have judged them wise, and as good as the beings who inhabit the more remote planets of our solar system. They had noble aspirations and a heroic ardor.

In the penumbra in which they lived, plunged, a confused mass of struggling and exasperated workers, alone distinguishable, hungry, fatigable, running up and down, like busy ants seeking their substance. The ear heard only a humming and monotonous noise, the buzzing of a hive. But in the midst of shocks and hurts, inevitable in such a clamorous multitude, order and harmony seemed about to be established, when suddenly the beings who until then had seemed so laborious and active, were seized with a sort of rage, and fell violently upon each other. The light of incendiarism and the dazzling brightness of battle thus demonstrated to the astonished gaze

of philanthropists and thinkers, that vices, sanguinary passions, and brutal instincts, always alive and always indomitable, were only hidden in shade, and awaiting the favorable moment to break their bonds and annihilate civilization. By the artificial and slightly tarnished light of their sciences, philosophers had gathered around them men of policy and amiability, civilized and peaceable, distinguished by good manners, and saying pretty things about fraternity and progress; but the light that broke upon them, the evidence that disenchanted them in this shock of nations, showed them only coarse and ignorant crowds, capable of committing, in their folly and cruelty, every crime and every infamy. They had believed that the type of their epoch was the man of business, industrial or negotiating, the sharp worker, armed for competition, and prepared for the incessant struggles of production; and behold! suddenly this personage quits the scene, transforming himself into a fantastical being, clothed in brilliant colors, his head ornamented with cock's feathers, his step stiffened, his manners brusque, and his voice short and sonorous. At the first boom of the cannon, the rolling of the drum, or the sound of a warlike march, millions of men, clothed in red, like the common hangman, marched out of the shade, furnished with instruments suitable for bleeding, scorching, disembowelling, crushing, burning, and stopping the breath of their neighbors. And perhaps you think these men were the refuse of society; that they came from low haunts and prisons; had neither heart nor intelligence; that they were given up to public execration. You never were more mistaken. Each one of these auxiliaries of death was considered healthy in

mind and body, vigorous and intelligent, honest and disciplined. To exercise his trade suitably, he was obliged to possess a crowd of precious qualities, know perfectly how to behave himself, be honorable, and of unimpeachable integrity!

As to the great generals, they were wise men, and men of the world. They were expected to study mathematics, as it specially teaches order and harmony; history, which proves that violence and force have never established anything; and many other sciences, which one would have imagined capable of directing their thoughts from their impious career, and rendering them pacific and humane.

Toward 1866 a great invention agitated the world. You are ready to believe it was some means of aerial locomotion, or some process for utilizing central heat, or placing our planet in communication with the neighboring ones of Mars and Venus. Alas! no. Such discoveries were not yet ripe; and besides, men of this age had other preoccupations. A small province of the north of Germany, with an erudite and philosophical people, had the honor of giving to the world the celebrated *needle-gun*. Tired of thinking, they relinquished their ideal, to move heavily and noisily under the sun of reality, and set about acting; but instead of inventing a philosophy, they considered a new engine of destruction more creditable, and having tried it with the most magnificent results, they offered to the public the instrument which was entirely to change the map of Europe, break the equilibrium of power, and annihilate all international right. After having laid low several millions of men on the field of battle, this comparatively insignificant people on the borders of the

Spree, who until then had won academical laurels than can and more truths than promise, began to comprehend that they play a splendid rôle, and exert a preponderating influence in Europe. Formerly they had invented an absolute philosophy; now they invented and practised an absolute policy. And this was the union of the German people, the triumph of Prussian institutions, the decay of Latin and rise of the Germanic, and many other changes which absolute power can effect. The little people on the borders of the Spree awoke to a new life, and determined to take all and absorb all they threatened Holland; and Alsace; were disposed to swallow Bavaria, the grand-duchy of Baden, and Würtemberg. Other nations were troubled, and justly; for the power of the Germans seemed to them very much like absolutism. Each of them, in great haste, began to perfect their own instruments of death with the faint hope, too, they might very soon make use of them. Old France, tired of conquests and interior struggles, was only to rest. Having disturbed the tranquillity of Europe so often, she had come to that age when repentance is the chief good; so she feigned ignorance of the insolent aspect and attitudes of defiance of her young people, but unhappily a few judicious and many more of an intriguing nature, fools and ambitious ones, were at the head of affairs. These considered war as a golden egg, and bird's nest, we know, derive their subsistence from a field of battle. They had already dreamed of wading through blood to conquer an epaulette, and that they gained millions in subsidies and became great dignitaries in the empire. So they went about regretting that their country was degenerating.

to a second rank ; that Ger-solence must be chastised, glorious tricolor planted on shore of the Rhine. The commented on their words, ustic in his hut, the laborer ge, and the financier in his house dreamed with terror awning evil. Certain polineditating on the situation march of events, declared itable, necessary, providen-done able to reëstablish the of the country and the *pres*-the government. So they : in eloquent discourses in military armaments, while side strategists, inventors, inistrators set to work, be-ey were the foundation of e prosperity of their coun-

heory was very simple. The a nation, they said, depend-: number of men capable of rms, and on the quantity ity of the engines of des-that they possessed. That untry must be powerful in be rich, prosperous, and go, let us increase to eve-the effectiveness of our d fabricate without parsih arms as are unparalleled e. Weak patriots and eco-the *Sancho Panzas* of these izotte politics, murmured a it they found themselves o be silent and bow their nder the taunts and re-with which they were load-opists," cried the inventors, our machines are not use-book down there in the direc-adowa and Custozza, and fterward if we have not rad economically fabricated d glory. Ask the surgeons, will describe to you the gapds, the deep rents they can

produce ;* ask statesmen, and they will tell you the services they render to the ambitious, and the good liv-ings they secure thereby." "Mise-rable citizens! men without energy and honor," cry they to others, "you lazily prefer well-being to glory, and the success of your personal enter-prises to that of the national glory ; but let the hour of danger come, and we will make you walk at the point of the bayonet, notwithstand-ing your cries and menaces." . . . And people who cared nothing for truth, and judged by appearances, echoed the cry, and called them utopists, hollow dreamers, theorists, and, after all, cowardly and egotis-tical.

So soon as such a river of ink flowed from the desks of the jour-nalists, dragging in its course these insults and injuries, the workmen com-menced their labors. They made rifled cannon of steel ; hammered coats of mail for their men-of-war ; pointed their sword-blades with steel and iron ; made bullets, balls, bombs, and howitzers, heaped up in their

* At Strasbourg the effects of the Chassepot gun have just been certified by experiments on a corpse hung at a distance of fifteen yards. The experi-ments were made by M. Sarazin, and corroborated by the medical faculty. We will hear the good doc-tor in his own words : " I am far from exaggera-ing," said he modestly, " the practical value of my experiences, and I well know the desiderata, easier to distinguish than resolve, that they present from the point of view in which the effect of the Chassepot gun is produced according to distance and on the liv-ing being. However, everywhere I have drawn the following conclusions :

" At a short distance, and on a corpse the projec-tiles have not deviated in their course.

" 1. The diameter of the orifice, as it enters, is th:same as that of the projectile.

" 2. The diameter of the orifice, as it goes out, is enormous, seven to thirteen times larger than that of the ball.

" 3. The arteries and veins are cut transversely, drawn back and gaping. The muscles are torn and reduced to the consistency of pulp.

" 4. The bones are shattered to a considerable ex-tent, and out of all proportion to the shock of the pro-jectile.

" To sum up, the effects present a remarkable intensi-ty, and it is well to note that, after having traversed the corpse, the projectile pierced two planks, each an inch thick, and buried itself deeply in the wall."

arsenals great quantities of powder. And one bright day the government announced with pride to the country that it owned 9173 brass cannons, 2774 howitzer cannons, of the same material, 3210 bronze mortars, 3924 small bronze howitzers, 1615 cast-iron cannons, 1220 howitzers, 20,000 carriages for ordnance, 10,000 covered wagons, 4,933,688 filled cannon-balls, 3,630,738 howitzer-balls, 18,778,549 iron bullets, 351,107,574 ball-cartouches, 1,712,693 percussion guns, 817,413 guns of flint, 10,263,986 pounds of powder—in short, enough to exterminate the entire globe. Admirable litany, which the good citizens were to recite mentally every time they thought of the future of their country! Yet profound politicians said it was not enough, and the great statesmen were not at all satisfied. "We must have," said they, "some terrible invention that will strike our enemies with terror. We would like a machine that would mow them down like the scythe of the reaper in the harvest, with movement so regular and continued that it would be impossible for one to escape."

They did speak of a new apparatus, ornamented by its inventor with the pretty name of the grape-gun, and which could send off, twice a minute, a shower of fifty balls. But public opinion demanded something better, and the mortified death-seekers recommenced their labors.

In those days philanthropists and politicians tried to think of the best means of establishing peace in Eu-

rope. So they met in a town in Switzerland, on the borders of a beautiful lake, and in presence of a grand and lovely scenery, in a place which ought to have inspired them with high and holy resolutions. But, unfortunately, they brought them the bellicose thoughts of their own countries; and so they concluded the only way to procure peace was to destroy all bad governments, abolish all weak governments, abolish all upset society, and so unite all peoples. One might have suggested that a state of peace could have produced such harmony; but they did not so closely consider the question.

They were so-called democrats, and they sincerely believed that the rora of justice would shine in the future on the field of battle, and brighten the smoking ruins of former society. . . .

But let us pardon our ancestors, they were more ignorant than we are. Peace to their ashes! mingling now with the elements to circulate in the universe.

Since their time, the globe has many times recommenced its natural evolutions; the sun has fallen out of its orbit, and carried the planets into the depths of space; science has become the principle of human existence, and order is established everywhere; and we, the comers on the earth, live happily because we are free—free, because we are united—united, because we are members of the same family, children of the same God.

PLAN FOR A COUNTRY CHURCH.

he request of several bishops
rgymen, we intend to publish
ne to time in this magazine,
tural plans suitable for church-
oderate size and costliness.
re many churches of this
specially in small country
equired by the wants of the
where an architect cannot be
nd where the materials, furn-
nd other necessary parts or
ges of the sacred edifice
of the cheapest possible
Generally speaking, church-
s sort are built and furnish-
out any regard to beauty or
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heap and easy to make them
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ve purpose to furnish after
styles of architecture, and
to the different exigencies
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In so doing, we hope to
a want that has long been
to assist a great number of
who are laboriously engaged
eritorious but difficult task
ing churches with but limited
or carrying out their plans.

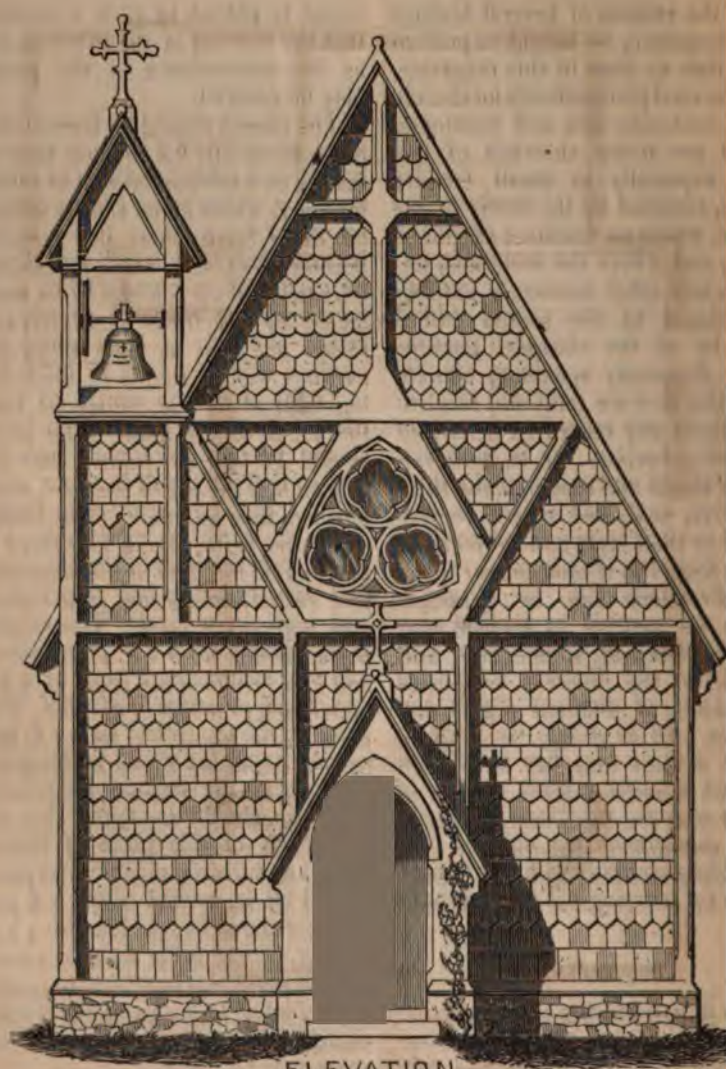
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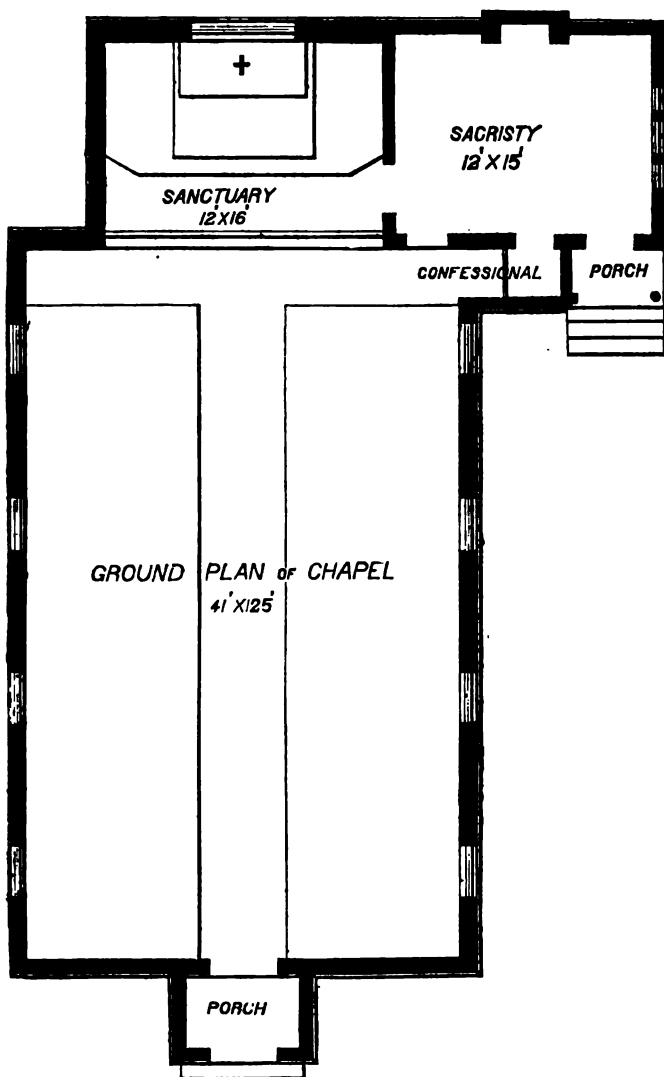
design which we have engrav-
his number will give accom-
n to two hundred and fifty
seated, the area of the floor of
rch being 41 x 25 feet in the
th a sanctuary of 12 x 16 feet,
y 12 x 15 feet, and a porch to
t of the church sheltering the
ainst exposure. The confes-

sional is placed in such a position
that the comfort of the priest as well
as the convenience of the people
may be secured.

The church should be framed with
good, stout sills 8 x 12 inch section,
resting on a substantial wall of rubble
masonry, where stone can be obtain-
ed, or of brick where this material
becomes necessary, which wall should
be carried deep enough to be unaf-
fected by the frosts of winter, and
raised one foot at least above the
earth, a wall of rubble or brick be-
ing built along the centre to bear
the joists of the floor. The joists
should be (3 x 10) framed into the
sills so that the top of the floor, when
finished, may be twenty-eight inches
above the earth, giving four steps to
the church, the floor of the sanctuary
and sacristy being one step higher,
and both on a level. The corner-
posts should be 8 x 8 pine timber,
and four intermediate posts of 4 x 8
under each principal of the roof. The
plate on the top should be 4 x 8, and
carried round the whole building ex-
cept where the chancel intervenes,
and care should be taken that all
the scarfs of this piece of timber
should be carefully made. The posts
should all be braced with 4 x 6 pie-
ces, and the walls studded with 4 x 4,
so that, should it be deemed neces-
sary, in particular localities, to render
the building less susceptible to the
changes of temperature, the inner
space may be filled.

The roof should be framed as high
as shown on the elevation, with a
slope of 60° with the horizon, in or-
der to obtain greater height to the
interior and greater strength to the
truss, with a collar about midway





of the height, but not lower, and curved braces, resting on hammer beams projecting from the side-walls at the height of the plate, and a curved brace underneath this beam, bringing the strain of the truss as low as possible on the side-walls, but not incommoding the congregation. This simple roof should be framed of the best seasoned timber, 4 x 6 inches scantling, and should be dressed neatly, and, wherever desired, may be moulded and have chamfered edges, and the spandrels filled with two-inch tracery.

In the sanctuary should this more especially be done to mark the distinction of this part of the church. The principals of the roof should be 10 ft. 3 in. apart from the centres, with rafters of 2 x 8 laid across the same 2 ft. 6 in. apart, and the plank covering to be laid neatly with narrow tongued and grooved boards where it may not be desired to plaster the under side of the rafters; in case it may be thought advisable to plaster the ceiling, the plaster should be colored a light blue. The chancel arch should be struck with a curve from the same centre as the roof-braces, with the edges of the jambs and soffit chamfered and moulded.

The walls plastered up to the plate and floated with two coats and finished a light, pleasing, and warm color. If means sufficient warranted, a good cornice neatly moulded should finish the side-walls and break against the principals of the roof, and may be of wood or run in plaster.

A label moulding should be run around each door and window, and in the sanctuary should be enriched whenever possible.

The window over the altar should be two lights wide or more, filled with good geometrical tracery, like that in the front of the pattern shown,

the side-windows having heads to the frames and sashes closed in segmental heads on side. All the windows should be glazed with plain diamond glass of a warm color, and where may be possible, the chancel window should have enriched borders, the tracery filled with appropriate symbols.

The front of the chapel has been shown covered with shingles, the rafters showing the framing properly, and should be dressed at angles chamfered in the manner indicated; the corner-post that supports the bell-cot should be made of the same length, and the bell-cot sheltered by a roof of considerable projection surmounted by a cross, which may not inappropriately be traced to the gable of the chapel, at the option of the priest. In the structure here presented, it is a simple one, but at the same time better arranged to allow the eaves of the roof to project and to dispense with the use of the earth below being protected by flagging, or a properly graded level slope. The chimney should be placed in the position marked, to render the elevation more equable; in general, all the details of the church, such as the roof, and a gallery if needed, and the interior, must be made to accord with the style of the building, and the coloring should be the natural color of the wood, stained, unless it be so ordered, to grain the roof or color in bright colors.

In presenting these directions to the builder, many details and finishes are omitted which can only be supplied by specifications.

This building can be executed for the sum of \$3150, the work being plain but substantial, in accordance with the description.

MISCELLANY.

learn with much regret that on 14th of February the printing establishment of the Abbé Migne, at Montmartre in the southern suburb of Paris, was completely destroyed by fire. No particulars of the occurrence have yet been published. The enterprise, conducted with extraordinary literary vigor and ability by the Abbé, is unique in the history of publishing. It was founded for the purpose of publishing books for the Catholic Church of France and the whole world. It has issued two thousand volumes, in large folio and octavo, comprising the whole works of the Greek and Latin fathers of the Church, and writers on theology and ecclesiastical history, were edited, published and kept constantly in print, employed a staff of several hundred persons, including literary men, printers, etc.—*London Publishers' Circular*.

Atrophy from Tobacco-Smoking.—Mr. Hutchinson has reported thirty-one cases of amaurosis, of which thirty-one were among tobacco-smokers. Mr. Hutchinson concludes : 1. That amongst men, this peculiar form of atrophy (primary white atrophy of the optic nerve) is rarely met, except among tobacco-smokers. 2. Most of its subjects have been heavy smokers—half an ounce to an ounce a day. 3. It is not associated with any other affection of the nervous system. 4. Amongst the measures of treatment, the prohibition of tobacco is of great importance. 5. The circumstantial evidence tending to connect the disease with the habit of tobacco-smoking is sufficient to warrant further investigation into the matter on the part of the medical profession.—*Popular Science Review*.

New Laboratory at the Sorbonne.—This magnificent establishment, which is to be devoted to the purpose of chemical investigation, seems well adapted for the student's wants on a more liberal scale than its cele-

brated rival at Berlin. Besides the various rooms for researches in chemistry, *pur et simple*, there are numberless apartments exclusively intended for investigation in optics, electricity, mechanics, and so forth. Motive-power is provided for by a steam-engine of great force, which is connected by means of bands with wheels in the several laboratories. Again, besides the ordinary pipes carrying coal-gas, there will be a series of pipes supplying oxygen from retorts kept constantly at work. Indeed, altogether the new laboratory will be a species of Elysium for the chemical investigator.

The Bessemer Steel Spectrum.—Father Secchi, who lately presented to the French Academy his fine memoir on the Stellar Spectra, compared the spectra of certain yellow stars with the spectrum produced in the Bessemer "converter" at a certain stage of the process of manufacture. The employment of the spectroscope in the preparation of this steel was begun a couple of years since ; but the comparison of the Bessemer spectrum with the spectrum of the fixed stars has not, so far as we can remember, been made before. The Bessemer spectrum is best seen when the iron is completely decarbonized ; it contains a great number of very fine lines, and approaches closely to the spectrum of α Orionis and α Herculis. The resemblance, no doubt, is due to the fact that the Bessemer flame proceeds from a great number of burning metals. The greatest importance attaches to the analogy pointed out by Father Secchi. Father Secchi suggests that beginners could not do better than practise on the Bessemer flame before turning the spectroscope on the stars. Difficult as an instrument to conduct investigations with as the spectroscope undoubtedly is, the difficulty almost becomes perplexity when the student tries to examine stellar spectra.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

COUNT LUCANOR; OR, THE FIFTY PLEASANT STORIES OF PATRONIO.

Written by the Prince Don Juan, A.D. 1335-1347. First done into English, from the Spanish, by James York, Doctor of Medicine, 1868: Basil Montague Pickering, Piccadilly, in the City of Westminster. For sale at the Catholic Publication House, 126 Nassau Street, New-York.

Mr. Pickering seems to revel in literary oddities. His book on the *Pilgrim's Progress* was quaint enough, and this volume is scarcely behind it in any of its queer qualities. A more totally *foreign* book we do not remember ever seeing. In style, idiom, turn of thought, everything, it is remote, *toto cælo*, from all the ideas and criteria of English and modern criticism. Its publication strikes us as being a remarkably bold stroke; we cannot imagine for what class of readers it could have been intended. The only market we could conceive of for such a work in this country, would be a class of Mr. George Ticknor's, if he were to have one, in Spanish archæology. In Spanish, and *as* Spanish, we should think it would prove most interesting; even though the translation is intensely Iberian, both in structure and thought.

The "Fifty Pleasant Stories" are very simple as to the machinery, so to speak, of the telling of them. "Count Lucanor" throughout the book asks advice of his friend Patronio, stating his case, and being responded to with a story. Who Count Lucanor may have been is a mystery for ever. The book shows him to posterity only as a Spanish gentleman of apparent consequence, whose forte, as poor Artemus Ward would say, seems to have been to fall into difficulties and ask advice of Patronio. This gentleman appears as a sort of Don Abraham Lincoln, or Señor Tom

Corwin, rather. Every question and irresistibly reminds him of a story, you know," etc., etc. of their history. What the answer must have been who answers the question with an anecdote, and shudderingly decline to answer. Whether the gallant Count sportively ran him through after one story too many; whether he went on telling day; whether he went on the stories gave out, or who interrupted him in a sage narrative, his sapient hand buttoned count's doublet, it is not said.

There is a world of dry, dusty, aged pithiness about them. They are generally very faint, and often full of the pithiness so characteristic of San Juan. The most remarkable thing in the book, though, is the really large number of apparent originals it contains. They are gems of all manner of principles that others have turned into poetry, and tragedy, and almost everything. Still, we do not call this more than a senility, because directly along the tale we are surprised to trace speare, or La Fontaine, (a debtor to Count Lucanor,) or other admired author, we are to find some story so aged, so bare, so worn and torn and so the use of centuries, that one is to refer it back to the year 1 of the tales are taken from the *Nights*, and Don Juan Manuel modernized them (?) to suit the ened Castilian and anti-Moor of A.D. 1335. The old, old *naschar*, for instance, is dismissed. "What happened to a Won Pruhana," and the note to quietly goes on to the original (skipping old Alnaschar with a mere junior copy,) namely, part of the *Pantcha Pantra*,"

harm to learn, is entitled "Chita Kariteva," which latter friend translates, "Much good ye," and our annotator "In- Conduct." We will not quote the thrilling narrative of this assic, but content ourselves in our readers, on our honor min, that the point is identime.

The best examples of the chaptness of the book is Chap- The Invisible Cloth." Count quandary is all of a man who count great advantages if rust absolutely in him and in . Three impostors (we con- good Patronio mercilessly) king as weavers of a peculiar no man but a legitimate son could see; to any one with et taint upon his authenticity rly invisible. The king, de- h this test of so interesting able a matter, shuts them up ce to make the cloth, furnish- ch raw material of all sorts. e days the king is invited e the wonderful woof. King- ding sends his chamberlain chamberlain, trembling for e, opens his mind's eye, sees istinctly, and returns full of

The king goes next, can't er, is terrified for his title to and decides to see it also; and admires it extravagantly. still rather puzzling, he sends atendent Kennedy (*alguacil*) the case. This functionary, iling to see it, and fearing e by the senior inspector of kes up his mind that the are good enough for him, h them, sees it too. Next a goes to report, and, like a ilman as he is, honors his mother by seeing it in the : as the powers that be. some one of the three hun- erty-five extraordinary feast- ain, the king orders a suit of le cloth, doesn't dare not to rides forth among his leal a costume strikingly like that gue uniform of the Georgia

cavalry, that we used to hear so much of during the war. His people generally, out of respect to their parents, submit to the optical illusion, till, finally, a Spanish citizen of African descent, "having (says Patronio—not we) nothing to lose, came to him and said: 'Sire, to me it matters not whose son I am; therefore, I tell you that you are riding without any clothes.'" The result is a general opening of eyes, a sudden change of tailors, it is hoped, by the king, and the disappearance of the weavers with the rich raw material. Moral (slightly condensed from one page of Patronio)—"Don't Trust."

"James York, Doctor of Medicine," has wasted valuable medical time in translating this, with a good deal of fidelity to the spirit of the Spanish. His style really does render much of its quaintness; as much, perhaps, as to-day's English will hold in solution. He is also very fairly fortunate with certain small mottoes, or couplets, which close each story, prefaced thus, with slight variations: "And Don Juan, (another utterly mystical character, who does nothing but what follows,) also seeing that it was a good example, wrote it in this book, and made these lines, which say as follows:

'Who counsels thee to secrecy with friends,
Seeks to entrap thee for his own base ends.'"
(Chapter vii., above given.)

The notes appended to each story are as odd, many of them, as the stories. Generally, they are little more than notes of admiration, but often brief *excursuses*, showing quite a varied range of reading, and full of all manner of reconditeness. These would seem to be mainly Mr. York's, and they do him credit in spite of their ludicrously high praise now and then.

In the mechanical execution of the volume, Mr. Pickering, we observe, cleaves to his chosen model, the Aldine press, and so gives us in great perfection that accurate and studious-looking print which we all feel we ought to like, and which none of us do like. For our own part, we frankly own our preference for the short s, and all the modern improvements. Still, one must bear in

mind a thing very obvious in all this line of publications, that it is expressly to meet and foster a kind of taste almost unknown in this country, and that the publisher is evidently carrying out with consistency and energy a peculiar policy of his own, whose success must at last be the test of its own merit.

The general American reader will find this a thoroughly curious book; the lover of cheap learning, a perfect treasure-house of rather uncommon commonplaces; and the Spanish scholar, "a genuine, if rugged, piece of ore from that rich mine of early Spanish literature which yet lies hidden and unwrought."

PETER CLAVER: A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND LABORS IN BEHALF OF THE AFRICAN SLAVE. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1868. For sale at the Catholic Publication House, 126 Nassau street, New York.

This little book is a brief compendium of the life of a great saint, who was the apostle of the negro slaves in South-America. Its publication is very timely, as it shows to the philanthropists of New-England and of the country at large, who interest themselves so much in behalf of the African race, what Catholic charity has done and can do in their behalf. We recommend it to their attention. The Catholic religion, and it alone, can really and completely meet the wants of this much-to-be-compassionated portion of mankind. The striking vignette of this little volume, representing St. Peter Claver supporting the head of a dying negro, who holds a crucifix clasped to his dusky bosom, is an expressive emblem of this truth. It would be an excellent thing if our philanthropists, in Congress and out of Congress, would get a copy of this very suggestive photograph framed and hung up in some place where they are accustomed to say their prayers.

THE BOOK OF MOSES; OR, THE PENTATEUCH IN ITS AUTHORSHIP, CREDIBILITY, AND CIVILIZATION. By

the Rev. W. Smith, Ph.D.
I. London: Longman, G.
1868. For sale at the Catholic Publication House, New York.

Dr. Smith has given us in the first instalment of an extensive work on the Pentateuch. The Pentateuch alone is treated of in this portion of the work. Dr. Smith happily combines the orthodoxy of doctrine with a liberal spirit. He has evidently studied the Bible with a knowledge of the history, geology, comparative anatomy, and other sciences bearing on the subject. He has also made himself familiar with Jewish and Mohammedan as well as Catholic commentaries. After a cursory examination, we are enabled to judge that his great and important work has been thus far very well and roughly performed, and to expect that the remainder will be completed in a satisfactory manner. The volume is brought out in the best style of English typography, with fac-similes of ancient Egyptian inscriptions, which add much to its value. We recommend it to all students of the Holy Scriptures as one of the most valuable aids to their researches, which have yet been published in the English language.

LIFE OF ST. CATHARINE OF GENOVA.
By Doctor Caterinus Senensius.
Translated by the Rev. John Fawcett, and Reëdited, with a Preface, by the Rev. Father Aylward. New York: Catholic Publication Society.

This biography is a charming work, translated in the inimitable idiom of the 17th century. Fawcett has very successfully imitated the antiquated style in his valuable translation. The biography leaves nothing to be desired as a history of the private life of the saint, though her public career is but slightly touched upon. The sketch of it in Fawcett's preface induces us to think he would add to the history of Catharine's private life by Cat. an equally complete history of her public life, with translations of her letters. His own graceful and devout

furnish the English public with the best and most valuable biographies of a truly great and heroic warrior to be found in any language.

THE KEY OF SALVATION. By Daniel Müller, C.S.S.R. Baltimore: & Piet. 1868.

This book is an expansion of the exhortation of St. Alphonsus Liguori. The object of it seems to be to explain the saint's doctrine and illustrate it by examples, so as to bring it within the comprehension of the common people. But we are sorry to be obliged to say that the execution of the work does not come up to the standard without commenting on the match itself. In general, very good, we are obliged to say that the style is the extreme; the sentences are often un-English in their construction, sometimes so long and involved that it is hard to understand. It also contains grammatical errors. In short, though it was not first thoroughly edited and revised by a competent person, we are being allowed to go to press. As much as we may desire to commend the book, we cannot in conscience do so long as it continues in its present state.

ROMA EN ITALIE, LES PRECURSEURS. Discours Historiques de César. Traduits de l'Italien par Anirard et Edmond Martin. Paris: le Clere, 29 Rue Cassette.

Cantu is the author of the best history extant, and of other works of the first class. He has taken the task of crushing the pseudo-reformers of Italy with the weight of his massive historical pen. The first volume of the work, which is the only one yet published, brings down the subject to the present century, and will be followed by others. The author is a sound and loyal Catholic, yet, as a layman and historian, his work has not the

distinctively professional style and spirit which are usually found in the works of ecclesiastical authors. He is fearless and free in speaking the historical truth, even when it is discreditable to ecclesiastical rulers and requires the exposure of scandals and abuses in the church. His spirit is calm and impartial, and the theological and ascetical elements are carefully eliminated. He has gone back to the very origin of Christianity, in order to trace the course of events from their beginning, and has traced the outlines of the constitution of historical Christianity. Church principles and dogmas are, however, exhibited in a purely historical method, and as essential portions of the history of facts and events. Such a writer is terrible to parties whose opinions and schemes cannot bear the light of history. The whole class of pseudo-reformers, whether semi-Christian or openly infidel, are of this sort. Cantu sweeps them off the track of history by the force and weight of his erudition, as a locomotive tosses the stray cows on the track of a railway, with broken legs, to linger and die in the meadows at each side of it. It is only Catholic truth, either in the supernatural or the natural order, which can bear investigation, or survive the crucial test of history. The so-called Reformation retains its hold on the respect of the world only through ignorance. When history is better and more generally known, it will be universally admitted that it was not only a great crime, but a great blunder, a *faux pas* in human progress.

THE INFANT BRIDAL, and other Poems. By Aubrey De Vere. London: Macmillan & Co.

We are glad to see this book, rather for the memories than the novelties it brings us. Almost all its contents have been published in the author's other volumes, and there is nothing in this to alter the opinions, either good or ill, that we took occasion to express in a former review of them at large. The most remarkable about the book is the selection of the republished pieces. It

only verifies anew the observation that authors, no more than we of the world, have the gift to see themselves as others see them. Some of the best poems are there, and some of the worst. *The Infant Bridal* and *The Search for Proserpine* are perhaps the very two poorest of all the author's longer productions. Still, perhaps the many faults we fancy we see in the tact of the compilation, only come to this—that we ourselves would have compiled differently, and possibly worse.

But we meet, all over these elegant tinted pages, lines and beauties that we fondly remember loving of old—fine blank verse, wonderful descriptions, delicious idyls. These latter, by the way, are equally remarkable and unremarked. They are from the same fount with Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus. We cannot resist giving one extract, from *Glance*, p. 64:

"Come forth, dear maid, the day is calm and cool,
And bright though sunless. Like a long green scarf,
The tall pines, crowning yon gray promontory,
In distant ether hang, and cut the sea.
But lovers better love the dell, for there
Each is the other's world. How indolently
The tops of those pale poplars, bending, sway
Over the violet-braided river brim!
Whence comes this motion? for no wind is heard,
And the long grasses move not, nor the reeds.
Here we will sit, and watch the rushes lean
Like locks, along the leaden-colored stream
Far off; and thou, O child, shall talk to me
Of Naiads and their loves."

One more sample of the contents of this volume, and we have said all there is to say. It is an unusual vein for De Vere, but one in which, like Tennyson, he engages never lightly and always with telling success. It is the close of *A Farewell to Naples*, p. 255:

"From her whom genius never yet inspired,
Or virtue raised, or pulse heroic fired;
From her who, in the grand historic page,
Maintains one barren blank from age to age;
From her, with insect life and insect buzz,
Who, evermore unresting, nothing does;
From her who, with the future and the past,
No commerce holds—no structure rears to last.
From streets where spies and jesters, side by side,
Range the rank markets and their gains divide;
Where faith in art, and art in sense is lost,
And toys and gewgaws form a nation's boast;
Where passion, from affection's bond cut loose,
Revels in orgies of its own abuse;
And appetite, from passion's portals thrust,
Creeps on its belly to its grave in dust;
Where vice her mask disdains, where fraud is loud,
And naught but wisdom dumb, and justice cowed;

Lastly, from her who planted here uns
'Mid heaven-topped hills and waters br
From these but nerves more swift to en
And the dread stamp of sanctities pro
And, girt not less with ruin, lives to sh
That worse than wasted weal is wasted
We part; forth issuing through her cle
With unreverting faces, not ingrate."

Cannot this book speak be
self than our good word?

FOLKS AND FAIRIES. Stories
children. By Lucy Randal
With engravings. New Y
per & Brothers. 1868.

Judging, not, however, from
but from hearsay, we think th
of Mrs. Comfort's juvenile read
be increased if she had given
"Folks" and less "Fairies."
same high authority we als
against some of the engravings
ple, "Otho returning home,"
tions of the text.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From LEYFOLDT & HOLT, New Y
A Biographical Romance. From th
Heribert Rau. By E. R. Sill. 1
323.—Easy French Reading: Being
historical tales and anecdotes, arran
pious foot-notes, containing translat
cipal words, a progressive developme
of the verb, designations of the use o
and particles, and the idioms of the l
Professor Edward T. Fisher. To wh
ed a brief French grammar. By C.
vol. 12mo, pp. 232.

From KELLY & PIET, Baltimore: A
the Vows. For the use of persons o
God in the religious state. By the
Peter Cotel, S.J.

From SAMUEL R. WELLS, New York:
cred and Secular: or, The Extempor
er. With sketches of the most emine
all ages. By William Pittenger, aut
and Suffering. Introduction by H
Bingham, and appendix containing
Guide for conducting public meetin
the best parliamentary models. 1 vol.
—Life in the West; or, Stories of th
Valley. By N. C. Meeker, Agric
of the New York Tribune. 1 vol. 12

From LEE & SHEPARD, Boston: R
Young America in England and W
of Travel and Adventure. By Oliver
12mo, pp. 336.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. VII., No. 38.



TENNYSON IN HIS CATHOLIC ASPECTS.

FOR a poet eminently modern and English in his modes of thought, Tennyson is singularly free from the spirit of controversy. His native land distracted by religious feuds, yet who has been called "the recognized exponent of all the deeper workings of his age," takes no active part in them, and seldom drops a line that bespeaks the school of theology which he belongs. At long intervals, indeed, devout breathings escape him. Once now and then he acts a block of dogma from the quarry within, and fixes it in an enduring place. He never scatters his wantonly; he is always on the side of faith, though not perfect and Catholic faith. He alludes to Christian doctrines as postulates. For their purpose they need no proof. It would be idle to prove anything if it were not true. They are the life of the soul, and the vitality of the race.

"Fly, happy, happy sails, and bear the press,"

cries; but he adds this apostrophe wisely:

"Fly happy with the mission of the cross."
The Golden Year.

VOL. VII.—10

He looks for the resurrection of the body, and bids the dry dust of his friend (Spedding) "lie still, *secure of change.*" (*Lines to F. S.*) When the spirit quits its earthly frame, he follows it straight into the unseen world and the presence of its Creator and God. He points to "the grand old gardener and his wife" in "yon blue heavens," smiling at the claims of long descent, (*Lady Clara Vere de Vere*;) and he speeds the soul of the expiring May Queen toward the blessed home of just souls and true, there to wait a little while for her mother and Effie:

"To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast—
 Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

The May Queen.

Intensely as he loves nature, Tennyson is no Pantheist. Though like the wild Indian, he "sees God in clouds and hears him in the wind," he does not therefore confound matter with its Maker, nor lose sight of the personality of the Being whom he adores. He is no disciple of fate or chance, but recognizes in all human affairs the working of a divine and retributive providence, whose final

judgment of good and evil is foreshadowed and begun during our mortal life. To His presence and promptitude in reply to prayer, he refers more than once in pathetic and pointed language. He tells us how Enoch Arden, when cast away on a desert island, heard in his dream "the pealing of his parish bells," and

"Though he knew not wherefore, started up
Shuddering, and when the beauteous, hateful isle
Returned upon him, had not his poor heart
Spoken with that, which, being everywhere,
Lets none who speak with Him seem all alone,
Surely the man had died of solitude."

Enoch Arden.

It would not be difficult for those who are acquainted with Tennyson's earlier history, to discover the church of which he is a member, and the section of it whose views he adopts. *In Memoriam* takes us into the interior of his father's parsonage, to the Christmas hearth decorated with laurel, and the old pastimes in the hall; to the witch-elms and towering sycamore, whose shadows his Arthur had often found so fair; to the lawn where they read the Tuscan poets together; and the banquet in the neighboring summer woods. We almost hear the songs that then pealed from knoll to knoll, while the happy tenants of the presbytery lingered on the dry grass till bats went round in fragrant skies, and the white kine glimmered, couching at ease, and the trees laid their dark arms about the field. "The merry, merry bells of Yule," with their silver chime, are referred to more than once in Tennyson's poems. They seem to be ever ringing in his ears. They controlled him, he says, in his boyhood, and they bring him sorrow touched with joy.

It is in singing of Arthur Hallam that the poet's faith in the immortality of the soul is brought out with beautiful clearness. The bitterness of his grief draws him to the "com-

fort clasped in truth revealed he looks forward with hope day when he shall arrive at the blessed goal, and He who d Holy Land shall reach out the sl hand to him and his lost friend take them "as a single soul." *Memoriam*, lxxxiii.)

From the verses addressed to Rev. F. D. Maurice, (January, 1 we learn that one of Tenny children claims that gentleman his godfather, and we gather fr and other poems, what all the reate's friends know, that his sy thies are with the *Broad Church* which Mr. Maurice, Kingsley, ple, the Bishop of London, and Stanley are distinguished lea It is one of the peculiarities of school to moderate the former the lost and to deny that the eternal, to hope that good wi some way be the final goal o and that every winter will at change to spring. It cannot be puted that this teaching is at ance with Catholic doctrine; b is one which Tennyson puts fo with singular modesty, descr himself as

"An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry."

In Memoriam

The *Broad Church*, as its implies, professes large and li views. Not wishing to be trie too strict a standard itself, it re ates all harsh judgments on ot Accordingly, we find in Tenn few allusions to errors, real or posed, in the creed of others. regards as sacred whatever link soul to a divine truth. He has friends who are Catholics, an have heard that he has expr sincere anxiety to publish no relative to the Catholic religion culated to give offence to its fo

ere are few lines in his vo-
ich grate on the most pious
no devout breathings in
do not cordially join. It
of his earlier poems, and
sport, that he makes the
Oak tell of—

ummers, when the monk was fat,
d, issuing shorn and sleek,
d twist his girdle tight, and pat
girls upon the cheek,
et, in scorn of Peter's pence,
d numbered bead, and shrift,
Harry broke into the spence,
I turned the cows adrift."

ng his verse, therefore,
olic mind is at ease; it
no charges to be repelled,
ar as we know, after long
study of every line he has
) no mistakes regarding
which require to be recti-
ere are those who imagine
t. Simeon Stylites, he has
isrepresented the character
olic saint; but we venture to
a more lenient opinion, and
avor presently to justify it.
tone of irony, such as we
ire, that he describes the
pulpit in chapel, not
simple Christ to simple
fulminating "against the
man and her creed," and
his arms violently, as if he
pocalyptic millstone, while
the speedy casting of
ylon into the sea. (*Sea*
Nor are there wanting
contact between Tenny-
s on religious matters and
hose dwelt on by Catholic
Thus he, like Dr. Newman,
arguments for the existence
rawn from the power and
discoverable in the works of
ld and inconclusive in com-
ith that one which arises
voice of conscience and the
of the heart. The cxxiiid

In Memoriam runs singu-

larly parallel with this beautiful pas-
sage in the *Apologia*, (p. 377 :)

"Were it not for this voice, speaking so clearly in
my conscience and my heart, I should be an atheist,
or a pantheist or a polytheist, when I looked into the
world. . . . I am far from denying the real force of
the arguments in proof of a God, drawn from the ge-
neral facts of human society; but these do not warm
me or enlighten me; they do not take away the winter
of my desolation, or make the buds unfold and the
leaves grow within me, and my moral being rejoice."

The arguments adduced by infi-
dels, in support of their unbelief,
have never been rebutted in verse
more cleverly than by Tennyson.
His blade flashes like lightning, and
severs with as fine a stroke as Sa-
ladin's scimitar. *The Two Voices*
may be cited in proof, and also the
following passages in the matchless
elegy on Arthur Hallam :

The Fates not blind,	(<i>In Memoriam</i>)	iii.
Life shall live for evermore,	"	xxxiv.
If Death were death, love would not be		
true love,	(<i>In Memoriam</i>)	xxxv.
Individuality defies the tomb,	"	xlvi.
Immortality,	"	liv. lv.
Doubt issuing in belief,	"	xcv.
Knowledge without wisdom,	"	cxiii.
Progress,	"	cxvii.
We are not all matter,	"	cxix.
The course of human things,	"	cxvii.

These verses are no doubt the
record of a mental conflict carried
on during some years of the author's
earlier life—a battle between material-
ism and spiritualism, between faith
and unbelief, reason and sense. *The*
Two Voices is philosophy singing,
as *In Memoriam* is philosophy in
tears. The *English Cyclopædia* well
calls the last poem "wonderful," and
adds: "In no language, probably,
is there another series of elegies so
deep, so metaphysical, so imagina-
tive, so musical, and showing such
impassioned, abnormal, and solemniz-
ing affection for the dead."

But it is now time to point to those
passages in which Tennyson may
be said to have, more particularly,
Catholic aspects. Be they few or
many, they are worth noticing, even
though they prove nothing but that a

Protestant poet of the highest order has such aspects, intense, striking, and lovely in no ordinary degree. Every true poet is in a certain sense a divine creation, and nothing but a celestial spark could ignite a Wordsworth, a Longfellow, or an Emerson. It has ever been the delight of the ancient church and her writers to discover portions of her truth among those who are separated from her visible pale. Far from grudging them these precious fragments, she only wishes they were less scanty, and would willingly add to them till they reached the full measure of the deposit of the faith. It would be easy to make out a complete cycle of her doctrine in faith and morals from the poems of Protestant and Mohammedan authors, but it would be only by combining extracts from many who, in matters of belief, differ widely from each other. In looking through the Laureate's volumes for traces of the church's teaching, we are in a special manner struck by his treatment of the invocation of the departed. With what deep feeling does he invite the friend, who is the subject of his immortal elegy, to be near him when his light is low, when pain is at its height, when life is fading away. (*In Memoriam*, xlix.) It reminds us of good Dr. Johnson's prayer for the "attention and ministrations" of his lost wife, as Boswell has given it us. Can any Catholic express more fully than the Laureate the frame of mind becoming those who desire that the departed should still be near them at their side? (*In Memoriam*, l.)

"How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold,
Should be the man whose thoughts would hold
An hour's communion with the dead.

"In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst say,
My spirit is at peace with all.

"They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imaginations calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest.

"But when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates,
And hear the household jar within."

In Memoriam

"If I can," says the dying
Queen in *New Year's Eve*—

"If I can, I'll come again, mother, from our
ing-place;
Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall
your face;
Though I cannot speak a word, I shall
what you say,
And be often, often with you, when you t
far away."

It is not, therefore, in a vague dreamy way, but with the full of the understanding, that Tennyson invokes the spirits in their place of rest. It is not merely as a poet, but as a Christian, that he exclaims

"Oh! therefore, from thy sightless range
With gods in unconjectured bliss,
Oh! from the distance of the abyss
Of tenfold, complicated change,

"Descend, and touch, and enter: hear
The wish too strong for words to name
That in the blindness of the frame
My ghost may feel that thine is near."

In Memoriam

We say "as a Christian;" warmly repudiate the harsh imputation which is often put on words addressed to the Son of

"Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood known

"See," it is said, "this is the you can get from your favorite Christ—that he seems divine. an appearance, a semblance. Now, this reasoning is most. The remainder of the verse is his godhead—

"Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine

The verses which follow prayer to Christ, imploring him light and aid, wisdom and forgiveness. (Prefatory lines

iam.) In fact, it is evident that the parts of Tennyson's elegy, does not use the word *seem* in the sense of appearing to be what is not, but in the sense of its being to be *what it is*. Thus, in the stanza, below the lines just we have—

Forgive what *seemed* my sin in me ;
What *seemed* my worth since I began ;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord ! to thee."

n, *In Memoriam*, xxxiii.,

That after toil and storm,
'st *seem* to have reached a purer air ;"

"*seem* to have reached" is equivalent to "thou who *hast*," with that delicate shade of difference only which belongs to English diction. The verb *δοκέω* is repeatedly used in the New Testament as an adverb, not meaningless to the ear, adding no distinct idea which is expressed in a single word. *ἦτε λέγειν ἐν ἑαυτοῖς*, (St. ii. 9,) means to all intents, "Say not in yourselves," and *οὐκ ἐστὶν στήλοι εἶναι* (Gal. ii. 9) "who were really the pillars seemed to be." Such passages, however, prove nothing as to Tennyson's use of the word *seem*, but only illustrate it. The perfect love of Christ is brought out in the sermon preached by him in *Aylmer's Field*. "The Son of heaven, born of a village carpenter's son," is there styled by the prophet's words, "Wonderful, of Peace, the Mighty God." In the *Laureate* prays that his death may be forgiven, he uses the language of deep humility which meets us so constantly in the writings of Catholic saints. It is as if we were of their prayers to the Father of Lights that the best they ever done may be pardoned,

that their tears may be washed, their myrrh incensed, their spikenard's scent perfumed, and their breathings after God fumigated. It is no shallow view that he takes of repentance when he makes Queen Guinevere ask :

"What is true repentance but in thought—
Not e'en in inmost thought to think again
The sins that made the past so pleasant to us?"
Idylls of the King.

He has been accused of making St. Simeon Stylites a self-righteous saint. That he makes him ambitious of saintdom is true, but this hope which he "will not cease to grasp," is fostered by no sense of his own merits, but, on the contrary, springs from the deepest possible conviction of his unworthiness. He describes himself as

"The basest of mankind,
From scalp to sole one slough and crust of sin,
Unfit for earth, unfit for heaven, scarce meet
For troops of devils mad with blasphemy."

He proclaims from his pillar, his "high nest of penance,"

"That Pontius and Iscariot by his side
Showed like fair seraphs."

He details, indeed, in language strikingly intense, his sufferings, prayers, and penances ; but he disclaims all praise on account of them, and ascribes all his patience to the divine bounty. He does not breathe or "whisper any murmur of complaint," while he tells how his teeth

"Would chatter with the cold, and all his beard
Was tagged with icy fringes in the moon ;"

how his "thighs were rotted with the dew ;" and how

"For many weeks about his loins he wore
The rope that haled the buckets from the well,
Twisted as tight as I could knot the noose ;"

yet the climax of it all is, "Have mercy, mercy : take away my sin."

The Catholic aspects in *St. Agnes' Eve* and *Sir Galahad*, are no less marked than those of *St. Simeon Stylites*. As a devout breathing of a

dying nun, the first of these poems is touching and exquisite. The snows lie deep on the convent-roof, and the shadows of its towers "slant down the snowy sward," while she prays and says:

"As these white robes are soiled and dark,
To yonder shining ground;
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
To yonder argent round;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before Thee;
So in mine earthly house I am,
To that I hope to be."

All heaven bursts its "starry floors," the gates roll back, the heavenly Bridegroom waits to welcome and purify the sister's departing soul. The vision dilates. It is mysteriously vague—mysteriously distinct:

"The sabbaths of eternity,
One sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
The Bridegroom with his bride!"

There is in such verse an indescribably Catholic tone. It is like the heavenly music of faith, which pervades the *Paradise* of Dante, and which (in spite of the lax lives of the authors) runs through the "Sacred Songs" of Moore, and the *Epistle of Eloisa*, and *The Dying Christian's Address to his Soul*, by Pope. But if Tennyson has proved equal to portraying a Catholic saint, he has also depicted most graphically a Catholic knight of romance. Sir Galahad, one of the ornaments of King Arthur's court, (*Idylls of the King*, p. 213,) whose

"strength is as the strength of ten,
Because his heart is pure,"

goes in quest of the Sangreal—the sacred wine. He hears the noise of hymns amid the dark stems of the forest, sees in vision the snowy altar-cloth with swinging censers and "silver vessels sparkling clean." He sails, in magic barks, on "lonely mountain meres," and catches glimpses of angels with folded feet

"in stoles of white,"
holy grail.

"Ah! blessed vision! *blood of*
My spirit beats her mortal life
As down dark tides the glory
And star-light mingles with
So pass I hostel, hall, and gra
By bridge and ford, by park
All armed I ride, whate'er bet
Until I find the holy grail."

A Catholic aspect may be observed in a single word so thou lean on our Christ," (*Idylls*, *Guinevere*) may perhaps sound strange ears, and is familiar to Cardinal Newman, speaking of "He not only regenerates allude to a higher mystery; he is ever renewing birth and our heavenly sense he may be called nature so in grace, our nature" (*Letter to Dr. Pusey*, p. 84) in the Litany of the Hours say, "Jesu, *Pater futuri*" "Jesu, *Pater pauperum*."

The Catholic who well his own faith will always scrupulous about disturbing others. If there is any rent to him, "it is the doubt and unsettling without necessity." (*Neologia*, p. 344.) There is a poem in *In Memoriam*, (x) admirably illustrates this quote but one verse, as memory will no doubt supply

"Leave thou thy sister, when
Her early heaven, her hap
Nor thou with shadowed
A life that leads melodious"

The theory and practice of the wisest Catholics conform to the spirit and letter of this injunction. A devout life, too, is perceived in Tennyson whenever prayer. There is a deepness in his expressions on this

reaches to the fact that prayer is the truest religion — that it is the link which unites man more closely to his Creator than any outward acts, any meditations, any professed creed, and is the spring and current of religious life.

"Evermore
Prayer from a living source within the will,
And beating up through all the bitter world,
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
Kept him a living soul."
Enoch Arden, p. 44.

"Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure:
What souls possess themselves so pure?
Or is there blessedness like theirs?"
In Memoriam, xxxii.

Thus again, in the *Morte d'Arthur*, which was a forecast of *The Idylls of the King*, we are reminded of the efficacy of prayer in language worthy of being put into a Catholic's lips:

"Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy
voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For to the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

In the following lines, on the rarity of repentance, there is a reference to the coöperation of human will with divine grace, which equals the precision of a Catholic theologian:

"Full seldom does a man repent, or use
Both grace and will to pick the vicious quitch
Of blood and custom wholly out of him,
And make all clean, and plant himself afresh."
Idylls of the King, p. 93.

In the same poem we find lines of distinctly Catholic tone on the repentant queen's entering a convent, and on a knight who had long been the tenant of a hermitage. Guinevere speaks as follows:

"So let me, if you do not shudder at me,
Nor shun to call me sister, dwell with you;
Wear black and white, and be a nun like you;
Fast with your fasts, not feasting with your feasts;
Grieve with your griefs, not grieving at your joys,
But not rejoicing; mingle with your rites;

Pray and be prayed for; lie before your shrines;
Do each low office of your holy house;
Walk your dim cloister, and distribute dole
To poor sick people, richer in his eyes
Who ransomed us, and halter, too, than I;
And treat their loathsome hurts, and heal mine own;
And so wear out in almsdeed and in prayer
The sombre close of that voluptuous day
Which wrought the ruin of my lord the king."
Idylls of the King, p. 260.

The hermitage is thus described:

"There lived a knight
Not far from Camelot, now for forty years
A hermit, who had prayed, labored, and prayed,
And ever laboring had scooped himself
In the white rock a chapel and a hall
On massive columns, like a shorecliff cave,
And cells and chambers: all were fair and dry."
Idylls of the King, p. 168.

Among Tennyson's earlier poems, the picture of Isabel, "the perfect wife," with her "hate of gossip parlance, and of sway," her

"locks not wide disspread,
Madonna-wise on either side her head;
Sweet lips whereon perpetually did reign
The summer calm of golden charity;"

and

"Eyes not down-dropt nor over-bright, but fed
With the clear-pointed flame of chastity,"
Poems, pp. 7, 8,

is worthy of a Catholic matron. The description of St. Stephen, in *The Two Voices*, has all the depth and pathos of the poet's happiest mood; and, though neither it, nor some other passages which have been quoted, contain anything distinctively Catholic as opposed to other forms of Christianity, it is strongly marked with those orthodox instincts to which we are drawing attention:

"I cannot hide that some have striven,
Achieving calm, to whom was given
The joy that mixes man with heaven;
Who, rowing hard against the stream,
Saw distant gates of Eden gleam,
And did not dream it was a dream;
But heard, by secret transport led,
E'en in the charnels of the dead,
The murmur of the fountain-head—
Which did accomplish their desire,
Bore and forbore, and did not tire;
Like Stephen, an unquenched fire,
He heeded not reviling tones,
Nor sold his heart to idle moans,
Though cursed, and scorned, and bruised with stones;
But looking upward, full of grace,
He prayed, and from a happy place
God's glory smote him on the face."
Poems, p. 299.

We are anxious not to appear to

lay undue stress on these extracts. Let them go for as much as they are worth, and no more. We do not stretch them on any Procrustean bed to the measure of orthodox. Others might be adduced, of a latitudinarian tendency, but they are few in number, and do not neutralize the force of these. In view of many passages in Shakespeare of a Catholic bearing, and of several facts favorable to the belief that he was a Catholic, M. Rio has come to the probably sound conclusion that he really was what he himself wishes to prove him. We put no such forced interpretation on our extracts from Tennyson as M. Rio has certainly put on many which he has brought forward from the Elizabethan poet; but we think that they are sufficiently cast in a Catholic mould to warrant us in applying to Tennyson the words which Carlyle has used in reference to his predecessor: "Catholicism, with and against feudalism, but not against nature and her bounty, gave us English a Shakespeare and era of Shakespeare, and so produced a blossom of Catholicism." (*French Revolution*, vol. i. 10.)

But religion, as we have said, does not occupy a prominent place in Tennyson's pages. He is, in the main, like the great dramatist—a poet of this world. Love and women are his favorite themes, but love within the bounds of law, and woman strongly idealized. License finds in him no apologist, while he throws around purity and fidelity all the charms of song. The most rigid moralist can find nothing to censure in his treatment of the guilty love of Lancelot and Guinevere, the wedded love of Enid and Geraint, the meretricious love of Vivien, and the unrequited love of Elaine. If Milton had, as he intended,* cho-

sen King Arthur as the subject of his epic, he could not have taken a higher moral tone than Tennyson has in the *Idylls of the King*, and, considering how lax were his notions about marriage, it is probable he would have taken a lower one. King Arthur's praise of honorable courtship and conjugal faith is too long to be quoted here, but it may be referred to as equally eloquent and edifying. (*Idylls of the King*.)

The Laureate has learned at least one secret of making a great name—not to write too much. "I hate many books," wrote Père Lacordaire. "The capital point is, to have an aim in life, and deeply to respect posterity by sending it but a small number of well-meditated works." This has been Tennyson's rule. With six slender volumes he has built himself an everlasting name. He has, till within the last few months, seldom contributed to periodicals, and when he has done so, the price paid for his stanzas seems fabulous. The estimation in which he is held by critics of a high order amounts, in many cases, to a passion and a worship. The specimen he has given of a translation of the *Iliad* promises for it, if completed, all that Longfellow has wrought for the *Divina Commedia*. The attempts he has made at *Alcaics*, *Hendecasyllables*, and *Galliambs* in English have been thoroughly successful, and stamp him as an accomplished scholar. (*Boëdicea*, etc., in *Enoch Arden and other Poems*.) As he does not write much, so neither does he write fast. The impetuous oratory of Shakespeare's and Byron's verse is unknown to him. He never affects it. He reminds us rather of the operations of nature, who slowly and calmly, but without difficulty, produces her marvellous results. Drop by drop his immortal poems are dis-

* See his *Mansar*, and *Life*, by Toland, p. 17.

tilled, like the chalybeate droppings which leave at length on the cavern floor a perfect red and crystal stalagmite. "Day by day," says the *National Review*, when speaking on this subject—"day by day, as the hours pass, the delicate sand falls into beautiful forms, in stillness, in peace, in brooding." "The particular power by which Mr. Tennyson surpasses all recent English poets," writes the *Edinburgh Review*, "is that of sustained perfection. . . . We look in vain among his modern rivals for any who can compete with him in the power of saying beautifully the thing he has to say."

O degli altri poeti onore e lume,
Vaghiami 'l lungo studio e 'l grande amore
Che m' han fatto cercar lo tuo volume.*

During a long period, the originality of Tennyson's verse was an obstacle to its fame, and indeed continues to be so in the minds of some readers. His use of obsolete words appears to many persons affected, while others applaud him for his vigorous Saxon, believing, with Dean Swift, that the Saxon element in our compound tongue should be religiously preserved, and that the writers and speakers who please us most are those whose style is most Saxon in its character. If Tennyson has modelled his verse after any author, it is undoubtedly Shakespeare, and the traces of this study may perhaps be found in his vocabulary. Yet no man is less of a plagiarist; not only his forms of thought but of language also are original, and though he owes much to the early dramatists, to Wordsworth and to Shelley, he fuses all metals in the alembic of his own mind, and turns them to gold. His love of nature is intense, and his observation of her works is microscopic.

* *L. Inferno*, i. 82.

Yet he is never so occupied with details as to lose sight of broad outlines. In 1845, Wordsworth spoke of him as "decidedly the first of our living poets;" but since that time his fame has been steadily on the increase. Many of his lines have passed into proverbs, and a crowd of feebly fluttering imitators have vainly striven to rival him on the wing. What the people once called a weed has grown into a tall flower, wearing a crown of light, and flourishing far and wide. (*The Flower. Enoch Arden*, etc., p. 152.) A concordance to *In Memoriam* has been published, and the several editions of the Laureate's volumes have been collated as carefully as if they were works of antiquity. Every ardent lover of English poetry is familiar with Mariana, "in the lonely moated grange;" the good Haroun Alraschid among his obelisks and cedars; Oriana wailing amid the Norland whirlwinds; the Lady Shalott in her "four gray walls and four gray towers;" the proud Lady Clara Vere de Vere; the drowsy Lotos-Eaters; the chaste and benevolent Godiva; Maud in her garden of "woodbine spices;" the true love of the Lord of Burleigh, and the reward of honest Lady Clare. The highest praise of these ballads is that they have sunk into the nation's heart. They combine the chief excellences of other bards, and remind us of some delicious fruit which unites in itself a variety of the most exquisite flavors. This richness and sweetness may be ascribed in part to that remarkable condensation of thought which enriches one page of Tennyson with as many ideas and images as would, in most other poets, be found scattered over two or three pages. "We must not expect," wrote Shenstone in one of his essays, "to trace the flow of Waller, the landskip of Thomson, the fire

of Dryden, the imagery of Shakespeare, the simplicity of Spenser, the courtliness of Prior, the humor of Swift, the wit of Cowley, the delicacy of Addison, the tenderness of Otway, and the invention, the spirit, and sublimity of Milton, joined in any single writer." Perhaps not. But Shenstone had never read Tennyson, and there is no knowing what he might have thought if he had con-
 nected the calm majesty of *Ulysses*; the classical beauty of *Tithonus* and the *Princess*; the luxuriant eloquence of *Locksley Hall*; the deep lyrical flow of *The Letters* and *The Voyage*; the 'cute drollery of the *Northern Farmer*; the idyllic sweetness of *Cenone*; the grandeur of *Morte d'Arthur*; the touching simplicity of *Enoch Arden*; the power and pathos of *Aylmer's Field*; the perfect minstrelsy of the *Rivulet*, and the songs, *O Swallow*, *Swallow*, and *Tears*, *Idle Tears*; and the sharps and trebles of the *Brook*, more musical than Mendelssohn.

Far be it from us to carp at any

poetry because it proceeds from a man who is not a Catholic. We are, indeed, firmly that, if Tennyson had been imbued with the ancient spirit, it would have cleared some of the mists both from his mind and from his verse. But in these days, when we are so much in the hands of the scientific, the positivistic, and the utilitarian, in various shapes and forms, we rejoice unfeignedly to find in his writings marked, even in the most perfect degree, with Christian truth and feeling. The influence exerted by the Laureate in the world of letters is great, and we are, therefore, endeavored at some times to show how far it is favorable, and how far unfavorable, to the truth. Though unhappily not a Catholic, we recognize with delight the fact that he is not an infidel, and we feel persuaded that some of our readers will be pleased to have placed in a prominent position of view the redeeming features of the religious character of his

P O L A N D .

WHEN, fixed in righteous wrath, a nation's eye
 Torments some crowned tormentor with just hate,
 Nor threat nor flattery can that gaze abate;
 Unshriven the unatoning years go by;
 For as that starry archer in the sky
 Unbends not his bright bow, though early and late
 The syren sings, and folly weds with fate,
 Even so that constellated destiny
 Which keeps fire-vigil in a night-black heaven,
 Upon the countenance of the doomed looks forth
 Consentient with a nation's gaze on earth:
 To the twinned powers a single gaze is given;
 The earthly fate reveals the fate on high—
 A brazen serpent raised, that says, not "live," but "die."

AUBREY DE

PROFESSOR DRAPER'S BOOKS.*

PROFESSOR DRAPER's works have had, and are having, a very rapid sale, and are evidently very highly esteemed by that class of readers who take an interest, without being very profoundly versed, in the grave subjects which he treats. He is, we believe, a good chemist and a respectable physiologist. His work on Human Physiology, we have been assured by those whose judgment in such matters we prefer to our own, is a work of real merit, and was, when first published, up to the level of the science to which it is devoted. We read it with care on its first appearance, and the impression it left on our mind was, that the author yields too much to the theory of chemical action in physiology, and does not remember that man is the union of soul and body, and that the soul modifies, even in the body, the action of the natural laws; or rather, that the physiological laws of brute matter, or even of animals, cannot be applied to man without many important reserves. The Professor, indeed, recognizes, or says he recognizes, in man a rational soul, or an immaterial principle; but the recognition seems to be only a verbal concession, made to the prejudices of those who have some lingering belief in Christianity, for we find no use for it in his physiology. All the physiological phenomena he dwells

on he explains without it, that is, as far as he explains them at all. Whatever his personal belief may be, his doctrine is as purely materialistic as is Mr. Herbert Spencer's, which explains all the phenomena of life by the mechanical, chemical, and electrical changes and combinations of matter.

It is due to Professor Draper to say, that in this respect he only sins in common with the great body of modern physiologists. Physiology—indeed, all the inductive sciences—have been for a long time cast in a materialistic mould, and men of firm faith, and sincere and ardent piety, are materialists, and, therefore, atheists, the moment they enter the field of physical science, and deny in their science what they resolutely affirm and would die for in their faith. Hence the quarrel between the theologians and the *savans*. The *savans* have not reconciled their so-called science with the great theological truths, whether of reason or revelation, which only the fool doubts, or in his heart denies. This proves that our physicists have made far less progress in the sciences than they are in the habit of boasting. That cannot be true in physiology which is false in theology; and a physiology that denies all reality but matter, or finds no place in it for God and the human soul, is no true physiological science. The physiologist has far less evidence of the existence of matter than I have of the existence of spirit; and it is only by spirit that the material is apprehensible, or can be shown to exist. Matter only mimics or imitates spirit.

The continual changes that take

* 1. *Human Physiology, Statical and Dynamical; or, Conditions and Course of the Life of Man.* By J. W. Draper, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1856. 8vo, pp. 649.
2. *History of the Intellectual Development of Europe.* By the same. Fifth edition. 1867. 8vo, pp. 628.
3. *Thoughts on the Civil Policy of America.* By the same. Third edition. 1867. 8vo, pp. 325.
4. *History of the American Civil War.* By the same. In three volumes. Vol. I. 1867. 8vo, pp. 567.

place from time to time in physiology show—we say it with all deference to physiologists—that it has not risen as yet to the dignity of a science. It is of no use to speak of progress, for changes which transform the whole body of a pretended science are not progress. We may not have mastered all the facts of a science; we may be discovering new facts every day; but if we have, for instance, the true physiological science, the discovery of new facts may throw new light on the science—may enable us to see clearer its reach, and understand better its application, but cannot change or modify its principles. As long as your pretended science is liable to be changed in its principles, it is a theory, an hypothesis, not a science. Physiologists have accumulated a large stock of physiological facts, to which they are daily adding new facts. We willingly admit these facts are not useless, and the time spent in collecting them is not wasted; on the contrary, we hold them to be valuable, and appreciate very highly the labor, the patient research, and the nice observation that has collected, classified, and described them; but we dare assert, notwithstanding, that the science of physiology is yet to be created; and created it will not be till physiologists have learned and are able to set forth the dialectic relations of spirit and matter, soul and body, God and nature, free-will and necessity. Till then there may be known facts, but there will be no physiological science. As far as what is called the science of human life, or human physiology, goes, Professor Draper's work is an able and commendable work; but he must permit us to say that the real science of physiology he has not touched, has not dreamed of; nor have any of his brethren who see in the human soul only a

useless appendage to the body. The soul is the *forma corporis*, its informing, its vital principle, and persists so to speak, and determines, or defines, the whole life and action of the human body, from the first instant of conception to the very moment of death. The human body does not exist, even in its embryonic state, first as a vegetable, then as an animal, and afterward as united with an immaterial soul. It is the body of the soul from the first instant of conception, and man lives, in any sense, only one human life. There is no moment after conception when the destruction of the foetus is not the murder of a human life.

As we said on a former occasion, or at least implied, man, though the ancients called him a microcosm, is not a universe in little, and contains in himself all the elements of nature, neither a mineral nor a vegetable, but simply an animal, and the animal in which the physiologist detects the difference between him and the kingdoms below him, form no scientific basis of human physiology, for like is like. There may be no difference between the microscope or the eye can detect between the blood of an ox and the blood of a man; but the microscope and chemical tests applied to both cases applied to the dead subject, not the living, and the blood tested is withdrawn from the living action of the soul, and that escapes the most powerful microscope, and the most subtle chemical agent. Comparative physiology gratify the curiosity, and, when pressed beyond its legitimate bounds, it may even be useful, and help to a better understanding of our bodies; but it can never be the basis of a scientific induction, because of the difference of species. Con-

biology is, therefore, unlike
ive philology ; for, however
may be the dialects com-
re is no difference of spe-
ing them, and nothing hin-
ological inductions from
; in the secondary order,
cientific character. Phy-
inductions, resting on the
ve study of different indi-
different races or families
ay also be truly scientific ;
e individuals, and all these
amilies belong to one and
species. But the compa-
siology that compares men
ls, gives only analogies, not

not undervalue science ;
ntrary, what we complain
: our physiologists do not
cience ; they give us facts,
or hypotheses. Facts are
e till referred to the prin-
t explain them, and these
themselves are not science
ted in the principles of that
niversal science called the-
which is really the science
aces. The men who pass for
d are the hierophants and
of the age, sin not by
ice, but by their want of
Their ideal of science is
ad grovelling. Science is
re than they conceive it ;
deeper, broader than they
the best of them are, as
aid of himself, mere boys
o shells on the shores of
ocean of truth. They, at
in in the vestibule of the
science ; they have not
e penetralia and knelt be-
tar. We find no fault with
Draper's science, where sci-
as ; we only complain of
tempting to palm off upon
orance for science, and ac-
ad laboring to make us ac-

cept as science what is really no
science. Yet he is not worse than
others of his class.

The second work named in our
list is the professor's attempt to ex-
tend the principles of his human
physiology to the human race at
large, and to apply them specially
to the intellectual development of
Europe ; the third is an attempt to
apply them to the civil policy of
America, and the fourth is an at-
tempt to get a counter-proof of his
theories in the history of our late ci-
vil war. Through the four works we
detect one and the same purpose,
one and the same doctrine, of which
the principal *data* are presented in
his work on human physiology, which
is cast in a purely materialistic mould.
They are all written to show that all
philosophy, all religion, all morality,
and all history are to be physiologi-
cally explained, that is, by fixed, in-
flexible, and irreversible natural laws.
He admits, in words, that man has
free-will, but denies that it influen-
ces events or anything in the life and
conduct of men. He also admits,
and claims credit for admitting, a
Supreme Being, as if there could be
subordinate beings, or any being but
one who declares himself I AM THAT
AM ; but a living and ever-present
God, Creator, and upholder of the
universe, finds no recognition in his
physiological system. His God, like
the gods of the old Epicureans,
has nothing to do, but, as Dr. Eva-
rist de Gypendole, in his *Ointment
for the Bite of the Black Serpent*,
happily expresses it, to "sleep all
night and to doze all day." He is
a superfluity in science, like the im-
material soul in the author's *Human
Physiology*. All things, in Professor
Draper's system, originate, proceed
from, and terminate in, natural devel-
opment, with a most superb contempt
for the *ratio sufficiens* of Leibnitz,

and the first and final cause of the theologians and philosophers. The only God his system recognizes is natural law, the law of the generation and death of phenomena, and distinguishable from nature only as the *natura naturans* is distinguishable from the *natura naturata* of Spinoza. His system is, therefore, notwithstanding his concessions to the Christian prejudices which still linger with the unscientific, a system of pure naturalism, and differs in no important respect from the *Religion Positive* of M. Auguste Comte.

The Duke of Argyle, in his *Reign of Law*, which we reviewed last February, a man well versed in the modern sciences, sought, while asserting the universal reign of law, to escape this system of pure naturalism, by defining law to be "will enforcing itself with power," or making what are called the laws of nature the direct action of the divine Will. But this asserted activity only for the divine Being, therefore denied second causes, and bound not only nature, but the human will fast in fate, or rather, absorbed man and nature in God; for man and nature do and can exist only in so far as active, or in some sense causative. The passive does not exist, and to place all activity in God alone is to deny the creation of active existences or second causes, which is the very essence of pantheism. Professor Draper and the positivists, whom he follows, reverse the shield, and absorb not man and nature in God, but both God and man in nature. John and James are not Peter, but Peter is James and John. There is no real difference between pantheism and atheism; both are absurd, but the absurdity of atheism is more easily detected by the common mind than the absurdity of pantheism. The one loses God by losing unity,

and the other by losing diversity, everything distinguishable from God. The God of the atheist is not, the God of the pantheist is as if he were not, and it makes no practical difference whether you say God is all or all is God.

To undertake a critical review of these several works would exceed both our space and our patience, and, moreover, were a task that does not seem to be called for. Professor Draper, we believe, ranks high among his scientific brethren. He writes in a clear, elegant, graceful, and pleasing style, but we have found nothing new or profound in his works. His theories are almost as old as the hills, and older, if the hills are no older than he pretends. His work on the Intellectual Development of Europe, in substance, taken from the positivists, and the positivist philosophy, is only a reproduction, with no scientific advance on that of the old biologists or hylozoists, as Cuvier calls them. He agrees perfectly with the positivists in the recognition of three ages or epochs, we should rather say stages, in human development; the theological, the metaphysical, and the scientific or positive. In the theological age, man is in intellectual infancy, is filled with sentiments of fear and wonder; ignorant of natural causes and effects of the natural laws themselves; he sees the supernatural in every event that surpasses his understanding or experience, and bows before a God in every natural force prior to his own. It is the age of ignorance, wonder, credulity, and superstition. In the second the intellect has been, to a certain extent developed, and the gross fetichism of the first age disappears, and men no longer worship the visible apis, but the invisible apis, the spiritual or

pis ; not the bull, but, as an American Indian says, "a man of bulls ;" and instead of representing the visible objects of nature, as the sun, moon, and ocean and rivers, groves and mountains, storms and tempests, and theism in the outset, they represent certain metaphysical abstractions into which they have refined, and into which they finally generalize one grand abstraction, and call Zeus, Jupiter, Jehovah, Deus, or God, and thus unite the Hebrew and Christian religions. In the third and last part of the work there is no longer fetichism, or monotheism ; men no longer deify nature, or their own minds, no longer believe in natural or the metaphysical gods supposed to be supernatural, but reject whatever is not material, positive as the objective science. Professor Draper develops this system of science rather than its inventor or originator. Auguste Comte and his disciples ; but as well as he is expected to do it, in English. He takes it as the basis of his *History of the Intellectual Development of Europe*, and tries to reconcile with it all the unknown facts of that history. We make no quotation here that we state the proposition correctly, for no one reads him, with any attention, on our statement ; and, in might find it difficult to agree with ages which clearly and expressly confirm it, for it is a grave charge against him, as against the writers of his school, that it does not deal in clear and express statements of doctrine. Had Professor Draper put forth what is evident in his doctrine in clear, simple, and direct propositions, so that his

doctrine could at once be seen and understood, his works, instead of going through several editions, and being commended in reviews and journals, as scientific, learned, and profound, would have fallen dead from the press, or been received with a universal burst of public indignation ; for they attack everything dear to the heart of the Christian, the philosopher, and the citizen. Nothing worse is to be found in the old French Encyclopedists, in the *Système de la Nature* of D'Holbach, or in *l'Homme-Plant*, and *l'Homme-Machine* of Lamettrie. His doctrine is nothing in the world but pure materialism and atheism, and we do not believe the American people are as yet prepared to deny either God, or creation and Providence. The success of these authors is in their vagueness, in their refusal to reduce their doctrine to distinct propositions, in hinting, rather than stating it, and in pretending to speak always in the name of science, thus : "Science shows this," or "Science shows that ;" when, if they knew anything of the matter, they would know that science does no such thing. Then, how can you accuse Professor Draper of atheism or materialism ; for does he not expressly declare his belief, as a man of science, in the existence of the Supreme Being, and in an immaterial and immortal soul ? What Dr. Draper believes or disbelieves, is his affair, not ours ; we only assert that the doctrine he defends in his professedly scientific books, from beginning to end, is purely physiological, and has no God or soul in it. As a man, Dr. Draper may believe much ; as an author, he is a materialist and an atheist, beyond all dispute : if he knows it, little can be said for his honesty ; if he does not know it, little can be said for his science, or his competency to write on the intellectual development of

Europe, or of any other quarter of the globe.

But to return to the theory the professor borrows from the positivists. As the professor excludes from his physiology the idea of creation, we cannot easily understand how he determines what is the infancy of the human race, or when the human race was in its infancy. If the race had no beginning, if, like Topsy, "it didn't come, but grow'd," it had no infancy; if it had a beginning, and you assume its earliest stage was that of infancy, then it is necessary to know which stage is the earliest, and what man really was in that stage. Hence, chronology becomes all-important, and, as the author's science rejects all received chronology, and speaks of changes and events which took place millions and millions of ages ago, and of which there remains no record but that chronicled in the rocks; but, as in that record exact dates are not given, chronology, with him, whether of the earth or of man, must be very uncertain, and it seems to us that it must be very difficult for science to determine, with much precision, when the race was, or what it was, in its infancy. Thus he says:

"In the intellectual infancy of the savage state, man transfers to nature his conceptions of himself, and, considering that everything he does is determined by his own pleasure, regards all passing events as depending on the arbitrary volition of a superior but invisible power. He gives to the world a constitution like his own. The tendency is necessarily to superstition. Whatever is strange, or powerful, or vast, impresses his imagination with dread. Such objects are only the outward manifestations of an indwelling spirit, and, therefore, worthy of his veneration." (*Intellect, Devel.* p. 2.)

We beg the professor's pardon, but he has only imperfectly learned his lesson. In this which he regards as the age of fetich worship, and the

first stage of human development includes ideas and conceptions which belong to the second, or metaphysical age of his masters. But let us pass for the present. The professor evidently assumes that the present state is the intellectual infancy of the race. But how knows he that it is not the intellectual old age or decrepitude of the race? Then, while he holds, or apprehends, like the positivists, to the continuous progress of the race, do you hold to the continuous progress of any given nation.

"A national type," he says, "pursues its way physically and mentally through changes and developments answering to those of the individual, represented by infancy, youth, manhood, and death respectively."

How, then, say scientific men, your fetich age, or the age of superstition, the theological age of the positivists, instead being the infancy of the nation, is not its last stage next preceding death? How can you mine physiologically or scientifically that the savage is the infant man, and not the worn-out man? Then let us determine that the superstition of which you have so much to say, and which, with you, means religion, revelation, the church, everything that claims to be, or that asserts, anything supernatural, is not characteristic of the first stage of human development, but of the first?

Our modern physiologists and anti-Christian speculators seem to take it for granted that the present gives us the type of the present man. We refuted this abstraction in our essay on *Faith and Sciences*. There are no known historical facts to support it. How can the record chronicled in the rocks be as read by geologists. What can it prove? Why, in the lower

ent strata in which human
e found, along with those
species of animals, you find
nen of that epoch used
lements, and were igno-
etals or unable to work
l, therefore, must have
ges. That is, the men
then, and in that loca-
so. But does this prove
did not, contemporary
in other localities or in
ters of the globe, live
a nations in the full vigor
hood of the race, having
; and implements of civi-

Did the savages of New
then first discovered, un-
orking in iron, and used
stone axes, and stone
ay of which we have our-
ed up? And was it the same
eans? From the rude-
ncivilized condition of a
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ncy of the race, if there
ice in the analogy assum-
ge of growth, of progress ;
g is less progressive, or
y stationary, in a moral
ctual sense, than the sav-
Since history began, there
no instance on record of
ibe rising by indigenous
vilization, but none of a
age tribe having ever,
eign assistance, become
nation. The Greeks in
historical or semi-histori-
ere not savages, and we
dence that they ever were.
ic poems were never the
a savage people, or of a
emerging from the savage
ivilization, and they are a
e Greeks, as a people, had
of religion, and were less
s in the age of Homer

than in the age of St. Paul. The
Germans are a civilized people, and
if they were first revealed to us as
what the Greeks and Romans called
barbarians, they were never, as far
as known, savages. We all know how
exceedingly difficult it is to civilize
our North American Indians. Indi-
viduals now and then take up the
elements of our civilization, but rare-
ly, if they are of pure Indian blood.
They recoil before the advance of
civilization. The native Mexicans
and Peruvians have, indeed, received
some elements of Christian civiliza-
tion along with the Christian faith
and worship ; but they were not, on
the discovery of this continent, pure
savages, but had many of the ele-
ments of a civilized people, and that
they were of the same race with the
savages that roamed our northern
forests, is not yet proved. The his-
torical probabilities are not on the
side of the hypothesis of the modern
progressivists, but are on the side of
the contrary doctrine, that the savage
state belongs to the old age of the
race—is not that from which man ris-
es, but that into which he falls.

Nor is there any historical evi-
dence that superstition is older than
religion, that men begin in the coun-
terfeit and proceed to the genuine,—
in the false, and proceed by way of
development to the true. They do
not abuse a thing before having it.
Superstition presupposes religion, as
falsehood presupposes truth ; for false-
hood being unable to stand by itself,
it is only by the aid of truth that it
can be asserted. "Fear made the
gods," sings Lucretius ; but it can
make none where belief in the gods
does not already exist. Men may
transfer their own sentiments and
passions to the divinity ; but they
must believe that the divinity exists
before they can do it. They must be-
lieve that God is, before they can hear

him in the wind, see him in the sun and stars, or dread him in the storm and the earthquake. It is not from dread of the strange, the powerful, or the vast, that men develop the idea of God, the spiritual, the supernatural; the dread presupposes the presence and activity of the idea. Men, again, who, like the professor's man in the infancy of the savage state, are able to conceive of spirit and to distinguish between the outward manifestation and the indwelling spirit, are not fetich worshippers, and for them the fetich is no longer a god, but if retained at all, it is as a sign or symbol of the invisible. Fetichism is the grossest form of superstition, and obtains only among tribes fallen into the grossest ignorance, that lie at the lowest round of the scale of human beings; not among tribes in whom intelligence is commencing, but in whom it is well-nigh extinguished.

Monotheism is older than polytheism, for polytheism, as the author himself seems to hold, grows out of pantheism, and pantheism evidently grows out of theism, out of the loss or perversion of the idea of creation, or of the relation between the creator and the creature, or cause and effect, and is and can be found only among a people who have once believed in one God, creator of heaven and earth and all things visible and invisible. Moreover, the earliest forms of the heathen superstitions are, so far as historical evidence goes, the least gross, the least corrupt. The religion of the early Romans was pure in comparison with what it subsequently became, especially after the Etruscan domination or influence. The Homeric poems show a religion less corrupt than that defended by Aristophanes. The earliest of the Vedas, or sacred books of the Hindoos, are free from the grosser super-

stitions of the latest, and when, the author very justly throws those grosser forms we deduced. This is very remarkable. We are to assume that the forms of superstition are the

But we have with Greek, Egyptians, Indians, no books that date earlier than the books of Moses, at least none that can be proved to have been written earlier; and the books of Moses, in whatever form or character we take them, show a religion older than the heathen mythologies, and absolutely free from every form of superstition, what is called the patriarchal religion, and which is superior to the Jewish and Christian religions. The earliest notices we have of heathen superstitions are taken from these books, the oldest of which at least none older are known. If these books are regarded as historical documents, then what we call the patriarchal religion holds to be the true religion maintained with a portion of the truth from the creation of man, and, for a series of years, from the time of Nimrod, the mighty hunter, who, as the professor says, was the only religion and your fetichisms, polytheisms, idolatries, and superstitions, which you note among the heathen, instead of being the religion of the infancy of the race, are, completely speaking, only recent innovations. If their authenticity as historical documents be denied, they still their antiquity is undeniable. The patriarchal religion obtains an earlier date than it can be proved to have any of the heathen mythologies. It is certain, then, that the patriarchal, we may say, the Christian religion, is the earliest known religion of the race, and therefore that fact as contended by the professor after them, is asserted to have been the re-

human race in the earliest stage of its existence, nor the germ from which all the various religions or superstitions of the world have been developed.

But we may go still farther. The attempt to explain the origin and course of religion by the study of the various heathen mythologies, and idolatries, and superstitions, is as absurd as to attempt to determine the origin and course of the Christian religion by the study of the thousand and one sects that have broken off from the church, and set up to be churches themselves. They can teach us nothing except the gradual deterioration of religious thought, and the development and growth of superstition or irreligion among those separated from the central religious life of the race. In the ancient Indian, Egyptian, and Greek mythologies, on which the author dwells with much emphasis, we trace no gradual purification of the religious idea, but its continual corruption and desecration. As the sects all presuppose the Christian church, and could neither exist nor be intelligible without her, so those various heathen mythologies presuppose the patriarchal religion, are unintelligible without and could not have originated or existed without it. The professor having studied these mythologies in the darkness of no-religion, understands nothing of them, and finds no sense in them—as little sense as a man ignorant of Catholicity would find in the creeds, confessions, and religious services of the several Protestant sects; but if he had studied them in the light of the patriarchal religion, which they mutilate, corrupt, or travesty, he might have understood them, and have traced with a steady hand their origin and course, and their relation to the intellectual development of the race.

We have no space to enter at

length into the question here suggested. In all the civilized heathen nations, the gods are divided into two classes, the *Dii Majores* and the *Dii Minores*. The *Dii Majores* are only the result of a false effort to explain the mysterious dogma of the Trinity, and the perversion of the Christian doctrine of the Eternal Generation of the Son, and the Eternal Procession of the Holy Ghost. The type from which these mythologies depart, not which they realize, is undeniably the mystery of the Trinity asserted, more or less explicitly, by the patriarchal religion; and hence, we find them all, from the burning South to the frozen North, from the East to the West, from the Old World to the New, asserting, in some form, in the Divinity the sacred and mysterious Triad. The *Dii Minores* are a corruption or perversion of the Catholic doctrine of saints and angels, or that doctrine is the type which has been perverted or corrupted, by substituting heroes for saints, and the angels that fell for the angels that stood, and taking these for gods instead of creatures. The enemies of Christianity have sufficiently proved that the common type of both is given in the patriarchal religion, hoping thereby to get a conclusive argument against Christianity; but they have forgotten to state that, while the one conforms to the type, the other departs from it, perverts or corrupts it, and that the one that conforms is prior in date to the one that corrupts, perverts or departs from it. No man can study the patriarchal religion without seeing at a glance that it is the various forms of heathenism that are the corrupt forms, as no man can study both Catholicity and Protestantism without seeing that Protestantism is the corruption, or perversion—sometimes even the travesty of Catholicity. The same conclusion

is warranted alike by Indian and Egyptian gloom and Greek gayety. The gloom speaks for itself. The gayety is that of despair—the gayety that says: "Come, let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." Through all heathendom you hear the wail, sometimes loud and stormy, sometimes low and melodious, over some great and irreparable loss, over a broken and unrealized ideal, just as you do in the modern sectarian and unbelieving world.

But why is it that the professor and others, when seeking to give the origin and course of religion, as related to the intellectual development of the race, pass by the patriarchal, Jewish, or Christian religion, and fasten on the religions or superstitions of the Gentiles? It is their art, which consists in adroitly avoiding all direct attacks on the faith of Christendom, and confining themselves in their dissertations on the natural history of the pagan superstitions, to establishing principles which alike undermine both them and Christianity. It is evident to every intelligent reader of Professor Draper's *Intellectual Development of Europe*, that he means the principles he asserts shall be applied to Christianity as well as to Indian, Egyptian, Greek, and Roman mythology, and he gives many broad hints to that effect. What then? Is he not giving the history of the intellectual development of Europe? Can one give the history of that development without taking notice of religion? If, in giving the natural history of religion, showing whence and how it originates, what have been its developments, its course, its modifications, changes, decay, and death, by the influence of natural causes, science establishes principles which overthrow all religions, and render preposterous all claims of man to have

received a supernatural revelation to be in communion with the Infinite, or to be under any other providence than that of the fixed, immutable, and irresistible laws of nature, or purely physiological laws, what fault is it? Would you condemn science, or subordinate it to the needs of a crafty and unscrupulous priesthood, fearful of losing the influence, and having the human race emancipated from their despotism? That is, you lay down certain principles, repudiated by reason and common sense, and which all reason and science rejects with contempt, call them false principles science, and when we protest, you cry out with all your lungs, aided by all the simplicity of the age, that we are hostile to science, would prevent free scientific investigation, restrain free thought, and would keep the people from getting a glimpse of the truth that would emancipate them, place them on the same line with the baboon or the gorilla! A wonder, then, is this modern science; it always places, whatever it asserts, in denial, its adepts in the right against the theologians and the ointed priests of God!

The mystery is not difficult to explain. The physiologists, of course, are good Sadducees, and really less going through a church after dark, or caught in a storm at sea, and in danger of shipwreck, believe in neither angel nor spirit. They wish to reduce all events to phenomena, intellectual, moral, religious, to fixed, invariable, immutable, irreversible, and necessary laws of nature. They exclude in doctrine, if not in words, the supernatural creation, providence, and all occult agency. Every thing in man and the universe is generated or developed by physiological or natural laws, and follows them in all their vicissitudes.

tions and changes. Religion, then, must be a natural production, generated by man, in conjunction with nature, and modified, changed, or destroyed, according to the physical causes to which he is subjected in time and place. This is partially true, or, at least, not manifestly false in all respects of the various pagan superstitions, and many facts may be cited that seem to prove it ; but it is manifestly not true of the patriarchal, Jewish, and Christian religion, and the only way to make it appear true, is to not distinguish that religion from the others, to include all religions in one and the same category, and conclude that what they prove to be partially true of a part, is and must be true of the whole. That this is fair or logical, is not a matter that the physiologists, who, where they detect an analogy, conclude identity, trouble themselves at all about ; besides, nothing in their view is illogical or unfair that tends to discredit priests and theologians. Very likely, also, such is their disdain or contempt of religion, that they really do not know that there is any radical difference between Christianity and Gentooism. We have never encountered a physiologist, in the sense we use the term here, that is, one who maintains that all in the history of man and the universe proceeds from nature alone, who had much knowledge of Christian theology, or knowledge enough to be aware that in substance it is not identical with the pagan superstitions. Their ignorance of our religion is sublime.

We have thus far proceeded on the supposition that the professor means by the infancy of the savage state the infancy of the race ; we are not sure, after all, that this is precisely his thought, or that he means anything more than the infancy of a particular nation or family of nations is the sa-

vage state. He, however, sums up his doctrine in his table of contents, chapter i., of his *Intellectual Development*, in the proposition : " Individual man is an emblem of communities, nations, and universal humanity. They exhibit epochs of life like his, and like him are under the control of physical conditions, and therefore of law ;" that is, physical or physiological law, for " human physiology " is only a special department of universal physiology, as we have already indicated. It would seem from this that the author makes the savage state, as we have supposed, correspond, in the race, in universal humanity, as well as in communities, to the epoch of infancy in the individual. But does he mean to teach that the race itself has its epoch of infancy, youth, manhood, old age, and death ? He can, perhaps, in a loose sense, predicate these several epochs of nations and of political or civil communities ; but how can he predicate them all of the race ? " Individuals die, humanity survives," says Seneca ; and are we to understand that the professor means to assert that the race is born like the individual, passes through childhood, youth, manhood, to old age, and then dies ? Who knows what he means ?

But suppose that he has not settled in his own mind his meaning on this point, as is most likely the case ; that he has not asked himself whether man on the earth has a beginning or an end, and that he regards the race as a natural evolution, revolving always in the same circle, and takes, therefore, the infancy he speaks of as the infancy of a nation or a given community. Then his doctrine is, that the earliest stage of every civilized nation or community is the savage state, that the ancestors of the civilized in every age are savages, and that

all civilization has been developed under the control of physical conditions from the savage state. The germ of all civilization then must be in the savage, and civilization then must be evolved from the savage as the chicken from the egg, or the egg from the sperm. But of this there is no evidence; for, as we have seen, there is no nation known that has sprung from exclusively savage ancestors, no known instance of a savage people developing, if we may so speak, into a civilized people. The theory rests on no historical or scientific basis, and is perfectly gratuitous. In the savage state we detect reminiscences of a past civilization, not the germs of a future civilization, or if germs—germs that are dead, and that never do or can germinate. There are degrees of civilization; people may be more or less civilized; but we have no evidence, historical or scientific, of a time when there was no civilized people extant. There are civilized nations now, and contemporary with them are various savage tribes, and the same may be said of every epoch since history began. The civilized nations whose origin we know have all sprung from races more or less civilized, never from purely savage tribes. The physiologists overlook history, and mistake the evening twilight for the dawn.

But pass over this. Let us come to the doctrine for which the professor writes his book, namely, individuals, communities, nations, universal humanity, are under the control of physical conditions, therefore of physical law, or law in the sense of the physiologists or the physicists. If this means anything, it means that the religion, the morality, the intellectual development, the growth and decay, the littleness and the grandeur of men and nations depend sole-

ly on physical causes, not at all on moral causes—a doctrine not throughout even in human physiology, and supported by no facts, even in a very restricted degree, as applied to nations and communities. In the corporeal phenomena of the individual the soul counts for nothing, and in morbid physiology the mind often counts for more than the body; perhaps it always does, for we know from revelation that the necessity of nature is the penalty or result of man's transgression. It is possible to be false as applied to nations and communities by the fact that the Christian religion, which is substantially that of the ancient paganism, is, at least as far as science can tell, older than any of the false religions. It has maintained itself the same in all essential respects, unvaried and unchangeable, in every variety of physical change, and in every diversity of physical condition, and absolutely unaffected by any natural causes whatever.

The chief physical conditions which the professor relies are climate and geographical position. Yet we hold to be the true religion of primitive religion of mankind, which prevailed in all climates, and which we found the same in all geographical positions. Nay, even the false religions have varied only in accidents with climatic and geographical positions. We find the substance the same in India, China, Asia, on the banks of the Danube, the heart of Europe, in the ancient Scania, the Northern Isles, in Mexico and Peru. The substance of Greek and Roman or Etrurian mythology is the same with that of India and Egypt. M. Rénan tells us that monotheism so firmly held by the Arabic branch of the Semitic family is due to the vast deserts over which the Arab tribes wander, which

gest the ideas of unity and universality ; and yet for centuries before Mohammed, these same Arabs, wandering over the same deserts, were polytheists and idolaters ; and not from contemplating those deserts, but by recalling the primitive traditions of mankind, preserved by Jews and Christians, did the founder of Islamism attain to the monotheism of the Koran. The professor is misled by taking, in the heathen mythology he has studied, the poetic imagery and embellishments, which indeed vary according to the natural aspects, objects, and productions of the locality, for their substance, thought, or doctrine. The poetic illustrations, imagery, and embellishments of Judaism are all oriental ; but the Jew in all climates and in all geographical positions holds one and the same religious faith even to this day ; and his only real difference from us is, that he is still looking for a Christ to come, while we believe the Christ he is looking for has come, and is the same Jesus of Nazareth who was crucified at Jerusalem, under Pontius Pilate.

We know the author contends that there has been from the beginning a radical difference between the Christianity of the East and that of the West ; but we know that such is not and never has been the fact. The great Eastern fathers and theologians are held in as high honor in Western Christendom as they ever were in Eastern Christendom. Nearly all the great councils that defined the dogmas held by the Catholic Church throughout the whole world were held in the East. The Greeks were more speculative and more addicted to philosophical subtleties and refinements than the Latins, and therefore more liable to originate heresies ; but nowhere was heresy more vigorously combated, or the one

faith of the universal church more ably, more intelligently, or more fervently defended than in the East, before the Emperors and the Bishop of Constantinople drew the Eastern Church, or the larger part of it, into schism. But the united Greek Church, the real Eastern Church, the church of St. Athanasius, of the Basils, and the Gregories, is one in spirit, one in faith, one in communion with the Church of the West.

The author gravely tells us that Christianity had three primitive forms, the Judaical, which has ended ; the Gnostic, which has also ended ; the African, which still continues. But he has no authority for what he says. Some Jewish observances were retained for a time by Christians of Jewish origin, till the synagogue could be buried with honor ; but there never was a Jewish form of Christianity, except among heretics, different from the Christianity still held by the church. There are some phrases in the Gospel of St. John, and in the Epistles of St. Paul that have been thought to be directed against the gnostics ; and Clemens of Alexandria writes a work in which he uses the terms *gnosis*, knowledge, and *gnostic*, a man possessing knowledge or spiritual science, in a good sense ; but, we suspect, with a design of rescuing these from the bad sense in which they were beginning to be used, as some of our European friends are trying to do with the terms *liberal* and *liberalist*. Nevertheless, what Clemens defends under these terms is held by Catholics to-day in the same sense in which he defends it. There never was an African form of Christianity distinct from the Christianity either of Europe or Asia. The two great theologians of Africa are St. Cyprian and St. Augustine, both probably of Roman, or, at least, of Italian ex-

traction. The doctrine which St. Cyprian is said to have maintained on baptism administered by heretics, the only matter on which he differed from Rome, has never been, and is not now, the doctrine of the church. St. Augustine was converted in Milan, and had St. Ambrose, a Roman, for his master, and differed from the theologians either of the East or the West only in the unmatched ability and science with which he defended the faith common to all. He may have had some peculiar notions on some points, but if so, these have never been received as Catholic doctrine.

The professor might as well assert the distinction, asserted in Germany a few years since, which attracted some attention at the time, but now forgotten, between the Petrine gospel, the Pauline gospel, and the Joannine gospel, as the distinction of the three primitive forms of Christianity which he asserts. We were told by some learned German, we forget his name, that Peter, Paul, and John represent three different phases or successive forms of Christianity. The Petrine gospel represents religion, based on authority; the Pauline, religion as based on intelligence; and the Joannine, religion as based on love. The first was the so-called Catholic or Roman Church. The reformation made an end of that, and ushered in the Pauline form, or Protestantism, the religion of the intellect. Philosophy, science, Biblical criticism, and exegesis, the growth of liberal ideas, and the development of the sentiments and affections of the heart, have made an end of Protestantism, and are ushering in the Joannine gospel, the religion of love, which is never to be superseded or to pass away. The advocate of this theory had got beyond authority and intelligence, whether

he had attained to the religion of love or not; yet the theory was the revival of the well-known heresy of the Eternal Evangel of the sixteenth century. So hard is it to invent a new heresy. It were a waste of words to attempt to show that the theory has not the slightest foundation in fact. Paul and John are authority as strenuously as Peter. Peter and John give as free scope to the intellect as Paul; and Peter and Paul agree with John in regard to love or charity. There is no heresy in the Gospel or Epistles of John that surpass the burning love revealed in the Epistles of Paul. We might almost say concealed. Unostentatious is it, by the influence of the Epistles of Paul. As for Protestantism, silence best becomes it, for there is speech of intelligence, and remarkable is it for its illogical and unintellectual character. Protestants have their share of native intelligence and the ordinary degree of intelligence on many subjects; but in the science of theology, the basis of the sciences, and without which there is, and can be, no real science, they have never yet excelled.

Nor did the reformation put an end to the so-called Petrine gospel, the religion of authority, the church founded on Peter, prince of the apostles. It may be that Protestantism is losing what little intellectual character it once had, developing in a vague philanthropy, a watery sentimentality, or a fanaticism, sometimes called Methodism, sometimes Evangelicalism, but Peter still teaches and governs in his successor. The Catholic Church has survived the attack of the reformation and the later revolution, as she survived the attack of the persecuting Jews and pagans, and the power and craft of civil servants who sought to destroy or to enslave her, and is to-day the only

tion that advances by personal conviction and conversion. Mohammedanism can no longer propagate itself even by the sword; the various pagan superstitions have reached their limits, and are recoiling on themselves; and Protestantism has gained no accession of territory or numbers since the death of Luther, except by colonization and the natural increase of the population then Protestant. The Catholic Church is not only a living religion, but the only living religion, the only religion that does, or can, command the homage of science, reason, free thought, and the uncorrupted affections of the heart. The Catholic religion is at the light, freedom, and love—the religion of authority, of the intellect, of the heart, embracing in its dissoluble unity Peter, Paul, and the Virgin Mary.

The professor's work on the intellectual development of Europe shows that religion in some form constituted a chief element in that development. It always has been, and still is, the chief element in the life of communities and nations, the spring and centre of intellectual activity and progress. Even the works before us revolve around the power of religion to give them their existence to their return to it, and would have no intellectual purpose without it. The author has written them to divest religion of its supernatural character, to reduce it to a physiological law, and to prove that it originates in the ignorance of men and nations, and depends solely on physical conditions, chiefly on climate and geographical position. But in this patriarchal, Jewish, Christian religion there is nothing, and that of no slight influence on the life of individuals and nations, on universal humanity, that directly contradicts him, that is essentially one and the same from first to

last, superior to climate and geographical position, unaffected by natural causes, independent of physical conditions, and in no sense subject to physiological laws. This suffices to refute his theory, and that of the positivists, of whom he is a distinguished disciple; for it proves the uniform presence and activity in the life and development of men and nations, ever since history began, of a power, a being, or cause above nature and independent of nature, and therefore supernatural.

The theory that the rise, growth, decay, and death of nations depend on physical conditions alone, chiefly on climate and geographical position, seems to us attended with some grave difficulties. Have the climate and geographical positions of India, Persia, Assyria, Egypt, Greece, and Rome, essentially changed from what they were at the epoch of their greatness? Did not all the great and renowned nations of antiquity rise, grow, prosper, decline, and die, in substantially the same physical conditions, under the same climate, and in the same geographical position? Like causes produce like effects. How could the same physical causes cause alike the rise and growth, and the decay and death of one and the same people, in one and the same climate, and in one and the same geographical position? Do you say, climate and even physical geography change with the lapse of time? Be it so. Be it as the author maintains, that formerly there was no variation of climate on this continent, from the equator to either pole; but was there for Rome any appreciable change in the climate and geography from the time of the third Punic war to that of Honorius, or even of Augustulus, the last of the Emperors? Or what change in the physical conditions of the nation was there when it was

falling from what there was when it was rising?

Nations, like individuals, have, according to the professor, their infancy, youth, manhood, old age, and death. But why do nations grow old and die? The individual grows old and dies, because his interior physical machinery wears out, and because he must die in order to attain the end for which he lives. But why should this be the case with nations? They have no future life to which death is the passage. The nation does not rise or fall with the individuals that found it. One generation of individuals passes away, and another comes, but the nation survives; and why, if not destroyed by external violence, should it not continue to survive and thrive to the end of time? There are no physical causes, no known physiological laws, that prevent it. Why was not Rome as able to withstand the barbarians, or to drive them back from her frontiers, in the fourth century, as she was in the first? Why was England so much weaker under the Stuarts than she had been under the Tudors, or was again under the Protector? Or why have we seen her so grand under Pitt and Wellington, and so little and feeble under Palmerston and Lord Russell? Can you explain this by a change of climate and geographical position, or any change in the physical conditions of the nation, that is, any physical changes not due to moral causes?

We see in several of the States of the Union a decrease, a relative, if not a positive decrease, of the native population, and the physical man actually degenerating, and to an extent that should alarm the statesman and the patriot. Do you explain this fact by the change in the climate and the geographical position? The geographical position remains un-

changed, and if the climate changed at all, it has been to the benefit of amelioration. Do you attribute to a change in the physical position of the country? Not so. There is no mystery as to the matter, and though the effects may be moral or physiological, the cause is well known to be moral, and among them is the immoral influence of the doctrine the professor and his brother physiologists are doing their best to diffuse among the people. The cause is in the loss of religious faith, in the lack of moral and religious instruction, in the spread of naturalism, and the rejection of supernatural grace—without which natural cannot be sustained in integrity—in the growth of luxury, in the assertion of material god-sensibility, in the pursuit of sensual pleasures, as the end and aim of life. There is always something morally wrong where there is a need to be offered to induce young to marry, and to induce married to suffer their children to be born and reared.

So, also, do we know the secret of the rise, prosperity, decline, and death of the renowned nations of antiquity. The Romans owed their empire of the world to their temperance, prudence, fortitude, and reverence for religious principle, all of which were moral causes; and they owed their decline and fall to the loss of these virtues, to their moral corruption. The same may be said of all the ancient nations. Their religion, even when comparatively pure, in the end becomes gradually corrupt, degenerates into a corrupt and corrupting superstition, which hangs as a fearful nightmare on the breasts of the people, destroying their moral and vigor. To this follows, with the progress of civilization, the class, scepticism, the denial of the gods, an Epicurean morality, and the worship of the senses.

s of all public spirit—public as well as private virtue, and the nation falls of its own internal moral weakness and rottenness, as our own nation, not yet a century old, is in a way of doing, and most assuredly will do, if the atheistic philosophy and morality of the physiologists or utilitarians become much more widely used than they are. The church will be as unable, with all her supernatural truth, grace, life, and strength, to save it, as she was to save the ancient Græco-Roman Empire, for to save it would require a resurrection of the dead.

The common sense of mankind, of all ages of the world, has uniformly attributed the downfall of nations, states, and empires, to moral causes, not to physiological laws, climatic influences, or geographical position. The wicked shall be cast into hell, and all the nations shall forget God. Righteousness exalteth a nation, and sin is a reproach to any people. This is alike the source of inspiration and of universal experience. The traveller who visits the sites of nations renowned in history, now buried in ruins, of cities thronged with a teeming population, the marts of the world, in which were heard, from morning till night—till far into night—the din of industry, and marks the solitude that reigns there; the barren waste that has succeeded to once fruitful fields and vineyards, and observes the shepherd that feeds a petty flock on the scanty pasturage, or the armed robber that watches for a victim to plunder, receives a far less vivid impression of the dependence of nations on physical causes and conditions, than of the influence of the moral world on the natural, and finds in legible characters the meaning of that fearful penalty which God pronounced, when he said to the

man: "And the earth for thy sake shall be cursed." The physical changes that have come over Assyria, Syria, Lybia, Egypt, and Palestine, are the effects of the moral deterioration of man, not the cause of that deterioration.

The professor, after dilating almost eloquently, and as a sage, on the changeability, the transitoriness, the evanescent nature of all the visible forms of things, says: "If from visible forms we turn to directing law, how vast the difference! We pass from the finite, the momentary, the incidental, the conditional, to the illimitable, the eternal, the necessary, the unshackled. It is of law I am to speak in this book. In a world composed of vanishing forms, I am to vindicate the imperishability, the majesty of law, and to show how man proceeds in his social march in obedience to it." (*Ibid.* p. 16.) This sounds well; but, unhappily, he has told us that communities and nations, like individuals, are under the control of physical conditions, and *therefore* of law. If *therefore* of law, then under the law of physical conditions, and consequently of a physical or physiological law. He dwells on the grandeur of this conception, and challenges for it our deepest admiration. But we see not much to admire in a purely physical law manifesting itself in ceaseless instability, metamorphosis, and death. Will the author forgive us, if we hint that he possibly does not very well understand himself, or know precisely what it is that he says? Hear him. "I am to lead my reader, perhaps in a reluctant path, from the outward phantasmagorical illusions which surround us and so ostentatiously obtrude themselves on our attention, to something that lies in silence and strength behind. I am to draw his thoughts from the tangible to the invisible,

from the limited to the universal, from the changeable to the invariable, from the transitory to the eternal; from the expedients and volitions so largely *amusing* in the life of man, to the predestined and resistless issuing of law from the fiat of God." (*Ibid.* p. 16, 17.) Very respectable rhetoric, but what does it mean? If it means anything, it means that the visible universe is unreal, an illusion, a phantasmagoria; that nothing is real, stable, permanent, but law, which lies in silence and strength behind the phantasmagoria, and that this law producing the illusion, dazzling us with mere sense-shows, is identically God, from whose fiat the phantasmagorial world issues. Is not this grand? is it not sublime? The scientific professor forgets that he may find readers, who can perceive through his rhetoric that he makes law or God the reality of things, instead of their creator or maker, simply their *causa essentialis*, the *causa immanens* of Spinoza, and therefore asserts nothing but a very vulgar form of pantheism, material pantheism, indistinguishable from naked atheism; for his doctrine recognizes only the material, the sensible, and by law he can mean only a physiological law like that by which the liver secretes bile, the blood circulates through the heart, seeds germinate, or plants bear fruit—a law which has and can have no indivisible unity.

If the professor means simply that in the universe all proceeds according to the law of cause and effect, he should bear in mind that there are moral causes and effects as well as physical, and supernatural as well as natural; but then he might find himself in accord with theologians, some of whom, perhaps, in his own favorite sciences are able to be his masters. It is not always safe to measure the ignorance of others by

our own. No theologian denies every one asserts the law of cause and effect, precisely what no atheist, pantheist, or naturalist does deny. None of them ever rise above the schools call *causa essentialis* the thing itself, that which, as we say, *makes* the thing, makes it itself, not another, or constitutes its identity. Every theologian believes God is logical, logic in itself, that all his works are dialectical, realize a divine plan, which as a whole and in all its parts is strictly and fully logical. If the professor simply to assert not only that all things and all events are under the control of the law of cause and effect, but also under the law of dialectic, there need be no quarrel between him and us; but in such case, had he known a little theology, he might have spared himself and us a deal of trouble, for we believe as fully in the universal reign of law as he or his Grace of Argyle. But he would have gained little credit for original genius, depth of thought, or found science, or rare learning, for most likely would not have lived to see any one of his volumes reissued in fifth edition.

But we must not be understood to deny in the development of nations or individuals all dependence on physical conditions, or even on climate and geographical position. Man is neither pure spirit, nor pure matter; he is the union of soul and body, and can no more live without communion with nature, than he can without communion with his fellow-men, and with God. Hence he requires the three great institutions of religion, society, and property, which in some form, are found in all nations, or civil communities, without which no people ever do can subsist. Climate and geographical influences, no doubt, count

thing, for how much, science has not determined. There is a difference in character between the inhabitants of mountains and the inhabitants of plains, the dwellers on the coast and the dwellers inland, the people of the north and the people of the south; yet the Basques and the Irish have not lost perceptibly anything, in three thousand years of their original character as northern people, though dwelling a great space of time, we know not how many centuries longer, far to the west.

Among the Irish you may find types of northern races, some of which have overrun the Island as the Celts; but amid all their political and social vicissitudes, the Irish have retained, and still retain, their original character. The English have received many accessions from the north and from the south, but they have not, the great body of them, as originally were, essentially a northern people, and hence the marked difference between the Irish character and the English, though inhabiting very nearly the same parallels of latitude, and subject to much the same climatic and geographical influences.

The character of both the English and the Irish is modified on the continent, but more by amalgamation and by political and social influences, than by climate or geography. The Irish type is the most tenacious, and is not unlikely in time to predominate the Anglo-Saxon. It has great power of absorption, and the American people may ultimately be a northern type, and assume characteristics of a southern race, on account of the constant influx of the Celtic element. What we object to is giving something to physical conditions, but making it exclusive, and thus rejecting the causes, and reducing man and the world to an inexorable fatalism.

In the several volumes of the professor, except the first named, we are able to detect neither the philosophical historian nor the man of real science. The respectable author has neither logic nor exact, or even extensive, learning, and the only thing to be admired in him, except his style, is the sublime confidence in himself with which he undertakes to discuss and settle questions, of which, for the most part, he knows nothing, and perhaps the sublimer confidence with which he follows masters that know as little as himself.

We own we have treated Professor Draper's work with very little respect, for we have felt very little. His *Intellectual Development of Europe* is full of crudities from beginning to end, and for the most part below criticism, or would be were it not that it is levelled at all the principles of individual and social life and progress. The book belongs to the age of Leucippus and Democritus, and ignores, if we may use an expressive term, though hardly English, Christian civilization and all the progress men and nations have effected since the opening of the Christian era. It is a monument not of science, but of gross ignorance.

Yet in our remarks we have criticised the class to which the author belongs, rather than the author himself. Men of real science are modest, reverential, and we honor them, whatever the department of nature to which they devote their studies. We delight to sit at their feet and drink in instruction from their lips; but when men, because they are passable chemists, know something of human physiology, or the natural history of fishes, undertake to propagate theories on God, man, and nature, that violate the most sacred traditions of the race, deny the Gospel, reduce the universe to matter, and place man

on a level with the brute, theories, them with patience, however graceful too, which are utterly baseless, we their elocution or charming rhetoric cannot reverence them, or listen to

MORNING AT SPRING PARK.

ALONG the upland swell and wooded lawn
The aged farmer's voice is heard at dawn :
That well-known call across the dewy vale
Calls Spark and Daisy to the milking-pail.

The robin chirps ; from farm to farm I hear
The bugle-note of wakeful chanticleer ;
And far, far off, through grove and bosky dell,
The dreamy tinkle of sleek Snowflake's bell.

The huddling sheep, just loose from kindly fold,
Their nibbling way along the hill-side hold ;
And timid squirrels and shy quails are seen
Flitting, unscared, across the shaded green.

The low horizon's dusky, violet blue
Is tinged with coming daylight's rosy hue,
Till o'er the golden fields of tasselled corn
Breaks all the rapture of the summer morn.

Through forest rifts the level sunbeams dart,
And gloomy nooks to sudden beauty start ;
Those long, still lines which through rank foliage steal,
Undreamed-of charms among the woods reveal.

The yellow wheat-stooks catch the early light ;
Far-nested homesteads gleam at once to sight ;
While, from yon glimmering height, one spire serene
Points duly heavenward this terrestrial scene.

Long may the aged farmer's call be heard,
At dewy dawn, with song of matin bird,
Among his loving flocks and herds of kine,
A guileless master, watchful and benign.

And, when no more his agile footstep roves
These flowery pastures and these pleasant groves,
Good Shepherd, may thy call to fields more fair
Wean every thought from earth, make heaven his care !

NETTERVILLE; OR, ONE OF THE TRANSPLANTED.

CHAPTER III.

sun of the Netterville's glory !
the dust its bright banners are trailing !
our anguish we whisper the story,
as they listen, like women are wailing.

to us—woe ! we shall see him no more ;
like the rains of November are flowing ;
to us—woe ! for the chief we deplore
his exile of sorrow is going.

t alone ! for our dastardly foemen—
as base in the day of their power—
d their hands against maidens and
on :
l the tree, and then trampled the flower.

ey have sent her to weep by strange
—
if our hearts and the light of our eyes—
and fairest of Netterville's daughters,
the last link of their destiny lies.

mother, thy waking to-morrow !
o weep o'er thy dove-rifled nest ;
nd childless—two-fold is thy sorrow,
edged the sword that is lodged in thy
il.

e mourn her—when we too deplore her—
ils and serfs of thy conquering race ;
uld but do it, our blood should restore
er to thee and thy loving embrace.

her only, or thee, are we weeping ;
for our country, fast bound in that chain
ood from her wrung heart the foeman is
ing,
ks as if reddened and rusted by rain.

shall a leader to true hearts be given,
the stranger and force him to flee ?
shall the shackles that bind her be riven ?
stand up in her strength, and be free !"

g Hamish, the son of the
: long line of minstrels who,
and voice, had recorded the
of the house of Netterville,
ed over the death or sorrow
stains. For, in spite of the
ich it was strictly forbidden,
sh of the Pale had persisted
tional custom of keeping a
minstrel—whose office was
: almost always, hereditary
d to their households ; and
ny days of power the family
ville was far too jealous of

its own importance not to have been
always provided with a similar appen-
dage. Its last recognized minstrel
had fallen, however, in the same battle
which had deprived Nellie of her
father, and, Hamish being then too
young to take up his father's office,
the harp had ever since, literally as
well as figuratively, hung mute and
unstrung in the halls of Netterville.
But grief and indignation over its ut-
ter ruin had unlocked at last the tide
of poetry and song, ever ready to flow
over in the Celtic breast, and Hamish
felt himself changed into a bard upon
the spot. Forgetting the presence of
the English soldiers, or, more proba-
bly, exulting in the knowledge that
they did not understand the language
in which he gave expression to his
feelings, he stepped out into the midst
of the people, pouring forth his la-
mentations, stanza after stanza, with
all the readiness and fire of a born
improvisatore ; and when at last he
paused, more for want of breath than
want of matter, the keeners took up
the tale, and told, in their wild, wailing
chant, of the goodness and greatness,
the glory and honour of their depart-
ed chieftain and his heiress, precisely
as they would have done had the
twain over whom they were lamenting
been that very day deposited in their
graves. Up to this moment Mrs.
Netterville had preserved in a mar-
vellous degree that statue-like calm-
ness of outward bearing which hid,
and even at times belied, the work-
ings of a heart full of generous emo-
tions ; but the wild wailing of the
keeners broke down the artificial re-
straint she had put upon her conduct,
and, unable to listen quietly to what
seemed to her ears a positive pro-

phesy of death to her beloved ones, she hastily reëntered the house and retreated to her own apartment. This was a small, dark chamber, which in happier times had been set apart as a quiet retreat for prayer and household purposes, but which now was the only one the mistress of the mansion could call her own—the soldiers having that very morning taken possession of all the others, devoting some of them to their own particular accommodation and locking up the others. It was, in fact, as a very singular and especial favour, and as some return for the kindness she had shown in nursing one of their number who had been taken suddenly ill on the night of their arrival, that the use even of this small chamber had been allowed her; for it was not the custom of Cromwell's army to deal too gently by the vanquished, and many of the "transplanted," as high-born and well-educated as she was, had been compelled, in similar circumstances, to retire to the outer offices of their own abode, while the rough soldiery who displaced them installed themselves in the luxurious apartments of the interior.

Hidden from all curious eyes in this dark retreat, Mrs. Netterville yielded at last to the cry of her weak human heart, and, flinging herself face downward on the floor, gave way to a passion of grief which was all the more terrible that it was absolutely tearless. One or two of the few remaining women of the household, knowing how fearfully her soul, in spite of all outward show of calmness, must be wrung, tapped occasionally at the door; but either she did not hear or did not choose to answer, and they dared not enter without permission.

At last one of them went to Hamish, feeling instinctively that, if any one could venture to intrude unbid-

den, it would be the foster-brother Nellie, and said:

"The mistress, God help her, just drowned with the sorrow; she won't even answer when I call. Hamish, a-bouchal, couldn't get nage to go in, just by accident, and say something or other to turn to her thoughts?"

"Give a turn to her thoughts," said Hamish crustily; "give a turn to her thoughts, do you say, certie, but you take it easy! The woman lost husband and child, and to say nothing of the old lady, she was all as one to her as her mother? and isn't she going, mother, to be turned out of house and land and sent adrift upon the wide world, and you talk of giving a turn to her thoughts, as if it was the time she was troubled with or a woman had stung her?"

"As you please, Mr. Hoit," said the girl angrily; "I only say that, as you were a bit of a fellow on account of our young master, you might have ventured on a bit of liberty. Not having set up to be a line myself, I cannot, of course, tempt to meddle in the matter."

But though Hamish had spoken roughly, his heart was very kind, and all that, over the sorrows of his mistress.

He waited until Cathleen had vanished in a huff, and then he went quietly to the study-door, and softly for admission.

But Mrs. Netterville gave no sign, and, after knocking three times in vain, he opened the door gently and looked in. The room was naturally a gloom, being panelled in black oak, and Hamish felt as if it never looked before so gloomy as it did at that moment. Half study, half bedroom, as it was, Mrs. Netterville had here many a long hour of lon-

impassioned prayer, what time her husband and her father-in-law were fighting the battles of their royal and most ungrateful master. A tall crucifix, carved, like the rest of the furniture, in black oak, stood, therefore, on a sort of *prie-dieu* at the farther end of the room, and near it was a table arranged in desk-fashion, at which she had been in the habit of transacting the business of her household.

Room and *prie-dieu*, crucifix and table, Hamish had them all by heart already.

Here in his baby days he had been used to come, when he and his little foster-sister were wearied with their own play, to sit at the feet of Mrs. Netterville and listen to the tales which she invented for their amusement. Here, as time went on, separating Nellie outwardly from his society, yet leaving her as near to him in heart as ever, he had been wont to bring his morning offerings of fish from the running stream, or bunches of purple heather from the rocks. Here he had come for news of the war, and of the master, on that very day which brought tidings of his death; and here, too, even while he tried to comfort Nellie, who had flung herself down in her childish misery just on the spot where her mother lay prostrate now, he had wondered, and, young as he was, had in part, at least, comprehended the marvellous self-forgetfulness of Mrs. Netterville, who, in the midst of her own bereavement, had yet found heart and voice to comfort her aged father-in-law and her child, as if the blow which had struck them down had not fallen with threefold force on her own head. In the darkness of the room and the confusion of his own thoughts, he did not, however, at first perceive Mrs. Netterville in her lowly posture, and

glanced instinctively toward the *prie-dieu*, where he had so often before seen her take refuge in the hour of trial.

But she was not there, and a thrill of terror ran through his frame when he at last discovered her, face downward, on the floor, her widow's coif flung far away, and her long locks, streaked—by the hand of grief, not time—abundantly with gray, streaming round her in a disorder which struck Hamish all the more forcibly, that it was in such direct contrast to the natural habits of order and propriety she had brought with her from her English home. There she lay, not weeping—such misery as hers knows nothing of the relief of tears—not weeping, but crushed and powerless, as if her very body had proved unequal to the weight of sorrow put upon it, and had fallen beneath the burthen. She seemed, indeed, not in a swoon, but stunned and stupefied, and quite unconscious that she was not alone. Hamish trembled for her intellect; but young as he was, he was used to sorrow, and understood both the danger and the remedy.

His lady must be roused at any cost, even at that the very thought of which made him tremble, the recalling her to a full knowledge of her misery. He advanced farther into the room, moving softly, in his great reverence for her desolation, as we move, almost unconsciously to ourselves, in the presence of the dead, and occupied himself for a few minutes in arranging the loose papers on her desk, and the flowers which Nellie had placed upon the *prie-dieu* only a day or two before. They were faded now—faded as the poor child's fortunes—but instead of throwing them away, he poured fresh water into the vase which held them, as if that could have restored their beauty.

Yet he sighed heavily as he did so for the thought would flash across his mind that, whether he sought to give, back life to a withered flower, or joy to the heart of a bereaved mother, in either case his task was hopeless. Mrs. Netterville took no notice of his proceedings, though, as he began to get used to the situation, he purposely made rather more bustle than was needed, in hopes of arousing her. At last, in despair of succeeding by milder methods, he let fall a heavy inkstand, smashing it into a thousand pieces, and scattering the ink in all directions, an event that in happier times would certainly not have passed unproved. But now she lay within a few inches of the inky stream, as heedless as though she were dead in earnest; and, hopeless of recalling her to consciousness by anything short of a personal appeal, he knelt down beside her and tapped her sharply on the shoulder, half wondering at his own temerity as he did so. She shuddered as if, light as the touch had been, it yet had hurt her, and muttered impatiently, and like one half asleep:

"Not now, Hamish! not now!—leave me for the present, I entreat you!"

"And why not now?" Hamish answered almost roughly. "Do you think *you* only have a cause for grieving? Tell me, my mistress, if we, humble as we are, and not to be thought of in comparison with your ladyship's honor, if we have not lost—are losing nothing? Ah! if you could but hear the weeping and wailing that is going on among the creatures down-stairs, you would never do us such a wrong as to suppose that *your* heart is the only one sore and bleeding to-day!"

"Sore and bleeding! Yes! yes! I doubt it not," moaned the lady sadly. "Sore and bleeding; but

not widowed—not childless—have still husbands and children—they have not lost as I have!

"They have lost—not, not quite so much, but yet enough more than enough, to set them a-ting," answered Hamish firmly. "they have lost a master, who was more like a father than a master, a young mistress, who was all as a daughter to every one of them, and moreover," he added more slowly—"and moreover, instead of a kind hand and generous heart, they have reigned over them till now, and are going to be handed over to them, they were so many stocks or encumbering the land,) whether like it or whether they don't, the tender mercies of those very men who thought it neither sin nor shame to make the child a shield to the soldier's sword, when they knelt knee-deep in blood at the sight of Tredagh!"

"Why do you say these things, Hamish?" she almost shrieked, her anguish. "Is it my fault? I help it? or why do you reproach me with it?"

"*Your* fault! No, indeed it is not. More's the pity; for if I could have helped it, to a degree, I might have prevented," said Hamish, glad to have roused her, even if only for a moment of anger. "But though you may prevent these things, my mistress, you can at all events comfort the poor creatures that have to bear the weight of showing that you have feelings for their sorrows as well as for your own."

"I give comfort! God help me! I give comfort!" she answered in a sort of passionate irony, in the same manner; adding, however, in a softer tone, "How can I give comfort, Hamish?—I who need it so entirely myself!"

"That is the very thing," cried Hamish eagerly. "God love you, madam! Do you not see that the only real comfort you could give them would be the allowing them to try at least and comfort you?"

"Bid them pray, then, for the safe journey of my loved ones," she answered hoarsely—"that is the only real comfort they can give me."

"And why, then, couldn't we pray all together?" cried Hamish, struck suddenly by a bright idea. "Why wouldn't you let them come up here, madam? I warrant you they would pray as the best of them never prayed before, if they only seen your ladyship's honor kneeling and praying in the midst of them."

"I—I cannot pray—I cannot even think," she answered, laying her head once more on her folded arms, like a weary or a chidden child. "Go you, good Hamish, and pray yourself with them down-stairs."

"In the kitchen, is it?" said Hamish, with a considerable portion of irony in his voice. "Faix, my lady, and it's queer thoughts we'd have, and queer prayers we would be saying there, with the pot forenent us, boiling on the fire, and Cromwell's black rogues of troopers coming and going, and flinging curses and scraps of Scriptures (according to their usual custom) in equal measure at our heads. No! no! my lady," he continued vehemently, "if you would have us pray at all, it must be here—here where the cross will mind us of a Mother who once stood at its foot, and who was even more desolate than you are; a Mother silent and heart-broken—not because her Child had gone before her into exile, from whence He might any day return, but because she saw Him dying—dying in the midst of tortures—and forsaken so entirely that it might well have seemed to her (only

she knew *that* never could be) as if God as well as man had utterly abandoned Him."

"You are right, Hamish; you are right," cried Mrs. Netterville suddenly, touched to the quick by his voice and eloquence. "Go you down at once, good Hamish, and bid them come here directly. I shall be ready by the time they are assembled."

As Mrs. Netterville spoke thus, she rose from the floor, and then, all at once perceiving the strange disorder of her attire, she began hastily to gather up her tresses, previous to placing her widow's coif upon them.

Hamish waited to hear no more, but instantly left the room to do her bidding. As he walked rapidly toward the lower part of the mansion, he drew a long sigh of relief, like one who has just got rid of a heavy burden, as in truth he had; for he felt that he had gained his point, and that whatever his mistress might have yet to suffer, she was safe, at all events, from the effects of that first great shock of sorrow which had threatened to overturn her intellect.

When he returned to announce that the household was assembled and waiting for her further orders he found her kneeling at the *prie-dieu*, in all the grave composure of her usual manner. She did not trust herself, however, to look round, but merely signed to him that they should come in; and the instant the noise and bustle of their first entrance had subsided, she commenced reading from her open missal.

But the very sound of her own voice in supplicatory accents seemed to break the spell which had hitherto been laid upon her faculties. She fairly broke down and burst into a flood of tears. This was more than enough for the excitable hearts around her, and the room was filled

in a moment with the wailing of her people. Hamish was in despair; and yet, perhaps, no other mode of proceeding could have done so much toward calming her as did this sudden outburst; for Mrs. Netterville had a true Englishwoman's aversion to "scenes," however real and natural to the circumstances of the case they might be. She instantly checked her tears, and waiting quietly until the storm of grief had in some degree died out, she collected all her energies, and read in a low, steady voice the prayer or collect for those travelling by land or sea, as she found it in her missal. A few other short but earnest prayers succeeded, and then she paused once more. Her audience took the hint and quietly retired. Hamish was about to follow, but she rose from the *prie-dieu*, and signed to him to remain.

"Hamish," she said, gently but decidedly, "I have done your bidding, and now I expect that you will do mine. I wish to be alone for the rest of the day—do you understand? alone with God and my great sorrow! To-morrow I will begin the work for which I have been left here, but to-day must be my own. Come not here yourself, and look to it that no one else disturbs me. Keep a heedful watch upon the soldiers, and see that no mischance occurs between them and any of our people. I trust to you for this and all things. Now leave me. If I have need of anything, I will let you know."

There was that in Mrs. Netterville's tone and manner which made Hamish feel he had gone quite far enough already; so, without another word of remonstrance or expostulation, he made his reverence and retired.

MRS. NETTERVILLE waited the echo of his retreating foot, had died away in the corridor, then fastening the door so as to secure herself from any further rupture from the outside, she more fell on her knees before the crucifix, and buried her face in her hands. How long she remained thus she never knew exactly, the shades of a short January evening were already gathering in the room when, with a start and a look her conscience smote her, she suddenly from her knees. "pardon me!" she muttered half-awake. "that, in my own selfish sorrow, I have forgotten others! Poor wretch! By this time he must be well famished, if, indeed, (though I doubt it will not,) the delay has not wrought him deeper mischief."

As these thoughts passed through her mind, she opened the door, drew the board close at hand, and drew thence a bottle of wine, with other articles of delicate food, all neatly packed and secured, and laid carefully in a wicker-basket, evidently left there for some especial purpose. She then sought through the gloom for a cloak, which she threw upon her shoulders, drew the hood down over her face, and taking the basket in her arm, she hastily left the room. However, by the door through which Hamish and the servants had retired, but by another at the opposite end, and which was almost invisible in consequence of its forming a part of the panels in the black oak walling of the chamber. It led her directly by a short stone passage to another door or low wicket, on opening which she found herself in the private grounds of the castle. She stood there for some time, looking at her at no great distance, stood before an old ivy-covered church, half

in a group of tall Irish trees, which sheltered its little cemetery. This was not the parish church, but a private chapel, built by the Netterville family for their own particular use ; and here their infants had been baptized, their daughters married, and their old men and women laid reverently to their last slumbers, ever since they had established their existence in the land.

Mrs. Netterville could not resist a sigh as she glanced toward its venerable walls. It seemed as if it were only yesterday that she had gone there to lay down her husband in his lowly grave, hoping and praying, out of the depths of her own great grief, that she might soon be permitted to sleep quietly beside him. And now, even this sad hope was to be hers no longer ; this poor possession of six feet of earth was to be wrested from her ; strangers would lay her in a distant grave, and even in death she would be separated from her husband.

The thought was too painful to bear much lingering upon it, and turning her back upon the church, Mrs. Netterville followed a path which lay close under the castle walls, and led to a court-yard at a considerable distance. Round this court-yard were grouped stables and other offices, which, having been built at different periods and without any consecutive idea as a whole, presented rather the appearance of a collection of stunted farm-houses, than of the regular out-buildings of an important mansion.

Each of these houses had a private entrance of its own ; and opening the door of one of them, Mrs. Netterville looked in quietly and entered. The interior was a room, poorly but yet recently furnished, and on a low settle-bed at the farther end lay a young man, who, with his sunken eyes and yellow cheeks, had all the look of a person just rescued from the jaws of

death. A knapsack on the floor, a pike and musket in one corner of the room, and a steel cap and buff coat in another, seemed to announce him as one of the band of successful soldiers who were even then in possession of the castle.

Poor fellow ! he lay, with closed eyes, wan and weary, on his bed, looking, at that moment, like anything rather than like a successful soldier ; but he lifted his head as he caught the noise of the door creaking on its hinges, and his face brightened into an expression of joy and gratitude pleasant to behold when he discovered Mrs. Netterville standing on the threshold.

"Can you ever forgive me ?" she said, going up to him at once. "I cannot easily forgive myself for having left you so long alone. In the grief and anguish in which I have been plunged all day, I had well-nigh forgotten your existence, and you must be faint, I fear me, for want of nourishment."

"Nay, madam," he answered, gently, indeed, but yet with a good deal of that comfortable self-assurance in spiritual matters which seems to have been an especial inheritance of "Cromwell's saints." "If *you* have forgotten, the Lord at least hath been mindful of his servant, and hath cast so deep a slumber on my senses, that I have been altogether unconscious of the lapse of time, or of the absence of those carnal comforts which, however the spirit may rebel against them, are nevertheless not altogether to be despised, as being the means by which we receive strength to do the bidding of our Master."

Mrs. Netterville could not help thinking that the posset-cup and soothing draught, which she had administered the night before, might have had as much as any especial interposition of Providence to say to his seasonable slumbers ; but the

times were too much out of joint to permit of her making, however reverently, such an observation, so she merely touched his brow and hand, and said :

"I am right glad, at all events, that you seem in nowise to have suffered from my neglect. Eat now and drink, I pray you; for I perceive by this refreshing moisture on your skin that all danger has passed away, and that you need at present no worse physic than good food and wine to restore you to your former strength."

"Nay, madam," said the soldier, with great and hardly repressed feeling in his voice and manner. "Eat or drink I cannot, or in any way refresh myself, until I have poured forth my song of gratitude, first to the Lord of hosts, who hath delivered me from this great danger, and then to you, who have tended me (even as the widow of Sarepta might have waited on Elias) through the perils of a sickness from which my very comrades and fellow-laborers in the vineyard fled, trembling and afraid."

"You must pardon them, good Jackson," said Mrs. Netterville, "and all the more readily, because this disease, from which you have so marvelously recovered, is, men say, in its rapid progress and almost sure mortality, akin, if not indeed wholly similar, to that terrible malady the plague, which is the scourge of the Eastern nations, and leaves crowded cities, once it has entered in, as silent and deserted as the sepulchres of the dead. You cannot therefore wonder, and you need not feel aggrieved, if men who would have risked their lives or you on the battle-field, yet shrunk from its unseen, and therefore, to poor human nature, its more awful dangers."

"Nay, madam, I blame them not; perhaps even in their place I should have done the same. Nevertheless

—and though I have no ill toward them—I cannot forgive you, a Popish woman and an infidel, to have done that for me which the children of my own household shrunk from doing, and I would show my gratitude if I could."

"You can show it, and that easily, if you will," she answered kindly, "by eating and drinking of the provisions I have brought, and so regaining strength to the sooner on yourself. For soon, as you doubtless know, I shall have work in hand which will require me to make my visits fewer, yet I shall not like to risk others by sending any of the household to wait on you in my stead."

"Alas! madam, I fear I have but a troublesome and unprofitable visit to pay you, though not altogether, I do not think, thankless," she answered, in a somewhat self-deprecatory manner.

"Nay; but now you mistake altogether," she answered easily. "You have been a most patient sufferer, and that trouble—whatever it was—altogether unavoidable in any sense—has been, you may believe, a pleasure rather than an uneasiness to me. I only meant to say that, I shall still continue to visit you morning and evening, I shall be able to come so often in the country as I have been used to do; and in matters in this sad affair of the plantation having fallen into your hands, you may well imagine how much or more than one poor soul can well accomplish by her aided efforts."

"Would that I could aid you," she answered fervently—"would that I could comfort you! But, in this matter of the plantation, I can do naught, seeing that it is the Lord himself who hath girded us with swords, bidding us to smite at

not. Nevertheless, lady, I am not ungrateful, and in the long, sleepless nights of my weary malady I have wrestled for you in prayer, striving exceedingly and being much exercised on your account ; nor gave I over until I had received the comfortable assurance that, as the Lord sent angels to Lot to deliver him out of Sodom, so he would some day make of me a shield and a defence, whereby you might be snatched from the woes that he is about to rain down on this land, because 'the cry of its idolatry is waxen great before his face,' and he hath sworn to destroy it."

"Well, well!" she answered a little impatiently, "I thank you for your good-will, at all events ; but for the present we will discourse no further on this matter. God will one day judge between us, and by his fiat I am content to stand or fall, in all those matters of religion on which, unhappily, we differ. See, I have trimmed the lamp so that it will burn brightly until morning, and there is food and wine on this little table. I will put it close to the bed, so that when you need nourishment, you will have but to put forth your hand to take it. And now I must say good-night—to-morrow I will be with you by the early dawn."

Having thus done all that either charity or hospitality could ask at her hands, Mrs. Netterville retired from the room, sooner, probably, than she would have done if the soldier's last words had not grated on her ear, and roused more angry passions than she wished to yield to in her breast.

"He has a good heart, poor wretch," she thought, as she took her way back to the castle ; "but strange and fearful is it to see how pride, in him, as in all his comrades, usurps the place of true humility and religion."

The sudden sound of a pistol going off disturbed her in the midst of her cogitations ; and with a pang of indescribable fear and presentiment of evil at her heart, she stood still. It seemed to come from the grove of yew-trees round the church, and was not repeated. Having ascertained this fact, she walked rapidly forward in the direction of the sound, her mind in a perfect whirl of fear, and only able to shape itself into the one thought, pregnant of future evil, that, either by some of her own people, or by one of the English soldiers, a murder had been committed. Just as she entered the grove of yew-trees, she perceived something like the loose garb of a woman fluttering down the path before her, and then suddenly disappearing behind the tower of the little church. She did not dare to call out ; but feeling certain that this person must either have fired the shot herself, or have seen it fired by some one else, she quickened her pace in order to overtake her. Twilight was already deepening among the yew-trees ; the path, moreover, was overgrown with weeds and brambles, and as she ran with her eyes fixed on the spot where the figure had disappeared, she felt herself suddenly tripped up by some object lying right before her, and fell heavily against it. At the first touch of that unseen something, a sense of terror, such as animals are said to be conscious of in the presence of their own dead, seized upon her senses, and all the blood was curdling in her veins as slowly and with difficulty she removed herself from its contact. Gradually, as she recovered from the stunning effects of her fall, and her eyes grew accustomed to the gloom around her, the "thing" on the ground shaped itself into the form of a human being—but of a human being so still and motionless, that it seemed probable

it was a corpse already. Very reluctantly she put forth her hand to try if life were really extinct; but suddenly discovering that she was dabbling it in a pool of yet warm blood, she withdrew it with a shudder.

"My God! my God!" she moaned, "what enemy hath done this? Surely it is one of the soldiers from the castle, and they will accuse our people of the murder! Grant Heaven, indeed, that they are innocent! Would that Hamish were here to help me. Yet no! they would certainly in that case try to fix the guilt on him. I will go hence and let them discover it as they can. Yet what if I should meet them? I am all dabbled in his gore!"

With a new and sharp terror in her heart, as this thought took possession of it, she began hastily to rub her hands in the moss and dry leaves around her, in order to free them from the blood which clung to them; and she was still engaged in this rather equivocal occupation when a sudden stream of light was cast on her from behind, and, rising suddenly, she found herself face to face with the officer who had been left in command of the garrison of the castle.

Half-a-dozen of his men were at his back, and by the light of the lantern, which he carried, she read in their faces their conviction of her guilt. At a sign from their chief they surrounded her in awful silence, and he himself laid his hand heavily on her shoulder:

"Murderess!" he said, "thou art taken in thy sin!"

"I did it not," cried Mrs. Netterville, so utterly confounded by this terrible accusation that she hardly knew what she said. "So help me Heaven! I am innocent of this deed!"

"Innocent! sayest thou?" the officer answered firmly. "Innocent!

thou with his blood red upon hands! Yea, and thy very garb clotted in his gore! If then thou art innocent, as thou wouldst have me believe, say what wert thou doing at this lonely spot at an hour when none but the murderer or the wretched would care to be abroad?"

"I was returning from a visit to the soldier Jackson—a visit which, thou knowest, Master Rippel, I made him every evening at the hour of dusk; and I had well-nigh reached the castle, when hearing a shot in that direction, and fearing mischief for my own people or for the garrison, I came hither if possible to prevent it."

"A likely story, truly!" replied the officer, who, unluckily for her, was one of the fiercest, if not the saintliest, of the band of warriors then domiciled at the castle. "Thou art a woman, and for thine own sake I will spare thy peace, or out of thine own mouth thou shalt stand presently condemned. For tell me, my masters added, addressing the other officers, "where wilt thou find a woman, hearing a shot, and dreading the chief, would not have fled from danger, instead of incontinently rushing in, as she would have us to believe she did, into its very jaws?"

"Yet have I rushed into the midst of danger more than once already within this fortnight, and that not for the sake of my own people but for thine; as none ought to know better than thou, Master Rippel, and my comrades," Mrs. Netterville, fairly put upon her mettle, retorted bravely.

"Nay, and that is naught but the very truth, though the father of lies (which is Beelzebub) himself said it," one of the men here ventured to remark. "For surely, Captain Rippel, you cannot have forgotten that we should have had a soldier the less in the camp of Israel, if

had not nursed the good youth Jackson through this black business of the plague, when we, even we, men appointed and girded to the fight, did hesitate to go near him."

"Ha! Dost thou also venture to defend her?" cried the officer angrily. "Nay, then, let that woman which is called Deborah be brought forward and confronted with the prisoner. Her testimony must decide between us."

One or two of the soldiers who had been lingering at a little distance in the dusky twilight now advanced, half pushing before them, half leading, the very woman who had addressed Nellie so impudently in the morning. She came forward with a strange mixture of eagerness and reluctance in her manner; willing enough, it might be, to bear false testimony against her neighbor, but very unwilling to be confronted with its object.

They placed her face to face with Mrs. Netterville, and the captain turned his lantern so that the light fell full on the features of the latter. They were cold and calm, and almost disdainful in their expression, now that she knew who was her accuser; and Deborah, spite of all her efforts to brazen out the interview, covered beneath her glance of scorn.

"Nay, but look well upon her, Deborah," said the captain, seeing that her eyes fell beneath those of the woman she had accused. "Look well upon her, and say if this be not that Moabitish woman whom thou sawest, as thou wert lingering (for no good purpose, I do fear me greatly) in the shadow of the trees—whom thou sawest, say I, steal hither between light and darkness, and treacherously do to death our brother Tomkins, who, being—as methinks you revealed to me just now—wearied overmuch with prayer and holding

forth, (he was, as I myself can testify, a man of most precious doctrine, and greatly favored in the gift of preaching,) had come hither to repose himself."

"Nay," said the woman, speaking in very tolerable English, an accomplishment she had picked up when in service in Dublin; "of that great weariness caused by too much prayer and preaching, Master Rippel, I said naught—my own impression being," she added, unable even before such an audience to repress the gibe, "that the slumberous inclinations of worthy Master Tomkins had been caused by a somewhat too ardent devotion lately tendered to the wine-cask."

"Peace, scoffer! peace!" cried the captain. "And if thou wouldst have thy blasphemy against the Lord and against his saints forgiven, in this world or the next, look once more on the face of the prisoner, and be not shamefaced or afraid, but say out boldly whether you can swear to her in a court of justice as being the person whom you espied just now in the act—yea, the very act of murder."

"I can," said the woman shortly, and avoiding the eye of Mrs. Netterville as she spoke.

"Thou canst?" the latter said in a tone of indignant astonishment. "And pray, if thou wert watching me so narrowly, why didst thou not endeavor to prevent me?—why not strike up my weapon?—why not cry out, at least, so as to rouse up the sleeping soldier?"

"I did what I could," the woman sullenly responded. "I sought out his comrades. It was their look-out, not mine, and to them accordingly I left it."

"She speaks the truth, as we who so lately heard her tale can testify," the captain answered quickly. "You see, my men," he added, addressing

the other soldiers, "Beelzebub is divided against himself, and the very children of his kingdom bear witness against each other. Surely the woman Netterville is guilty. Take her, therefore, some of you, a prisoner to the castle, while the rest prepare a decent burial for our murdered brother. I myself must speak apart with the witness Deborah, in order to put her testimony into a fitting shape to be laid before the court of my lords, the high commissioners of justice."

CHAPTER V.

THE sun had climbed well-nigh mid-way in the heavens, lighting up Clew Bay and its hundred isles until they glinted like emeralds in the blue setting of the sea, as an old, white-haired man and a young girl—the latter carrying a small bundle in one hand, while with the other she supported the failing strength of her companion, made their way, slowly and painfully, along the valley through which runs the bright "Eriff" river on its way to the ocean. Following the up course of the stream, they had passed, almost without knowing it, through some of the finest of the mountain scenery of the west, up hill and down hill, by pretty cascades, in which the river seemed to be playing with the obstacles which opposed it; round huge bare shoulders of rifted and out-jutting rock; through dark, deep purple gorges, which looked as if the mountains had been wrenched violently asunder in order to produce them; and now, at last, they found themselves in a quiet, dreary-looking glen, where cushions of soft moss and yielding heather seemed to woo them to repose. Nevertheless, foot-sore and worn out as they evidently were, they continued to press bravely forward until they had nearly arrived at the farther end of the valley; but

by that time the old man's begun to droop wearily on and his steps had become and uncertain that it was would be perilous to proceed without giving him the rest absolutely required. Choose, therefore, a little nook, where the soft and dry, and where tall fern and heather, rise six feet from the root, promise at least partial shade the midday sun, the girl proposed of her bundle as a pillow for his head, and invited him to smile to a siesta. He smiled readily as if he had been a child, she then sat down beside him, singing an old nursery lullaby to him into slumber. But there was no such salutary oblivion, and no sooner had his eyes closed in sleep than she rose, if anxiety had rendered her incapable of remaining quiet, wandered lessly on until she reached a hill which shut in the valley the land beyond. There was no fear and foreboding, weariness, sorrow, all forgotten or swallowed in the breathless admiration that took instant possession of her. Around her, crumbled away in all directions, were the heads of trees, but green to the summit, and strangely picturesque the fantastic variety of the landscape. There were quiet glens and rock-strewn passes, with water swelled into cataracts by the force of spring, yet looking in the distance like mere threads of light spiriting from their rug. There were long brown tree-trunks, brightened and varnished with patches of golden, flower-like or of that thin herbage which is perfectly emerald green, as seen in such like boggy places, and over and above all this,

the shadowy outlines of more than one far-off range of mountains melting into the delicate blue background of the sky, and changing color, as rapidly as the young cheek of beauty, beneath the ever-shifting lights and shadows of that "cloud scenery" which is nowhere more beautiful or varied than in Ireland. To the left, and looking, in the clear atmosphere, so close that she almost felt she could have touched it with her outstretched hand, rose "Croagh Patrick," sacred to the memory of Ireland's great apostle; and Clew Bay lay, or seemed to lie, bright and shining at her feet—Clew Bay, with its gracefully winding shore, and its archipelago of islets; some bold, beetling rocks, ready and able to do battle with the storm, others mere baskets of verdure floating on the tide; while the largest and most picturesque of them all, the sea, girt kingdom of Grana-Uaile, Clare Island, stood bravely up, cliff over cliff, at the very mouth of the harbor, guarding it against the winter encroachments of the Atlantic, which, green as liquid jasper, and calm, in that summer weather, as a giant sleeping in the sunshine, unrolled itself beyond. Long and wistfully Nellie fixed her gaze upon that fair prospect; and it was with a strange reluctance and foreboding of future sorrow, that she at last withdrew in order to examine attentively that portion of the country which lay more immediately around her, and with which she believed herself about to be more intimately connected. As she did so, a building, perched halfway up a hill, rather more inland than that upon which she herself was standing, attracted her eye, and she gasped, with a sudden mingling of hope and fear, like a person choking; for she felt a sudden conviction that in the wild, uncultivated lands be-

neath her she beheld the portion assigned to her grandfather by the commissioners at Loughrea, and in that edifice, which seemed to have been built for the express purpose of commanding and overawing the entire district, the house in which they had told her she was to establish her new home. *House*, indeed, it could scarcely be called in anything like the modern acceptation of the term, though it was probably perfectly well suited to the wants and wishes of the wild chieftains by whom it had been erected. The original building had consisted of a single tower, of which the rough, rude walls, formed of huge stones, put unhammered and uncemented together, betrayed its origin in times so far remote as to have no history even in the oldest annals of the land. Added on to this gray relic of the past, however, a new building was now evidently in process of erection. It was far from finished yet, as Nellie knew by the poles and scaffoldings around it; but even in its embryo state it bore a terribly suspicious resemblance to that square, simple fortalice type of building which seems to have been the one architectural idea of Cromwell's Irish drafted soldiers, and which still remains in many places, the silent but uncontrovertible witness—the seal which they themselves have set upon their forcible and unjust possession of the land. The very look of that half-finished building seemed an answer to Nellie's late foreboding, and with a sinking heart she turned her back upon it and retraced her steps to the place where she had left Lord Netterville. The old man had already shaken off his fitful slumbers, and was toiling feebly up the hill.

Nellie ran back to fetch her bundle, which he had been unable to bring with him; but overtaking him in an

instant, she gave him her arm, led him to the spot from whence she had just been taking her bird's-eye view of the country, and, pointing to the fortalice in process of erection, watched anxiously to discover what sort of impression it would make on his mind. But either he did not observe it, or did not take in the peculiar significance of its presence in those wilds; and finding that he remained silent and apparently unmoved, she collected all her remaining energy to say cheerfully:

"Look at that old gray tower to the right. If the man whom we met this morning among the hills spoke truth, we have reached the end of our weary journey, and yonder is our future home. It is not like our own dear Netterville, indeed, and yet it seems a goodly enough mansion. So goodly," she added, stealing a glance beneath her long lashes to see how he took the insinuation, "that I almost wonder they should have dealt thus kindly by us; for I know that many of the first of the 'transplanted' have had their lots assigned them in places where there was not even the hut of a peasant to shelter them from the weather."

"Tush, child! talk not to me of houses," the old man answered querulously, too much occupied with the actual disadvantages of his position to catch the hidden drift of Nellie's observation. "What boots a goodly mansion, if starvation be at its portal? And what, I pray you, but starvation are they condemned to, who have been sent to make themselves a home among these barren mountains?"

Nellie suffered her eyes to roam once more over the bright waters of the bay, and then, with a quick sense of beauty kindling up in her soul, she turned them hopefully upon Lord Netterville.

"Nay, dear grandfather, is all, a country fair and pleasant eye, and once my dear mother was with the cows and 'garra' can be no lack of plenty, even wilds."

"Cows and garrans! Are we to feed them, girl? expect to find the pleasant lands of Meath on the tops of barren hills? or are we to find flocks on the sea-drift, which I have heard say, the natives of these are in the habit of gathering on shore and boiling down into for their cattle, (they have no wretches!) but themselves?"

"Some of these hills certainly are black and bare enough, but I doubt not that among their hollow places we shall find a good acre of green grass for the feeding of our cattle," the girl said patiently, and with an evident determination to look, for the present at least, only on the bright side of the question. "And now, dear grandfather, added gently, "had we not better onward? for if yonder tower is to be our home, the sooner we get there the better."

She glanced toward the old man as she spoke, and the old man started violently as she said not another word, but he fancied that her cheeks were a shade paler—if that were so—than it had been before. He continued to gaze silently in the same direction.

"What is it, Nellie?" he asked at last, frightened by her strange look and silence. "What do you think, child, that you look so very scared?"

"See!" she answered slowly and reluctantly, "there seems to be a party of many people gathered in the court-yard; the house, I think, must be inhabited already!"

"People in the court-yard!" cried the old man, now fairly aroused to that same fear which had been haunting Nellie for the last half-hour. "What people, Nellie? Tell me, child, if you can distinguish whether they seem to be natives or strangers to the place. Our fate, alas! may be dependent on that fact."

The girl walked forward, and shading her eyes with her hand from the blinding sunshine, looked again, and yet again, in the direction of the tower.

"Yes," she said at last; "I was not mistaken. There *is* a party in the court-yard, and some of them are even standing in the gate-way, as if they had but this instant stepped forth from the mansion. Surely, grandfather, we cannot have misunderstood or mistaken our instructions? There is no other building to be seen—even in the distance—and this one answers in all respects to the description. The man, too, from whom we inquired our way this morning, assured us that it was called 'The Rath'—the very name set down in our certificate. We cannot have been mistaken, and yet—and yet—if there be persons already in possession, their claim must needs be superior to our own."

She spoke hesitatingly, and in broken sentences, as if she were following out a train of thought in her own mind, rather than addressing her companion. He listened anxiously, and a cloud gathered on his brow as he gradually took in her meaning.

"It may be only some of the natives," he said at last, in a low voice.

"The original owners, perhaps, of the tower, who have waited our arrival before giving up possession."

"Owners!" said Nellie quickly. "They told us at Loughrea that the owner had perished in the war, and that therefore we should find it empty."

"They may have been mistaken, Nellie. They know little enough, I think, those high and mighty commissioners at Loughrea, of the land of which they are so liberally disposing; and still less, I doubt me, of its original possessors."

"And if they are mistaken, we shall take the place of the rightful owners, and so deal out to others the very measure which our enemies have dealt to us. Grandfather, if we are guilty of this thing, we shall have a twofold sin upon our souls—their iniquity and our own."

"What would you have, child?" he answered pettishly; for, truth to say, he had yet quite enough of the Englishman about him, not to be over-particular as to the rights of the native Irish. "What would you have? Did you not know already that, in the acceptance of these lands, we were taking that which it was neither in the Cromwellians' right to give or in ours to receive? And what if an old tumble-down tower be thrown into the bargain? Trust me, Nellie, the business is so black already that, like the face of his Satanic majesty, who is the author of it, a little more or less of smutch will hardly make it blacker or uglier than it is."

"I never thought of this before," said Nellie sadly; "I thought only—fool that I was, so selfishly intent on my own misfortunes— I thought only of tracts of land left barren for want of inhabitants to till them, and of houses emptied by the fate of war. I never dreamed of men and women and little children turned out of their pleasant homes to make room for us—us who have as little right to their possessions as the English soldiers have to ours!"

"Nevertheless it has been done in almost every other case of transplantation which I have heard of," the

old man answered restlessly. "And the iniquity — for it *is* an iniquity — is theirs who have driven us to such spoliation, not ours who have been compelled in our own despite to do it."

But Nellie was far too noble, and too clear-sighted in her nobleness, to shelter her actions behind such a subterfuge, and she answered vehemently :

"But it must not be in ours, sir — it must not be in ours ! We will go down at once, and if the persons whom we see yonder be the rightful owners of that tower, we will merely crave rest and hospitality at their hands, until such a time as we have found a place, however humble, in which, without injury to honor or conscience, we can make ourselves a home."

"As you will, Nellie—as you will," he answered, too weary, perhaps, to be able longer to dispute the point. "But after all, we may be mistaken as to the ownership of these people. Look again, and tell me, if you can, whether they are clad like Englishmen, or in the native weeds?"

"Not in the native weeds, I think, my father. Rather I should say, if it were not impossible, that the men whom I see down yonder belonged to the army of the oppressor. Ha !

Now a lady is coming forth, now they are mounting her, a tall, stately personage in—yes—certainly in military attire, is mounting also, and takes his place at her side. Now half a dozen servants, I suppose, or friends, are on their knees likewise, and now they are moving forward. Father, they must be going this way, there is none other way. I can see by which horses they will pass with safety. Let us wait until they are behind the bank, and when they are near enough, we will accost them, and if they be of a conquering army, show them our title-deed. They will, of course, respect its authority, and help us to get into possession of that house which the document assigns us. I am glad a woman is among them ; it will make it easier, I think, to speak."

As Nellie ran on thus, she saw her grandfather with her behind him, on the bank which dipped down suddenly upon the path, narrowing it until it was all but impassable to them. There, with pale face and tight breath, she nervously awaited the advent of the party upon whose favor or unfavorable disposition toward them she felt her own and Lord Netterville's to be so fully dependent.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE ROMAN GATHERING.*

BY W. G. DIX.

A MAN of many years, without vast temporal resources, despoiled of a part of his possessions, having many vigorous enemies about him, and regarded by many even of those who profess the Christian faith as about to fall from his high place in Christendom, such a man invites his brethren to the apostolical ministry throughout the world to honor by their perpetual presence at Rome the anniversary of the martyrdom, eighteen hundred years ago, of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, and to join with him in the exaltation of martyrs who, like him, though in far distant lands, were "faithful unto death." They responded with eager joy and haste to the call, and those who cannot go stand on the wings of the wind in transports of loving veneration. To say not a word of the spiritual triumphs of the man who sent forth the invitation, so eagerly and widely accepted, there is in the fact just stated strong evidence that, even in these days of triumphant and insolent materialism, moral power has not entirely lost ascendancy. Though millions of knees are bent in honor of the god of materialism, in some one or other of its myriad forms of degrading idolatry, yet millions of hearts also recognize the gift of God as present more in his holy church. Never before has the Catholic Church been so great a multitude, from so distant places, assembled at her call at the central city of the faith.

We give place to the above article in our columns, though from a non-Catholic pen, thinking that it will be read with interest by our readers, while it indicates, at the same time, the religious tendencies which are becoming more and more prevalent among not a small number of minds in our country.—EDITOR C. W.

The enemies of catholicity have again and again referred to the great inventions of modern times as sure destroyers of the claims of the Catholic Church and of her hold upon her millions of members; but lo! these very inventions are brought into the service of the church. The printing-press, which was going to annihilate the Catholic Church, has proved one of her most effectual bulwarks; millions of printed pages inspire the devotion of her children, and make known her claims to reading men, until many who were even her enemies and revilers, from ignorance and prejudice, acknowledge their error, and make haste to go to "their father's house." Steam, in the view of many, was about so to change the structure of society that the old and decrepid Church of Rome, the great obstacle on the railroad of materialism, was about to be run over and cast to the roadside, a weak and useless wreck; but lo! the power of steam enables hundreds and thousands more to go up to the sacred city, as the tribes of Israel were wont to visit Jerusalem, than could otherwise attend the festivals of the faith in St. Peter's Church. Of the manifold uses of steam, a large proportion is in the service of catholic truth. And then the telegraph; that, surely, was to show an advanced state of civilization which could not tolerate the slow and ancient ways of catholicity; but lo! here, again, the event has contradicted the prophecy; for, by means of the telegraph, the assemblage of the vast host at Rome was known throughout the world on the very day of its

occurrence ; and almost literally, in all parts of Christendom, thousands of devout worshippers could turn their faces reverently toward the altar of God in Rome at the very instant when those in its immediate presence were bending before it, and could join in the same prayers and anthems, as though the world itself were one vast St. Peter's Church, and the strains of penitence and hymns of joy could reverberate across oceans and mountains, among distant nations and islands of the sea, as among the corridors and arches of one great temple sacred to the triune God.

As in these instances, so in many others, the church has extended her sway and deepened her power by the very forces which many supposed would work her ruin. The history of the church has shown in the domain of natural science, so often applied in the service of infidelity and disorder, as in the field of human passion, that God will make the wrath of man to praise him, and turn weapons designed to attack his holy Church into her consecrated armor of defence. The grace of God so overrules the inventions of man and the powers of nature, that even the terrible lightning becomes the vivid messenger to convey to the ends of the earth the benediction of the Vicar of Christ.

What is the chief lesson of the recent gathering at Rome? It is this, that the church of God, so often, in the view of her enemies, destroyed, will not stay destroyed ; that after every "destruction" she renews her invincible youth, and rises to pursue her career of conquest over sin, prejudice, and wrong ; that, though she may bend awhile to the storm that beats upon her sacred head, she has never been wholly overcome ; that, notwithstanding all that mortal enmity, defection, outrage, have done or can do, she yet lifts her forehead to

the sky to be anew baptized with from the sun of truth above strong in the faith and promise Eternal God, she falters not, endeavors, patient and persist subdue the world to Christ.

The history of the Catholic Church abounds with instances like the man gathering in June, which that her hours of affliction are very ones when her faithful children gather to her side, to assure their prayers and support, to discern upon her saintly face "smiles through tears," while times of trial, are the warmest most touching acknowledgments of filial veneration.

The commemorative assembly the capital of Christendom, since that the church of God is structible by any forces that or hell, singly or united, can against her. She may be at like the bird in the snare of the fowler ; but she is sure of release at length, and the plumes her wings afresh, and heavenward, filling the air with divine, exultant music of her praise. The powerful of the earth have times loaded the church with tribulation, but by the strength of Christ dwells evermore in her, she has broken the bonds asunder, or, by transforming grace, they have become the wreaths and garlands of new victory, even as the cross of humiliation has become, by the strength of our Lord, the emblem of unshaken glory.

The church of Christ, bearing on her brow his holy seal, and holding in his hands his gifts of power, knows sorrow at his grave ; but she knows his resurrection with joy, and is endowed anew with treasures for mortal life. Afterward, the millennium heathendom arose against her, she descended from the wreath

to the catacombs ; but she refused to wear upon her brow the crown of a spiritual empire that would never fall until the elements of earth melt with fervent heat ; and she is true to all her history in deriving glory from every apparent defeat. She will rise again from the grave of nature to enjoy for ever the vision of God. Kings of earth have denied her right to appoint pastors of her children with sacerdotal prerogatives, and have even brought her to mortal combat ; but oppressed and thwarted, she has not relinquished her inherent right, and she never will. As many have driven the head of the church out of Rome by ungrateful violence, so many have been welcomed back with tears of penitence and rapture.

Deprived of treasures committed to her by faithful stewards of unfeigned charity, she has labored with her own hands to feed her needy

At one time, persecuted in the wilderness, she has found a refuge and a welcome in the courts of princes ; at another, driven from the courts of princes, because she would not deny her Lord or her mission, she has found a sanctuary in the wilderness, cast upon the bare earth to feed the Lord of life and light, the lowly child in the manger, and to give to all the saints in glory to share the cause in the ear of infinite and goodness.

She has spurned the anointed king to enter the temple of God, until he repented his crime ; and on the head of the lowly monk who was spending his life in labor and prayer, she has placed the triple crown. With one hand she has bathed with " baptismal water " the brow of the day-laborer's son, while the other she has raised

in defiance of imperial might, which dared to assail her holy altar.

One of the most violent objections to the Catholic Church has been urged for the very reason that she has so faithfully held the balance between the contending forces of society. She has been accused of favoring the claims of absolutism or popular demands, as the triumph of either at the time would favor her own ends, irrespective of right. The charge is unjust, is urged by many who know better, yet it springs from an honest misapprehension in many minds. It would have been utterly impossible for an institution, designed to enlighten and guide mankind in its higher relations, not to touch human interests of every kind, and human institutions generally in many ways ; yet the challenge may safely be given to any thoughtful student of history, to acknowledge with candor, whatever may be his ecclesiastical position, that the Catholic Church, having often been chosen to be, and having an inherent right to be, the umpire between the rights of authority and the rights of individuals, has faithfully labored to sustain lawful authority when assailed by the wild fury of misguided multitudes, and that she has interposed her powerful shield, often with the most triumphant success, to protect men whose rights as men were assailed by authority changed by ambition into arrogant and exacting tyranny. What inconsistency and insincerity have been charged against the Catholic Church for this remarkable and noble fact in her history ! In this respect the Catholic Church has followed strictly in the steps of her Divine Author, who, when on earth, invariably upheld the rights of authority, while vehemently denouncing those who unjustly exercised it ; and while going about doing good, the friend

of the friendless and the helper of the helpless, pleading with divine eloquence, and laboring with divine power for the outcast and the poor, never and nowhere sanctioned the spirit of insurrection, but enjoined obedience as one of the main duties of life. Hence, it has come about, by one of those sublime mysteries, which prove the divine origin of Christianity, that the greatest revolution which has ever taken place in religious belief and in civil society in all their bearings, has been effected by the teachings, by the life and death of one who by no word or deed ever assailed authority itself or incited resistance to it.

Beauty and order being the same thing, and religious truth being the beauty of holiness, Christ, who was truth in person, must have made his church the friend and upholder of all beauty and order; and so it has proved for eighteen hundred years. The church has been the celestial crucible in which whatever of human art or invention had within it the essential attributes of higher and spiritual goodness has been purified and adapted to the service of religion. Has poetry sought to please the imaginations of men? the church of Christ unfolded before her the annals of Christianity, with her grand central sacrifice of infinite love, and all her demonstrations of heroic suffering and courageous faith; and poetry drew holier inspiration from the view, and incited men by higher motives to a higher life. Have painting and sculpture sought to represent objects of refining grace and sublimity? the church of Christ persuaded them to look into the records of the Christian past, and there they found treasures of beauty and splendor, devotion and martyrdom, whose wealth of illustration as examples; incentives, and memorials, art has not exhausted

for centuries, and will never exhaust. Christian history is the inexhaustible quarry of whatever is most noble and heroic in man, purified by the grace of God. Has architecture sought to invest stone with the beauties of spiritual and intellectual grace? the church of God has portrayed before her the sublimities of the Christian faith, that she might kneel at her feet in veneration, and that she might forth consecrated herself to the enduring structures, which, though they show of human power and the more they persuade men to the worship of God. Has eloquence sought to nerve men for the conflicts of life? the church of God has touched the lips of eloquence with living fire from her altar, and have sprung forth words that filled with love to man and love to God. Has music sought to weave haunting spells around the ear and heart and soul? the church of God has breathed into music the breath of divine being, until the music of the church seems like beatific worship and worship on earth like heavenly music.

As in these respects, so in others the church has made a holy corner of whatever is noblest among the endowments of men. In speaking of Catholic history, even from the scientific point of view, it may be justly said that nowhere else has there been such wonderful discernment of the various capacities of the human mind, and of their various adaptations. Tenacious of the truth and of its prerogatives, the Catholic Church has, nevertheless, allowed a large liberty of thought. That the Catholic Church has narrowed the understandings of men, is a singular error to make in the face of the scientific Catholic philosophy, in which the varying mental structure, training, and habits of thought, have had full

of their faculties. And where have there been so many free and gay activities as in the Catholic Church? The false charge that the Church fetters the minds and movements of men, may be traced to the fact that at all Catholic diversities of opinion have converged, like different lights, in the elucidation of truth, and that varying modes of action have had one object in view—the advancement of truth.

It is the intended force of all these illustrations, for they have had a common purpose. The world will outgrow the church. All the improvements in science, in civilization, so far from impeding the church of Christ, and making her existence no longer needed, will, at the same time, advance her and make her more needed than ever. If in the middle ages, when society was in the process of passing on from the old to the new, the church was pre-eminently needed, what was just and right and true in the older forms of civilization, gradually to adapt to them what was just and right and true in the developments of society, most needed the church needed now, when there exists a perfect chaos of opinion, when a part of the civilized world is in another transition, from lawless, rudderless vagaries of sentimentality to the solid rock of Christianity. If ever the voice of God was needed, like the voice of the angel of God, heard amid and above the howlings of the storm, it is now.

The false reasoning has been advanced about the "unchangeable church" as though, because "unchangeable," it was not adapted to the changing and striving world, when, in fact, for the very reason that the church of Christ is unchangeably true, it is required and adapted for

all the changes and emergencies of time. Who ever heard a sailor complain of the mariner's compass, because, on account of its unchangeable obstinacy, it would not conform to his private judgments and caprices about the right course? No one. It is for the very reason that the mariner's compass is unchangeably true to the eternal law of magnetic attraction, under all circumstances and in all places, that it is the unerring guide among the whirlwinds and heavings of the great deep. Catholicity is the mariner's compass upon a greater deep—even that of the wild and rolling, beating ocean of humanity, pointing, amid sunny calms, or gentle winds, or raging gales, unerringly to the cross of Jesus Christ, as the needle of the mariner's compass points to the north—guiding, age after age, the precious freights of immortal souls to the harbor of infinite and unending joy.

The force of this illustration is all the stronger that the mariner's compass is a human adaptation of an immutable law of nature to navigation, while the church of the living God is divine alike in origin and application, and has existed from the beginning, unchangeable, like God himself, yet adapting herself to the wants of every age. The church of God is like his own infinite providence, in which unchangeable truth meets in the harmony of mercy the innumerable changes of human need.

Much has been written and more said about "the church of the future," as though it were to be some millennial manifestation altogether different from the historic church; but the church of the future, which is not also the church of the past and of the present, can be no church; for a true church must reach to the ages back as well as to those before. If the continuity is broken, truth is

broken, and cannot be restored. As for eighteen centuries there have been no forms of civil society, no calms or tempests in the moral, political, social, or religious world, in which the Catholic Church has not been true to the organic principles of her divine life, even the enemy of catholicity should admit—that fact being granted—that the presumption is on her side that she will be equally true to those principles during the centuries that are to come. He may deny that the church has been true, and, consequently, that she will be true, but he will not admit one proposition and deny the other; he will admit both or deny both. In other words, he will admit, equally with the friend of catholicity, the identity of the church, past, present, and to come. Now, it will be impossible for a friend or enemy of the Catholic Church, from her beginning to this very day, to point to an hour when she was not a living church; it is, then, probable, that she will continue to be a living church. But where, since the promulgation of Christianity to this time, has existed a body of Christian believers, which, for the quality of continual existence, has so good a right to be called the church of Christ as the Catholic Church? Considering her numbers, extent, and duration, that church has been pre-eminently the church of the past; considering numbers, extent, and duration, that church is pre-eminently the church of the present; considering all analogies and probabilities, then the Catholic Church will be pre-eminently the church of the future.

In truth, the vindictive anger of the enemies of the Catholic Church, in whatever form of opposition it may be shown, proceeds from the fact, not that she is the dead church of the past, as she is sometimes called, for there would be no reason to war with

the dead, but because she is, has been and will be, the church. The Catholic Church hated not for being too dead, being too living. She has seen birth and death of countless "provements" of her principle she has received with gladness her fold many an eager and zealous inquirer for the "new clasp" who has at length reached an end to his wanderings and a solution of his doubts in finding, with tearful and dutiful submission, that the church, for which he was seeking, was the same church which has stood through all ages, ever old, yet ever new, but representing Him who is almighty and ever Living God and the Ancient of Days.

The Catholic Church, so freely and unjustly denounced as being behind the age, or even as factious, has been foremost in all progress of the world. She has sent her legions of the cross where the world of commerce dared not go; she was the first in the east and the first in the West; it was her lamp of divinity which dispelled the gloomy darkness of the barbarous north of Europe; it was her sceptre of celestial power which, under the guidance of Henry VIII, transformed the political and social wreck of southern Europe into a new world. In what part of the world which could reach has she not planted the cross? Where on the face of the earth is the mountain whose sides have not, at one time or another, sent back into the sound of the echoes of Catholic worship?

Daniel Webster gave a vivid picture of the extent of the power of the Catholic Church in England, in what I think to be the grandest sentence which America has contributed to the common treasury of English literature. He said: "The morning drum-beat, follows the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth daily."

one unbroken strain of the martial airs of England." That grand figure of speech may be applied to the extent of the Catholic Church. Yet it is not by martial airs, but by hymns of praise and penitential orisons and the continuous sacrifice that the Catholic Church daily celebrates, "from the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same," the triumphant march of the Prince of Peace. How like "the sound of many waters" rolls hourly heavenward the anthems of catholic worship throughout the world! Not only is every moment of every day consecrated by catholic hymns sung somewhere on earth; but how majestically roll down through eighteen hundred years the unbroken anthems of catholic devotion! Minute after minute, hour after hour, day after day, night after night, month after month, year after year, century after century, the holy strains go on unending. To the mind's ear seem blended in one almost overpowering flood of holy harmony the unnumbered voices which have sounded from the very hour when the shepherds of Bethlehem heard the angelic song to this very moment, when, somewhere, catholic voices are chanting praise to the Lord and Saviour of men.

And, in this view, how literally has been fulfilled that consoling prophecy, "Henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." Wherever the Divine Son has been duly honored, there also she, who was remembered with filial love even amid his dying agonies for a world's salvation, has been remembered and called blessed; called blessed from that lowly home and from that mount of sorrow in the distant east, in millions of lowly homes, and under the shadow of mountains to the farthest west; called blessed by millions of loving and imploring voices through all the ages since;

called blessed in all the languages that have been spoken since that time in all the world; called blessed in the rudest forms of human speech and in the most ecstatic music of voice and skill; called blessed by the lips of the little child that can hardly speak the name of mother, and by the lips that tremble with age and sorrow; called blessed by the sailor on the deep, by the ploughman on the land, by the scholar at his books, by the soldier drawing his sword for right upon the battle-field; called blessed by the voices of peasant-girls singing in sunny vineyards, and by the voices of those from whose brows have flashed the gems of royal diadems; called blessed in cottages and palaces, at wayside shrines, and under the golden roofs of grand cathedrals; called blessed in the hour of joy and in the hour of anguish—in the strength and beauty of life, and at the gates of death. How long, how ardently, how faithfully has all this loving honor been paid for so many generations, and will continue to be paid for all generations to come, to that sorrowing yet benignant one, who bore him who bore our woe!

The recent gathering at Rome indicates that there is no demand which civilization can rightfully make of the Christian Church which she will not eagerly, fully, and faithfully meet. The largest assemblage of professed ministers of Christ which this age has known—leaving here out of view the claims of the Catholic Church to an apostolical priesthood—has been held in Rome by the church, so extensively proclaimed and derided as being behind the age. If there is life, deep, full, pervading life anywhere on earth, it is in the Catholic Church and in all her movements. She will continue to draw to herself all the qualities and capacities of life which are in harmony with her spirit; and this

accumulated spiritual force will constantly weaken the barriers that divide her from the sympathies of a large part of Christendom, until at length she will be acknowledged by all as the only living and true church of Christ.

"The restoration of the unity of the church" has been the subject of many thoughts, of many words, of earnest and devout prayer, of much and noble effort, and, when understood as referring to the reconciliation of those who have left the Catholic Church, or who are now out of it because their fathers left it, the phrase may pass without objection; but the phrase is greatly objectionable, even to the extent of expressing an untruth, when it is used to convey the idea that the unity of the church has ever been broken. This has not been, and could not be. The church, intended to be one, and to endure until the end of time, could not, in its organic structure, be really broken at any period of its history, without destroying its title as the one church of Christ. Individuals, communities, even nations, as such, have been broken off from it; but the essential church herself has remained one and unbroken through all vicissitudes. The theory that the Church of Rome, the Greek Church, and the Church of England are equal and co-ordinate branches of the one church of Christ has no foundation as an historical fact, and is as destructive of all true ideas of the unity of the church as the wildest vagaries of Protestantism. Is there on earth an institution which schism, heresy, and political ambition have tried to destroy and have tried in vain? There is; it is the Catholic Church. Is there an institution on earth which, leaving out of regard all its claims, has had the quality of historical continuity for eighteen cen-

turies? There is; it is the Catholic Church.

The charge, if not of bigotry, yet of most unreasonable arrogance, has been more or less directly made against the Catholic Church, because she has not received overtures of reconciliation from enthusiastic and earnest individuals claiming to represent national churches, as cordially as was expected. But how can she accept, or even consider, any such overtures, proceeding as they do from the assumption of equal position and authority, without disowning herself, without denying even those claims and prerogatives, the existence of which alone makes union with her desirable? If there is no institution on earth which has a valid title to be the continuous church of Christ, all efforts will be vain to supply the gap of centuries by an establishment now. A union of churches will not satisfy the design or promise of our Lord, when he founded the unity of his church. If the Christian church has really been broken into pieces, it will be in vain to gather up the fragments; for, on that supposition, the divine principle has long since departed, and the gates of hell have prevailed. Those men of strong Catholic predilections, who, nevertheless, have clung to the theory that the church of Christ has been really broken, and must be repaired by management, will yet thank God from their inmost souls for the immovable firmness with which that theory has been denied at Rome.

The Catholic Church has never condemned a heresy more false or destructive than the proposition that she is herself but one of the divisions of the Christian church, having no authority to speak or to rule in the name of her Lord. To deny that the one church of Christ is now existing, and

that she has existed for ages, is to deny not merely a fact in history, but it is to deny the word of our Lord ; and to do that, is to deny alike his holiness and his divinity. How can the Catholic Church treat with those who wish to make terms before submitting to her authority, on the basis of a positive untruth ? Catholicity is not an inheritance, to be decided among many claimants, no one of whom has any right to be or to be regarded as the sole heir of the homestead ; but it is an estate left by the divine Lord of the manor, in charge of the Prince of the Apostles and his successors, on the express injunction that it is to be kept one and undivided, in trust for the benefit of the faithful for all time. The estate has been kept one and undivided, according to the title-deed ; the injunction has never been broken ; notwithstanding all defections from the household, the homestead of the Christian world remains in the hands of the same faithful succession to which it was committed by our Lord himself. May God grant that all the younger sons who have gone astray, may return with penitential alacrity to their Father's house !

The Catholic Church will not stop in her progress, until she has converted the world to Christ ; but she has not denied, and will not deny, her sacred trust and prerogative of catholicity for the sake even of adding whole nations to her fold. Whoever enters her fold must admit by that act her claim to be the one, undivided, indivisible Church of Christ. There can be no "branches of the Catholic Church" which are not directly joined to the root and trunk of catholicity. A severed branch is no branch.

It is not the fault of the Catholic Church that multitudes "who profess and call themselves Christians" are

not members of her communion. She affords the very largest liberty for individual or associated action that can be yielded without denying her faith or her commission. The highest poetry and the severest logic may kneel in brotherly harmony at her altar. Gifts and talents the most diverse have been consecrated to her service. The Catholic Church advancing, century after century, under the banner of the cross and dove, to the spiritual conquest of the world ! how far more sublime a spectacle it is than that of some parts of Christendom, which are broken into little independent bands of sectarian skirmishers, keeping up a kind of guerrilla warfare against "the world, the flesh, and the devil," and each other.

There are inspiring tokens which show the depth and breadth of the conviction, that the great schism of three centuries ago has proved a terrible mistake. Multitudes outside of the Catholic Church are inquiring with earnest solicitude about the meaning of catholic unity. The main course of intellectual inquiry is, in both hemispheres, respecting the claims of the Catholic Church. There are evident signs that the chaos of Protestantism is about to be broken up, and the wild and dreary waste to bloom and glow with Catholic beauty and order. God grant that it may be so, and that not only thousands of individuals may know how precious a prize it is to kneel devoutly and sincerely before the altar of God ; but that even mighty nations may be convinced what priceless gifts they have forfeited by three centuries of separation from the source of all they have that has been or is worth keeping.

In view of the fact that the revival of catholic feeling enkindles also the enmity of those who scan it, the gathering at Rome is not only an assurance before the world that the Ca-

tholic Church will continue to be the guide of life and the empire of civilization, but it is also a sublime challenge against all the agencies of every kind that have been, or may be tried, to eliminate Catholicity from the age. The Catholic Church has a work to do, and she will do it. She can no more forego it, than she can die by her own will. She has never flinched yet; she never will. It is the very necessity as well as the reason of her being that she shall fulfil her charge without wavering or diminution; and this she will do. If the "gates of hell" cannot prevail against the church of

God, she may safely defy all mortal might. The sun might more easily have refused to come forth at the bidding of the Creator, than the church can refuse to do his will in conquering the world for Christ. God speed the day when the divisions of Christendom shall end; when all who profess to be the disciples of Jesus Christ shall seek and find consolation in his one, true, enduring fold; and when the sceptre of God, manifest in the church, shall be extended in benignant power over an obedient and rejoicing world.

**"THE UNITED CHURCHES OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND,
IN IRELAND."***

It is well to be accurate in the bestowal of titles, and we give, therefore, the institution whose latest history lies before us the exact definition by which, these sixty years past, it rejoices to be known. Under this designation of its own choice this institution is open to the reflection of being one of the most modern of all the churches pretending to be national; the junior of even our own American Episcopal Church, which is not itself very far stricken in years; the junior, indeed, of all the other churches we can at this moment recall to memory, unless we were to include "the Church of the Latter-Day Saints," whose Mecca stands upon Salt Lake.

On the first day of January, in the first year of this century, the ecclesiastical system, establishment, or organization which designates itself as

"the United Church of England and Ireland, in Ireland," came, with sound of many trumpets, into the world. On that auspicious day, the legislative union of Ireland and Great Britain was proclaimed; a new national flag, "the Union Jack," was run up from the royal towers of London, Dublin, and Edinburgh; a new royal title was assumed for the coinage of the new realm, and in all great public transactions; a new "great seal" was struck for the sovereign of the newly modelled state; new peers and new commoners were added to the two houses of Parliament, and, to complete the revolution, by the 5th clause of the same act, the matters previously mentioned having been first disposed of, this new church was, on that same day and hour, by the same authority, called into existence. His majesty's proclamation, announced at Paul's Cross in London, at the Cross in Edinburgh, and where the Cross of

* *Ireland and her Churches.* By James Godkin. London, Chapman & Hall. 1867. 1 vol, pp. 623.

St. Dame street ought to have been, in Dublin, that "the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government of the said United Church shall be and shall remain in full force for ever, as the same are now by law established for the Church of England."

The two national churches, thus by act of parliament and royal proclamation, united into, so to speak, one imperial church, with an identical "doctrine, worship, and discipline," had a good many antecedents in common, and a good many others that were peculiar to each side of the channel. Irish Protestantism had never been a servile or even a close copy of its English senior. Whether, as Swift sarcastically maintained, the sermons of Dublin pulpits were flavored by the soil, or whether the cause of difference lay in the atmosphere, the Irish variety of "the churches of the Reformation," was as full of self-complacency and self-assertion, as any of the sisterhood. It imbibed at the start, chiefly from Usher, a larger draught of Genevan theology than was quite reconcilable with the Thirty-nine Articles; it has been almost invariably toryish in its relations to the state; while the English establishment, at least since 1668, has been pretty equally divided between the two great political parties. But the most singular peculiarity of this very modern church of Ireland was the persuasion it arrived at, and endeavored to impress upon the world, that it was the veritable primitive Christianity of the Green Isle; that instead of tracing its origin to quite recent acts of parliament, its pedigree ran up nearly to the Acts of the Apostles; that Saint Patrick and Saint Columba were its true founders, and not such saints of yesterday as George Browne and James Usher. Whenever it was necessary to enforce the collection of tithes, or

to protect the monopoly of university education, the statutes at large were resorted to as the true charter of its institution; but whenever it became requisite to defend its anomalous position, by writing or speaking, the Protestantism of Saint Patrick—his independence of Rome more especially—was the favorite argument of its defenders.

No "reformed" community has ever made such desperate and persistent efforts, with such flimsy or wholly imaginary materials, to bridge over the long space of the middle ages, in order to make some show of historical connection with the first founders of Christianity. But the recent revival of genuine ecclesiastical learning has utterly dissipated the last fond efforts of these spiritual genealogists; and the very first acts of its existence as a separated body, are now as well understood as the 41st of George III., by which it became a copartner in "the United Church of England and Ireland," no longer ago than the first day of the year of our Lord, 1801.

The history of the Irish member of this curious ecclesiastical firm may best be traced through the statutes at large. As its parentage was parliamentary, so its life has been legislative. There is one advantage in having this description of authority to refer to, that it cannot be disputed. The "Journals of Parliament" in England and Ireland, from the reformation to the civil emancipation of the Catholics in 1829, are good Protestant authority. The peers and commoners of the old religion were excluded from the English houses, from the 10th of Elizabeth (1567) to the 9th of George IV., (1829,) a period of 262 years; and in Ireland, the last parliament in which Catholics sat was that of 4th James II., (1689,) followed by a period of exclusion,

before the union, of 111 years. It was not found possible, so early as the time of the two first Stuarts and Elizabeth, to wholly exclude Catholics, or, as they were then called, "recusants," from membership in either house in Ireland; and accordingly we find them a formidable minority in those rarely occurring assemblies, such as the Irish parliaments held in the 11th and 25th of Elizabeth, the 11th James I., the 14th Charles I., and the 12th of Charles II. In the second James's short-lived parliament of one session, hastily adjourned to allow his lords and gentlemen to follow their master to the banks of the "ill-fated river," they were a majority; but with that evanescent exception, the statutes of Ireland are quite as exclusively Protestant authority on all church matters as those of England previous to the union of the legislatures and the churches, and subsequently down to 1829.

The history of Protestantism in Ireland, from first to last, is a political history. Its best record is to be found in the parliamentary journals as well in the reign of Henry VIII. as of George III. And though we do not propose to dwell, in the present paper, in anything like detail on the annals of that establishment previous to the present century, we must condense into a short space the main facts of its first appearance on the scene, and its early parliamentary nurture and education, to account for the facility with which it ceased to be, even in pretence, a national church at the time of the legislative union. Political in its origin, its organization, and its government, from the first hour of its existence, it had neither will, nor wish, nor ability, if it had either, to resist the designs of the state, which included its incorporation into the im-

perial system. As the lay regulation of Ireland was recast, seal and the standard were changed, so the institution started by and royal orders in council sixteenth century came naturally have its individuality extinguished by other statutes and orders issued in the nineteenth. If the so-called "Church of Ireland" had really believed itself to be what its champions had so often asserted, the ancient national church of the kingdom, it would at all events have made some show of patriotic resistance before making its surrender.

Not only, however, was it not a national in its origin, but it was then, and always, an eminently popular institution. There was, as in other countries during the Reformation, even the pretext of a popular "movement" against Rome. No Luther arose among the Celtic or the Anglo-Irish Catholics in that age of turbulence. The ancient faith was received as implicitly by the bishops of Dublin as by the clansmen of Connaught, and the spiritual supremacy of the pope seemed as desirable as impossible of contradiction to the descendants of Strongbow and children of Milesius. No Irish revolt against Roman discipline. Roman doctrine had shown its strength within the western island. There was no spiritual insurrection tempted from within to justify resort to external intervention. The annalists of Donegal, who were commonly called "The Four Masters," and who were old enough to remember the first mention of Protestantism in their own province, unconsciously express the sentiment of the educated Irish in those days at the new doctrinal doctrines:

"A.D. 1537. A heresy and a new

broke out in England, the effects of pride, vainglory, avarice, sensual desire, and the prevalence of a variety of scientific and philosophical speculations, so that the people of England went into opposition to the pope and to Rome. At the same time they followed a variety of opinions, and the old law of Moses, after the manner of the Jewish people, and they gave the title of Head of the Church of God to the king. There were enacted by the king and council new laws and statutes after their own will."

But the laws and statutes enacted by the king and council in England, for changing the national religion, were not immediately either extended to, or proposed for imitation in, Ireland. The zeal of the crowned apostle was tempered by the exigencies of the politician. Before this king's time, the English power in Ireland had been essentially a colonial power; "a pale" or enclosure, or garrison. Whoever will not mark the point, will miss the very pivot of all the operations of the new religion in Ireland. Henry VIII. had inherited from his father, the first king of united England for a century, the ambition of making himself equally master of the neighboring nation. During the twenty years of the sway of his great cardinal-chancellor, this object never was for a moment lost sight of. When Wolsey went down to the grave in disgrace without seeing it fulfilled, his royal pupil continued to prosecute the plan to its entire accomplishment. This result, however, he only reached in the thirty-second year of his reign, (1541,) some six years before his miserable end. Ten years previously, (1531,) he may be said to have established the new religion in England by compelling the majority of the clergy to subscribe to his supremacy in spirituals; within two years followed his marriage with Anne Boleyn; and in 1535, his order appeared commanding the omission

"of the name of the Bishop of Rome from every liturgical book," which may be said to have completed the severance of England from Rome.

Not only did not Henry, in obedience to his political design of adding another crown to his dominions, not press his reformed doctrines immediately upon the Irish of either race, but he expressly reprehended his deputies at Dublin for having prematurely attempted the national conversion. In the same year in which he struck the pope's name from every liturgical book, he sharply rebuked George Browne, an English ex-Augustinian whom he had appointed Archbishop of Dublin, for destroying certain relics of saints in the churches of that city. Again in the same year, Secretary Cromwell writes officially to contradict "a common rumor," that he intended to pluck down the statue of "our Lady of Trim," which was as famous on the west, as our "Lady of Walsingham" on the east of the channel. Four years later, we find the Lord Deputy Grey, after a victory over O'Neill at Bellahoe, halting with the whole court and army at this celebrated place of pilgrimage, and visiting this same shrine of our Lady—"very devoutly kneeling before her, he heard three or four masses." At that moment, in the thirtieth year of Henry VIII., and the sixth of his open rupture with Rome, any Celtic-Irish or Anglo-Irish Catholic, in the ranks of Lord Grey, not particularly well informed as to the affairs of the neighboring kingdom, might have rested honestly in the belief that he was serving a Catholic prince in full communion with the rest of Christendom.

But as soon as the election to the kingship, which it is not in our way here to dwell upon, was successfully over, and the new royal title pro-

claimed, confirmed, and acknowledged abroad, especially in Scotland and France, and by the emperor, then there came a change. The politician being satisfied, the apostle awoke. A commission of reformation, at the head of which sat Archbishop Browne, undertook the purgation of the Dublin and neighboring churches, producing as their warrant the royal authority, "dated years before." A sufficient guard of horse and foot accompanied these commissioners, and were much needed to protect them from the populace. The statues and relics in the cathedrals of Leighlin, Ferns, and Kildare; the Lady statue at Trim, and a famous crucifixion in Ballyhogan Abbey, were forthwith destroyed. So far and so soon as they could venture into the interior, this "work of reformation," under the royal warrant, was pushed on vigorously, in order, as Henry's commission expressed it, "that no fooleries of this kind might henceforth for ever be in use in said land." This royal order (1539) sounded the key-note of spoliation, and little more than this was attempted during the remainder of this reign. The first serious effort at national conversion was made under the orders in council of the 4th of Edward VI., (1551,) when on Easter day the English liturgy was for the first time publicly recited in Christ Church Cathedral, the ex-Augustinian archbishop preaching from the text, "Open mine eyes, that I may see the wonders of the laws," (Ps. 119.) The liturgy was printed the same year at Dublin, in English, and the lord deputy was instructed to take measures to have it "translated into Irish in those places that need it." The following year the work of spoliation was resumed with new vigor at the famous seven churches of Clon-

macnoise, and other points up to Shannon. Within twelve months thereafter, young Edward died, and the five years' reign of Queen Mary gave a respite to the Irish church. It was a period too short for reformation, but long remembered with regretful affection for the temporary exemption from persecution it afforded.

Anti-national and anti-popular in its conception, the reformation presented itself in Ireland as the enemy at once of the useful and all the arts; of all that amused and entertained the people. A war, in both senses, war was a business to the layman's hand was always within reach of his weapon. The arts of peace—agriculture, architecture, handicrafts, medicine, music, were all the mates of the convent and the monastery. The civil glories and treasures of the country were hoarded up, and alone they could be secured, in the chancel and the cloister. It was, however, the first duty of the new reformers to strike down and demolish these venerated remains of the piety of former generations. Pictures brought from abroad, or the work of native artists, were defaced; stained glass windows were brutally broken; shrines smashed; beautiful missals thrown into the fire; croziers broken to pieces; chalices and ciboriums melted for bullion; bells blessed to the glory of peace and forgiveness melted to be cast into ordnance; and all that endeared, civilizing, and solemn associations interwoven from childhood with these consecrated objects were rudely torn out of the hearts of the people. In the remaining years of Henry, and the reign of Edward VI., nearly six hundred religious houses were thus stripped, desecrated, and dismantled. "They sold their roofs and bells," say the Four Masters, in the annal of

so there was not a monastery on the Arran of the Saints in the Atlantic Sea, which was not shattered, except a few in the remoter corners of the island.

Of the regular religious houses established in that small island, the rule of St. Augustine was followed by 256 houses, male and female; that of St. Bernard by 44; of St. Francis by 114; of St. Dominic by 14; of St. Benedict by 14; of the Carmel by 29. Besides these, a pathetic and instructive example to remember, that there were even in that far western island not less than 22 houses of the Saint John of Jerusalem, for the redemption of the Holy Land; and 14 of the Trinitarian for the redemption of Christian slaves from African slavery. All their interior furniture and possessions, were with ruth transferred to the new converts, converted to worldly purposes, in order to prepare the way of religion as set forth by the new order.

It is fair to point out, that the effects of this religious revolution in part, though in a very small part, the receivers of the new aristocracy arose on the ruins of the monasteries and convents.

Some Irish houses may have ancestors who came in the longbow; but many more of families came in pennibushers at the reformation. The Lindsays and Chichesters, in the north; the St. Legers, Boyles, and the Burkes in the south; and the Burkes in the west, were for some of their descendants the largest inheritors of ecclesiastical plunder. The chartered rights of townsmen, whose consent was not without their

recompense even in this world. The neighboring church and convent property was frequently assigned to these incorporators, no matter how few in number, for the use indeed of the corporation; but as they generally contrived to become in their individual capacity tenants under themselves as a corporation, there was at least one description of occupants in the country, who held their lands on easy conditions. These corporate bodies, which continued exclusively Protestant down to the passage of the Irish Municipal Reform Bill in 1834, were often reduced to a ludicrously small number; but even in such Catholic cities as Limerick, Cashel, Clonmel, and Waterford and Drogheda, they continued to possess and dispose of, and often to alienate, the former endowments of pious chiefs and barons to the suppressed convents and colleges of the vicinity.

The new proprietary and clerical interests thus created at the expense of the confiscated church, were placed in a position to require the constant protection and superintendence of the creative power. And this again required, most unhappily both for church and state in that country, the continuous proscription and suppression of those who represented the important interests so dispossessed and disinherited. From thence arose the deadly feud between law and nature, which has disfigured and degraded humanity in Ireland; which has so effectually separated the very ideas of law and justice in the modern Irishman's mind that his first presumption in all conflicting cases is (to his own loss frequently) against the law, rather than in its favor. The body of legislation of which we speak had long ago swelled to the dimensions of a code, and since the early years of George III. has been known exclusively by the name of THE PENAL

CODE. The principal collections of this code are by Sir Henry Parnell, (afterward Lord Congleton,) Mr. Bedford, an English barrister, Mr. Mathew O'Connor, of the Irish bar, and the late indefatigable Dr. R. R. Madden. The commentators on the code, from Edmund Burke to Bishop Doyle, or rather the advocates for its amelioration in the first place, and afterward for its total repeal, included almost every name distinguished for liberality in the British annals of the last hundred years.

The first of these proscriptive enactments dates from the 2d year of Elizabeth, when a parliament representing ten counties was held at Dublin. By this assembly the acts enforcing uniformity of worship, and the queen's supremacy in spirituals as well as temporals, are said to have been passed; though others say this parliament adjourned without regularly adopting those measures. In the 3d year of the same reign a further act is found on the Irish Statute-Book, obliging, under forfeiture of office and civil disfranchisement for life, "ecclesiastical persons and officers, judges, justices, mayors, temporal officers, and every other person who hath the queen's wages, to take the oath of supremacy." Commissioners of ecclesiastical causes were created by an act of the same session, "to adjudge heresy" according to the canonical scriptures, the first four general councils, and the laws of parliament. By this commission, five years later, (1564,) the English *Book of Articles* was declared of full force in Ireland. These articles were twelve in number.

1. The Trinity in Unity; 2. The Sufficiency of the Scriptures to Salvation; 3. The Orthodoxy of Particular Churches; 4. The Necessity of Holy Orders; 5. The Queen's Supremacy; 6. Denial of the Pope's authority 'to be more than other Bishops have;' 7. The Conformity of the Book of Common Prayer to the Scriptures; 8. The

Ministration of Baptism does not consist on the Ceremonial; 9. Condemns 'Masses,' and denies that the Mass is a propitiatory Sacrifice for the Dead; 10. Asserts the Propriety of Communion in Both Kinds; 11. Utterly disallows Relics, and Pilgrimages; 12. Regulates the General Subscription to the foregoing articles."

The subsequent legislation of Elizabeth in Ireland was chiefly local, if we except (in the 11th and 12th of her reign) the act respecting vacant benefices, and the act establishing [Protestant] free schools.

Parliaments in those days were held at long and uncertain intervals. The only one held during the reign of James's reign in Ireland—twenty-seven years after Elizabeth's last parliament—was purely political. This parliament was opened and managed by the Lord Deputy, the Earl of Strafford, whose object and almost only object in such an agency was to make his master "as absolute as any king in Christendom." Four years later (1639) was held the second and last Irish parliament of this reign, simultaneously, (at the instance of Laud, under the advice of Laud), the iron-nerved, and most unscrupulous deputy summoned a convocation of the bishops and clergy of the established religion, which forms a curious picture of the state of the establishment at the end of the sixteenth century of the reformation. Strafford himself shall be our authority at this point, and as abbreviated in Mr. Kin's book, pp. 64 and 65.

"He had ordered a convocation of the clergy to meet simultaneously with the parliament for the purpose of adopting Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, so that the Irish articles might be a dead letter. The convocation worked conscientiously, digesting the articles, etc., to the best of their judgment. Wentworth found that they were not

ed, and resolved to bring them
s. In a letter to Laud he
his victory, apparently quite
hat he had been playing the
cra, in a style worthy of Henry
g learned what the committee
had done, he instantly sent
drews, its chairman, requiring
the Book of Canons noted in
together with the draught he
that afternoon to the house.
he obeyed; 'but,' says the
'when I came to open the
over the *deliberandums* in the
ess I was not so much moved
nto Ireland. I told him, cer-
ean of Limerick, but an Ana-
n the chair of that committee;
I was an Ananias had been
if not in body, with all the
l conventicles of Amsterdam,
amed and scandalized with it
e.' He gave the dean im-
s not to report anything until
him again. He also issued
rimate, the Bishops of Meath,
roe, and Derry, together with
he prolocutor, and the whole
wait upon him next morning.
icly rebuked them for acting
chmen; told them that a few
ad presumed to make articles
out the privy or consent of
, as if they purposed at once
all government and order
urch. But those heady and
es he would not endure, nor
r them either to be mad in
n nor in their pulpits.' He
strict injunctions as to what
n should do. They were to
not content, to the Articles
or he would not endure that
e disputed. He ordered the
me a canon on the subject;
neet his approval, and so the
amed one himself, where-
came to him instantly and
the canon would never pass
as his lordship had made,
peful it might pass as he had
self. He therefore besought
y to think a little better of
is best told in Strafford's
language—'But I confess,
little jealousy that his pro-
not open and free to those
eye upon, it was too late now
ade or to affront me. I told
was resolved to put it to them
ords, and was most confident
six in the house that would

refuse them, telling him, by the sequel, we
should see whether his lordship or myself
better understood their minds in that point,
and by that I would be content to be judged,
only for order's sake I desired his lordship
would vote this canon first in the upper
house of convocation, and so voted, then
to pass the question beneath also.' He
adds that he enclosed the canon* to Dean
Leslie, 'which, accordingly, that afternoon
was unanimously voted, first with the bish-
ops, and then by the rest of the clergy, ex-
cepting one man, who simply did deliberate
upon the receiving of the Articles of Eng-
land.'"

We pause and draw a hard breath,
after this dictatorial description of how
to rule a church and have a church,
to observe that the Irish Protestant
prelates of those days were no mean
men; Bramhall was Bishop of Derry,
and Bedell of Kilmore, and the pri-
mate so hectored and overawed by
this Cavalier-Cromwell was no less
a personage than James Usher. But
being as they were, as they well knew
they were, the creatures of the state,
what could they do when brought
into conflict with the author and fin-
isher of their law?

Omitting the period of the civil
wars and the Cromwellian Protecto-
rate as a period phenomenal and ex-
ceptional, deserving study apart, we
pass to the first parliament of Charles
II., (1662,) in which one of the first
contributions to the statutes which
we find, is the renewal of the Eliza-
bethan act of uniformity. In the same
session was passed the acts of set-
tlement and explanation, which have
been called "the Magna Charta of
Irish Protestantism." These acts
confirmed to their Puritan posses-
sors the properties of the Catholic
gentry confiscated by Cromwell for
their attachment to both Charleses,
and extending into almost every
county. Of 6000 proprietors, so
confiscated, but 60—one per cent—
were restored, in part or whole, to
their hereditary estates. Thirty years

* The first Irish canon.

later, after William's victory over James II., 4000 remaining Catholic proprietors were subjected to a similar proscription—so that in that half-century 10,000 owners of estates forfeited them for their fidelity to their ancient, and their hostility to what Mr. Froude correctly calls "the intrusive religion."

No parliament sat again in Ireland, till that short one of a single session before mentioned, (the 4th James II.,) summoned in 1689. This parliament repealed the acts of settlement and explanation, Poyning's law, and other coercive and intolerant statutes; but the issue of battle went against King James, and the two succeeding reigns became fruitful beyond precedent of penal legislation. Although the 9th of the "Articles of Limerick"—at the close of the war—had simply imposed one unobjectionable sentence as an oath of allegiance on the defeated party, the act (2d and 3d William and Mary) prescribed an elaborate form of abjuration of the doctrines of transubstantiation and of the invocation of saints, and declaring the holy sacrifice of the Mass "superstitious and idolatrous." The oath of abjuration concluded by the denial to any foreign prince or prelate (namely, the pope) of "any jurisdiction, power, superiority, preëminence, or authority, ecclesiastical or spiritual, within the realm." There never was a more shameful breach of public faith than this statute. The treaty of Limerick had simply prescribed this form of oath for the restoration to their former *status* of all who chose to take it: "I, A. B., do solemnly promise and swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to their majesties King William and Queen Mary; so help me God."

And the 10th article of the same treaty had provided: "The oath to be administered to such Roman

Catholics as submit to their majesties' government, shall be the aforesaid and no other." Yet within the same twelvemonths in which William's generals and lord-justices effected this latter compact, the new law was passed, and the new oath of abjuration was imposed. In 1692 the tolerant treaty was signed, when the few Catholic lords and commoners who venture to present themselves appeared to be sworn in of the new Irish parliament; they were met by this infamous oath of abjuration, driven out and dissolved. Above a million of broad acres were forfeited, as a further penalty on those who refuse the oath, and we need not be surprised, at King William's death, that but "one sixth part" of the perty of the kingdom remained in Catholic hands.

The 7th and 8th William and Mary re-enacted, with additions, the Elizabethan penal laws. Of these conditions the principal were: 1. Authorizing the Protestant chancellor to name guardians for Catholic minors. 2. Act to prevent Catholics (Catholics) from becoming tutors in private families, unless licensed by the Protestant ordinary of their several dioceses. 3. An act to prevent Roman Catholics acting as guardians to minor children. 4. An act to disarm Roman Catholics. 5. An act for the banishment of popish priests and prelates. During the reign of Queen Anne, however, the code received its last finishing contributions. In the 1st and 2d of this queen was passed "the act discouraging the further growth of popery," of which the following are the principal provisions:

"The third clause provides that if the son of an estated Papist shall conform to the established religion, the father shall be incapacitated from selling or mortgaging his estate, or disposing of any portion of

The fourteenth and fifteenth cure jointures to Popish wives conform. The sixteenth prohibits teaching, even as assistant to a master. The eighteenth gives £30 per annum to Popish priests conform. The twentieth provides for the discovery of Popish prelates, and teachers, according to the following scale: For discovering a bishop, vicar-general, or other exercising any foreign ecclesiastical power, £50; for discovering each regent, and each secular clergyman

“ We have dispossessed the Catholic proprietors of five sixths of their property during this last century ; we have excluded them from the bench, the bar, and parliament ; we have prohibited them being guardians or teachers of youth ; we have disfranchised and disarmed their whole body, even their nobles and gentry ; yet as far as the people are concerned, we labor in vain. There has been lately (1747) a census of the kingdom, and out of 4,300,000 inhabitants, 3,500,000 are returned as papists. Even in Ulster they are not supplanted ; in Leinster they are

three to one; in Munster, seven to one; in Connaught, twelve to one. Without property, with few priests, and scarce any bishops, still doth this perverse generation increase and multiply. What can we do with them more than we have done to convince and convert them?" To this searching question some observer more profound than the others seems to have replied, "Try education!"

The third centennial celebration of the introduction of the English liturgy into Ireland—the 51st year of the union of the two national churches—would have afforded an excellent opportunity of taking stock, humanly speaking, of the progress made in a hundred years. But no one thought of suggesting an appropriate celebration of the great event, and so, unhappily, the precious opportunity has been lost. We shall endeavor, however, to supply the want of such a comprehensive retrospect; and here, for the first time, we find the facts and figures of Mr. Godkin's book of considerable service to the subject. From the House of Commons debates of the year 1834, Mr. Godkin gives the following sketch of the arguments and illustrations used in support of "the Church Temporalities Act:"

"Lord John Russell, Lord Howick, and Mr. Sheil, while fully admitting that an establishment tends to promote religion and to preserve good order, contended that it ought not to be maintained where it fails to secure these objects, and that it must always fail when, as in Ireland, the members of the Established Church are only a minority of the nation, while the majority, constituting most of the poorer classes, are thrown upon the voluntary system for the support of their clergy. Concurring with Paley in his view of a Church Establishment—that it should be founded upon utility, that it should communicate religious knowledge to the masses of the people, that it should not be debased into a state engine or an instrument of political power—they demanded whether the Church of Ireland ful-

filled these essential conditions of an establishment. They asked whether its revenues had been employed in preaching and extending the Protestant faith in Ireland? In the course of something than a century it was stated that its revenues had increased sevenfold, and now amount to £800,000 a year. Had its revenues increased in the same proportion? It even succeeded in keeping its own flock within the fold? On the contrary, they adduced statistics to show a lamentable falling off in their numbers. For example, Lord John Russell said, 'By *Tighe's History of Kilkenny*, it appears that the number of Protestant families in 1731 was 10,000, but in 1800 they had been reduced to 5,000. The total number of Protestants in the former period was 5238, while the population of the county, which in 1800 was 108,000, in 1731 was only 42,108. From Stuart's *History of Armagh*, it appears that sixty years ago the Protestants in that country were as two to one; now they are as one to three. In 1733, the Roman Catholics in Kerry were twelve to one Protestant, and now the former are much more numerous than even that proportion. In 1731, there were 64 Protestant parishes and 613 Roman Catholics; but according to Mason's parochial survey, in 1818 the Protestants had diminished to only five, the Roman Catholics had augmented to 2455. On the whole, from the best information he had seen—and he believed not exaggerated one way or the other—the entire number of Protestants belonging to the Established Church in Ireland hardly be stated higher than 750,000, of those 400,000 are resident in the ecclesiastical province of Armagh.'"—pp.

Now, for the maintenance of a church of 700,000 out of a population of 7,000,000—this church is one-tenth of the people—there were 100,000 and now are held in mortmain the best lands of the kingdom, 600,000 acres. We are told by a poet:

"A time there was ere England's woes began
When every rood of ground sustained its

The Irish soil is not so nutritious still, even there, every acre is sold for a soul saved or to be saved according to "the doctrine and discipline" of the united church. J

dition to the lands and their revenues, there are also certain supplementary parliamentary grants not to be despised even by light and worldly-minded persons. Mr. Godkin enumerates, in his introduction, several of these :

"It may be desirable to add some more precise information on that subject. There was a return made to Parliament, dated 24th July, 1803, and signed by the then Chief Secretary, Mr. Wickham, who certified that it was made up from the best materials in the chief secretary's office, and believed to be nearly accurate. From this return it appears that the number of parishes in Ireland then was 2436; of benefices, 1120; of churches, 1001; and of glebe-houses, 355. This represents the state of the establishment in the year 1791.

"From 1791 to 1803 the Board of First Fruits granted the sum of £500, in 88 cases, for the building of churches, making a total of £44,000. During the same period the Board granted £100 each for 116 glebe-houses, making a total of £11,600.

"From a parliamentary return, ordered in 1826, it appears that within the present century the following amounts have been voted by parliament up to that date: Gifts for building churches, £224,946; loans for building churches, £286,572; total, £511,518, for building churches in twenty-five years.

"During the same period gifts were made for glebes, £61,484; gifts for building glebe-houses, £144,734. Loans were granted for the same purpose amounting to £222,291, making a total for glebes and glebe-houses of £428,509. Thus, between the year 1791 and 1826 the Establishment obtained for churches and glebes the sum of £940,047. The number of glebe-houses in 1826 was increased to 771, and of benefices to 1396. The number of cures with non-residence was 286." *

And, on the other hand, the celebrants of the third centenary, if they had thought of holding one, would have learned from Mr. Godkin (himself a resolute Protestant of the Unitarian school, and an ex-re-

verend) of the alarming increase of popery of late days even in the very capital of English authority.

"Indeed, the progress of the Roman Catholic Church in this city is astonishing, and has no parallel perhaps in any country in Europe. In 1820, there were in Dublin only ten parochial chapels, most of them of an humble character and occupying obscure positions. There were at the same time seven convents or 'friaries,' as they were then called, and ten nunneries, which Mr. Wright described as 'religious asylums where the females of the Roman Catholic religion find shelter when deprived of the protection of their relatives by the hand of Providence.*' Now the loveliest daughters of some of the most respectable and the best connected Roman Catholic families leave their happy homes and take the veil, sometimes bringing with them ample fortunes—devoting themselves to the work of education and the relief of the poor as 'Sisters of Mercy,' 'Sisters of Charity,' etc.

"There are now thirty-two churches and chapels in Dublin and its vicinity. In the diocese the total number of secular clergy is 287, and of regulars 125; total priests, 412. The number of nuns is 1150. Besides the Catholic University, with its ample staff of professors, there are in the diocese six colleges, seven superior schools for boys, fourteen superior schools for ladies, twelve monastic primary schools, forty convent schools, and 200 lay schools, without including those which are under the National Board of Education. The Christian Brothers have 7000 pupils under their instruction, while the schools connected with the convents in the diocese contain 15,000. Besides Maynooth, which is amply endowed by the state, and contains 500 or 600 students, all designed for the priesthood, there is the College of All Hallows, at Drumcondra, in which 250 young men are being trained for the foreign mission. The Roman Catholic charities of the city are varied and numerous. There are magnificent hospitals, one of which especially—the Mater Misericordiae—has been not inappropriately called 'the Palace of the Sick Poor'—numerous orphanages, several widows' houses, and other refuges for virtuous women; ragged and industrial schools, night asylums, penitentiaries, reformatories, institutions for the blind and deaf and dumb; institutions for relieving the poor at their own houses, and Christian doctrine fraternities almost innumerable. All these wonderful organiza-

*The following additional figures (from the *Union* to the year 1844) are given on page 96:

For building churches, ...	£525,371
For building glebe-houses, ...	336,889
For Protestant charity schools, ...	1,105,588
For the Society for Discountenancing Vice, etc.	101,991

*Wright's *Dublin*, p. 174.

tions of religion and charity are supported wholly on the voluntary principle, and they have nearly all sprung into existence within half a century."—p. 94.

"Such is the latest presentation of facts in relation to "Ireland and her churches." Of Mr. Godkin's book (we don't know whether or not he is still called *Reverend*) we can only say that it is very fairly intended, and shows great industry in the accu-

mulation of materials. From so statements in the historical introduction we most decidedly demur; the valuable collection of facts the second part, under the heading "Inspection of Bishoprics," and manifest desire to do, and to indicate the doing of, justice to men of churches, throughout the whole book must bring in every true friend of Ireland the author's debtor.

LOVE'S BURDEN.

"My burden is light."

THE DISCIPLE.

"Dear Lord, how canst thou say
 'Tis light,
 When I behold thee on the way
 To Calvary's height,
 Fainting and falling 'neath its heavy weight?
 Ah! no. For me thy burden is too great."

THE MASTER.

"Good child, thou dost mistake
 The burden I would have thee take.
 The cruel load
 That crushed me down on Calvary's road
 Was thine,
 Not mine.
 What lighter burden can there be
 Than that which Love would lay on thee?"

THE DISCIPLE.

"Kind Lord, how foolish is my speech!
 I mark the truth which thou wouldst teach
 To my cold heart.
 Love all the burden bears of others' woes,
 Beyond its might;
 But of its own on them it would impose
 Only a part,
 And makes that light."

FLORENCE ATHERN'S TRIAL.

I.

farm-house occupied by the nry and Margaret, was an oned, plain brick building. at right angles to a country ch formed a short cut from ike (leading from the city - to Hamilton, the county- Butler county, Ohio) to the vn on the Miami, passing Mr. Lee's property and by his te. The house was some twenty feet back from the built one room deep three th an old-fashioned garret e whole of the main build- wide brick pavement ran gate opening into the road ront of the house to another ing into a private lane, lead- the barn and stables, a hun- or so back of the house, to me distance in front, which a dammed up to afford a it watering-place for the e; another brick pavement, : so wide, encircled the sides of the house. A vel walk led from the back to a gate, which, with a parated the grassy yard egetable-garden, up through e barn; another path led front-door down between ss-plats of grass, studded greens and fruit-trees, over ridge that spanned a deep some stone steps leading a spring, which, with the und and the hill behind, l with stone, beneath which ran a few feet, then spread creek fringed with willows.

On the right of the path from the bridge to some distance behind the spring was a cherry orchard; on the left an open knoll bordered with flower-beds and shrubbery, and occupied in the centre by a rustic summer-house.

In front of the farm-house on the edge of the grass-plats was a row of locust-trees. The parlor was at the end of the house toward the road and to the right of the hall; to the left of that was the dining-room; and on the left of that again the kitchen, not fronting evenly with the rest, but leaving space for a porch running to the end of the house, into the end of which a door opened from the dining-room.

It was Christmas eve, 18—. A lovely, clear moonlight night, rendered brighter by six or eight inches of snow that had fallen the day before, and now lay glistening like diamond-dust in the rays of the full moon. No sound disturbed the silence save the occasional crackling of a branch or twig among the trees, and one or two passers-by on horse-back or in wagon, trudging merrily homeward; for though the railroad had long since made a much shorter route from the city to the mills and Hamilton, Mr. Lee had not retracted the permit to pass through his farm, and the road still remained open.

The parlor windows gave out a brilliant light from the candles burning on the mantle-piece and the Christmas tree, that blazed between them and the wood fire on the old-fashioned hearth. A group was seated round it. Harry Lee, with just a shade of care on his joyous

face and a few threads of silver through his thick brown hair, sat opposite the front windows at one side of the hearth; at his side, with her arm resting on his knee, seated on a low ottoman, was a young girl, his niece, Florence Athern; from the lamp on the table a little behind her the soft light fell on the masses of golden hair that covered her well-shaped head, and on the pages of a richly illustrated book, the leaves of which were held open by a hand perfect in its size, shape, and texture; and her face, as she raised it from time to time, in answer to a caressing nod or motion of her uncle, was very lovely, with a tinge of sadness in the light of the soft blue eyes and the curve of the sensitive lips. Opposite these two sat Margaret Lee. Younger than her brother, but old before her time, her sad face was still interesting, though it could not be called handsome. At her side was a younger sister, whose whole attention was given to the three children seated on the floor in the space before the fire, eagerly examining the gifts just taken from the Christmas-trees. Her husband sat on the other side of the table, on which was the lamp, looking over a book of engravings, and trying, from time to time, to restrain the uproar made by the juvenile group. Watching the children while her hands were full of gifts that had fallen to her share, stood an old colored woman, short and fat, and dressed in a neat black dress, while on her head she wore a false front of crinkled black hair and a black lace cap. Her kind old face beamed with enjoyment at the children's pleasure.

The room was furnished handsomely and with taste. One or two portraits and paintings of merit hung on the walls, and over the mantle-piece was a picture of the Nativity, wreath-

ed with holly, and before which two wax candles were burning.

No one heard the step that approached the house; no one saw the wan but handsome face that was thrust close to the panes for a few moments. A tall, well-dressed man stood there looking in, then turned away with a sound like a sob and a sigh and covered his face with his hands. "It is she, my child, my darling; but I am not worthy, O God! I am not worthy!" He did not look in again, but turned and walked down the path leading to the spring, murmuring, "Fifteen years, and so little change in outward things. The same trees, the porch, the door-steps, only that snow-ball and these ailanthuses grown into large bushes, and here and there a flower-bed where there had been grass; but she—ah! how has my darling passed these years that have been so dreary to me?" Just then the kitchen-door opened, flooding the porch floor, the steps, and portion of the walk with light. One of the workmen came out, and the stranger drew himself closely behind a pear-shaped evergreen. "I hope," he thought, "the fellow will not bring a dog with him. He has a bucket in his hand, and may be going to the spring; in that case, I have no escape, for the snow will betray me if I move!" But the man said good-night in a German accent, and, whistling to the Newfoundland which had come out with him, and now stood snuffing the air toward where the stranger was hiding, turned and walked the length of the porch, down the steps at the end, past the pump and smoke-house, out through the gate into the back lane, and so up to the barn. "So," said the stranger, "he has gone to feed the horses for the night, and I am safe." He walked slowly down across the bridge, and stood for a few moments on the top

up leading to the spring; then down there, and kneeling on the edge, scooped up some in his hand and drank; then and brushing the snow off his he retraced his steps and ore gazed in at the parlor

It happened that the old woman had just picked up a lost child in her arms, and,

by the others, was moving he door, her face turned full in the window, when she made an exclamation and nearly dropped the child. "Why, Tamar," exclaimed Miss Lee, "what's the matter? Oh! nothin'," replied the woman, "this colored pusson gettin' so fat's all. Come long, chicks,

"And she left the room without giving a chance to the group to see her face, which had a frightened look. But the children, with their happy prattle, did not notice it, neither did the nurse who was waiting for them. As soon as they had seen them snug in their beds with stockings duly hung, and the maids said, she started to retrace her steps to the kitchen. Her mistress, however, and came into the hall to look to her, preceding her into the dining-room and across the porch between the parlor and kitchen doors, much to the satisfaction, to the latter daughter, to make some necessary arrangements for breakfast. On Miss Lee's return to the parlor, a game of cards was proposed, in which the four joined, leaving Florence to the enjoyment of her book. After the first of three games, a motion to retire was made by the sisters; and Miss Lee, turning to Florence, said, "Puss, is it not time to give up work? Half-past eleven, my watch says, and we must be up early, you know, to be at church, and dinner at Uncle's morrow."

At last the brother and sister were left alone, and stood looking at one another for a few moments; then Mr. Lee spoke: "It must be done to-morrow. Who shall do it—you or I?"

"I think I had better, Harry dear. Women can deal better with women in such a time, although I know your tender, loving heart, and do not doubt it."

"I am glad, Mag, you will take it on yourself, for I feel a very coward in the matter."

"Oh! yes, it is better that I should; but I will not tell her till night—I will not mar the happiness of her Christmas till I cannot help it."

"As you will; and now good-night, I must go and see that matters are all right for the night. You say Anthony has gone up?"

"Oh! yes, some time ago."

"Well, good-night!" He left the parlor, and getting a lantern from the closet under the stairs, lit it, and started to the barn.

It had been the custom in this family, since Anna Lee married, that she and her husband should spend Christmas eve at the old homestead, and return to their own house in Hamilton, with her brother, sister, and niece, on Christmas morning. The early Mass was too early for them to hear it, so the clergyman was willing to give them the holy communion as soon as they had spent a sufficient time in preparation on their arrival. After making their thanksgiving, they adjourned to Mrs. Mohun's house for breakfast. Then, after High Mass and a Christmas dinner at Mrs. Mohun's, the two Lees and Florence returned to "The Solitude."

This programme was carried out as usual on this Christmas day, and the evening found the three sitting quietly in the parlor round the fireplace, with no noise of children's prattle to distract their attention.

On pretence of letters to write, Mr. Lee left the women alone with a glance at his sister. No face was flattened against the windows to-night, though old Tamar refrained from looking toward them.

Florence occupied a low seat between her aunt and uncle; and when the latter left the room, Margaret laid her head gently on the young girl's shoulder, and drew her toward her, saying:

"Florence, dearest, your uncle had a letter yesterday from Arthur Hinsdale. One to you came by the same mail; but on reading that directed to him, your uncle decided not to give you yours till he or I had told you something which you must know before you can answer it. Here are both the letters, dear; you can read them in your own room when I have finished. You have often asked," she continued, as Florence took the letters in silence, "to be told something about your mother and father. To-night I will tell you." A hardness came into her voice as she spoke that made the girl look up in surprise. "We lived, till your mother married, in the northern part of the State of New York, among the mountains, where people from the city came every summer to spend the hot months. My father was wealthy, but cared for no life but that of the country, so we saw nothing of the fashionable world, beyond the glimpse caught in the summer. My mother was an invalid, and cared for little beyond her own health; and Anna, who was then a child ten or twelve years old, your mother, and I did pretty much as we pleased. Harry was away at college at Fordham, and, when at home in the vacations, was our constant companion in our rides and walks.

"One summer a party of gentlemen from Philadelphia came up to the Adirondacks to fish. Our farm and

house was not far from the spot; they encamped, and we met several times in riding. Your father was among them." Here she paused as if choking back some strong feeling, and Florence, slipping on her knees, wound her arms around resting her head against her. "Your mother was very beautiful," continued Margaret, threading her fingers through the young girl's golden hair lingeringly, as though she had a resemblance that she loved to dwell on. "and it is not to be wondered at that she should have attracted attention. After several accidental meetings your father, took advantage of a trivial accident, the dropping of Florence's whip, or something of that kind, to speak when, one day, it came upon them suddenly. From this it was easy to make an excuse to visit the farm-house with some of his friends. My father was a man of cultivation and education, though he chose to bury himself from the world, and liked the young men. After two or three visits, he invited them to his house freely. I need not tell you the old, old story, dear. Before the time came for the visitors to break up their camp, Paul Athern was engaged to my sister. Florence was but a child then; Paul said he was nearly twenty-one; and my father insisted that she should wait two years, and then to be no regular engagement for a year. This was at length agreed to with great reluctance by, by my father. He also, being a Protestant, made all the necessary promises to your mother should be allowed the full enjoyment of her religion.

"Well, the winter passed quite usual, and toward spring a cousin of my mother's wrote, inviting us to pay her a visit in New York. We had once before visited her when she was fourteen and Florence twelve; and remembering the former pleasant

were quite eager to go, Florence particularly seemed anxious. Tamar's mother was our cook, and had been my grandfather's slave before slavery was done away with in New York. Tamar, a girl of my own age, was our waiting-maid and humble companion and *confidante*, and was to go with us. After a good deal of hesitation—for he seemed to feel a presentiment of evil—my father consented, and we went to New York. Our visit was nearly over, when, one day, on coming home from a walk with my cousin, I found Florence in the drawing-room with Paul Athern. She looked guilty, and blushed when she saw my look of surprise; but Paul greeted me with great apparent pleasure, and an easy grace that covered whatever confusion he may have felt. That night, when alone in our room, Florence said, 'Mag, was I very, very wrong to let Paul know I was here? I did want to see him so much, dear. Oh! you *don't* know how I have craved a sight of his dear face!' I could not resist her gentle pleading, so did not blame her very much; but told her I must write to father, it was the right thing to do and I must do it. The answer to my letter was a peremptory order for our instant return home. We, or I, had no idea of disobedience, and so prepared to return at once. The day before we were to have left, Florence was particularly affectionate, and seemed not to wish to be left alone. I had some last errands to attend to, and leaving Tamar and Florence busy with their packing, went out for two or three hours. I returned to find the trunks packed, but neither Florence nor Tamar was in the house. My cousin said Florence kissed her when she went out, saying laughingly, 'May be you won't see me again.' Tamar went with her, carrying her satchel. As evening drew on and they did not return, a

great fear came over me, and Cousin Mary had difficulty in keeping me from rushing into the street to seek for them. At last, a ring at the door was followed by Tamar's rushing into the drawing-room. She threw herself at my feet, buried her face in my lap, and cried as if her heart would break. At last, when she could speak, Cousin Mary had great trouble to understand her broken sentences. As for me, I sat stupefied, filled with the one idea that Tamar had come back without Florence.

II.

"At last the frightened girl's story was made out. Florence had taken her, on pretence of carrying her bag; but at Union Square, Paul Athern met them with a carriage, into which they got, and were taken to a hotel down Broadway, (the Astor House, we afterward found it was.) Here they were shown into a private parlor where there was a strange gentleman, who looked, Tamar said, like the minister at home who preached in the little country church near us. He bowed to Paul and Florence when they entered, and then walked over to the farthest window and stood looking out. Mr. Athern had to talk a long time to Miss Florence before she was willing to do something that he wanted her to do. At last he said something that seemed to frighten her, and then he made a sign to the strange gentleman who went to the door of another room opening into this, and opened it. Mr. Tremaine, one of the fishing-party of the previous summer, came in, and before Tamar knew what they were doing, she heard the strange gentleman say, 'I pronounce you man and wife!' Then Florence fainted, and they had great trouble to bring her to. Then they all signed a paper, and

the gentlemen shook hands with *Mr. and Mrs. Athern*, and left them. Paul, after a few words to Florence, followed them. As soon as they were alone, Florence threw herself on her knees and cried, 'Oh! what have I done? what have I done? Tamar, do you think my darling father will ever forgive me?' She sobbed and cried, but by the time Paul returned had become quiet. When he came, she asked for paper and pen, as she wished to write to her father. The letter was given to Tamar, with a note to me, exonerating the girl from all blame. Then Mr. Athern said it was time to start to the depot. Florence turned very pale, but didn't say a word, only got up and began to put on her things. Mr. Athern turned to Tamar and told her she was to go home and tell me and Cousin Mary that we would never see *Miss Florence* again, but that Mr. and Mrs. Athern would be happy to see them on their return from their wedding tour. Then they went to the depot in a carriage, taking Tamar with them, trusting to her getting safe home after they had left, which, thanks to a kind Providence, she did.

"This news threw me into a brain-fever; and when I came to myself, eight weeks after, I was told how my mother had died of a heart disease at the shock of Florence's flight; how a letter had come from Germantown, saying how happy she was if only she knew her dear father had forgiven her; then another, full of grief at the death of her mother and my illness; how my father had sold the old house, and was waiting for my recovery to bury himself and his griefs in the far west. So the next fall saw us fixed out here; and Florence was told of the change, and that her father would never cross the mountains again. My father had not cast her off, as parents do in novels, but his displeasure and dis-

appointment were very great, let her know it; his letters, if seldom, were cold and formal again the fond, loving missive had been during the short separation from him in her childhood. More all, he grieved over the Presbyterian marriage; for it was a Presbyterian minister who had performed the ceremony, and Florence had neglected having had it performed by a priest. One day, the next summer I was sitting at the open door, a carriage drove up to the gate, the lady got out; in a moment I knew it was Florence, and calling Tamar out to meet her, only to receive her fainting in my arms. Tamar carried her in and lay her on the sofa. Father had gone to Hanover and before he returned, we had never seen her up-stairs, and all traces of her rival were done away with. I waited anxiously for him to come, and wondered how I should tell him; but my father was useless, for he came in with a small glove in his hand, and his question was, 'Where's Florence?' She had hardly time to tell him, when the door opened, and Florence herself came at his feet.

"I left them alone together when I returned, he had placed her on the sofa, and was sitting close to her, holding her hand.

"It was not till the next day that we asked about her journey, and she told her story.

"Paul had never told his father of his marriage, knowing what displeasure the old gentleman had for it, and weakly putting off the evil day, dreading the scene that would follow. He often told Florence of the way his father used to induce him to marry a young lady of the fashionable world, and laughed as he compared her to the 'meadow-daisy,' as he called Florence to the 'hot-house plant,' that was his father's choice. They managed

long on the handsome allowance father made him, and Florence's of my mother's fortune. One the little cottage at Germantown overshadowed by a stately car-and out of the carriage came an cratic-looking gentleman, who ed for Mrs. Paul Athern. When ice presented herself, her gentle had no effect in melting his heart, for he did his work well.

Paul's father. He told her of ns for Paul, and how he had dis-d their secret at last ; and, with lity I cannot understand even nformed her quietly that that ge was null and void ; they eing minors, by the statutes of ork could not contract legal ge without consent of parents rdians. Florence heard him d then rose and said she would ill her husband came home ow the truth. ' Your husband, n, has taken my advice and o New York for a few days, and ll not have the opportunity of

him what he knows already, new when, to satisfy you, he hrough the mockery of a mar-

" The listener tightened her n Margaret and hid her face ; it put both arms around her, and ed : " Here Florence lost all busness, and when she came to , she was alone. The afternoon arly gone ; but she called her ; made her help to pack her then sent her for a carriage, ; a note for Paul with the girl ge of the house. She drove to elphia, waited quietly at a hotel next morning, then started for st.

r father's anger was fearful, all ore so that he was powerless. ce was ill for several weeks af-return, and even after she re-d she never looked like her- She came to us in June ; in

July came a letter to my father in Paul's handwriting, which he threw into the fire unopened. In October you were born, and in six weeks more your poor mother — died." Here she paused again, and bent her head close to the golden-tressed one pressed to her breast. " My father lived till the next fall, but never the same man. Harry came home from Fordham that summer, and took entire charge of the farm, my father caring for nothing but to carry you about and watch you. For two years we heard nothing of your father ; and then the eastern papers were full of a great forgery that had been committed, and the forger was a son of one of the first families in the city. Florence, darling, need I tell his name ? The trial proved his guilt, but he managed to escape, and one day we were surprised by his sudden appearance here. He came without any announcement, and walked right into the parlor where I was sitting sewing and Uncle Harry reading, while you were asleep in your cradle. Before we could recognize him almost, he asked in a hoarse voice, ' Where is Florence—where, for God's sake, is my wife ? ' Then a glance at my black dress and Harry's stern face as he rose to repel his intrusion, seemed to reveal all, and he sank on the floor in a deep swoon.

" We kept his presence in the house a secret from the men on the farm, and only Tamar knew it ; fortunately, the house-girl had gone to Hamilton for a few days. He was quite wild for a day or so ; and when he came to himself, Harry demanded an explanation, and he gave it.

" He had not known of his father's visit to Germantown till he returned from New York, where he had gone that day at his father's request, having written a letter to that effect to

Florence, which must have reached the house very soon after she left it. He was kept in New York on some pretext or another for three or four weeks. His letters to Florence, of course, never reached her, and on his return home he was told by his father that he 'had seen his pretty plaything, and told her some home truths.' A fearful scene followed, when he left his father's house, swearing never to set foot in it again, and that he would be revenged. He did not know that the marriage was illegal, as he was under the impression that he was twenty-one, till his father showed him the record, and then he found his mistake; and, as of course he knew that no Catholic clergyman would perform the ceremony, the Rev. Mr. Bell was the only one who could be found to do it. He had searched for Florence, and written to her father; but, as I knew too well, had received no answer. His allowance being stopped, he suddenly found himself without a penny, and no business or business habits; so he could not come out here to us, and gradually sought forgetfulness in dissipation. At last, by the treachery of a friend, himself the guilty one, he was proved a forger so skilfully that there was no getting over it. He swore solemnly that he was innocent, and felt sure his innocence would one day be proved. He did not stay long, being anxious to get out of the country and the clutches of the law. You were a great comfort to him, dear, during his short stay, but he had to leave you. In fifteen years, Florence, we have heard or seen nothing of him, and his guilt is still believed by those who have not forgotten the circumstances. Now, my darling, you know why I told you this ere your uncle gave you Arthur Hinsdale's letter." The young girl made no answer save a shiver that

ran through her frame as she clung closer to her aunt. For a full hour they sat thus in silence; then Harry Lee came into the room. Florence rose to her feet and would have fallen, had her uncle not caught her in his arms, and tenderly, as if she had been a baby, he lifted her, and carried her up to her bed-room. Margaret followed, and tenderly prepared the broken-hearted girl for bed. The letters lay unheeded on the parlor floor.

III.

ALL through the night Margaret Lee sat by her niece's bed-side, praying for strength for her darling, and watching the fitful slumbers and soothing the sad awakenings. And in the silent watches of the night arose the long-buried ghost of her own life's happiness, and kept guard beside her. There was an episode in the sad story she told her niece that was never mentioned—that she had not allowed herself to think of for many a long year; but to-night memory will not be silenced, and she brings up, once more, the pleasant days when young Tremaine whispered into her ear the same story which Paul told Florence, and the fearful crushing of all her hopes of happiness, when her father forbade her ever to see or speak to him again, his anger was so great against him for having assisted Paul. Margaret submitted quietly, as such natures do; but she never cared for anything afterward beyond doing her strict duty—cheerfully and heartily; but never joyously. Perhaps the old man repented when it was too late; for in two years after, they heard Tremaine was married, and he was very tender to her then. On his death-bed he drew her to him, and, asking her forgiveness if he had made

her suffer, blessed her for the fondest love and gentlest tending that ever parent had from child. In that hour Margaret felt repaid for all that had gone before. So, through the long watches of the night, came up the memories of the long ago, and Margaret lived over again the dead joys and sorrows. Toward morning Florence slept quietly, and her watcher threw herself on the bed beside her, and soon fell into a deep sleep. When she awoke, the sun had risen, and on glancing at Florence, she found her lying quietly awake.

"Aunt Margaret," said the young girl, "that—that—letter. I know what he wrote, and it is not necessary to tell him, is it?"

"Only under certain circumstances, my darling; your own heart will tell you what."

"Oh! yes, auntie; but that can never be. I can tell him that, and nothing more."

"My poor, dear child, have you not faith enough? do you not think his love for you is strong enough to live through this trial?"

"Yes, oh! yes! But would it be right to inflict the trial on him? I think not; I think the burden is mine alone, and I alone must bear it."

"God grant you strength to do so, my precious one! If I could have spared you the suffering, how gladly would I have done it!"

"I know that, auntie, dear. Do you think I do not feel and appreciate the years of care and tender love I have had from you and Uncle Harry? I was as happy as any one could be before—before—and I can and will be happy with you still."

"God bless you, dearest!" was Margaret's answer, as she pressed a kiss on her forehead and left the room.

As soon as she was alone, Florence

turned the key in her door; then, throwing a dressing-gown around her, fell on her knees before a beautiful engraving of the Mater Dolorosa, which hung over a *prie-dieu* at the side of her bed. Long she knelt there, her golden hair falling in dishevelled masses over her shoulders, and nearly touching the floor as she knelt. At first there was no sound, but presently her slight frame was convulsed with suppressed weeping that soon found voice in sobs. At last she rose, and began to dress, ever and anon pressing her hands to her head or heart to still their aching. When she was ready to go downstairs, she again knelt before the picture, and prayed for strength to bear her cross, so that not even the shadow of it should fall on those whose tenderness and love had been her shield in the years that had gone.

And then she went down and greeted her uncle with a brave attempt at her usual manner; she neglected nothing that she had been accustomed to do, none of the little services she had been in the habit of rendering; and, but for the sadness that no strength of will could drive from her face, and the silence of the bird-like voice that before made music through the house the whole day long, a casual observer would not have guessed at the sufferings of the previous night.

On going into the parlor, she saw the letters where she had dropped them the night before, and the sight of them sent a cold thrill of pain to her heart; but she picked them up and put them in her pocket. After going through the house as usual, she locked herself up in her room once more, to read the letters. Arthur Hinsdale's to herself was, as she anticipated, a declaration of affection; that to her uncle, written the day after, expressed a hope that

he would support his cause if it needed it. And how were they to be answered? Florence paused long in painful thought on the subject, but felt too utterly miserable to come to any conclusion. So the day passed sadly, and so the night and the next day. On the third day Florence felt that some answer must be given and written before another night went by, and set herself to her painful task. Having completed it, she brought the letter down with her into the parlor, and sat down to some pretence of employment that kept her hands busy, though her mind was far off. Presently she heard the galloping of a horse in the lane, and in a few moments a knock at the front-door. The blinds were down over the front windows, so she had not seen any one pass, and, rising, she tried to make her escape before the visitor was admitted. But she was too late. As she opened the parlor door, the front-door was opened from without by her uncle, and she stood face to face with Arthur Hinsdale. The hearty greeting he had met with from Mr. Lee had reassured the young man, and he was not prepared for the frightened look and deadly pallor that overspread Florence's face when she saw him. She stepped back into the parlor, and held out her hand with a desperate attempt to smile. Arthur took the hand and pressed it to his lips. Mr. Lee had closed the parlor door, and she was alone with him. With a desperate effort she commanded her voice enough to make some commonplace remark about his journey, signing him to a chair, while she seated herself.

"I ventured to come, although I had received no answer to my letter. Did you receive it?"

Florence inclined her head.

"Then you knew the reason of my coming?"

Again Florence bowed not speak.

"Miss Athern, was no plain enough—do you mean me? I do not understand." "

"Your—your letter was stood, Mr. Hinsdale, and

"You thank me, Flore

Then in earnest language he told her how he loved her, and with a fear that his letter had reached her had brought him there the pain of a double doubt in which he must have waited for her reply by post. To a silence she listened with head bowed, and hands clasped; and when she paused for a reply, she perceived the letter lying on the table.

She picked it up and walked to the door. A painful silence followed, broken only by the rustling of the paper in her hands. When he had finished reading, he came to her side, and with a sigh over her said:

"Am I to receive this answer?"

"Yes!" said Florence in

"A final and decisive an

"Yes!"

"Then pardon me, Miss Athern, that I allowed my heart to conduct as I hoped it was as you really meant it. I give credit for a nobler heart than I possess. Let me tell you that though what I say seems to be that offer would never have been made had I not felt assured of your treatment of me, that it is accepted."

Florence started, and the blood rushed to her very face.

"Mr. Hinsdale, you have to speak thus to me!"

She attempted to draw from his grasp, but could not.

"No right!—well, perhaps not. Forgive me, Florence, and remember that I love you.

He still held her hands and tried to look into her face, but she bent her head away from him.

"I love you, Florence, and I feel that I am entitled to a little more consideration than that letter shows. Florence, will you be my wife?"

A low but distinct "No," was the answer.

"Do you mean you do not love me?"

She made no answer, and he dropped or rather flung her hands from him and started to his feet.

"Strange, unfeeling! O fool, fool that I was! to build my happiness on such a crumbling base; to be caught in the net of a false woman's beauty, the smiles of a vain coquette!"

"Arthur, Arthur! you will break my heart!"

She had risen and was standing with one hand resting on the back of a chair, the other pressed to her head. He made a motion to approach her, but she put out her hand with a sign to stop him.

"Now listen to me. I am no false woman, no vain coquette. Until the night I received your letter, I knew no reason why I should not—not—" She hesitated a moment. "I knew no reason why I should not have answered it according to the dictates of my heart; but that night a story of a life was told me that—that changed my whole existence. It is a heavy burden to bear."

"But not, dearest, if I can help you bear it." He would have taken her hand, but she drew back from him. "You cannot, no one can—O God! help me, my heart is broken!" She threw her arms up over her head, and would have fallen had he not caught her. She had not fainted, though for a moment she thought death had come to her relief; and almost in a moment released herself from his arms, and said sadly: "I hoped to

have spared us both this misery; but it was God's will that we should not escape it. For myself, a little more does not matter; but for you—O Arthur! forgive me the pain I have made you suffer, and remember my own cross is as heavy as I can bear. Good-by!" She held out her hand—"good-by! You cannot return home to-day, it is too late; but you must excuse me. I will send uncle."

"Florence! I am not going to remain if this is your answer. Do you think I could break bread or sleep under your roof after what has passed? Heavens! do you think I'm a stick or a stone?"

"As you will!" she said wearily, "I cannot help it!"

"Then I will take my leave." He was going; but as he laid his hand on the door-knob, he glanced at her, and the expression of heart-broken misery in the sweet face overcame his injured feelings, and he turned and took her hand. "Forgive me, Florence; I have been rude and unfeeling—selfish in my great disappointment. Forgive me, darling; remember my love is strong enough to bear the heaviest burden you could lay upon it, if your own strength fails. Good-by and God bless you." He raised her hand to his lips, and in another moment was gone.

Every day Florence strove manfully with her trouble, and every night her prayers were said before the *Mater Dolorosa*, for strength to bear with silent patience the sorrow her loving friends could not cure. But her face grew pale and wan, her form more slight and delicate, till her aunt, in alarm, proposed a change of scene. It was in the early spring, and Margaret Lee proposed a tour through the eastern cities; but Florence begged so hard not to be taken to New York or Philadelphia that the idea was given up. At last they determined to go direct to Boston, and sail

thence for Liverpool. This plan was carried out in June, leaving the farm in charge of the overseer, and the house to Tamar.

To a mind like Florence's, imbued with a loving reverence for all connected with the church, filled with a love for the beautiful and grand, and a heart ready to receive their impressions; with an intellect of no common order, and a quick appreciation of the good and noble, a tour through Europe, particularly Spain, France, and Italy, had many charms, and could not but awake an interest that surprised herself. When they settled at Rome for the winter, they had the satisfaction of a decided change for the better in Florence's appearance.

But she had not forgotten; she was only glad that returning strength of body enabled her to hide more effectually the anguish and heart-sick yearning that sometimes seemed unbearable. Several letters came from Arthur Hinsdale during the first year; but Florence returned the same answer to all; and at last the young man desisted. Three years were passed in idling from one point of interest to another, when the tocsin of civil war in the United States waked up the nations, and called the country's loyal children from far and wide to her assistance.

Once more the scene is laid at "The Solitude;" but this time the earth is not clothed in winter's snowy mantle. Hid in the wealth of foliage the trees are wearing, the birds are singing their vesper hymns, the sun is just sinking behind the woods, and throws his last rays over a group seated on the grass near the slope into the ravine.

Henry Lee is there, and Margaret and Annie and her children; but Mr. Mohun is down in Tennessee with Rosecrans, and the wife's brow wears

an expression of anxiety, and watches her children, that stranger to it when we last saw Florence, too, is there, looking well, people say; but there is an unfinable change that those near feel, though they cannot say or in what it lies. One or two ladies are added to the group, a young gentleman, whose shoulder straps show his rank as second lieutenant, while the foot still bound and the crutches lying near, cause for his presence on the scene. He is William Mohun, a young brother of Annie's husband, and wounded in the siege of Vicksburg. What he is saying now must be listened to.

"I wish you knew our country, Mr. Lee; for a braver, nobler, more hearted man never lived. He was in a charge at Vicksburg, and exposed himself unsparingly; indeed, he was wounded to court death; yet when he helped a wounded man, he was as gentle as a woman. O Miss Florence, a friend of yours is the regimental surgeon—Arthur Hinsdale, do you remember him?"

"Oh! yes," replied Florence, with a wonderful self-command.

"He, too," continued the young man, "deserves the thanks of our nation; for I never saw such devotedness to the wounded and dying. Warrington! hope he is not severely wounded, for he will be a great loss to us; and I hope Hinsdale with him, for then I know he will be well cared for."

"See, is there any mention of the regiment, Will?" asked his sister; and the young man referred to the paper in whose columns he had seen the wounding of his color-bearer, Warrington. Florence rose up and went into the house; and then Newfoundland, who had been sitting beside her, got up and walked

stately satisfaction, ever and thrusting his cold nose into her as a token of sympathy. When he returned, there were traces of it in her eyes; but her face had an expression of loving gratification her aunt understood well.

Month and more has passed, and October began to touch, with its chilling pencil, the trees and the air was hazy and balmy, the sun still warm; so the family at "The Solitude" spent many of their evenings in the open air. Wilberforce was gone back to duty, and the young lady friends were at home. Florence and her sisters were busy over comforts for the soldiers, to help them through the winter with the thought that their hearts at home had not forgotten them. One evening Florence had been down to the spring, and by the lovely evening, seated herself in the summer-house on the hill above it, with a book. She

heard a carriage which approached the house from the direction of Hamilton, nor did she see any gentlemen who alighted.

Mr. Lee received Arthur and his companion with a warm welcome, though surprised at their arrival, and wondering at their eager, excited manner. He introduced Henry and Margaret warmly, and asked instantly for Florence. He told him where she was, and a young man, instead of crossing the fence, which would have apprised of his coming, passed with a nod down the lane, and, springing over the fence among the cherry-trees down the slope, across the road as in the summer-house before Florence saw him.

Florence, my darling, our trial is over. My precious one, I know you are content now. Cruel! that you should leave me. Could you not feel

that nothing could change my love?"

He had taken her hands in his, and held them, looking down into her sweet face while he spoke. Florence looked at him in bewilderment; then, with a sobbing, convulsive movement of her lips, almost fainted.

Meanwhile the gentleman, whom Arthur had introduced as Colonel Warrington, followed Henry and Margaret into the parlor by the door that opened at the end of the house toward the gate. When they entered and Margaret turned to offer him a chair, she saw he was deadly pale, and was glancing round the room as if it recalled something painful. At the same moment a veil dropped from Margaret's eyes. She walked up to him, and, laying her hand on his arm, said, "Paul Athern, in heaven's name speak."

"Paul Athern?" said Henry Lee, with a start of surprise.

"Yes," replied the colonel sadly, "I am Paul Athern. God bless you for the care you have taken of my darling. I can see her now without fear. Henry Lee, I can offer you my hand, and you, an honest man, can take it without hesitation."

Henry Lee grasped the hand extended to him warmly, saying, "I never thought anything else, Athern, after the interview we had; but I rejoice that you are relieved from your painful situation and are living to enjoy the change. We began to fear you had died. Tell us all about it; for Florence and Arthur will not join us yet."

Then Paul Athern told how he had gone from "The Solitude" to New Orleans with a firm purpose to win fortune and a fame that would enable him to present himself before Florence in his true relationship. He worked hard and steadily, and gained the confidence of his employers to-

such an extent that they took him into partnership, and then he came to Ohio to see his child. But the stain was not removed from his name, and he shrank from the meeting at the last, as much as at first he had longed for it. He rode out to "The Solitude" on Christmas eve, and took a peep at the family group through the window, and had gone again without the consolation of hearing Florence speak. He told them how, in looking in at the window the second time, he feared Tamar had seen him, and he had hurried out to his horse and ridden away quickly. So he went back with only the crumb of comfort that stolen look afforded to his starving heart. When the war broke out, he withdrew from business with a comfortable fortune, and returned to C—, raised a company for the — regiment, and rose to the rank of colonel. During his stay in C—, the family were still in Europe; but he came out to "The Solitude," and had a long talk with Tamar. Then came the wound that had prostrated him and put him into Arthur Hinsdale's hands; during the ravings of the fever he had mentioned names and revealed enough to arouse Arthur's interest and curiosity. As soon as he was well enough, the young man asked for an explanation, first telling why he asked it. Paul told him all, and his story only bound the young surgeon more closely to him. The colonel then paid a glowing tribute to the kindness and care he had received from Arthur, and to his general interest in and treatment of the wounded men. He watched till Paul was well enough to travel, and then obtaining a leave of absence for both from the commanding general, started home. At first Paul refused to accompany Arthur; but one day a wounded officer was brought in and laid on the bed next to the one occupied by him

Arthur made a sign to Paul him to remove the man's coat, when the man opened and, after looking round with startled gaze, fixed them on Paul's frightened stare. Paul looked at the man who had recognized the man who had recognized his whole existence. A fierce gleam arose in his breast, and he ceased their work, while he looked away with a look of disgust like. Arthur looked up at the man in surprise, and just then the man made a desperate effort and put out his hand, saying faintly:

"Athern, forgive—here—
—all here."

And his hand fluttered to his heart, then fell, and his eyes were Paul's with agonized entreaty. It was a hard struggle; but the man's angel conquered, and Paul took his hand and said:

"I do forgive you, Brother. I hope to be forgiven."

A smile passed over the man's face; he moved his head slightly, and it was dead. In his breast-pocket were two packages, one addressed to his father, the other to an influential gentleman in Philadelphia. The letter was mailed duly, and the form of his father being dead, opened the package, and contained a full acknowledgment of having committed the fault for which Paul suffered, and an explanation of how it was managed. It determined him at once to go to his wife's family. Meanwhile the same story had been told in the summer-house in the spring, and it took so long to tell that it was almost dark when Margaret, going to call on her mother, saw them rise and approach the house, Florence, with a brightness of happiness her face had not shown for years, leaning on Arthur. She hastened with trembling

to the parlor, at the door of which Arthur left her, and in another moment she was clasped in her father's arms.

A gay wedding-party is assembled, when the spring once more puts on her robes of ferial green, in the parlor of "The Solitude." All brides look lovely, they say; but certainly May never smiled on a lovelier one than Florence Athern. Arthur Hinsdale certainly seemed to think so, for he looked at her with reverence mingled with his deep love, as though

she were a spirit dropped from the skies. The venerable and dearly loved and honored archbishop is there, and has blessed the new ties; and the bride was given away by that tall, handsome man in brigadier-general's uniform, with one arm in a sling yet, at whose side is the noble form of Henry Lee, while Margaret moves about through the company with her usual quiet grace, and Tamar's face is filled with satisfaction at her young mistress' joy, as she looks in at the door.

SAYINGS OF THE FATHERS OF THE DESERT.

A BROTHER asked Abbot Antony to pray for him. The old man responded: "Neither I can pity thee nor can God, unless thou shalt have been anxious about thyself, and prayed to God."

Abbot Antony again said: "God doth not allow wars to arise in this generation, because he knoweth they are weak and unable to bear them."

Abbot Agathi said: "If a man of wrathful spirit should raise the dead to life, he would not be pleasing to God because of his wrath."

Abbot Pastor said: "Teach thy heart, to observe what thy tongue teacheth others." Again, he said: "Men wish to appear adepts in speaking; but in carrying out those things of which they speak, they are found wanting."

Abbot Macarius said: "If we remember the evils done to us by men,

we shall deprive our soul of the power to remember God; but if we call to mind those evils which the demons raise against us, we shall be invulnerable."

Abbot Pastor said of Abbot John the Small that, having prayed to God, all his passions had been taken away, and, thus made proof, he came to a certain old man and said: "Behold a man freed from passion, and compelled to battle with no temptations." And the old man replied: "Go, pray the Lord that he command thee to be tempted, for the soul grows perfect by temptation." And when temptations came back upon him, he no longer prayed to be freed from them, but said, "Lord, give me patience to bear with these temptations."

Abbot Daniel used to say: "The stronger the body the weaker the soul; and the weaker the body the stronger the soul."

POPULAR EDUCATION.*

AT no period of the world's history have nations and their governments seemed to be in such a feverish state of uncertainty and apprehension. From all quarters of Christendom we hear the cry of change. The last vestiges of the ancient order are disappearing. The rule of caste is everywhere confronted by self-asserting populations, who are no longer willing to bear the patient yoke of servitude, even though consecrated by the traditions of centuries. Russia has abolished her serfdom, so long and so deeply rooted in her soil; and the more advanced nations of Europe, whilst yet retaining their accustomed forms of government, are heaving with the volcanic fires of revolution. We speak not of violent revolution, mainly; but of that other more radical and enduring change, which is the inevitable result of the wonderful mechanical inventions of this age. It is simply impossible in the dread presence of steam and the electric cable, for nations to continue to be what the Greek republics and the Roman empire were, or what mediæval Europe was, centuries ago. The Christian world is now, for all great practical purposes, one nation. Even that "*despotism tempered by assassination*," is not now the thing that Talleyrand described in his witty aphorism; for the Czar himself bows to the censure of the world. Napoleon prosecutes the Parisian editors, and sends them to prison; but it avails nothing toward the suppression of the power of opinion. He, to-day, has greater fear of the sentiment of France, than ever his terrible uncle

felt for the combined armies of Europe. In England, the House of Peers has become a gloomy palace, and the Commons, under the Reform Bill, will henceforth represent, not the gentry, nor even the moneyed lords of the loom, but the toiling millions of Great Britain. In a word, power is passing from the few to the many, from the hereditary rulers to the multitude. We have nothing to do, in this article, with the merits of this vast revolution, or the manner of change, its good or evil, its probable success or failure. We accept it as a fact, and propose to deal with it as such. It is not possible that all this would have occurred if America had never been discovered; but it is absolutely certain that the achievements of Christopher Columbus and George Washington have been the chief, if not the sole, causes of its rapid consumption. When a Bourbon king, to gratify his traditional policy and animosity toward his house, sent his fleets and armies to help the glorious work of building up the independence of this people, little did either he or his enemies and maniac foe, King George III., imagine what the end of it all would be. Little did they dream that this young republic would, in ninety years, contain more than a hundred millions of men of European blood, and that the whole European population would learn new principles from its catch new inspirations, and be filled with new longings, new hopes, and stern resolves by intercourse with this young republic. Those patriarchal kings could not foresee the advent of steam-ships and the telegraph! They could not foretell the power of emigration — how it

* Report of the Rev. James Fraser. *Blackwood's Magazine*, Jan. 1863.

people a continent, build up its commerce, fortify it with the materials for armies and navies, ready to be called into existence more magically than the palace of Aladdin, and, above and beyond all, how its sweeping currents of democratic ideas would rush back upon the fatherlands everywhere, washing away the old dikes of royalty and caste, and floating the populations over the battlements of feudal castles, musket in hand, and with loud cries for "change ;" that is, for the all-essential change which shall see that governments be henceforth established and conducted for the benefit for the governed, and not that the governed shall be held, as they have been for many thousand years heretofore, as the property of the ruler, existing solely for his glory and profit. Europe sends her millions hither, and they in turn send back by every ship to those they left behind, the wonderful record of what they see here ; and these inspiring testimonies are read at the firesides of ten thousand hamlets by kindred men whose awakening intelligence and energies are stirring the foundations of European society and shaking all thrones to inevitable ruin, unless they speedily plant themselves on more solid ground than the *divine right of kings*. It is now very certain that no government anywhere can be said to rest on a sure basis, unless it stand upon the love and confidence of the people. Any other basis is the lawful prey of time and fortune, and will go with the opportunity that may arise for its destruction.

Now, if these be facts with which we have to deal, then a very grave question meets us right here, and it is this : Can any such solid foundation for government be found in a self-governing community ? In other words, can the people govern them-

selves for their own weal, and maintain institutions *solely by the force of their own will*, which shall accomplish the purposes of good government, and for ever secure the approval of all wise and virtuous citizens ? If nay, then, royalty and aristocracy being repudiated, whither shall we fly for refuge and hope ? If yea, then how is this most precious end to be attained ? We Americans, by birth and blood, and still more so by passionate love of country, say most emphatically that we have never doubted that the way to such a consummation is plain, if only the nation will pursue it. It is nothing new ; simply the old and trite aphorism, that a free, self-governing nation can only be so upon the conditions precedent of a clear intelligence and a well-established virtue ; the latter (if we may separate the two) must always take precedence, and be regarded as the indispensable prerequisite. It follows, therefore, that education without morality would be at least futile. It is very certain that it would be absolutely *fatal* ; because the intelligent man of vice is armed with keen weapons, which are greatly blunted by ignorance, and are consequently then less dangerous to society. Catiline, the polished patrician, was a greater object of alarm to Cicero and the Roman senate than the rude assassins whom he had hired to do his treason. Before and during the first French revolution, France was ablaze with genius ; but, like the high intelligence of the " Archangel ruined," it brought death in its fiery track. Education without morality is more terrible than the sword in the hands of men or a nation. It is not the part of patriotism to deny that we have seen some instances of this in our own favored country, and that the tendency to that perilous

condition is very apparent even now. This has resulted from the too prevalent idea, taught by the infidel or indifferent press, and accepted by the unreflecting or equally indifferent citizen, that morality can be maintained without formal or doctrinal religion; that one morality is as good as another; that Plato would answer as well as Christ; that what even the pagans taught—to deal honestly by your neighbor and perform the domestic and public duties of life with reasonable decency—is quite sufficient; and that all else is nothing more than priestly dogmatism and controversial jargon. So that, indeed, the prevailing opinion of the country would almost seem to be (if we judge it by the secular press and multitudes of very honest and intelligent citizens) that America, as a Christian democratic nation, may be satisfied to be as moral, and consequently as grand and powerful, as was pagan Rome in the days of her republican simplicity of manners. They forget or ignore the history of the *Decline and Fall*, and fail to see in that tremendous catastrophe of the most extraordinary people of the ancient world, the logical development of the certain causes of destruction which were inherent in the nation from the day that Romulus slew his brother upon the wall of the rising city. It cannot be that Christ came for a delusion and a snare, or even as a simple fatuity. If his coming was necessary, then it was to teach a new religion and a new morality; *the one inseparable from the other*. If this be indisputable, then all education which is not based expressly and clearly upon religion is heathenish, and will prove destructive in the end. It will destroy the very people whom it was expected to save. It will consume them as a fire. Pride and lust of

power will burn out the public science. The nation will drink the blood of unjustifiable covetousness as did pagan Rome, or be given up to the ferocious struggle for dual aggrandizement, as seen after revolutionary times. The people of our country fully recognize these principles, and in the foregoing have but echoed his words of warning in his Farewell Address to the American People:

"Of all dispositions and habits," "which lead to political prosperity, and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would we have a government with private and public felicity. Let me be asked, Where is the security of property, for regulation, for life, if the religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments in courts of law? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion."

To this it will be replied, by well-meaning persons, "How can we place education in the United States upon the basis of doctrinal religion when we have innumerable sects, none of which absolutely agree? And now we approach the nucleus of the subject."

First, let us clear away our prejudice. Let it be very distinctly comprehended that nowhere can the state find its commission as a positive educator of the people. Education is a duty and a privilege bestowed of original right, to the family, domestic and not political, though it may be always, and is more frequently, wise and politic that the state should lend efficient aid to *assist*, but not *arbitrarily to control* the training of the free citizen's child. The parent is placed over the child by the Creator, and is the natural guardian, primarily responsible for the training which is to lead the child through this valley of probation to the paternal home. Religious freedom

dom of conscience, is not a right granted by constitutions, but is the result of the relation of man as a free, moral agent to the Creator who thought fit to make him the master of his own destiny here and hereafter. To coerce the conscience of the child by an educational system, actively or passively, (for there may be effective coercion by negative means,) is to violate the sacred rights of the parent, vested in him by the divine appointment. There is not a religious man, following any form of worship, professing to be a Christian and an American, who can seriously deny this proposition, or who would accept any other in a question involving his rights and duties in regard to his own offspring. No such man, we are sure, would tolerate any assumption of the authority on the part of the state to step between him and his child in the matter of religious belief and instruction. No other form of tyranny would arouse so quickly the indignant resistance of an American citizen and father; and every upright man feels in his heart that what would be so grievous to him should not be imposed upon any other of his fellow-citizens, directly or indirectly.

Actuated by such views in the main, the state provides a system of public schools from which, theoretically, (and it may be practically in most cases,) all forms of doctrinal religion are excluded, and education is based upon a vague, undefined, generalized moral teaching which very many eminent men of different religious denominations have pronounced to be "godless," because the doctrines of Christ (the foundation of his moral law) are not taught in such schools according to any interpretation whatever, for the plain reason that it could not be done without such manifest injustice and

wrong as we have already protested against. To read the Bible, *without note or comment*, to young children is, in reality, to lead them to the fountain of living waters and forbid them to drink; whereas, "to expound the word" is, at once, to violate the absolute neutrality which the state is bound to maintain in the presence of conflicting interpretations and dissenting consciences. Such is the precise difficulty. Hence it is, that the Catholic Church has set its face against the peril with which such a system of education threatens its youth; and the Catholic pastors and their flocks, though struggling with poverty, and harassed by ten thousand pressing claims upon their charity, have strained every nerve to establish parochial and other denominational schools where secular education could be imparted without sacrificing religious instruction.

There is no doubt but that there are many strong and marked doctrinal differences between the various Protestant denominations which have led some of their most eminent men to argue against the possibility of a perfect or desirable system of public schools upon the mixed or non-intervention basis. Nevertheless, it is also true that in the fundamental point, essentially characteristic of Protestantism, and in which it especially differs from the Catholic Church (private interpretation and the rejection of tradition) all Protestant churches agree; and herein we find the reason why they can conform to the necessities of such a public-school system as we have described, with some degree of amalgamation; whereas their Catholic fellow-citizens cannot avail themselves of the secular advantages of such schools without a total sacrifice of religious training. We are told by the Rev. James Fraser, despatched on an offi-

cial mission for the purpose of reporting on the whole subject to the commissioners appointed by her Majesty Queen Victoria, and who visited the United States in 1865, that one of the influences adverse to the success of our American common-school system is, "*the growing feeling that more distinctly religious teaching is required, and that even the interests of morality are imperfectly attended to;*" and another "influence" is "*the very lukewarm support that it receives from the clergy of any denomination, and the languid way in which its claims on support and sympathy are rested on the higher motives of Christian duty;*" from which, and other causes, the Rev. Mr. Fraser reluctantly augurs misfortune to the system itself in the future. There can be no doubt but that such "lukewarmness" does exist, and that it is produced solely by the "growing feeling that more distinctly religious teaching is required." No accord of the Protestant sects upon what they call "essentials," can permanently reconcile them to either a doctrinal teaching at the public schools, in which it would be impossible for them all to agree, or to the alternative necessity of excluding from the schools all manner of "distinct religious teaching," without which "even the interests of morality are imperfectly attended to." Hence springs not only the lukewarmness, but the affirmative opposition of distinguished Protestant clergymen to the "godless system."

It is altogether erroneous, however, to suppose, and unjust to charge, that Catholics are hostile to the continuance of the present schools. FAR FROM IT. They rejoice to see their Protestant fellow-citizens availing themselves freely of those great opportunities to instruct the future self-governing citizens of the

young republic. They approve, they insist upon the absolute necessity of raising the standard of popular intelligence, so as to enable the wisest possible administration of public affairs through the agency of the elective franchise. That the church is profoundly solicitous for the secular education of her people is too manifest for dispute, since it has, by the instrumentality of various religious orders, established universities, colleges, academies, innumerable preparatory schools in every great city, and throughout the rural districts of the country, wherever it was possible to do so. A glance at the Catholic Register Directory, for 1868, will satisfy the most sceptical upon that point. The Roman Catholic Church has contributed to Europe with such institutions, and in design, and magnificent in execution; and it is not her purpose to permit her children in America to fall behind the age for the want of similar advantages, if she can supply their necessities. She is ever appealing to their public spirit, patriotism, their religious sentiment to obtain the means to build and conduct her educational establishments; and most nobly have they ever responded; for it was by the steady contributions of the people, mainly, that nearly all of those great works were begun and perfected.

But we may well adopt the position of a writer in the last January number of *Blackwood's Magazine* that "*the fact is palpable and statesman, philosopher, and candid student of the educational question confesses, that voluntary agencies are wholly unable to undertake a task so gigantic,*" as that of reaching the mass of helpless ignorance existing even in the most favored communities. It is exactly here that government may legitimately step in

its organized resources, but without wearing the pedagogue's cap. The wisest governments of Europe, Catholic and Protestant, have done this. They have abandoned the Lacedemonian usurpation of domestic rights, reproduced by the first Napoleon, as he expressed the policy in his curt style, "*My principal end in the establishment of a teaching corps is to possess the means of directing political and moral opinions.*" A candid confession for an autocrat. The nephew, who now reigns over France, has learned by the experience of misfortune to be wiser and more faithful to natural rights. In Catholic France education is entirely free and without favoritism. The public educational fund is equitably distributed to Catholic and Protestant, and each is permitted to rear, under the supervision of their respective clergy, as they may elect, the children of their own religious household. Conscience is respected; and yet the youth of the country are not deprived of instruction in the Christian faith at the public schools. Protestant Prussia is as liberal and as wise as France, and her system of public instruction is based upon the necessity of religious teaching, and the right of the parent to direct the child, and the just relation of the pastor to the parent, and therefore the equity of a proper distribution of the public-school fund. We have not the time, nor is it necessary to go into the details; but it is sufficient to say that the Prussian system concedes more to the Prussian Catholic than the American Catholic has yet asked from an enlightened and democratic American government; and yet, strange to say, the American Catholic has been violently and persistently charged with hostility to public education, and a conspiracy to destroy republican institu-

tions! Even England, iron-clad in her prejudices, has adopted the principles of Prussia, niggardly as her policy toward the public schools has always been. And what shall we say of "benighted Austria," the land of popish concordats! Let Mr. Kay, a recognized authority upon matters of education, and a Protestant, answer this question.

"The most interesting and satisfactory feature of the Austrian system is the great liberality with which the government, though so staunch an adherent and supporter of the Romanist priesthood, has treated the religious parties who differ from themselves in their religious dogma. It has been entirely owing to this liberality that neither the great number of the sects in Austria, nor the great differences of their religious tenets, has hindered the work of the education of the poor throughout the empire. Here, as elsewhere, it has been demonstrated that such difficulties may be easily overcome, when a government understands how to raise a nation in civilization, and wishes earnestly to do so.

"In those parishes of the Austrian empire where there are any dissenters from the Roman Church, the education of their children is not directed by the priests, but is committed to the care of the dissenting ministers. These latter are empowered and required by government to provide for, to watch over, and to educate the children of their own sects in the same manner as the priests are required to do for the education of their children."

He also says:

"And yet in these countries—Austria, Bavaria, and the Rhine provinces, and the Catholic Swiss cantons—the difficulties arising from religious differences have been overcome, and all their children have been brought under the influence of religious education without any religious party having been offended." (Kay, vol. ii. p. 3.)

And bearing testimony to the earnest desire of the Catholic Church to advance the education of her children everywhere, he says:

"In Catholic Germany, in France, and even in Italy, the education of the common people in reading, writing, arithmetic, mu-

sic, manners, and morals is, at least, as generally diffused and as faithfully promoted by the clerical body as in Scotland. It is by their own advance, and not by keeping back the advance of the people, that the popish priesthood of the present day seeks to keep ahead of the intellectual progress of the community in Catholic lands; and they might, perhaps, retort upon our Presbyterian clergy, and ask if they, too, are in their countries, at the head of the intellectual movement of the age? Education is, in reality, not only not suppressed, but is encouraged by the popish church and is a mighty instrument in its hands and ably used. In every street in Rome, for instance, there are at short distances public primary schools for the education of the children of the lower and middle classes of the neighborhood. Rome, with a population of 158,000 souls, has 372 public primary schools, with 482 teachers, and 14,000 children attending them. Has Edinburgh so many schools for the instruction of these classes? I doubt it. Berlin, with a population about double that of Rome, has only 264 schools. Rome has also her university, with an average number of 600 students, and the papal states, with a population of 2,500,000, contains seven universities; Prussia, with a population of 14,000,000, has but seven."

If the church has been found in hostility to educational systems, it has been when, as in Ireland, the schools have been made *proselytizing agencies and instruments of oppression*; and if she has disfavoured without opposing other systems, as here, it was solely to preserve her *own people* from the damaging effects of a purely secular education, and to secure for them the higher advantages of a religious training. If others find that the schools answer all their wants, she is well pleased to see them derive every benefit therefrom which the best administration of such a system can produce. But the Catholic people say: If we who are counted by millions, and who are daily adding to the wealth of the nation by our labor and enterprise, are required to pay taxes for the support of the public schools which

we cannot use for the education of our children, ought we not, at least, to receive an equitable proportion of the public fund, to assist us in doing what every good citizen would see accomplished, the education of our youth? We are now more and millions more are coming to this country by ship and steamer, every day, every hour. We are a part of a great nation, children and citizens of a great republic. Shall we add to the virtue and intelligence of the community, or to its ignorance and vice? We are struggling with all our means, and devoting all our means to the lowest stratum of our society, and lift it up into the light and air of secular knowledge and spiritual grace. Why should not the State of New York help in the good work?

The regulations of France, Prussia, Austria, England, and other countries of Europe would assuredly be of use to our legislators the practical men of a good working system, which is not our province to suggest in an uninvited manner. Let it be conceded, however, that millions of men throughout this country should not be taxed for establishments of which they do not conscientiously avail themselves, at the same time, they are permitted to participate, in a reasonable manner, in the enormous funds derived from those tax-rates. Let the schools, though denominational when established by the state, be subject to inspection so far as to insure their compliance with the requirements of the general law as to the standard of education to be bestowed, but with no further control over management or discipline.

In the European countries, as far as is known, (it may be said here generally,) each religious denomination sufficiently numerous in a district to justify it, is permitted to establish a denominational school; receive

share of the public fund, and being subject to governmental inspection as to the proper application of the money, and the faithful discharge of the engagement to impart secular knowledge according to the fixed educational standard. The selection of the school-books and the religious training of the children are in such cases placed in the charge of the clergy, or made subject to their revision. Where the religious denomination has not sufficient numerical strength to enable it to establish a separate school, its children attend the other public school or schools, but are carefully guarded against all attempts at proselytizing, and their religious instruction is confided to their own ministers. In no instance is the proper proportion of the school fund ever refused to any denomination which has the number requisite under the law for the establishment of a separate school. By these means, perfect freedom of conscience is preserved, and public harmony and good-will promoted; whilst at the same time, the children of all churches are brought up in the wisdom of the world without losing the fear of God. In this way, too, religious freedom becomes a *practical thing*, and not a constitutional platitude or an empty national boast. In this serious matter, this great national concern, those European monarchies have expelled sham altogether. Have we? Do we in the United States, vaunting our hatred of "*church and state*," our devotion to entire freedom of conscience, our preëminent love of "*fair play*," our respect for the *inviolable rights of minorities*, do we imitate the liberal example of monarchical Europe, Catholic and Protestant, when we tax

our six millions of Catholics for public schools, and then refuse them a participation in the fund? What just man will say that such a rule is right? What wise man will say that it is *politic*? At least, let it not be said that in our great cities, where there are tens of thousands of poor Catholic children, and in those rural districts where the numbers are notoriously sufficient to justify the establishment of one or more schools, they shall be driven to seek an education under a system which their parents cannot conscientiously sanction, or be left to the chances of procuring the rudiments of learning from the over-taxed and doubly-taxed resources of their co-religionists. Help the schools now actually existing, and which are filled to overflowing with eager scholars; and assist those who are willing to build up others; the cost is no greater; the educational policy of the state is equally satisfied, whilst the morals of the rising generation, purified by religious faith and strengthened by religious practices, will give the republic assurance of a glorious future.

We are satisfied that such a system would give us an enlightened Christian people, and not merely a nation of intelligent men of the world, as cold as they are polished, and as indifferent to divine things as they are eager for the pleasures of sense and the pride of life.

This would be a truly solid basis upon which to build and perpetuate the empire of a self-governing nation. Without this, our constitution is a rope of sand, our republicanism a delusion, and our freedom a miserable snare to the down-trodden nationalities all over the earth.

ALL SOULS' DAY—1867.

DYING ? along the trembling mountain flies
 The fearful whisper fast from cot to cot ;
 Strong fathers stand aghast and mothers' eyes
 Melt as their white lips stammer, "Not, oh ! not
 Him of all others ? Nay,
 Not him who from our hearths so oft drove death away ?"

Well may those pale groups gather at each door,
 Well may those tears that dread the worst be shed.
 The hand that healed their ills will bless no more,
 The life that served to lengthen theirs has fled ;
 And while they pray and weep,
 Unto his rest he passeth like a child asleep.

Ah ! this is sudden ! why, this very morn
 He rode amongst us : sick men woke to hear
 The step of his black pacer : the new-born
 Smiled at him from their cradles ; many a tear
 On faces wan and dim,
 He dried to-day : to-night those cheeks are wet for him.

For there he lies, together gently laid
 The hands we were so proud of, his white hair
 Making the silver halo that it made
 In life around his brow ; as if in prayer
 The gentle face composed,
 With nameless peace o'ershadowing the eyelids closed.

And as beside him through the night we hold
 Our solitary watch, I had not started
 To hear my name break from him, as of old,
 Or see the tranquil lips a moment parted,
 To speak the word unsaid,
 The last supreme adieu that instant death forbade.

I dread the day-dawn, for his silent rest
 Befits the night : I half believe him mine,
 While in the tapers' shadowy light, his breast
 Seems heaving, and, amid the pale moonshine
 That wanders o'er the lawn,
 Crouch the still hounds unknowing that their master's gone

But when the morning at his window stands
In glory beckoning, and he answers not ;
Not for the wringing of the widowed hands,
Or orphans wrestling with their bitter lot,
I feel, old friend, too well,
That naught can wake thee but the final miracle.

Was it but yesterday, that at my gate,
Beneath the over-arching oaks we met ;
Throned in his saddle, statue-like he sate,
A horseman every inch : I see him yet,
His morning mission done,
His deep-mouthed pack behind him trailing, one by one.

Mute are the mountains now ! No more that cry
Of the full chase by all the breezes borne
Down the defiles, while echo's swift reply
Speeds the loud chorus ! Nevermore the horn
Of our lost chief will shake
Those tempest-riven crags, or pierce the startled brake !

Those summits were his refuge when the touch
Of gloom was on him, and the gathered care
Of long life, that braved and suffered much,
Drove him from beaten walks, to breathe the air
That haunts gray Carrick's crest,
And spur from dawn to dusk till effort purchased rest.

But yet, in all these thirty years, how few
The days we saw not the familiar form
Amid the valleys passing, till it grew
Part of the landscape : through the sun or storm
With equal front he rode,
Punctual as planets moving in the paths of God.

I've seen him, when the frozen tempest beat,
Breast it as gayly as the birds that played
Upon the drifts : and through the deadly heat
That drove the fainting reapers to the shade,
Smiling he passed along,
Erect the good gray head, and on his lips a song.

I've known him too, by anguish chained abed,
Forsake his midnight pillow with a moan,
And meekly ride wherever pity led,
To heal a sorrow slighter than his own ;
Or rich or poor the same—
It mattered not : let any sorrow call, he came.

Thy life was sacrifice, my own old friend,
 Yet sacrifice that earned a sacred joy,
 For in thy breast kept beating to the end,
 The trust and honest gladness of a boy ;
 The seventy years that span
 Thy course, leave thee as pure as when their date began.

Who could have dreamed the sharp, sad overthrow
 Of such a life, so tender, strong, and brave ?
 My pulse seems answering thy finger now—
 'Twas one step from the stirrup to the grave !
 Oh ! lift your load with care,
 And gently to its rest the precious burden bear.

All Souls' Day ! as they place him in the aisle,
 The bells his youth obeyed for Mass are ringing ;
 And, as beneath the churchyard gate we file,
 To latest rite his honored relics bringing,
 You'd think the dead had all
 Arrayed their little homes for some high festival.

As if for *him* the flowering chaplets, strewn
 Throughout God's acre, breathe a second spring ;
 To him the ivy on the sculptured stone
 A welcome from the tomb seems whispering :
 The buried wear their best,
 As, in their midst, their old companion takes his rest.

Yes, he is yours, not ours : set down the bier :
 To you we leave him with a ready trust :
 Beneath this sod there's scarce a spirit here
 That was not once his friend : Oh ! guard his dust !
 And if your ashes may
 Thrill to old love, your graves are gladder than our hearths to
 day.

IS IT HONEST?*

A BRIEF tract, issued a short time since by The Catholic Publication Society, seems to have produced an unusual commotion among our non-Catholic brethren, and has called forth reply after reply from the sectarian press and pulpit. The tract is very brief, and consists only of a few pointed questions; but it has kindled a great fire, and compelled Protestants to come forward and attempt to defend their honesty, in uttering their false charges and gross calumnies against Catholics and the Church. It has put them on their defence, made them feel that they, not the church, are now on trial before the public. This is no little gain, and they do not have so easy a time of it, in defending their libels, as they had in forging and uttering them, when Catholics had no organ through which they could speak, and were so borne down by public clamor that their voice could not have been heard in denial, even if they had raised it. Times have changed since those sad days when it was only necessary to vent a false charge against the church, to have it accredited and insisted on by a fanatical multitude as undeniable truth, however ridiculous or absurd it might be.

Since our sectarian opponents have been put upon their defence, we trust Catholics will keep them to it. We have acted on the defensive long enough, and turn about is only fair play. They must now prove their libels, or suffer judgment to go against them. They feel that it is

so, and they open their defence resolutely, with apparent confidence and pluck. They have no lack of words and show no misgiving. This is well; it is as we would have it, for we wish them to have a fair trial, and to make the strongest, boldest, and best defence the nature of the case admits.

In our remarks we shall confine ourselves principally to the justification attempted by Mr. Bacon, in his sermons, as we find them in the *Brooklyn Times*; and we must remind him in the outset that the assumption with which he commences—that the tract, in appealing to the good sense of the public, whether it is honest to insist on certain charges against the church as true, when the slightest inquiry would show them to be false—makes an important concession, or any concession at all to the Protestant rule, is altogether unwarranted. He says: "This submitting of the questions in dispute to the public, man by man, after the Protestant, the American fashion—concedes at the outset one great and most vital principle, to wit, that the ultimate appeal in questions of personal belief, is to each man's reason and conscience in the sight of God." Quite a mistake. There is no question of personal belief in the case. The question submitted to the public by the tract is not whether what the church teaches and Catholics believe is true or false, but whether it is honest to continue to accuse the church and Catholics of holding and doing what it is well known, or may easily be known, they do not do, and declare they do not hold? This is the question, and the only question, sub

* Sermons in answer to the Tract, *Is it Honest?* By Rev. L. W. Bacon. *The Brooklyn Times*, March 9th, 17th, 24th, 1868.

mitted. Is it honest to continue repeating, day after day, and year after year, foul calumnies against your neighbor, when the proofs that they are calumnies lie under your hand, and spread out before your eyes so plainly that he who runs may read? We think even the smallest measure of common sense is sufficient to answer that question, which is, on one side, simply a question of fact, and on the other, a question of very ordinary morals. The competency of reason to decide far more difficult questions than that, no Catholic ever disputes. We think even the reason of a pagan can go as far as that. "Why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?"

"But this tract," the preacher continues, "is a plain assertion that no man ought blindly to accept the religious opinions to which he is born, nor the instructions of his religious teachers; but that he is bound, in honesty and justice, to hear the other side, and decide between them by his own private judgment." If by opinions is meant faith, it does no such thing; if by opinions are meant only opinions, it may pass, though the tract neither argues nor touches the question. The Catholic always supposes man is endowed with reason and understanding, and that both are active in the act of faith as in an act of science. There is and can be no such thing as *blind* faith, though blind prejudices are not uncommon. Men seek or inquire for what they have not, not for what they have. They who have the faith do not seek it, and can examine what is opposed to it only for the purpose of avoiding or refuting it. Catholics have the faith; they are in possession of the truth, and have no need to make for themselves the examination supposed. Non-Catholics have not the faith; they have only opinions, often

very erroneous, very absurd, and hurtful opinions, and they are therefore bound, not by the *opinion* they have received from their teachers, or to which they were bound, but to seek diligently, with open and open hearts, for the truth, and find it. When they find it, they are not bound to seek it, but to accept it, and obey it. The Protestant teaching in this, is nothing "different from what the Church of Rome always teaches its followers."

The tract says: "America loves fair play." The preacher says:

"I believe it is no more than the truth. If there is one thing rather than another that Americans do love, it is the thing—absolute freedom and fairness in religious discussion. Curious, isn't it, that Americans to 'love fair play'—Englishmen seem to have a similar taste. A Catholic or Protestant in England can write his thoughts, on either side, without hindrance or constraint. The same may be remarked, in a measure, in New Germany. How can you account for this? What is the reason, do you suppose they don't 'love fair play' in Spain, Austria? or in Mexico? or in Rome? The injured innocent stands in New York the corners of the streets, bemoaning himself that he is treated 'dishonestly and unjustly,' because the public will not read his books; and all the time the Holy City itself—under the direct government of the pope—a subject not allowed to be (as this tract says) 'partial and just' toward Protestant Christians—examining both sides, except at the being punished as for an infamous crime. 'Americans love fair play.' Why do Roman Catholic nations suppress it? Does the pope forbid it in his own dominions? And what reason have we to suppose that, if these who are clamoring for 'fair play' should ever hold the power in their country, they would put it to any other use here, from that which prevails in other countries generally?"

We are not aware that there is less love of fair play in Spain, Mexico, or Rome, than in the United States, England, or North-Ger-

in Catholic than in non-Catholic countries, only there is more faith and less need to seek it, or to examine both sides in order to find it. As a matter of fact, though we cannot regard it as any great merit, Catholics are generally far more ready to hear both sides, and to read Protestant books, than Protestants are to read Catholic books. We have never met with intelligent Catholics as ignorant of Protestantism as we have generally found intelligent Protestants of Catholicity. There is nothing among Catholics to correspond to the blind prejudice, deplorable ignorance, and narrow-minded bigotry of sectarians; but we are happy to believe that even these are mellowing with time, losing many of their old prejudices, and becoming more enlightened and less bigoted and intolerant; there is still room for improvement.

"Let us understand in the outset," says the preacher, "that the charges against Catholics and the Catholic Church that are complained of in this tract, are conceded by the writer to be of grave importance. The prohibiting of the Bible to the people—the belief that priestly absolution has efficacy of itself, and is not merely conditional on the sincerity of the sinner's repentance—the paying to images of such worship as the heathen do—all these are declared by this writer to be 'detestable and horrible.' So that if it should appear that any one of them is proved against Catholics or the Catholic Church, the case is closed against them. He is not at liberty to go back and apologize for the doctrine or palliate it. He has declared it to be 'false doctrine'—'detestable and horrible.'"

What the tract regards as important or unimportant, is nothing to the purpose; what the preacher must prove is, that it is honest to continue to repeat charges against Catholics and the Catholic Church which have been amply refuted, and the refutation of which is within the reach of every one who would know the truth; or at least he must show that the re-

futation is insufficient, and that the charges are not false, but true. He will not find us shrinking from the truth, apologizing for it, or seeking to get behind it or around it. We, however, beg him to understand that he is the party accused, and on trial, not we, and that we are probably better judges on doubtful points, of what is or is not Catholic doctrine and practice, than he or any of his brethren. He will do well, also, to bear in mind that the question raised by the tract is not whether the doctrine of the church is true or false, but whether it is honest to persist in saying that it is what the church and all Catholics affirm that it is not. What he must prove, in order to be acquitted, is that the church and Catholics do hold what the tract denies, and denies on authority, or that there are good and sufficient reasons for believing that they do so hold.

1. The tract asks, "Is it honest to say that the Catholic Church prohibits the use of the Bible, when anybody who chooses can buy as many as he likes at any Catholic bookstore, and can see on the page of any one of them the approbation of the bishops of the Catholic Church, with the pope at their head, encouraging Catholics to read the Bible, in these words, "The faithful should be excited to the reading of the Holy Scriptures," and that not only for the Catholics of the United States, but also for those of the whole world." Mr. Bacon does not meet directly the facts alleged by the tract, nor plead truth in justification of the libel; but undertakes to show that even if false, yet Protestants may be personally honest in uttering it; and he adduces various circumstances which he thinks may very innocently induce Protestants to suppose that the church does prohibit the use of the Bible. We have not the patience to

take up in detail all the circumstances alleged, and refute the inferences drawn from them ; most of them are mere inventions, perversions of the truth, misapprehensions of the facts in the case, and none, nor all of them together, justify the inference, in face of what the tract alleges, that the church prohibits the use of the Bible ; and it is easy for any one who honestly seeks the truth to know that they do not.

The facts alleged by the tract are accessible to all who wish to know them. He who makes a false charge through ignorance, when he can with ordinary prudence know that it is false, is not excusable ; and it is not surely in those who claim to be the enlightened portion of mankind to attempt to defend their honesty at the expense of their intelligence. They are the last people in the world, if we take them at their estimate of themselves, to be permitted to plead invincible ignorance.

The *Newark Evening Journal* is bolder and more direct than Mr. Bacon. It asserts that the Church actually forbids the reading of the Scriptures, and boldly challenges the fact alleged by the tract. It says : "On the very page from which are taken the words, 'The faithful should be excited to read the Holy Scriptures,' are quoted, it is also said, 'To guard against error it was judged necessary to forbid the reading of the Scriptures in the vulgar languages, without the advice and permission of the pastors and spiritual guides whom God has appointed to govern his Church.' How then can it be false to say that the Church prohibits the use of the Holy Scriptures ?" Simply because to forbid the *abuse* of a thing is not to prohibit its *use*. The faithful, for the promotion of faith and piety, are excited to read the Scriptures ; but to guard against error or

the abuse of the sacred volume those who would wrest them to their own destruction are forbidden to use them in the vulgar languages, under the direction of their spiritual guides. A prudent and loving father forbids his child, who has a voracious appetite or a sickly constitution, to eat of a certain kind of food, under the direction of the family physician, lest the child should be injured by it ; can you therefore say that the Church prohibits the *use* of that kind of food ? Certainly not. All you can say is, that the Church prohibits the *abuse* of it, while he concedes the use, he takes the precautions against the abuse. This is in no sense inconsistent with anything asserted by the tract.

Mr. Bacon, referring to the various cases of the confiscation of Bibles circulated by the Bible Society in the hands of the laity, says that the French Bible confiscated was the Catholic version of De Sacy ; that the Polish Bible circulated by the Society was, word for word, the same as the version published two centuries before, and approved by several popes ; the Italian Bible, for which the godly family Maria was persecuted and imprisoned, was the Catholic version [not so] of the Vulgate ; the Archbishop of Florence, published with the approbation and sanction of Pope Pius VI. Suppose this does not prove that the Church does not forbid the use of the Holy Scriptures, is very good proof to the contrary. These versions were made and published for the people, and would have been neither made nor published if the use of the Scriptures was forbidden. And how can you say that the popes prohibit what you show to be approved and sanctioned ?

There was a German Bible before Luther, and our Douay Bible was published before the version of King James.

"But I am not willing," says the preacher, "that this eff

effrontery?] of this question be let go even with this answer.

We can easily believe it. "I am ready to call witnesses." Well, doctor, your witnesses; we are here to hear their testimony. "Who is in favor of a Catholic Bible Society circulating copies of the Bible?" Nothing that we know of. But how is it since Protestants had a Bible Society? Prior to that, did they use the use of the Holy Scriptures? "Popes have fulminated their anathemas against Bible Societies, denouncing them as an invention of the devil. Not unlikely; but it is one thing to denounce Bible Societies, another to prohibit the use or the circulation of the Bible. Your witnesses, doctor, do not testify to the point. All the facts, or pretended facts, you bring forward are too remote from your purpose. The accusation that the Church prohibits the use of the Scriptures was made by Protestants long before any of them are known to have occurred, and therefore could not have originated in the Church. *Ex-post facto* causes are not admitted in catholic philosophy. The charge brought against the Church is no little folly and ingratitude. The Church had prohibited the use of the Scriptures, how could the Reformers have got a copy of them? They certainly purloined them from the Church; I could have got them from the same source.

The preacher concludes his first sermon by saying: "I am glad the Reformers came when it is understood that they sided that, if the Roman Church is to commend itself to the eyes of an people, it must begin by rejecting, as horrible and detestable, its teaching and practice for the hundred years of the church." It has for three hundred years been falsely alleged by her enemies that she has her teaching and practice,

agreed; but what has really been her teaching and practice, denied. "Let it be but make good this new claim, and we thank God for the new reformation, and welcome it to the platform of Protestantism." There is no new claim in the case; what the tract asserts has always been the doctrine and practice of the church; she has always encouraged the use and opposed the abuse of the Holy Scriptures. That the preacher should desire a new reformation can be easily understood, for the old has well-nigh run out; that he will ever be able to welcome the church to the platform of Protestantism is, however, not likely; for she is not fond of standing on platforms, and prefers to remain seated on the rock. The reverend gentleman may be shocked to hear it; but it is, nevertheless, a fact, that the Bible and reason are not special Protestant possessions; they were ours ages before Protestantism was born, and will be ours ages after Protestantism is dead and forgotten.

2. In his second sermon—in a note to which he corrects his assertion that it was the Catholic version of Martini, and states that it was the Protestant version of Diodati, that was used by the godly family of the Madias—the preacher confines his efforts to questions raised by the tract with regard to the worship of images and pictures, and of the Blessed Virgin and the saints. The tract asks:

"Is it honest to accuse Catholics of paying divine worship to images or pictures as the heathen do—when any Catholic indignantly repudiates any idea of the kind, and when the Council of Trent distinctly declares the doctrine of the Catholic Church in regard to them to be, 'that there is no divinity or virtue in them which should appear to claim the tribute of one's veneration;' but that all the honor which is paid to them shall be referred to the originals whom they are designed to represent?" (Sess. 25.)

"The answer to this question," the preacher says, "is to be found by asking two

others: 1. What sort of honors do the heathen pay to images? 2. What sort of honors do Roman Catholics pay to them? When we have got answers to these two, we can compare them, and shall be able to say whether they are the same."

We respectfully submit that neither of these questions need be asked; for so far as pertinent, both are answered in the tract itself. The accusation against Catholics which the tract implies cannot be honestly made, is that we pay *divine* worship to images and pictures, as the heathen do; what the tract then denies is that Catholics pay *divine* worship to images and pictures; and what it asserts is, that the heathen do pay them *divine* worship; but this assertion is simply illustrative, and should it be found inexact, it would not affect the formal denial that the worship Catholics pay them is *divine*. As to what sort of worship Catholics do render to images and pictures, the answer in the tract is explicit, that it is a "certain tribute of veneration paid them in honor of their original. The worship is not *divine* worship, and the honor paid is not paid to them for any virtue in them, but is referred solely to their originals." The catechism puts this clearly enough. "*Q. And is it allowable to honor relics, crucifixes, and holy pictures?* *A.* Yes; with an inferior and relative honor, as they relate to Christ and his saints, and are the memorials of them. *Q. May we then pray to relics and images?* *A.* No; by no means, for they have no life or sense to hear or help us."

The preacher labors to show that this inferior and relative honor is precisely what the heathen pay to the images of their gods; but this, if true, would not prove that we do, but that the heathen do not, pay *divine* honors to images. He cites various authorities, Christian and heathen, to prove that it is not the brass and

gold and silver, when fashioned into a statue, that the heathen worship, but that through the statue or image they worship the invisible god. If this is so, is, they worship the image, the visible representation of the invisible divinity. This is, no doubt, in respects, the actual fact; no one tends that they worship precisely a material statue, but the natural god, the prayers, invocations, and the other ceremonies, and the consecration of the statue by priests compelled to enter the image and take up his abode in it. This image, which for them is the god, the heathen offer sacrifices and other acts of worship which are due to God alone, which make the difference in the world, though we have no doubt that the type of heathen worship is the Catholic type; as all heathenism is a corruption, perversion, or travesty of true religion, or as Protestantism is a corruption, perversion, or travesty of the Catholic Church.

The heathen images and pictures represent no absent reality, but are not memorials of an absent reality like our sacred images and pictures, and the heathen, then, can worship only the material substance, the supposed indwelling numen. The gods they are supposed to represent, or render homage to, are either purely imaginary or evil spirits; hence the Scripture tells us that "all the gods of the heathen are devils." And finally, to idols, which are nothing but wood and stone, brass and silver, and which represent, if anything, devils or demons, the heathen pay honors; while we simply honor respect images and pictures of our Lord and his saints for the originals, or the worth to which they are related. Here is a

we should suppose even an ant doctor capable of per-recognizing.

cher forgets that what is the tract is, that we pay ors to sacred images and ad cites ample authority at we do not pay divine em or through them. We io sacrifices, and we offer ayers or praises, even as as memorials of a worth ent. They are never the igh which we honor that we honor them for the worth to which they are he pious son honors the his mother, the patriot : of the father of his the lover the portrait of s. The respect we pay s from one of the deepest principles of human na- n be condemned only by old that there is nothing ure, and condemn as evil il whatever is natural. ister thinks that, even ghtened and intelligent nderstand the question as oy the catechism and de- e Council of Trent, yet atholics may not; and he honors paid to images s actually degenerate into e asks:

in this respect do the people ly differ from those of ancient taly? Do the practices of the correspond to the doctrines of s, or have they, as of old time, instruction?" Do they pay no tion, as if there were some spe- the image itself, to those ima- eputed to bleed or sweat, or to hat wink? If it was only as : thoughts toward the person that the image or picture one image would serve as r, except that those in which genius of the artist had most present in touching and vivid

portraiture the object of the worship, might be preferred above ruder and coarser works. But as I have passed from church to church in those lands in which the Roman system has had unlimited opportunity to work itself out into practice, and have 'beheld the devotions' of the people, I have seen certain statues frequented by a multitude of worshippers, and visited by pilgrims from afar, who had come to bow down before them, and hung with myriads of votive offerings—waxen effigies of arms and legs and other members that had been healed in consequence of prayers to that particular image. And one fact, which I did not then appreciate the bearing of, was constantly observed by myself and my companion—that these objects of special worship and veneration were *never* works of superior art, but commonly rude, and sometimes even grotesque. The inexpressibly beautiful and touching statue by Bernini, of the Virgin holding upon her knees the body of the dead Jesus, is in the crypt of St. Peter's, and admiring critics go down to study it by torchlight. But the image which is *adored* is a grimy bronze idol above it in the nave of St. Peter's, which is so venerated as the statue of that apostle that the toes of the extended foot have been actually kissed away by the adorations of the faithful."

It is very evident that the preacher, whatever opportunities he may have had, knows very little of the Catholic people in general, or of the Italian people in particular, and his guesses would deserve more respect if made in relation to his own people. Protestants have no distinctive worship which can be offered to God alone, and are therefore very poor judges of what they may see going on before their eyes among a Catholic people. The Church is responsible only for the faith she teaches and the practices she enjoins, approves, or permits. If the people depart from this faith and abuse these practices in their practical devotion, the fault, since she takes away no one's freedom, is theirs, not hers. The worship that Catholics render to God, the honor they pay to the saints, and the respect they entertain for sacred images, differs

not, as all worship with Protestants must, simply as more or less, but in kind, and not even a Protestant community can be found so ignorant as not to be able to distinguish between an image or a picture and the saint or person intended to be represented by it. For the many years we lived as a Protestant we never met any one of our brethren who mistook his mother's portrait for his mother herself, or the statue of a distinguished statesman for the statesman himself. Who ever mistakes the equestrian statue of George Washington in Union Square for George Washington on horseback, or confounds Andrew Jackson himself with Mill's ugly equestrian statue of him in one of the squares of Washington? Who could mistake the bronze horse on which the image of the old General is placed, and which you fear every moment is going to tilt over backward, for a real horse? Well, my dear doctor, however ignorant these Italian people may be whom you see kneeling before an image or a picture of the Madonna, they know more of the doctrines of the Gospel, more of God, and of man's duties and relations to him, more of his proper worship, than the most enlightened non-Catholic community that exists or ever existed on the earth. They may not know as much of error against faith and piety, of false theories and crude speculations as non-Catholics; but they know more of Christianity, more of what Christianity really is, what it teaches, and what it exacts of the faithful, than the wisest and most learned of your sectarian ministers, not even excepting yourself.

With regard to bleeding, sweating, or winking pictures, if you find people believing in them, you will never find among Catholics any who believe that they bleed, sweat, or wink

by any virtue that is in the itself; but that the phenomenon is a miracle, which God works in a saint pictured. You may do a miracle, but not reasonably, on the ground that the evidence in the case is insufficient. A man who believes in God believes in the possibility of miracles, and therefore in more miraculous in a picture the Madonna winking, sweating, bleeding, than there was in Balaam speaking and rebuking his ass. It is simply a question of evidence. If the proofs are conclusive, it is to be believed; if insufficient, one is bound to believe it.

If you find the people flocking to a particular image or picture, bringing to it their votive offerings, it certainly is not, as the picture takes notice, on account of its value as a work of art; for the Italian people, with all their love and taste for art, do not, like some non-Catholics, confound art with religion, or picture with religious culture; not because they hold that there is a hidden virtue in that particular image or picture itself, but because the saint whose it is, has or is believed to have specially favored those who have invoked him before it. It may or may not be mistaken for the fact, but the principle, or the special devotion to our Lady before a saint before a particular statue is a correct one; and there is no practice no special honor to a statue or picture for its own sake, consequently nothing necessarily superstitious or idolatrous.

Even if, as there is no reason to believe, the statue of St. Peter at Rome, and which the pope's preacher calls a "grimy bronze" was originally, as he tells us so, a statue of Jupiter, the money paid to it by the faithful would be paid to Jupiter, while inter-

to St. Peter. But the toes of the image have been worn away by the kisses of the worshippers; and of these kisses prove that they adore the image? They adore their gods by kissing the feet of their statues; and when they kiss the feet of the images of saints, how can it be said that they do not worship or adore the heathen do? The use of incense in the worship of Moses prescribes incense, and Jews use it in their worship of God; therefore the Jews are wrong! The preacher forgets what the tract declares to be honest is the accusation that they pay *divine* worship, that is, due to God alone, to images, pictures, as the heathen do. The feet of the statue of St. Peter are loved and devotion to himself, the prince of the apostles on whom our Lord founded the church, is not to pay divine worship to the image, nor even to himself. Were we so happy and ourselves at St. Peter in Rome, we are quite sure we would kneel before the statue of Peter, and kiss its feet, run the risk of its having been once kissed by Jupiter, and we should do the proper method of expressing love and veneration for the great God as simply and innocently as another kisses the carefully preserved portrait of her beloved son, or a father for his faith or his life. As to using the forms used in the Mass to express affection for God, if proper in themselves, with a little scruple as we have in the language which our ancestors used in the worship of Woden in our prayers and praises to the ever-living and True God. The sermon next takes up the accusation that Catholics

pay divine worship to the Blessed Virgin and the saints. The tract asks:

"IS IT HONEST to accuse Catholics of putting the Blessed Virgin or the Saints in the place of God or the Lord Jesus Christ—when the Council of Trent declares that it is simply useful to ask their intercession in order to obtain favor from God, through his Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, who alone is our Saviour and Redeemer—

"When 'asking their prayers and influence with God,' is exactly of the same nature as when Christians ask the pious prayers of one another?"

The preacher says, "At the outset let me remark, that the question what Roman Catholics *do* is not conclusively answered by quoting what the Council of Trent declares." This supposes that the same rule must be applied to Catholics, who have an authoritative church, that is applicable to non-Catholics, who have none, or to people among whom every one believes according to his own private judgment, and does what is right in his own eyes. But this is not permissible. Our faith is taught and defined by authority, and to know what we as Catholics believe or do, you must be certain what the church authoritatively teaches or prescribes. We cannot go contrary to that and be Catholics. No doubt Catholics may depart from the faith of the church, and disobey her precepts; but when they obstinately persist in doing so, they cease to be Catholics in faith and practice, and their belief or their practice is of no account in judging what is or is not Catholic doctrine or practice. They who believe or do anything contrary to what is declared by the Council of Trent, are *pro tanto* non-Catholics. To know what is Catholic faith and Catholic practice, you have only to consult the standards of the Catholic Church—not every individual Catholic, as you must

every individual Protestant when you wish to ascertain what is Protestant opinion and practice. Our standards speak for themselves; and in determining what Catholicity enjoins or allows, you must consult them, and them only.

Mr. Bacon and his brethren have as free access to our standards as we ourselves have, and they must remain under the charge of dishonestly misrepresenting us, or prove by our standards that the church offers or authorizes or does not forbid her children from offering divine worship to the Blessed Virgin. Their surmises, their conjectures, their inferences from what they see among Catholics, but do not understand, must be thrown out as inadmissible testimony. There are the standards: if they sustain you, well and good; if not, you are convicted, and judgment must go against you. This is the case presented by the tract, and which Mr. Bacon and his friends are to meet fairly and squarely.

Now, the tract shows from the standards, from the Council of Trent, which is plenary authority in the case, that the accusation against Catholics of "putting the Blessed Virgin or the saints in the place of God or the Lord Jesus Christ," is an accusation so manifestly untrue that no one can honestly make it. Here also is the catechism, which the church teaches all her children. "Q. Does this commandment [the first] forbid all honor and veneration of saints and angels? No; we are to honor them as God's special friends and servants, but not with the honor which belongs to God." The Council of Trent declares that "it is good and useful to ask the saints who reign together with Christ in heaven, to pray for us," "or to ask favors for us from our Lord Jesus Christ, who alone is our Redeemer and Saviour."

We ask the saints in heaven, ask our friends on earth, to pray for us. Here is the whole principle of the case. The Council of Sess. 22, c. 3, defines that, "the church is accustomed to celebrate masses in honor of the saints; she teaches they are never offered to them, but to God." *Non tamen illis sacrificium offerret Deo soli, qui illos con-* Now, with Catholics the distinction of divine worship, the supreme due to God alone, and which would be idolatry to offer to any other, is sacrifice, the highest and noblest sacrifice, the sacrifice of the Mass, which our priests offer daily on the altar; the one and only sacrifice which was offered in a manner on Calvary. This is due to God alone; all else that is due to God in worship, prayer, love, veneration, may, in the least, be offered to men. We honor the chief magistrate, whether king or emperor, president or governor; we honor the prelates of the church; the Holy Ghost has placed authority in the church; we pray to our rulers and men in authority; we praise the praises of the great and heroic; we love our country, our family, and friends; we venerate the wise and the good, who, in service to the cause of truth, moral religion, prove themselves great. That Protestants, who have no sacrifice, no priest, no altar, no Mass, should mistake the nature of the *sanctus sanctorum*, is not surprising; they have nothing in kind to offer that we do not offer to the saints, especially to the queen of saints, the Blessed Mother of God. But their fault, not ours; for it is easy for them to know—for our standards tell them so—that we as Catholics hold the supreme act of worship, the sacrifice of the Mass—hold it

only God is an adequate offering to God, and that the sacrifice of the Mass is never offered to the saints or to any but God alone. There is a marked difference between our *cultus sanctorum* and that with which men like Mr. Bacon, of Brooklyn, seek to identify it. The heathen offered sacrifices, the highest form of worship they had, to their idols, their demigods and heroes ; we offer the highest worship which we have—and we have it only through God's goodness—to the one, living, true God only. This proves that the accusation against Catholics of putting the Blessed Virgin and the saints, as objects of worship, in the place of God, is a false accusation, so well known or so easily known to be false, that no one of ordinary intelligence can honestly make it.

But the preacher supposes that Catholics, in other respects, put them in the place of God. This is impossible. Catholics hold that the saints, with the Blessed Virgin at their head, are men and women—creatures whom God has made, has redeemed with his own blood, and has elevated, sanctified, and glorified by his grace, and therefore they cannot identify them with him or substitute them for him. We hold that Mary is the Mother of Christ, and that he is her Lord as well as ours, and that it is through his merits alone, applied beforehand, that she was conceived without original stain ; and can anybody, so believing, mistake her for her Son, in any respect put her in his place, or assign to her his mediatorial work ? The very fears expressed by our Protestant friends that we do or are liable to do so, prove that even they are able to discriminate between her and her Son ; why not then we ?

The reverend gentleman continues :

"We are invited to several inquiries. First: Is it true that the prayers that are offered by Roman Catholics to departed saints, and especially to that holy woman whom we with them in all generations unite to call the blessed, are only of such a nature as we might offer to a fellow-Christian here upon the earth in soliciting his prayers in our behalf ? Secondly: Are these supplications only for favor and influence, or are they for the direct gift of blessing and salvation ? Do they put Mary into the place of Christ, the one Mediator between God and man ; making of the All-Merciful Saviour who inviteth all to come unto him, an inaccessible object of dread and terror, whom we dare not approach except through the mediation of Mary ? Do they ascribe to her the glory due to Christ, the only name given under heaven among men whereby we may be saved ? Do they profess faith in her alone for salvation ? Do they put the saints in the place of the Holy Ghost, by supplicating from them directly the divine gift of holiness and the renewal of the sinful heart ?"

We have answered these questions by anticipation. It is probable that Catholics believe somewhat more distinctly and more firmly in "the one mediator of God and men, the man Christ Jesus," than do the sects, and are less likely to forget it, seeing that all their practical devotions, public and private, the great honors given to Mary and the saints are founded on it and tend directly to keep us from forgetting it. Catholics do not pray to Mary because they regard the All-merciful Saviour as inaccessible, or as an object of dread and terror ; nor because she comes in between them and him, represents him, or enables them to approach him through her, as is evident from the fact that we not unfrequently directly beseech him to grant that she and other saints may pray for us. We honor her as the mother of God in his human nature. We pray to her to pray to him for us, not only because she is our mother as well as his, but because she is dear

to her Son our Lord, and he delights to honor her by granting her requests. For a like reason we invoke the saints, that is, ask them to pray for us. We must then be more ignorant and stupid than even our sectarian ministers believe us, if, in praying to them because as his friends they are dear to him, we substitute them for him from whom what we seek can alone come. If we believe they themselves give it, why do we ask them to pray him to grant it? Cannot our acute and ingenious doctor see that the invocation of saints renders the error he supposes Catholics fall into utterly impossible in the case of the most ignorant Catholic, and that it tends to fix the mind and the heart directly on the fact that every good and every perfect gift is from above and cometh down from the Father of lights? Can he not see that the intercession we invoke is a clear confession of the truth he thinks it obscures or obliterates? If we think the good comes from them, why do we ask them to intercede with Christ to bestow it? Why not ask it of them?

But is it true, as the tract affirms, that we ask nothing of Mary and the saints in heaven that it would be improper to ask of our fellow-Christian? This is not precisely what the tract asserts. It asserts that asking their prayers and influence is exactly of the same nature, that is, the same in principle, with what Christians do when they ask the pious prayers of one another. To this the preacher replies:

"I hold here a volume of 800 pages, almost every one of which contains an answer to these questions, so far as I honestly read it, in the affirmative. It is *The Glories of Mary*, by St. Alphonsus Liguori, approved by John, Archbishop of New-York. I scarcely know where to begin quoting, or to cease.

"O Mary, sweet refuge of miserable sinners, assist me with thy mercy. Keep far

from me my infernal enemies, and *thyself* to take my soul and present it to the final Judge." "All the mercies ever bestowed upon men have come through Mary. Mary is called the gate of heaven, because no one can enter heaven if he does not go through Mary, who is the door of it; we have access to the eternal Father through Jesus Christ, so we have access to Jesus Christ only through Mary."

"Mary is the peacemaker between sinners and God." "My Mother Mary, thy hands I commit the cause of my salvation. To thee I consign my soul, which was lost, but thou must save it." "Thou art the advocate, the mediatrix of redemption, the only hope, and the most secure refuge of sinners." "I place in thee all my hopes of salvation." "She is the advocate of the world and the true mediatrix between God and man." "Blessed is he who comes to her with love and confidence to those channels of salvation, Jesus and Mary." "Deliver me from the burden of my sins; from the darkness of my mind; banish earthly affections from my heart." "O Lady, deliver us from sinners to saints."

Tastes differ, and not every Catholic would employ every expression used by St. Alphonsus in *Glories of Mary*; but none of his expressions convey to the Catholic mind what they do to the Protestant mind; for Catholics have a knowledge of their meaning in their faith in the incarnation. The strongest objection is justified by the relation of Mary to that great mystery in which heaven and earth and from which radiates the whole of Christianity. From her was taken the flesh, that human nature, in which God redeems and saves us; and being taken from her, she has a relation to God, our Saviour, and consequently to our redemption and salvation, which no other woman, no creature, has or can have. The Litany explains the passages in the Litany of our Lady of Loretto, those passages of St. Alphonsus and other Catholic writers which assert that all mercies and graces come from God through her. They all assert that from God in his human nature;

ture was taken from her, in some sense come from her. They come through her, as they come from God as Father. They also come through her, as they come from God, her divine Son, who loves her as his mother, and delights to honor with the glory that a creature can receive; and he confers the favors morally only through her intercession, as all the special honor that is done only in consequence of her relation as his mother, and we carry that honor theologically distinct, and energetic confirmation of the fact of the incarnation, and the more impossible for us to put her in the place of the Incarnate Word, or to deny her for her Son, who is mediator of God and men, Christ Jesus. To do so is not only to rob him of his glory, but to deny her title to that given to her as the mother. Catholics are not carrying anything so illogical and

to the other expressions. St. Alphonsus is in this line in the incarnation and efficacy of the Saint in the efficacy of Mary's prayer, intercession for us with her.

He confides to Mary, and hands the cause of his nation, as the client confuses to his advocate or lawyer. "My soul," he says, "was in thy hands—by thy Son, who will do nothing thou dost ask, because thou never ask but what hee to ask, and what is his will, and he delights to see before heaven and granting thy requests. In your understanding the expression—advocate," "the media-

trix of reconciliation;" and all the rest. The term mediatrix is not the best possible, because it is liable to mislead not a Catholic, but a non-Catholic, who believes little in the incarnation, and refuses to interpret the language of Catholics by the official teaching of their church. The Catholic always knows in what sense it is said, and for him the explanations are never necessary; still less are they necessary for Him who sees and knows the thoughts and intents of the heart before they are even formed. It is the duty of non-Catholics to consult the standards of the church and to explain what seems to them difficult or inexact in the warm and energetic expressions of Catholic love and devotion by them; and it is not honest to found a charge against Catholics on such expressions without having done so. The preacher continues:

"IS IT HONEST to accuse Catholics of putting the Blessed Virgin or the saints in the place of God or of the Lord Jesus Christ? You have the answer. You know the place which God claims for himself the 'honor which He will not give to another.' You have heard from the very words of the Roman Catholics themselves the place to which they exalt the spirits of departed men and women."

Yes, you have the answer such as your minister gives; and we have shown that his answer misinterprets facts which he does not understand; that it refuses to interpret them by the key furnished in the official teaching of the church; that it contradicts itself, and proves, if anything, the falsity of the very charge it undertakes to establish, and therefore clears neither him nor you, if you accept it, from the charge of dishonestly bringing false accusations against the church of God.

"IS IT HONEST to assert that the Catholic Church grants any indulgence or permission to commit sin—when an 'indulgence,' according to her universally received doctrine, was

never dreamed of by Catholics to imply, in any case whatever, any permission to commit the least sin; and when an indulgence has no application whatever to sin until after sin has been repented of and pardoned?"

The preacher has the air of conceding that this charge is unfounded, and says, "If it is made, it does not appear to be sustained; yet he maintains that indulgences really remit the punishment due to sins committed after the indulgence has been bought and paid for; for they are alleged to preserve the recipient in grace till death, in spite of subsequent sins." And he cites the case of Tetzel, in the sixteenth century, in proof. He adduces what purports to be a form of absolution published by Tetzel, and offered for sale in the market-places of Germany. The form of absolution alleged is manifestly a forgery, and a very stupid forgery; and besides, absolution and indulgences are very different things, and the indulgence affects only a certain temporary punishment that remains to be expiated after the absolution is given or the eternal guilt is pardoned, and is rather a commutation than a remission of even that temporary punishment, which, if not commuted or borne here, must be expiated hereafter in purgatory. There is no *form* of indulgence; there are *conditions* of gaining an indulgence; but there is no certificate given to the effect that we have obtained it. If we have sincerely complied with the conditions prescribed by the pope, we gain it; but whether we have gained it neither we nor the church can know in this life without a special revelation. Every Catholic knows that to offer money for it would argue a disposition on his part that would render it impossible, while he retained that disposition, to gain an indulgence. No one can gain an indulgence while in a state of sin, and hence indulgences are not at any price

profitable things to purchase. Tetzel exaggerated the virtue of indulgences as asserted by him and his friends; but that he sold them for sale in the market was never, we believe, even proved until after his death—was and has been proved. Luther's friends complained that he was making a scandal, and procured his arrest and imprisonment in a convent, his order, where he died two years after, without the matter, on account of the troubles of the times, even going to a judicial investigation for Luther's own testimony, in touching his hatred against Rome is of no account.

"The only sense," continues the passage, "in which the Roman Church has ever granted licenses for crime, has been in this, in nouncing (not in America, in this country) a tariff of cash-prices at which (in expiation) all evil consequences of certain crimes, whether in this world or the world to come, would be cancelled. The price-current in Germany in the sixteenth century, as follows: for polygamy, six ducats; for sacrilege and perjury, nine ducats; for murder, eight ducats. In Switzerland in the same period, the price was for infanticide, four francs; for parricide or fratricide, one ducat."

This seems to us quite enough to show that a Catholic will perceive that our friend is not very well posted in Catholic matters. He evidently founds sacramental absolution on indulgences, and indulgences on the dispensations which the pope grants in particular cases, not on the law of God, nor the law of nature, but from her own ecclesiastical authority and supposes that the fees paid to the chancery for the necessary documents in the various cases that come before it, are the fees paid to the faithful for indulgences and pardon of their sins.* A man

* For a full proof of the forgery of the absolution in the book called *Tax-Book of the Roman Curia*, see Bishop England's *Letters to Dr. Keble*, Works of Bishop England, vol. iii. p. 13.

of matters of which he knows; is liable to say some very things. Nevertheless, the preacher says expressly, and we do not mean to concede the made by the tract, that indulgences are not licenses to commit sin; he has labored to make his position as little offensive to his distant brethren as possible. He concedes it. "I think, however," he says, "that the author of the tract is right in claiming that it is just to assert that the Catholic Church grants any indulgence or license to commit sin." No, she does not do such thing, she only "intimates beforehand her willingness, if and such crimes are committed, that it is all right with the malefactor both in this world and the next to come, for penitence—and He who should offer cash for absolution would receive for another's money perish with thee!"

HONEST to repeat over and over again: Catholics pay the priests to pardon—such a thing is unheard of anywhere in the Catholic Church—when any man of the kind is stigmatized as a sinner, and ranked along with murderers, blasphemers, etc., in every catechism work on Catholic theology?"

The preacher thinks it is very honest, because, if the church prohibits simony, it is very honest that it sometimes happens. If simony had never been committed, the church would never have occasion to legislate on the matter. It was argued that for a long time the crime of parricide was unlawful at Rome, because there was no prohibiting and punishing it. This is his answer, and a proof, we think, of his candor of which he is so proud of his readiness to die rather than dishonestly repeat a false charge against the church! The real accusation against the church, which the

tract denies can be honestly made, is that Catholics are required to pay, or that the priest can lawfully exact pay, for the pardon or absolution he pronounces in the sacrament of penance. It does not necessarily deny that the thing may sometimes be done, but, if so, it is unlawfully, is a sin, and ranked along with murder, adultery, etc. The sin of simony, in one form or another, has in the history of the church often been committed, and those who committed it are, in general, favorites with Protestant historians, who seldom fail to brand as haughty tyrants and spiritual despots the noble and virtuous popes who struggled energetically against it, and did their best to correct or guard against the evil. But honest men will not hold the church responsible for the misdeeds of unprincipled men, which she prohibits and exerts all the power of her discipline to prevent and punish. The case is too plain to need argument. Penance, the church teaches, is a sacrament, of which absolution is a part, and to sell any sacrament or part thereof is simony, a grievous sin; and though there is no sin that may not have been committed, yet the fact of a priest, however depraved, demanding pay for sacramental pardon or absolution is not known to have ever occurred. The church prohibits it, indeed, but only in prohibiting simony, and we are not aware that she has ever passed any special law against this particular species of simony; and therefore the argument of the preacher falls to the ground, and for aught he shows, it is true to the letter that the thing is unheard of.

"IS IT HONEST to persist in saying that Catholics believe that their sins are forgiven merely by the confession of them to the priest, without a true sorrow for them, or a true purpose to quit them—when every child finds the contrary distinctly and clearly stated in the

catechism, which he is obliged to learn before he can be admitted to the sacraments? Any honest man can verify this statement by examining any Catholic catechism."

"Nothing," says the preacher, "could be more conclusive than this logic, if we could constantly presume that the belief and practice of the people always coincide exactly with the teaching of the catechism." If the coincidence were perfect, there would be no sins to confess, no need of the sacrament of penance, and no question as to the condition of ghostly absolution or pardon could ever be raised. But as the preacher finds nothing to object to under this head in the teaching or official practice of the church, we must presume that he finds the logic of the tract, whatever may be the deceptions, if any, practised upon the priest, is quite conclusive, and he certainly concedes quite enough to show that the accusation against the church which the tract repels, cannot be honestly repeated. We would remind the preacher that no one is forced against his will to go to confession, and the very fact of one's going is presumptive proof of sincere sorrow for his sins, and a resolution, weaker or stronger, God helping him, to forsake them. Why should he seek to deceive the priest, when he knows that if he seeks to do so, he would not only receive no benefit from the absolution, but would commit the grievous sin of sacrilege by profaning the sacrament?

"IS IT HONEST to say that Catholics believe that man, by his own power, can forgive sin—when the priest is regarded by the Catholic Church only as the agent of our Lord Jesus Christ, acting by the power delegated to him, according to these words, 'Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained?' St. John xx. 23."

The preacher has offered no reply, or, if he has, we have overlooked it,

to this grave accusation; perhaps has none to make. The journey, however, attempt a reply, the point of which is, that, though the states truly the official teaching of the church, yet Catholics practically believe, as every one knows, that the priest has had intercourse with them; it is the priest, not God, who they believe pardons sin. This, too, substantiates the reply of Mr. [unclear] throughout. The tract states the doctrine of the church corrects all the points made, but then the pretended, is not the doctrine of the Catholic people, the practical doctrine of Catholics, and gives no hint to the practical workings of the man system—a clear confession they really have nothing to object to Catholic doctrine and practice though they have much to object in what is no doctrine or teaching practice of the church. The result of this, we suppose, is, that they have no conception of the church. We think it is very likely that the many Catholics who cannot understand very scholastically the distinction between efficient cause and instrumental or medial cause; but put the question to the most ignorant Catholic you can find. "Do you believe a priest as a man in confession pardons your sins?" as soon as he gets to what you are driving at, he will answer: "No; he pardons or absolves them as a priest." This answers the charge that the priest does not absolve virtue in him as a man, but by virtue of his priestly office, to which he is appointed by the Holy Ghost; that as the minister, or as the tract states the agent of our Lord Jesus Christ, Catholics unhappily do not commit their life to their faith; but you will find that the faith of the people is that of the church, that which the church officially teaches; and there is no room for the distinction

atholic ministers and journals, their best resort in self-vindication, make between Catholicity and immunities of the church and the efficacy that works practically in the faith and lives of the Catholic whether learned or unlearned. They talk about the practical workings of the system is moonshine, at variance with the record, to which the Catholic is bound to reply. We are required to believe and defend what the church teaches and defend her children:

The tract concludes with the following,

HONEST to make these and many other charges against Catholics — when we meet and abhor such false doctrines as those do who make them, and we are too, without ever having read a book, or taken any honest means of ascertaining the doctrines which the Catholic Church really teaches? AMERICANS AND THEIR PLAY."

In spite of all that sectarian ministers and journals can say, the candid and fair-minded Americans answer, to each question the same, No! it is not honest, but dishonest; for every one is free to judge Catholics by the facts of the church, open to all eyes. And these manifestly dishonest accusations.

We have attempted no defence in the name of our holy religion itself. We have only attempted to show our honest accusers that their efforts to make themselves honest, in their charges against the church and her faithful children, are unsuccessful.

They have not successfully impeached the tract in a single instance, nor vindicated themselves from a single one of its charges; nor can they do it. Many things may be said against the immaculate spouse of Christ; the daughters of the uncircumcised may call her black, may rail against her, and call her all manner of hard names; but she stands ever in her loveliness, all pure, and dear to her Lord, who loves her, and gave his life for her, and dear to the heart of every one of her loving children, and all the dearer from the foul aspersions cast upon her by the ignorant, the foolish, and the malicious.

We have not taken much notice of the professions of candor and independence of the preacher; for we have never much esteemed professions which are contradicted by deeds; nor are we easily won by fine things said of individual Catholics by one who in the same breath calumniates the holy Catholic Church. Few sermons have we read that show a more decided hostility to our religion than these of the Rev. Leonard W. Bacon, of Brooklyn, which are unredeemed from their low sectarian character by any depth of learning, extent of historical research, force of logic, richness of imagination, flow of eloquence, or sparkle of wit. We have found them very commonplace and dull; we have found it a dull affair to read and reply to them; and we fear that our readers will find our reply itself very dull, for dulness is contagious.

MAGAS ; OR, LONG AGO.

A TALE OF THE EARLY TIMES.

CHAPTER IX.

"SHE is bewitched, my lord," said her attendants to Magas, as he stood the next day by the bedside of Chione, and she knew him not. "She is bewitched. Chloe and two or three others heard the spell muttered just before she fell."

Magas looked incredulously, yet half-believing what they said. "Why, who can have bewitched her?"

"The Christians, my lord ; there were many present, and they came on purpose. They failed the first time, but they did it the next."

Magas gazed at Chione, as she lay, for the most part insensible, yet at intervals uttering incoherent words which alarmed them all. He said softly, "Chione?"

She started up and gazed fiercely at him. "Begone!" she said, "you have lost me my soul for ever ; begone!" And she struck him a violent blow.

"It is ever thus, my lord," said an attendant consolingly, "when people are thus attacked by the furies ; they hate those most that they loved the best."

"What makes you think the Christians have bewitched her?"

"They are practising magic all over, and playing all kinds of tricks throughout the country."

"But why should they attack your mistress?"

"Why, my lord—" And the woman hesitated.

"Well, what?"

"Well, my lord, they do say she was once one of them ; and when any

one leaves them, they never them—they torment them for

"Pshaw! what nonsense is

"I did not make the story lord ; more than one says so

"Let those in this house be ever saying it again then, unless are fond of being scourged."

Magas turned away. He was satisfied, however. He remembered the meeting with the bishop, as

afterward discovered him to be knew, too, that Lady Damaris

counted a Christian, and that always shrank from naming her

Christians had a great name in

magic : but Dionysius and the Lady

maris were of the highest faith. Magas paced for many hours

in the grove to which he had walked, then suddenly betook him to the

bishop's residence.

He was admitted, courteously received ; but it was some time

before he returned the bishop's gratitude. Dionysius waited his pleasure

for the courtesy for which he was indebted.

At length Magas said : "I think you have done it."

"Done what, my son?"

"Bewitched Chione ; made her mad."

"Is Chione ill?"

"She is very ill, she is raving insensible by turns."

"Your words seemed just imply I was concerned in her illness."

"Her attendants think—tell me, noble Dionysius, is that Chione was ever a Christian?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because it is important to

ans should know that, if they bewitched her in revenge for leaving them, they must undo the t once, or brave my ven-

s much, at least, I may tell e Christians have not be-her."

she fainted at some words close to her, and that was d interruption of the even-

son, you must not make me ble for the interruptions ; I present at your meeting."

but some Christians were ; been ascertained."

a so ; each one must answer elf."

did not send them there?"

I not !"

; will you tell me, *was* ever a Christian?"

ould rather that she answer lf."

is not in a state to answer lf, and your answer may pre-e suffering ; if she was never ian, those slaves shall be l who affirm she was."

s had hit on the right as he intended ; the bishop l at once : "Spare the poor y son. I baptized Chione

ized?"

admitted her within the he church by washing away by that she became a Chris-

long ago?"

ut fifteen months before she ing from Corinth."

n did she leave your socie-

opose when she left Corinth ; ot spoken with her since."

r present illness connected Christianity?"

can I possibly tell, my son?

VOL. VII.—17

I have not seen her ; mental agita-tion may have caused it, and her leaving her religion may have caused that ; how can I tell?"

"But has magic been used upon her?"

"Not by Christians, decidedly ; and I should think, not at all. Her brain is probably over-worked, and she has been suffering from over-excitement : these will frequently cause derangement."

"And you think religion has no-thing to do with it?"

"I did not say that, my son ; to profess one thing and believe another must occasion uneasiness, until the conscience is dead. I should say, from your account, that Chione is suffering from mental disturbance, brought on by her unfaithfulness to her own convictions. Once a Chris-tian, she must still feel its influence ; and unwilling to yield to its teachings, she writhes under its power."

"That is it, that is what her nurses say ; she is under the power of the Christians—bewitched by them. Now, that spell must be undone."

"If it is in her own mind, caused by her own act, *no one* can undo it, as long as *her* will remains perverse."

"What does this mean?" said Magas.

"It means this, my friend : Chris-tianity links the soul to the living God from which it sprang. To be-come a Christian is not a myth, not a mere intellectual conviction, not an adoption of philosophical tenets : it is an *act*, a solemn act of *surrender* ; it is an acknowledgment that the world has been disturbed by influences foreign to the true God ; it is a renunciation of those influences, a solemn reunion of the soul with the Eternal Soul, the Creator, the Up-holder, the Redeemer ; it is positive. A soul so linked by her own free consent, placed under influences un-

known to those outside, must, so long as conscience speaks at all, suffer from the conflict she is undergoing, in breaking loose from a personal intercourse with her Maker, as also from a revelation of truth, beauty, and goodness, to plunge anew into the darkness of human guesses."

"You speak in enigmas, my lord ! I presume one must be initiated to understand you. Meantime, tell me, can you do anything for Chione ?"

"I am somewhat of a physician, although no professor of magic. I will see your patient, if it will give you comfort."

Magas bethought him : the visit of a Christian bishop to his house would be too remarkable. What was he to do ? Suddenly he said : "What could possess Chione to make herself a Christian ?"

"I believe it was the love of truth and beauty. She sought a key to the mysteries of life, and Christianity offered her one."

"And yet she left it !"

"It is by no means clear that she has left it, otherwise than by *act*. She is an unfaithful member, but she still believes, or it would have no power over her."

"I wonder is it religion that is making her so ill ? My Lord Dionysius, among her former companions, do you know one whose discretion you could trust to take care of her for a day or two, who would be competent to discover whether Christianity is disturbing her ?"

"I know an amanuensis who might perhaps be willing to oblige you ; we will see." They left the house by a side-door. The bishop led the way through a narrow path for some distance, till they came to a villa. Here he made a signal at the gate ; it was opened by an old servitor, who bowed profoundly as he admitted him and his companion. Dionysius whispered

a word in his ear, and the old tottered on before to a side entrance which he left open. They entered, and very shortly another door opened into a small library. A lady waiting there ; they saluted her. Magas recognized Lotis.

The bishop quickly made the purport of his visit, and willingly offered her services. Lotis, however, demurred. "Is it possible," said he ; "are you really a Christian ?"

"I have that happiness," said Lotis.

"Why, how can it be ? how can those lofty minds like yours, which Chione's can ally yourselves with a drivelling set ?"

Lotis smiled as she observed, "Think, Lord Magas, that the immortal Dionysius, who stands beside me, will scarcely feel complimented."

Magas blushed and apologized. "Forgive me," he said ; "I am completely confounded to-day, I do not know what I am saying."

Dionysius said smilingly, "I do not know what Christianity is, but I therefore stand excused before you. Do you wish Lotis to accompany you to Chione ?"

"The more, as I think she will scarcely be suspected of—" Lotis hesitated. The bishop filled the gap for him—"of belonging to a drivelling set. No ; and Chione even does not know it ; so your secret will be doubly safe. You may confide in Lotis entirely."

CHAPTER X.

LOTIS took her place by the side of her friend, but she found the situation almost a sinecure. The lady Chione did not recognize her, and she was very uneasy in her present position. "Take those large black eyes from me," she would say. Lotis found herself reduced to

the next room, as Magas still
her to stay and direct pro-
; and to beguile the hours,
pied herself in what had be-
most a business with her, in
ing the gospels and apostol-
for the use of the different
Magas often visited her,
ld have shared her watch,
permitted it ; but this she
ot hear of ; so he was
to be content with frequent
inquire after the progress of
and by degrees to study the
nts on which Lotis was en-

ned to manifest the interest
he took them to his own
it, and studied first, then se-
pied the writings with his
l. Weeks went on ; Chione's
proved, but her insanity did
away. Lotis proposed she
be removed to a dwelling in
neighborhood of Lady Damaris'
nd be there tended.

influences are about her
e said, "counteracting each
There all will be in unison."
ssented. "I am no longer
Christians," he said ; "but
one *once* believing what is
ten," continued he, produc-
gospel he had written out
own hand—"how any one,
ieving, can fall away, is a

I would give all my pos-
to have the faith, the confi-
God, herein described. Faith
mean the creature's power
derived from God. Could
el that God is my Father in
the gospel has it, I would
to philosophy for ever, and
t."

you are not angry that
s a Christian?" said Lotis.
angry that she has acted
nd imposed upon me," he

"It was love of you that constrain-
ed her. Forgive her, Magas."

"Love of me! Did she not know
I love truth? I can never believe her
again."

Lotis left the apartment and pro-
ceeded to superintend the removal of
Chione.

Magas went to the bishop, to make
arrangements for Chione's mainte-
nance ; he wished to settle revenues
on her ere he departed.

"Depart! are you about to leave
Athens, my son?"

"Yes, father ; it has become hate-
ful to me, since I no longer love
Chione."

"You do not intend to desert
her?"

"I leave her in good hands ; what
can I do more?"

"Her whole being is bound up in
you ; through you she sinned."

"That is the worst of it ; I cannot
look at her without feeling that ; but
yet, I knew not she was a Christian,
nor did I know how sublime the
Christian faith is. I cannot forgive
her for abandoning her faith."

"But you are not a Christian, Ma-
gas?"

"No! I am waiting for the mani-
festation of God. I am going to the
apostle who has heard and seen,
who works miracles in the name of
Jesus ; I am going to ask of this Je-
sus the *power* of faith."

"What do you mean by the power
of faith, Magas?"

"The power of becoming a son of
God, of being free, with the freedom
of old Merion, who is more free amid
his chains than the young world-
lings with their power and wealth.
Free from my own passions, which
master me and blind me ; free from
false knowledge, which misleads me ;
free from the power of habit, which
enslaves me. I want power to endure
that crucifixion which dying to these

objects will occasion me. I feel my own nature rebelling against my aspiration, and I want power to conquer it. The apostle says the gospel is power unto salvation, and that power is needed where life must be one combat, as mine must be for the time to come."

Dionysius, too modest to arrogate to himself the gifts which daily experience proved him to possess, of working miracles to attest the power of God, simply said, "The holy apostle Paul is even now at Corinth; you cannot do better than seek him there; I myself will shortly do the same."

CHAPTER XI.

Two years have passed; such years! Magas has left Athens, has become a Christian—nay, a Christian preacher. His property has been more for others than himself; for he has renounced wealth, pomp, earthly power, to follow the footsteps of that wondrous convert who was brought to Christ by being struck down to earth by excess of light—blinded by glory—by seeing the heavenly vision with the unprepared eyes of earth. By St. Paul confirmed in the faith, Magas was, through the same apostle, set apart for the ministry through the laying on of hands. Magas has so completely changed his nature, his very features seem altered. The young Athenian noble, proud of a long line of ancestry, but seeks to devote his days to the one Master who shares his undivided heart.

Yet he returned to Athens, and his voice was heard by Chione.

All night she listened; in her short slumbers she dreamed of him; in the morning her wandering senses had returned. Lotis entered her room with her breakfast; and the wild light in Chione's eyes had subsided. She looked around; she in-

quired, "Where am I? I am here?"

"I am here to tend you, dear one; you have been ill."

"Ill!" said Chione, passing her hand over her brow; "I had a long, strange dream! Magas?"

"I do not know," said Lotis.

"He was here last night," said Chione. "I heard his voice; I watched for him; why did he go away?"

"I cannot tell you," said Lotis.

"Cannot tell! Is not his house? is he not at home?"

"No! this is not his house," said Lotis; "he has been away from Athens, and he left you here to take care of. Now you must ask more questions, but take your time. I will send to Magas to see if you are better."

Lotis left the room and summoned another attendant, charging her to be careful of her speech, lest the returned reason should again find she herself sought the bishop to know of the change.

It required some care to tell Chione the tidings that she had heard of the house of the Lady Damaris for two years she had been a victim to a most cruel malady of the heart during which time Lotis had taken every possible care of her; and Magas had been, during that time, away. Reawakened reason tottered again on its throne. Chione's pride was evidently hurt.

"Two years! two long years! that the end of my triumph was! a mad woman! What has Magas been doing?"

"He will tell you that before long; he will be here soon."

"Two years! two long years! Magas!"

.

met! But is this Magas? Chione? The long, lank hair, most starting from their sockets, that form, so shrunken, so its former beauty, can this Venus Urania? And Apollo! recognize him in that weakened form, coarsely clad, and humble, though an intellectuality still sat upon the

is Magas? the same, and changed? Magas, speak to

are then recovering at last,

ast! yes! I knew not of this till I recovered. Strange is mind is, Magas! I lived when you were absent—I died; you brought me back to life."

"You were ill before I left one. It was a higher voice to you, to which you turned, that caused your illness." "What mean you?"

"The remorse you felt for abandoned faith upset your energies. Venus Urania could not have been enacted by a man."

"I have discovered my secret but I am a Christian no

do not say that, Chione; say, you will repent, do penance. You cannot at will cast away the effect those words produced. You show that you still be-

lievers believe and tremble," the unfortunate woman; "not faith they have."

"You are not yet a reprobate—yet beyond recall. Chione, I entreat you, do not lie to your own eyes. You cannot deceive him, and power, does not your past make you tremble for the fu-

"What means this altered tone, Magas?" said Chione bitterly. "Are you turned against me? Ah! I see how it is! Two years of absence, two years of illness, have done their work. Man's constancy is of a summer day; the winter comes, he freezes with the cold; for the love within no longer glows, no longer sends the blood rushing through the veins with a warmth that defies exterior cold. Some other form fresher than this frame impaired by sickness hath replaced Chione in your heart. You come to bid me farewell. Farewell, Magas."

Deceived by her feigned calmness, Magas rose. "Again, Chione, I entreat you to return to the religion you have abandoned."

"And do penance at the church door in sackcloth and ashes? Is that your meaning? Will you be there to see me beg the prayers of the faithful as they pass in to the mysteries from which I am excluded?"

This was said with an inconceivable mixture of sarcasm and bitterness.

"Love could sweeten even such an act as that," said Magas; "surely, even that is better than apostasy."

"And who are you that dare to twit me with apostasy? False one, wearied of thy old love, seeking another," (here she seized the arm of Magas,) "tell me," she said fiercely, "what is the name of the fair one for whom you abandon me?"

"Why would you know?" asked Magas.

"That I might tear her limb from limb!" said the frenzied woman.

"That is beyond your power, Chione. Him I love sits enthroned in the heavens. I have no earthly love. Chione, farewell. Remember, Magas blesses you—blesses you as he leaves you. You will not see him

soon again, for Magas is a Christian priest."

He left her.

No, the energies did not depart as she started to her feet on hearing the last words—"a Christian priest!" "Magas! Oh! had I known, could I have guessed! The love of Magas without losing my religion! Can I regain it? Yes; by penance, Chione, doing penance! Faugh! Chione standing in the cold, clothed in sack-cloth, exposed to the derision of the faithful. 'Twould be easy to love, he said. Did he say so? Love must be boiling hot indeed to sweeten such an act as that; and my love, ah! ah! love for religion, such a religion as that, ah! ah! ah!"

The poor woman raved, but alas! there was too much method in her madness. Wilfully she shut out faith; wilfully she turned to hate all that heretofore she had held dear; but she acted for a while with an earthly prudence that deceived those around her.

She staid with the Lady Damaris until she had recovered health and strength, until she had made herself sure of the independence Magas had settled on her. Then she left, and opened a school of philosophy, which was soon filled. Her former reputation did her much service in that respect, and that she had escaped from the enchantments of the Christians, who had tried to destroy her, added to the interest she inspired. She soon recovered her former beauty, and she studied now, studied deeply, how to thwart the Christians, how to demonstrate that whatever was beautiful in their religion they had stolen from the muses; that whatever was mystical came to them from Hindostan, the seat of mysticism; that whatever was reasonable and ethical they had learned from philosophy. It was a splendid success in Athens, that

philosophical school of Chione; it flattered the passions while it gave the grace of eloquence and command over them. All beauty and melody were made to yield to the utmost sweetness there. Her pupils were of the rich, the great, the noble. They could practise the magnificent course of study alternately with the ease that she prescribed: "That is the aim of existence, refinement, cultivation, a correct system of life makes perfect enjoyment. It gives interest, lifts one above vulgar cares. Art ennobles and civilizes. Athens is still the central point of art, science, and philosophy," said Chione.

CHAPTER XII.

"INDEED, Lotis, you must have more hope than that; you must not bid me despair."

The words were spoken so loudly that they were heard by one who was passing by. The speaker was Magas, the passer-by was Chione. Magas, lamenting over the account she had heard of Chione's continuance to grace. Chione applied the words another meaning; she ascribed them to a passion felt for Lotis, and her heart burned with love and jealousy.

"Magas was then, returning to Athens. What was he doing there? He set spies on his steps. He was often at the bishop's house, often at the Christian assembly; but he often had interviews with Lotis. The fact, which might have been explained by the occupation of a man who supplied copies of books, was otherwise interpreted by the jealous woman, and she resolved on the destruction of Lotis. If she

gain the love of Magas, at least could not have a rival. She flourished in the city. Nero's attention, though but little felt in the colonies, could be brought to Lotis should not live to triumph over her by a Christian marriage. The idea was insupportable. At this point, Chione had kept herself unfettered from human ties since Magas had departed. She loved Magas, and though many made her offers of marriage, she did not resolve to accept them. She was alike elegant and proper. Who was worthy to succeed an Athenian after an Athenian paid her ; gay, witty, and attractive, Chione accepted none. It was a matter of great wonder in so contentious a city as Athens.

A greater wonder still was that a new Roman prætor arrived. A rude barbarian he seemed to the Ionians of Athens : certainly not distinguished for refinement, for learning, or for eloquence, but it was soon observed that he held him enthralled, and, more remarkable, that she was to favor him.

As it happened, people could not tell, but a different spirit seemed to animate Athens. The Christians, long despised were becoming popular and at length hated. When an edict had been first made that it made little impression ; but by and by a voice was found, to proclaim that there were Christians in the city practising magic to the detriment of all good citizens.

Poor slaves were seized and sold before the prætor ; they were ruthlessly condemned on accusing themselves Christians. The people were startled, but poor slaves and their friends, and the matter blew over. Suddenly the prætor grows religious, decrees foreign to the

usual spirit of Athenian government are enacted ; a test is instituted, and several free citizens of Athens have to abide the scrutiny ; executions follow, and Chione's reputation suffers, for it is currently reported that it is she who instigates the inquiry and persecutes the new sect.

The Roman prætor evidently takes the counsel of her. But there comes one concerning whom even he hesitates ; a young lady, daughter of a philosopher, one beloved for her private virtues, is brought before the judge. "Sacrifice to the genius of the emperor." "I cannot." "Why not?" "I am a Christian." How often have the words been repeated ; they are so simple, yet so fraught with consequence ; how many perished under that simple interrogatory ! Lotis undergoes it ; she is remanded ; the prætor seeks to release her ; he is sick of his office when it hits upon the young, the innocent, the lovely ; the outside interests him, he cannot see the soul. Faith, ever young, has sustained many an aged slave, wrinkled with age ; has adorned many a worker embrowned and toil-worn, bearing marks on his frame that his life has not been spent in uselessness ; but these excited only a passing interest, if any—they were common people (would that the toiling saints were more common !) they went to their doom, by fire or by the headsman, unmarked by men and unpitied, though Heaven assumed their souls with hymns of joy, dressed them in white garments, crowned them with brilliants, endowed them with perpetual youth and with beauty that never will fade. But here comes a lady. The prætor understands that she has slaves to wait upon her, every luxury attends her ; she may lead a life of indolence, if she pleases. These are the exterior signs, the signs that awaken commiseration. The prætor hesitates.

Chione does not hesitate. The prisoner is not only a Christian, she is a member of a conspiracy just laid open to Chione's apprehension. She has lived in the city longer than the prætor, she knows its dangers. This Lotis is a dangerous person, she is a personal enemy to Chione; she must die; nay, Chione names the manner of her death; she is to die by fire. The prætor, infatuated by his passion for the guilty woman who prescribes to him the sentence he is to pronounce, submits, gently hinting that he looks for his reward. "Reward!" says Chione to herself, "is not a smile from me reward enough for a barbarian like him?" And in her egotism, she really believes she is speaking the simple truth.

The sentence is pronounced; horror seizes the city; to-morrow the flames are to consume the conspirators, who are many in number; and Lotis is among them; there is no escape.

The ancient bishop contrives, however, to visit his condemned flock, bearing consolation, courage, and, above all, the blessed sacrament, with him. To each and all he addressed himself according to their needs; if he, too, staid a little longer with Lotis than with the others, it arose out of a previous conversation, and because he wished to promote a holy work.

"My daughter, do you know who has stirred up this accusation against you?"

"I rather guess than know it, father. What have I done to draw down Chione's hatred?"

"She is jealous of Magas in your regard. She cannot appreciate the depth of Christian devotedness; she can understand selfish aims alone."

"Poor Chione!"

"Do you, from your heart, forgive her?"

"I have not thought about forgiveness; I pity her too much."

"Do you remember the consolation we had years ago?"

"About laying down my life for Father, I do."

"Are you willing to do so?"

"If I thought it would save my soul, I am more than willing."

"Pray for her, then, my daughter."

'Twas a wild shriek that rang through the streets that morning. Magas arrived just in time to see the procession set forth, to recognize, to hear Chione's name as one who had procured her condemnation. "Stop, stop!" he had cried to the man soldiery; "stop! It is a mistake; stop! In a few minutes she will be rectified. Stop for a short time, the name of all that is holy!" Magas donned his patrician's robes and scattered largess, as in times of yore, his words would have been heeded; a few minutes would have been granted. Even now, in that manner, his authoritative voice had occasioned a slight pause; the weather-stained appearance of the man to be considered as a pause, and the pause was not long. He rather than ran to Chione's cell. "Come," said he, "it seems to me omnipotent in Athens; could it prevent a murder." He dragged with him to the prætor's house, the great man was absent. A flame lit up the sky! "My daughter, we are too late!" he cried, carrying Chione in his arms, hurried through the streets, to a place set apart for execution. It was already commencing to sing hymns of glory to God, the soul after another departed ward. Magas paused opposite to her; she made a sign of recognition. Magas turned to Chione. "That is a devil," he shrieked, "that you dared to do this?" "Forgive me, Magas, as I forgive her,"

is. "Farewell, Chione! we were in youth, and we meet in heaven." Lotis

heaven! meet in heaven! eaven! I and Lotis meet meet in heaven! Magas, agas, can it be?"

in of Magas was on fire ment, and he held a murder his arms; but he was a priest, and he answered

merciful; Christ died for o penance; it may be yet."

CONCLUSION.

ny years have passed away, dignity of person is con- more solemn martyrdom last we have commemo- take place. The vene- op and his companions, ts, some laymen, are to lay s upon the block—among is. A woman veiled, bear- v remains of beauty or of also there; but not a pri- was there to kneel at the

bishop's feet, to pray for his blessing. That morning, for the first time for long, long years, had that woman knelt within a Christian church—had received the adorable sacrament of the body and blood of our Lord, after years of penance heroically, *lovingly* performed at the entrance to the building. That morning she had been absolved, that morning communicated. Ere he went to his home in heaven, the venerable bishop, who had sustained the fainting and often faltering soul through so many years of expiation, had thought fit to pronounce her purified, to command that she should again take her place among the faithful. She came to thank him; to accompany him—him and Magas! Consoled, the procession moved along. Chione—such was the name of the penitent—knelt as the victims knelt. The bishop, ere he surrendered himself, gave his blessing to all the assembly. Magas preceded him to the block. When the axe fell, the woman fell also. Magas and Chione stood together before the judgment-seat of God.

TRANSLATED FROM LE CORRESPONDANT.

ABYSSINIA AND KING THEODORE.

BY ANTOINE D'ABBADIE.

SH bull having accidentally a railroad, which spoiled of his beloved country, motive. The king of the ds, fired with anger at the f his right, and listening re voice of his courage, s head and butted with his customary to victory against ad invader of his verdant

fields. This battle is an image of that which is going to take place between England and Theodore, King of the Kings of Ethiopia. It is plain that it is not Theodore who represents the locomotive.

Before explaining the true motives of the costly English expedition to Abyssinia, it may be well to look at the physical and moral condition of

the country which is to be the scene of conflict, and where I passed more than ten years of my youth.

The whole extent of territory from Suez and Aquabah to the Strait of Mandeb, or *affliction*, along the shores of the Red Sea, is barren and desolate. The small, scattered towns in this region owe their existence to commercial travelling; and even in the most favored portions of the land it takes a two or three days' journey from the salt water into the interior, before meeting cultivated fields.

The only deep bay in the south of the Red Sea is that of Adulis, which the natives designate by the "Gulf of Velvet," perhaps on account of the smoothness of its waters, sheltered by the palisades which guard it on the eastern side. The English, who are fond of baptizing territories before conquering them, have called this part of the sea, "The bay of Annesley." This name is said to be that of the family of Lord Valentia, who, little versed in geography, imagined that he had discovered in 1809 those celebrated districts anciently frequented by Egyptian merchants in the time of the Ptolemies. The island of Desa, formed by a row of schistous hills, shelters the entrance to the bay of Adulis, which we call by this name in memory of that flourishing city of Adulis, which stood by its waves up to the sixth century of our era. The natives still show the site of that Grecian city, and inform the traveller that it was swallowed up by an earthquake. Of its past greatness, there remain but a small number of carved capitals in the lava of the environs, and some sculptured marbles which seem to display the Byzantine style. Near these ruins is the large village of Zullah, which contained, in 1840, two hundred and fourteen cabins, and a population of about one thousand

souls. It is from Zullah that the shortest route lies to the plains and highlands of Ethiopia, or, as the English call it, Abyssinia.

Except during January and February, when the weather is still warm, Zullah suffers from the frightful heat which pervades the whole of this stretch of low land called *Sannar*, which lies along the sea. When I went to take a bath during the summer, I could not, by reason of the seeming excessive coldness of the water. But placing a thermometer in it, I found the temperature at 48 degrees, while in the shade the thermometer was at 48 degrees. I found it 48 degrees in the between-decks of a French steamer; and when evening brings a refreshing breeze to this burning atmosphere, one is tempted to say with a Frenchman after having escaped during the bloody "reign of terror:" "I have done a great deal, for I have managed to live."

Travellers at this season start at midnight, and traverse, on their way into Ethiopia, a plain as barren and desolation itself. Sometimes they encounter the *Karif*, an atmospheric column of a red brick color, which appears on the horizon like a spectral phantom. This column seems to increase in volume as it approaches the air that drives it along rapidly like a whirlwind. Men and animals are obliged to turn their backs to it, and it covers them with a dry, dusty cloud, as with a mantle of hell. In a few minutes the *Karif* passes away; and men are glad to be free of its hideous gloom, even though they be but to wander again through the intense but quiet heat which prevails over the Samhar. Sometimes, the *Harur*, which the Arabs call *Simoom* or *paison*, surprises the traveller. This wind comes without any previous sign of warning, bel-

ming death like a furnace. The patient camel then puts his head to the ground, rejoiced to find relief in the relative freshness of the living earth; the strongest of the succumb; and such is the complete and complete prostration of strength during the simoom, in the open country I have been so long to hold up a small thermometer to learn at least the temperature of the strange wind, which science has yet failed to explain. This lasted five minutes. They men and beasts die if it lasts for an hour.

crossing those desert plains, the traveller finds the country gradually assume an undulating character. The plain is met. Mountains rise up before him, and deep, verdant valleys end among them.

When we visited those valleys with the hope of seeing a phenomenon rare in Europe. During the summer season caravans repose here in perfect safety under a sky, when suddenly the practice of a native hears a strange sound at the distance, rapidly increasing in loudness. He cries out, "The storm!" and climbs breathlessly up to the highest height. In less than a minute after, the whole valley is covered under a broad and deep cloud, which carries with it trees, rocks, and even wild beasts. In an instant, those torrents descend in a day, and leave no trace of their passage, save ruins of all kinds and pools of stagnant water, indentations of the soil. The nakedness of the mountains shows these strange phenomena.

At the bottom of the funnel in which the traveller stands when he is in one of those valleys, he cannot see the low clouds which let fall their burdens with an abundance of rain out of the tropical climates.

There is very little loam, and still less of roots of trees to absorb this sudden rain; so that it rolls from rock to rock, as on a roof, rushes through every little valley, and mingles in one common river, as frightful as it is transitory. One day, as I arrived just too late to behold it in all its grandeur, I found a solitary individual, who, with a stupefied look, regarded the still humid earth. "God save you," said I, "what news have you? Where are your arms? Can a man like you remain without lance or buckler?" "May you live long and well!" he replied. "The torrent has carried away my lance, my buckler, my ass, my camel, and my whole substance, my wife and my children. Woe is me! Woe is me!" I then turned to my guide and asked him: "Does thy brother speak truly?" "Doubtless," answered he, "and if the torrent came at this moment, unless we were warned of its approach by the small noise of which I have spoken, it is not the most swift-footed, but the most lucky, who would be saved." Then turning toward the son of his tribe—"May God console thee, my brother!" We all repeated this pious wish, and continued our route, without being able to give anything to this wretched man, for we had neither victuals nor money; and from the summit of the neighboring hills we could hear him repeating for a long time, "Woe is me! Woe is me!"

For more than two centuries the civilization and native wealth of Ethiopia have been concentrated around Lake Tana. Just on its shores stands Quarata, the largest city of oriental Africa—proud of its sanctuary and its twelve thousand inhabitants. A little further on is Aringo, the Versailles of the dusky kings. Near it is Dabra Tabor, the capital, or rather the camp of the

last chiefs, as well as of the actual sovereign; and finally, on a spur of mountain which projects to the south, appears Gondar—the famous Gondar, which I have seen, still powerful, although reduced to eight thousand inhabitants, only a fourth of its former population. Of all the faults of King Theodore, that which the Ethiopians will be least ready to forgive is his having systematically burned the city of Gondar. Of seventeen churches, only two have escaped this cool and useless cruelty of the despot.

The Ethiopians are a people of very mixed origin. Languages, institutions, usages, and prejudices, even the shades of color and the formations of the human body, are placed in strange juxtaposition with one another. Except the Somal, who afford instances of tall stature, the Ethiopians are of medium height, have thick lips, white and well-formed teeth, and are of slender frame. Their hair is curly; but straight hair, though rare, is sometimes seen. The Semites have often the aquiline nose of the Europeans. As to the color of the skin, all degrees, from the copper color of the Neapolitan to the jet black of the negro, are found. This latter color is often allied to European features. There is an unconscious and natural grace in all the movements and actions of the Ethiopians. Our sculptors might study their gestures and drapery with profit.

On the coast, to the north of Zullah, live the Tigre, whose language, traditions, and customs entitle them to be considered among the descendants of Sem, like the Hebrews and Arabs. The same must be said of the Tigray, who inhabit the neighboring plateau, and speak a kindred idiom to that of the Tigre. The Amaras, more lively, more intelligent, and more civilized, live in the interior,

and use a language of Semitic origin yet modified by associations with the sons of Cham. This is the language used by most European travellers, for it is commonly employed by the merchant, by the learned, and by diplomacy. The Giiz, or Ethiope, is closely connected with the Tigre, the dead language, the Latin of distant countries. It is used in religious discussions, in philosophical and religious discussions, and sometimes to conceal the sense of a conversation from the vulgar. From Tujurrah to the environs of Zullah, a common language, entirely different from the one which we have mentioned, unites the fractions of the Afar nation, often called Dankalis, but improperly for the Dankalas, the Adali, etc., are only tribes of the Afar. The Sa, who are the most numerous among the inhabitants of Zullah, and extend along all the slopes of the neighboring plain, consider themselves as strangers to the Afar, and speak a distinct but affiliated dialect. Another is much more important by the number of the nations who use it, has the same origin as the Afar tongue. We mean the Ylmorma used by the Oromos, whose name in war is Galla, and who, by reason of their conquests, have extended their dominion from the Afar country as far as the still unknown regions of interior Africa. Called Gallas by all the Christians of Ethiopia, the Oromos threaten, by their proximity, the stronghold of Magdala, where English prisoners have been awaiting for four years the arrival of avenging countrymen.

A serious calculation of the population of any African nation has never been made. As to the census of population, a fatigued and disgusted traveller, looking at them from a distance and but for a moment, might state the census of such

to be ten thousand souls. But, on the contrary, might affirm that at least thirty should be admitted as the number. It is, in fact, almost impossible to form a proper estimate of the population of Ethiopia. Considering the extent of territory, I think there are three or four millions; but, though it is true, it is, though if some other were to maintain that it is ten or eight millions I could not say his opinion, owing to the fact that we do not know the proportions of the inhabited and the uninhabited portions of the country.

II.

There were formerly numerous Christians in Ethiopia. There are not eighty thousand of them left now, and they are rapidly disappearing under the influence of the powerful civilization of the West.

The origin of the Ethiopian Jews dates from the time of the prophet Jeremiah, when commerce was carried on between Alexandria and Ethiopia. At a later period, similar missions were brought to Ethiopia by the Christian missionaries. This was in the beginning of the last century, when the inhabitants of France, were still plunged in the darkness of paganism. They, however, progressed slowly in Ethiopia; for the local Judaism, being so ably separated from that of the West, preserved its political independence during five or six hundred years, withstanding the wonderful success of the native missionaries, whose martyrdoms are still celebrated in the country. Even up to the last century there were pagans in Ethiopia; there are, very probably, still.

At the Mussulman invasion of the last century, Islamism filtered

through Egyptian society. The Christianity of the country became corrupt, and we can liken it to nothing better now than to those lepers who abound in this part of Africa, whose bodies are at first attacked in their extremities, and fall away piecemeal. In the same way, her Christianity perished on the frontiers of Ethiopia. Twenty years before our arrival among the Tigre, they were Christians, or rather they lived in the recollection of their faith; but without baptism or sacrifice, and guided in their prayers by the descendants of their last priests. They became Mussulmans under our eyes, with the exception of their principal chief, who said, with a touching and proud respect for ancient usages, that "a king ought to die in the faith of his fathers." One becomes irritated on reflecting that two or three fervent missionaries could have, at the beginning of this century, rolled back the tide of advancing Mohammedanism, by evangelizing or rather reviving that ancient Christianity whose history goes back as far as St Athanasius, and which we have seen expire after ages of agony.

If we study Christianity in the centre of Ethiopia, we find a somewhat confused schism, but of all schisms the one least removed from Catholic orthodoxy. The only dogmatic points which we regret in this schism are the *one* procession of the Holy Ghost, which has been condemned among us only at a late period, and the belief in only *one* nature, in Jesus Christ, which is publicly professed by the African schools. But the term in the Abyssinian vernacular which we translate by *nature*, has such a vague and obscure signification that, if the word could be destroyed, the schism would no longer exist. It must be remembered that the Ethiopians do not understand the art of defining;

and when I restricted this ambiguous term according to our method, they understood the dogma exactly as we, and congratulated themselves on being, without knowing it, attached to the same faith as Rome, that seat of St. Peter which always commands their respect.

What particularly distinguish their Christianity from ours, are vicious or irregular practices. Like many of the Eastern Christians, they allow the marriage of the clergy; but in the abbeys, where there are professors, they allow no priest to say Mass who is not a celibatarian by vow. "Among you," said an Ethiopian who had visited Europe, "the important practice is to go to church." "And among you," I answered, "the one thing necessary is to prolong your fastings." One is tempted to say that the active people of the West, and the slow and repose-loving nations of the East, have made the principal merit of a Christian to consist in *those pious exercises which cost the least trouble.*

It is impossible to leave this subject without saying a word about the Dabtara, or secular clerics. They were organized by a king who found himself, like many of his royal brethren in Europe, very much embarrassed by those mixed questions, in which the spiritual power seems to invade the domain of the temporal. To keep the balance, between them, he created an intermediary body, called the Dabtara. This order is filled from all classes of society; and it possesses the usufruct of all the churches. It alone takes charge of the temporal affairs of the church, and frequently its members act as parish priests, which is a purely temporal office in Abyssinia. The Dabtara hire by the month, rebuke or dismiss the priest who says Mass. Their essential function consists in

singing in choir. This duty requires a certain education. In European music of our church hymns is changed, the words remaining unaltered. The contrary is the case among the Ethiopians. Their music is traditional and sacramental in every well-ordered church. The rhymed words of every hymn are specially composed for every feast. The twelve Dabtara of every church display their piety, wisdom, and especially their wit in these compositions. They use hymns less ambiguous, to criticise the king, to give a lesson to the head of the monks, and even political hints to the sovereign. By recalling an old personage of the Old Testament, they find occasion to censure the government of the city, to rebuke some Mæcenas who is expected to be present at the service, even, if necessary, to satisfy personal grudge. When a Dabtara advances into the choir to deliver into the ear of the principal chanter the hymn which has been written by the Dabtara, which the singer must know by heart, the other Dabtaras surround the composer, examine the sense of the rhyme, and no matter what the result of their investigation, they always congratulate the happy composer. Sometimes it is discovered that the hymn has not been made by a member of the order, but by some candidate in distress, who, for a sure of meal, often sells to the king the fresh inspirations of his genius.

After the teacher of plainchant, the most important professor who teaches grammar, the teacher of the sacred language, its dictionary, and particularly the art of composing hymns. After the lesson, the pupils spread over the lawn before the church, repeat the precepts just from their professor, and e

ymes or compose hymns, they afterward recite to him to obtain the benefit of his

As in our middle ages, scholars ask alms and live in often they are the only ser- their preceptors. Lively some, like our collegians, many tricks on their fellow- but never on their teacher, y love and almost worship. once chanced at Gondar to how my college-fellows in d eaten the dinner of their and left a sermon on fast- atience on his plate, I was such a torrent of invective, er ventured on a repetition ndal.

ssinia, education is essen- ic and gratuitous. As all ns must be made in the ; which I spoke but poorly ginning, I was obliged to rse to a private tutor, and ished to recompense him ble, I was answered that ould not be sold like any merchandise, and that the he teaching body required : to be transmitted gratui- it as it had been acquired. pian students are generally ent. If they play truant, nts bring them into the here the school is being tie their feet together with ain. Sometimes this dis- neasure is ordered by the and pupils are often seen usting themselves, ask for ns, which are not consider- ls of dishonor. They are n by the higher scholars.

iversity course of the Ethi- composed of four branches, ght be compared to the ties of our own. A fifth evoted to astronomy and ith traditional ideas, has

not been cultivated for some time past. I knew the last professor of this science, who had only one pupil.

The other classes are occupied with the study of the New Testament, the fathers of the church, civil and canon law, and the Old Testament. This last requires an effort of memory of which few Europeans are capable ; for I have never heard but of one man in the West who knew the whole Bible by heart. No one can be a teacher in Ethiopia without knowing by heart the text of the book he is to explain, the variations of four or five manuscripts, and especially the ingenious commentary, sometimes even learned, but always traditional and purely oral, on the text. The degree of bachelor is unknown in that country ; that of doctor is given to the student who is chosen by his professor as capable of explaining in the evening to his comrades the lessons given in class in the morning. In the case of a doubt of his capacity, the teacher is consulted, and his affirmation is considered a sufficient diploma. Great attention and much perseverance are required to make this system of unmethodical education profitable. An aged professor informed me that he had learned to read in three years. He spent two years afterward in learning the liturgical chant, and five years in studying grammar and in composing hymns. He learned how to comment on the New Testament in seven years ; and spent fifteen years on the Old Testament, for the strain on his memory was very great.

I have dwelt somewhat on the Ethiopian colleges because M. Blanc, one of the English prisoners of Magdala, says expressly in his narration : "The Abyssinians have no literature ; their Christianity is only a name ; their conversational power is very

limited." To this testimony, altogether negative, I oppose the statement first made, and which I could prove and extend farther. I will merely add that in Gojjam, as well as at Gondar and elsewhere, I have held disputes with native Christians, on religious, philosophical, and other scientific subjects, and found them as well informed as if they had been brought up in Paris or at London.

With rare exceptions, the regular clergy alone has preserved its virtues and its *prestige*. The secular priests have lost a great part of their importance by the singular institution of the Dabtara. Yet the Ethiopians, jealous of their political independence, and capable of preserving it by the natural influence of their traditional customs, wish to keep religious authority powerful and undivided. To avoid schisms, and as several bishops can consecrate others, they recognize only one, who must be of white race and a stranger to the country. He has always been consecrated by the schismatical patriarch of Alexandria; but, since the last consecration, I was assured that the Abyssinians would make application elsewhere for the future. The title of their bishop is abun. The last abun or aboona was Salama, who having only a semi-canonical appointment, and besides being addicted to all kinds of vice, had very little influence over the inferior clergy or the people. Suspected by the professors and hated by the Dabtara, he planted more thorns than blessings in the hearts of his subjects. A Copt by birth, he at first frequented the English Protestant school at Cairo, and carried afterward to the convent where he made his vows such doctrines of disobedience and incredulous opinions, that the Patriarch of Alexandria thought it would be wise to exile him to Ethiopia as abun,

though he was under the canonical age. In fact, the abun was more anxious for money than for faith. He received the 36,000 francs, which are usually given at present at the investiture of an Abyssinian bishop; and the patriarch thus delivered up distant Ethiopia, too much despised by the Copts, to the vices and vague doctrines of Salama. This ornament of the episcopacy had no sooner arrived in his diocese, than he devoted himself to commerce, especially to the traffic in slaves, which is most profitable. His vices were such that our pen cannot describe them. He told me himself that by mistake he had ordained priest a boy only ten years old, and laughed heartily at the trick played on him in his case. Having learned from Monseigneur de Jacobis the cases which annul an ordination, I told them to the professors of canon law. They kept silence in public; and when I pushed them with questions, they all gave me this answer: "Your objections are true; only, in the name of God, do not scatter them among the Dabtara. Except the Masses said by old priests ordained by the preceding abun, there are none valid, and there is no holy sacrifice in Ethiopia; but the ignorance and strong faith of the faithful will suffice before God for their salvation." Abun Salama, busied with intrigues, in which he thought himself very skilful, was nevertheless, only the tool of the princes, who attached him to them in order to help their political combinations. It was he who consecrated King Theodore, who, after frequently insulting his consecrator, finally cast him into prison, where he lately died.

III.

No matter what the English prisoners may say to the contrary, the

soldiers are very brave, fiercely if they are well com-

As in Europe during the ages, the flower of their army consisted of cavalry. The battle was by the fusiliers, who shoot and their importance had not been comprehended by the native army time. Soon the charge failed, the cavalry rushes to the place the victory is quickly won, the infantry, badly furnished with muskets, pikes, lances, and bucklers, does anything but make prisoners. Every soldier keeps all the arms those he may vanquish, except muskets and blood-horses, which belong to the general. During the latter phase of the victory, the commander-in-chief, deserted by his soldiers, is left almost unarmed. In speaking with Ethiopians, I often mentioned that it was always in vain, how important to have a body-guard for the commander. The first victory of King Theodore, attracted to this necessity afterward. I say a word here about the chief, since she is in one of the remote causes of the British expedition. This good woman once did me a great service in 1848, notwithstanding the elevation of her son to the throne she was still so polite as to approach. She was then a powerful power behind the throne. At that time previously, she was the mother of Kasa, an orphan, living in misery, and relying on all. His poor mother, a pious woman, joined a religious order on the little white bonnet which is its distinctive sign. But she was penniless. The convents were robbed, and every one of them the mother of a rebel. She was finally compelled to turn

Ethiopians take six times a year, to kill the tape-worm, with which most of the inhabitants are afflicted.

Kasa, the rebel of Quara, grew more powerful day by day, and the proud Manan grew angry. Manan was the mother of Ali, the most powerful prince of Central Ethiopia, and the real mayoress of the palace of that *saint* king who ruled at Gondar, only within the precincts of his dwelling. Manan, desiring to be called *ylege*, or queen, an exclusive title in that country, caused the nominal king to be dethroned by her son, and placed her husband, *Yohannis*, or John, in his stead. This prince was an estimable man, and honored me with his friendship.

In 1847, war was waged against the rebel Kasa. The soldiers of Manan insulted their adversary. One gasconading cavalier exclaimed, at a review: "Manan, my great queen, depend on my valor, for I shall lead before you in chains this fellow; this son of a vendor of *koso*!" But Kasa won the battle, and chained the boaster in a hut, where, after a fast of twenty-four hours, he received the following message from Kasa, delivered verbally by a waggish page: "How hast thou passed the night, my brother? How hast thou passed the day? May God deliver thee from thy chains! May the Lord grant thee a little patience! Be sad with me, for yesterday mamma remained at market all day, and could not sell a single dose of *koso*. I have therefore no money to buy bread for thee or for me. May God grant thee patience, my brother! May God break thy chains! It is Kasa who sends thee this message." The next day the officer received the same message. On the third day the irony of the conqueror was slightly changed. After the usual salutations, the page joyfully in-

koso, a drug which the
VOL. VII.—18

formed the captive that "Mamma had succeeded in selling a dose of *koso*, and bought a loaf, which Kasa sends him."

A few days after, I heard these details at Gondar. The news-mongers praised the mockery; but they only half-smiled, for the flower of society had fallen into misfortune. Then they regretted the good king Yohannis, and suspected the still undeveloped wickedness of the character of Kasa, the adventurous rebel of Quara. I saw Kasa, or Theodore, frequently at Gondar in 1848. He was dressed as a simple soldier, and had nothing, either in his features or language, which presaged his high destiny. He loved to speak of fire-arms. He was about twenty-eight years old; his face rather black than red; his figure slim; and his agility seemed to arise less from his muscular power than from that of his will. His forehead is high and almost convex; his nose slightly aquiline, a frequent characteristic of the pure-blooded Amaras. His beard, like theirs, is sparse, and his thin lips betray rather an Arabian than an Ethiopian origin. Kasa conquered all his competitors, became King of Ethiopia, and was consecrated by the abun, taking the name of Theodore, to verify an old prophecy current among the Jews and Christians, that a king of this name should rule over the ancient empire of Aksum. But the Ethiopians, like all people of mountainous regions, tenacious of their independence, and accustomed to liberty, did not yield at once to an upstart usurper, who owed his success less to ability and valor than to good luck.

In the beginning of his reign he acted with much clemency, owing, it is said, to the happy influence exercised over him by his first wife. When

she died, he caused her body to be embalmed, according to the custom of the Ethiopian princes of the line of Solomon. Her coffin was placed in a cave after Theodore everywhere he went. A special tent was erected near the camp for her remains, and the conqueror of Ethiopia was often seen entering it to meditate on his past happiness, and ask of God, for the future. It is at this time that the real thoughts, though always hidden, of a good government, of divorce, and the consequent dissolution of marriage, are the spot of Abyssinian society, which uproot the foundations of the empire and are opposed to all ideas of order and stability. Without understanding that a radical change in the constitution cannot be effected by a mere emanation, Theodore decreed the abolition of regular marriages, and the abolition of divorce. An able man would have sought to abolish gradually, abuses of such long standing. Another of his decrees gave equal honor, and might have succeeded better, for he revived the law of the Ethiopians against slave-trade.

But the heart of man is not to be trusted. Prince Wibe, falling into the hands of the conqueror, recommended his daughter to the Dabta monks of Darasge, his favorite spot, where he had his family buried. One day the faithful guardian of the spot saw a band of soldiers passing toward them. They thought of Tissu, a recent rebel. The prince immediately concealed the sacred spot, and for safety shut up the body of Wibe in the vault. Their vigilance was great when they found Theodore himself, who was, according to custom, marching through the kingdom in quest of insurgents, wanted to see everything; and

used to open the cavern for untaining that a tomb pre- for Wibe, who was still a captive, could have no inter- is conqueror, Theodore sus- some plot, and caused the the sepulchre to be removed. rise was great when, instead in, he beheld a beautiful girl, in tears, and in the attitude r. Theodore forgot his first He set Wibe at liberty, and his daughter. This union happy. The *ytege*, or queen, nterceded to save the life of whom she had known at the her father, Theodore refused her request, and becoming nally struck her. In order iate her the more, he made a camp follower his concubine. is moment his decree on a marriage became a dead nd the slave-trade was re-

Men must have stronger an that of King Theodore, ir good thoughts may bear

IV.

s here give some account of ish missions in Ethiopia ; for e helped to bring about and the war now pending. M.

Swiss Protestant, went as ondar about forty years ago, uired a knowledge of the of the country. After his o Europe, he published a such seeming good faith, that ed me at first, as it must eived the English projectors issions. Charity obliges me that M. Gobat, in giving an of his sermons to the people, er described what he desired and the answers he would ear, than what he actually eard. Without citing other s of this fact, that of an edu-

cated Dabtara will suffice, who was ignorant of the existence of the Pro- testant missions. "Samuel Gobat," said he, "was a prepossessing person, who deceived one at first. I, who followed him, can affirm that he was really an unbeliever, or that he pre- tended to be so. He proposed frightful doubts and objections in matters affecting the Christian reli- gion, but under the form of hypothe- ses. He always began his strange assertions by an *if*. Could he ex- press them boldly? If he had, you know that in Gondar, at least, he would not have been allowed to con- tinue, and he would have been de- nied a residence in our city."

The missionary societies in Eng- land did not know this condition of the Ethiopian mind, and influenced by the specious arguments of M. Go- bat, they sent him a re-enforcement of three ministers, whom he left to return to Europe. They preached much more honestly and openly than he in Adwa and Tigray, where they were established. They were ex- pelled in 1838, fifteen days before my arrival in the country. Two of them then went to Suria, from which they were also driven. With a persever- ance worthy of a better cause, they returned again to Tigray, and again to Suria. Always exiled, they had at last the prudence, in 1855, to make no further attempt at evangelizing the country.

Seventeen years before this last date I met at Cairo a young Lazarist priest, whom I persuaded to accom- pany me into Ethiopia, to found a Catholic mission. He preceded me, went to Adwa about eight days be- fore the first expulsion of the Protes- tant missionaries ; and as my project seemed to him sensible, requiring only time and patience to realize it, I brought letters from him to Europe in 1838. His holiness, Gregory XVI.,

avored our attempt, and sent two missionaries to Ethiopia under the charge of Monseigneur de Jacobis, who soon became known all through that region by the name of Abuna Ya'igob. In spite of some imprudence, inevitable, perhaps, in a country where there are such strange contrasts, he succeeded beyond my most sanguine hopes, and when I left the country in 1849, there were twelve thousand Catholics in it, and many of the priests were natives. Last year an English account gives the number as sixty thousand; for the influence of true doctrines could not fail to be extended among a people so intelligent as are the Abyssinians. Monseigneur de Jacobis helped much to obtain this result, by his unchangeable mildness, and by that personal influence which is always exercised by a priest devoted to incessant prayer.

The fate of the Protestant missions was different. The ministers, instead of attributing their want of success to themselves, have blamed the Catholics as the movers of their expulsion from Ethiopia. Even the English Consul Plowden in his official report says that Theodore, after perusing the history of the Jesuits in Abyssinia, decided to allow no Catholic priest to teach in his states. The English are fond of decrying the memory of the Jesuits who taught in Ethiopia up to 1630. It is, however, very singular that I never heard of this history, and that the most learned anti-Catholic professors at Gondar never mentioned it to me in our controversies. On the contrary, they spoke of Peter Paez and his co-laborers with admiration mingled with regret, and quoted touching legends concerning them. A little further on in his account, Plowden, who seems ignorant of the fact that sermons are unknown in Ethiopia, adds

that Theodore prohibited all preaching contrary to the Copt Church. We cannot expect that an English soldier, more or less Protestant, should comprehend fully religious questions; but although he was a mere soldier, he ought to have known that Theodore was attached to one of the three national sects, and had forbidden all other creeds, and condemned Catholics as well as Protestants.

It was in consequence of this decree that Monseigneur de Jacobis was compelled to leave Gondar in 1855. This pious bishop went to Musawwa, and there continued to govern his mission, which has been left almost undisturbed by the natives for almost thirty years. The chief proselytes of Gondar retired also to the shores of the Red Sea, and the Protestant ministers, always on the watch, imagined they had at length found a good opportunity to teach in the capital. They went thither under the guidance of M. Krapf, who, in default of other qualities, has at least uncommon activity and persistence, but which have been so far sterile of results. At the first expulsion in 1838, the four Protestant missionaries left but *one proselyte in the whole of Ethiopia*. This was a quondam pilgrim. He was going to Jerusalem with an Ethiopian priest, who, falling short of money, sold his companion into bondage. M. Gobat having ransomed him, had no difficulty in inspiring him with hatred of the priests, and of all the doctrines. We can only regard this single convert as an apostate induced to desert his faith by resentment and a spirit of revenge. Another young and intelligent Ethiopian, after spending for years in the Protestant schools of Europe, when asked, answered me frankly that the numerous dissensions in religion witnessed

Protestants, had destroyed his religious belief in his mind. England always believing, erroneously, ought to be under the consideration that her agents, real mercenaries as they are, only succeed in propaganda and incredulity instead of the gospel.

King Theodore, who was somewhat of a tactician, in writing to King Theodoros, did not state his object to be the conversion of a Protestant missionary, but merely announced that he was desirous of improving the physical condition of the country, and wished to settle in it. King Theodoros, who was desirous of obtaining arms, gunsmiths, gunners, and to make cannon and morris, build bridges and roads, consented. M. Gobat hinted that the workmen wanted the freedom of their religion. Theodore did not see the matter to the advantage of the country, and, finding the tricks of his old agent, bluntly told Mr. Sterne, one of the missionaries, who spoke of his intention to convert the Talasa, or Tala, as the sole object of his mission to Gondar, "This mission is only a pretext to plot the ruin of the faith of the Christians." King Theodoros did not take the hint, Mr. Sterne repeated his assertion, and King Theodoros consented to receive the missionaries, who were to be mechanics, who were to be mechanics in the hands of the missionaries in "evangelizing" the barbarous Ethiopians. The testimony of Mr. Sterne and that of other Protestants, however, was a complete failure. The "mechanics," or "pious mechanics," became as immoral as any of the others. Besides, in violation of the solemn promise made to the missionaries distributed, King Theodoros informs us, "hundreds of thousands were taught the great truths

of salvation to many pagans and Christians." We extract these facts from the work of the Rev. Mr. Badger, considered a most trustworthy witness in official circles in England.* After a short stay at Gondar, Mr. Sterne went to London, was made bishop, and published a wordy volume containing but one fact worth noticing, namely, the intrinsic proof that the author was ignorant of the most ordinary customs of Ethiopia. By an imprudence which has cost him dear, Mr. Sterne related the story of the vender of *koso* in his book. A former student of the English missionaries informed Theodore of the fact, and the Protestants had reason to feel bitterly that a man's friends often prove to be his greatest enemies.

v.

THE English government was indignant that its agent Plowden, as it is known, should have been massacred on the highway near Gondar. Theodore avenged his death, however, by the barbarous slaughter of its authors and their associates. But the party of the "saints" in England was not satisfied with this reparation. Theodore was weak, and no match for England. It was safe, therefore, to insult him. Had he been as powerful as the United States, England would have been as loath to touch him as she is afraid to refuse satisfaction to America for the ravages of the Alabama on the high seas. She, however, suppressed the consulship of Gondar, and sent Captain Cameron as her consul to Massowah, under the protection of the Turkish flag. Captain Cameron was a brave officer who had served in the Crimea, but he was no diplomatist. We all know that, as much from lack of this

* *The Story of the British Captives in Abyssinia, 1861, 1864.* By the Rev. George Percy Badger.

quality as from the semi-barbarous habits of King Theodore, who thinks himself all-powerful because he has been so successful in conquering rebels in his own kingdom, Cameron and five other English subjects, among them M. Rassam—another unskilful English agent—and two Germans, were imprisoned at Magdala on the 8th of July, 1866.

Magdala, where the prisoners still remain, is a stronghold in the Abyssinian highlands, 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, and the climate there is less warm than in most parts of the torrid zone. There are a church, a treasury, a prison, and huts in the place, and a population of about three or four thousand persons, of whom four hundred are prisoners of every description; a garrison of six hundred sharpshooters and as many common soldiers armed with lance and shield. Although this fortress is considered strong by the natives, one of the prisoners writes that a single shell would suffice to blow up a place which the Ethiopians have looked upon as impregnable for three centuries.

Besides the European prisoners at Magdala, Theodore keeps fourteen others, mostly German mechanics, near his own quarters. These artisans, exported at the expense of a Protestant missionary society as "*pious laymen*," began their evangelical labors as messengers of peace in a very extraordinary fashion, by fabricating mortars and other engines of war. As for the spiritual welfare of the Christians of Ethiopia, they looked well to it by distilling bad brandy; and as for the temporal, they drove the profitable trade of slave-mongers. This is what M. Rassam, an Arabian, who turned Protestant to get employment from the English government, tells us. He was nine years at Aden as *lieutenant-governor*, and

is considered one of the ablest English agents in the East, if we are to believe the parliamentary eulogium passed on him in a recent debate in the House of Commons. The last account heard from this unfortunate ambassador does not warrant the belief in his ability. The abun, Salama, having died, M. Rassam advises the English to choose another abun in Egypt, and put him at the head of the invading army as a kind of palladium! This advice, if put into execution, would be as absurd as if, on the death of Pius IX., Premier Disraeli, imitating the policy of Pitt, and wishing to restore the Marches to the Holy See, should send an army against the Sardinians, with a pope at its head elected at Canterbury or elsewhere, Jansenist or Catholic, no matter which, and should expect all the Italians to respect him as sovereign pontiff.

VI.

ENGLAND has undertaken the Abyssinian expedition to preserve her *prestige* in the East, and she is determined to gain her point. The dusky King Theodore, pretended descendant of Solomon, cannot complain that he has not received diplomatic notice. When the German who brought him the British ultimatum, told him that if he did not deliver up the prisoners he would have both the armies of England and France against him—"Let them come," said Theodore, "and call me a woman if I do not give them battle." We know not if there be more of folly or of intrepid valor in this proud answer. In fact, notwithstanding the narrations of some travellers, naturally suspected of exaggeration, the Ethiopians have no idea of the military power of the Western nations, and their king may believe that he is a match for them.

y of Adulis, usually so si-
low swarming with ships.
re in it, a short time ago,
vessels, without counting

the Arabians and East-
The English have built
s to assist the debarkation
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n, which they pretend to be
to the Chassepot rifle.
e even forty elephants to
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of good sense if ever there
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l is determined to succeed.
borrowing, she has levied
n millions of dollars. She
at least six times that
efore the end of the war.
glish prisoner to be freed
t least ten millions. But
is not merely the freeing
soners, though she asserts

She has to provide water
re thousand men and many
the plains of Zullah, where,

of natural fresh water,
; drink a distillation of

They need every day
red and eighty thousand
drink; and this quanti-
en provided at the enor-
of twenty thousand dollars
twenty-four hours. To

he munitions of war, mules
ht and brought to Zullah
pt, Turkey, Spain, and
The English soldiers, not
first how to manage them,
with hay ropes. Many
les ate the ropes, escaped
esert, and were lost. A
s been built, running from
Sanafe, the first border
Ethiopia, a distance of al-
undred miles.

of march has been well
The English could have

crossed the plains of Tigray, which
are level and oppose no obstacle; and
then crossed through Wasaya without
meeting any noteworthy difficulty ex-
cept the river Takkaze, and Mount
Lamalmo. Farther on, at Dabra
Tabor, where Theodore usually re-
sides, they might have chosen either
the plains of the Lanige, or the cool
and verdant hills of the Waynadaga
territory as the sites of their encamp-
ment. But this route is not the
shortest. Besides, the Wasaya be-
gins to be unhealthy in the month of
May, and there is no forage as far as
Wagara.

The shorter route, which the Eng-
lish have taken, is by Agame and
Wag. On those elevated plateaux
they may keep all their energy, and
they will find a territory less ravaged
by civil war, and good pastures. The
distance from Zullah to Magdala is
about the same as from Paris to
Lyons. But artillery is with diffi-
culty transported over many of the
gullies on the route; and perhaps
for the elephants it will be found im-
practicable. But the leader of the
expedition, Sir Robert Napier, will
not balk at these details. He will
push rapidly on to Delanta before
the rainy season, which begins about
the roth of July. According to the
prisoners, if he should invest Mag-
dala at the beginning of May, the
want of water would soon force the
garrison to surrender. If the first
rains have fallen before his arrival,
the English will occupy Tanta among
the Wara Haymano, and from that
point open fire on Magdala. Sol-
diers living in huts, without case-
mates or caverns, could not stand a
day against the English guns. In
any case, Magdala, the great Ethio-
pian fortress, will be taken, and it
will remain to be seen whether the
troops will march to Dabra Tabor to
burn the camp of King Theodore.

and kill him, or make him prisoner. Nevertheless, the use of diplomacy will not be despised. When Theodore put M. Rassam in prison, with great protestations of friendship, he promised him his liberty on the arrival of certain machines and expert workers. England sent both to Massowah, but required first the liberation of the prisoners without having used any of those forms which render a contract binding in the eyes of the Abyssinians. On his side, Theodore did not understand the value of a simple signature. Besides, he had been deceived by Plowden, who denied his character of consul, and cheated by the denials of the Protestant missionaries as to their attempts to proselytize the native Christians. He did not, therefore, believe the protestations of the English. The want of a sensible agent caused the failure of this negotiation, which might have succeeded if more skilfully conducted. Moreover, the English army, on entering the Tigray, issued a proclamation, of which the *Times* published a literal copy, as ridiculous in *Amarinña* dialect as in English. Besides, the language used is almost unknown in Agama, where this document has been published. The English officers do not seem to have known that a proclamation is never published in Ethiopia in a written form.

But what will King Theodore, the pretended descendant of Solomon, do? It is difficult to answer this question. The natives report that Theodore is often out of his senses when he drinks brandy, which the "*pious laymen*" of the Protestant mission zealously manufacture for his *spiritual* comfort. From the very beginning of his reign, Plowden informs us that he manifested symptoms of insanity. The English prisoners tell us more explicitly that Theodore himself informed them

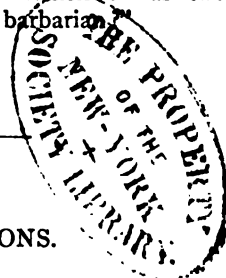
that his father was insane, and he believed himself attacked with the same disorder. Several traits of his conduct toward the prisoners, and the massacre of one hundred of his soldiers in his camp, on mere suspicion, give gravity to the assertion. If this be true, England has declared war against an adversary unworthy of her dignity. In case of defeat, the only refuge for Theodore is to retreat to his native province of Quara on the border of a terrible and ever-breathing pestilence on all the regions around. Woe to the English soldiers if they attempt to follow him thither!

Of all the ancient empire of the Great, that Ethiopian Louis, Theodore has only Quara, that he can call his own. His governors of the Tigray have been expelled, or have made themselves independent of his authority. Gondar has proclaimed its independence. Wag also has risen in arms; it is free, and gives asylum to all rebels. Yet these are regions but recently subjected to the conquering arms of Theodore. Tissu Girma rules the lower Tigray, Wasaya, Guayt, Simen, Wazara, and as far as Dambya, where Gondar stood before Theodore destroyed it.

What then is left to this unscrupulous tyrant, resisted at home by desperate insurgents, and threatened by foreign force with destruction? He has Awamas, whose rights he has respected because they know how to defend themselves, but who will take the first opportunity to rebel; he has Acafar, Alafa, and Meca stretching along the Tana, but which he has made solitudes by his systematic depopulation; and finally Bagemdir, a beautiful portion of the country which obeys him with regret. A single case, a slight cheek, or a courageous peasant, would be sufficient to

heodore, that royal meteor, after shining for a few years, can be extinguished in the oblivion. Considering the ss of the English preparations, led to suspect that she has ention of holding Northern after conquering it. Apes seems to favor this con- and no matter what the Eng- nals may say, the idea is not ch origin. Plowden urged ization in his official letters years ago; Cameron is in it; and General Coghlan hints its practicability in his monograph on Ethiopian af- The English have been mas- den for the last thirty years, wish to make the Red Sea ish lake. They desire Ethir from it they could invade where "King Cotton" would all his glory. They allege e of Algiers annexed to

France in justification of their project. But let it be observed that Charles X., who ransomed at his own expense, the Greek slaves sold in the markets of Constantinople and in Egypt, could not allow the Dey of Algiers alone to keep French, Spanish, and English Christian sin bonds; while the English have never done anything to prevent the slave-trade in Abyssinia. Many Christian slaves are annually bought within gunshot of the British ships on the Red Sea, to be brutalized in Mussulman harems. *England has never made an effort to stop the traffic there.* Can we blame King Theodore then, who, according to his degree of intelligence and power, wished to put an end to this inhuman commerce, for saying with at least as much modesty as her majesty's government has at command, "Which of us two is the greater barbarian?"



NEW PUBLICATIONS.

UMBA, APOSTLE OF CALE-
By the Count de Montalembert of the French Academy. New Catholic Publication House, Nassau street. 1868.

ecclesiastical history is some-
ique in the world, and presents
spirit of Christianity run into
ely new and original mould.
ic race, whose most perfect and
ly actualized type exists in the
f Ireland, is a singular specimen
nity, as it used to be in the
ages just after, and perhaps long
he flood, preserved, continued,
arently incapable of being de-
or changed, in the midst of other
totally opposite character. The

sudden and entire conversion of this
people to Christianity, and the invincible
tenacity with which it has clung to its
first faith, together with the marked in-
dividuality of the expression which it
has given to the Christian idea, form a
phenomenon in history which cannot be
too much studied or admired. It was a
happy moment for Ireland when that
Chevalier Bayard of Catholic literature,
the Count de Montalembert, felt his
chivalrous soul moved by the story of
her ancient princely monks and daunt-
less, adventurous apostles, and set him-
self to the task of writing a work which
unites all the romantic, poetic charm of
the lyric strains of her bards, with the
accuracy and minuteness of her monas-
tic chronicles. His narrative, partly

weeding cabbages. This de-
change must be prevented, not
purely spiritual means, but also
riving and fostering as much as
the natural bonds which con-
youth of Catholic origin with
tions of their ancestry. Hence,
favor of multiplying and cir-
as much as possible those books
late the history of the Catholic
of Ireland, of her saints and
her gallant chieftains and
artyrs, her sufferings and per-
The English Catholic trad-
the Scottish, are unfortu-
nated. A dreary gap of three
intervenes between the pre-
the Catholic past; but in Ire-
continuity is perfect from the
tory to the present moment.
he great artery of life to the
Church of the British empire
colonies, and it must not be

There is an intense sympathy
the people of the United States
people of Ireland. This is
sympathy with their oppressed
as a people, and with their
nds for expiation and redress
ongs they have suffered from
s of the British government.
be prudent for the gentlemen
glish parliament to take note
id to be wise in time, by con-
those rights and privileges at
a good grace, which Ireland
obtain sooner or later, whether
it is willing or unwilling. This
litical sympathy will, we trust,
re way for a higher and holier
with the faith, the constancy,
cible fortitude of the Irish
a Catholic nation, the Spar-
sacred Thermopylæ, who have
d themselves to save the faith.
e that the American public
urn what is the *Irish Version*
History of the Reformation. This
es a previous knowledge of
planting and cultivation of
ty. When it is seen that the
ht and died for the very same
hich was planted among them
rst apostles, it will be easy to
the claims which the religion
eth and Cromwell had upon

their submission. The labors of Mon-
talember are therefore invaluable, as
bringing to light the hidden treasures
of Irish ecclesiastical history, and in all
his great work there is no chapter to be
found more charming than the bio-
graphy of the great patriarch of Iona.
We conclude with the eulogium which
Fintan, a contemporary monk, pro-
nounced upon St. Columba in an as-
sembly of wise and learned men, and
which is justified by the history of his
life. "Columba is not to be compared
with philosophers and learned men, but
with patriarchs, prophets, and apostles.
The Holy Spirit reigns in him; he has
been chosen by God for the good of all;
he is a sage among all sages, a king
among kings, an anchorite with ancho-
rites, a monk of monks; and in order
to bring himself to the level even of
laymen, he knows how to be poor of
heart among the poor; thanks to the
apostolic charity which inspires him, he
can rejoice with the joyful, and weep
with the unfortunate. And amid all
the gifts which God's generosity has
lavished on him, the true humility of
Christ is so royally rooted in his soul
that it seems to have been born with
him."

ECCE HOMO. By the Right Hon. W.
E. Gladstone. Strahan & Co., Lon-
don. G. Routledge & Sons, 416
Broome street, New York. 1868.

On the day of writing this notice, Mr.
Gladstone is introducing his motion for
overthrowing that monstrous iniquity,
the Irish Establishment. We feel, con-
sequently, especially well-disposed to-
ward him. Nevertheless, with all our
respect for his talents and character,
we cannot help being reminded of his
illustrious countryman, that great orna-
ment of the sea-faring profession, Cap-
tain Bunsby. Our English brethren,
when they take up solid topics, appear
to think laborious dulness and tedious
obscurity the evidence of deep learning
and sound judgment. Their essays are
like those of collegians, who affect to
write on political or philosophical sub-
jects in an extremely old-mannish, old-

cabinet-minister-like style. This is remarkably the case with the venerable university dons who advocate rationalistic opinions. The style of arguing adopted by these worthy and dignified gentlemen bears a striking resemblance to the movements of one who is carefully wending his way among eggs. As an instance, we may cite the *Essays and Reviews*, perhaps the dullest book ever written, unless the *Treatises on Sacred Arithmetic and Mensuration*, by Dr. Colenso, may be thought worthy to compete for the prize. The *Ecce Homo* is not to be placed in precisely the same category. It is, nevertheless, in our humble opinion, a very vague, wearisome, and unsatisfactory book. We cannot account for its popularity in any other way than by ascribing it to the restless, sceptical, misty state of the English mind on religious subjects; the uneasy desire to find out something more than it knows about Christianity and its author. After eighteen centuries have rolled by, the question, Who is Jesus Christ? still remains a puzzle to all those who will not submit to learn from the teacher commissioned by himself. The author of *Ecce Homo* has endeavored to throw himself back to the time and into the period of the disciples of Christ, to examine with their eyes his words and actions, and from these to abstract a mental conception of his true character. What that conception is, remains as much a puzzle as the gospels themselves are to a rationalist, or the Exodus to Dr. Colenso. The language of *Ecce Homo* is certainly irreconcilable with the definitions of the Catholic Church respecting the divine personality of Christ. Some of its statements respecting the nature of the work accomplished by him on the earth, and the evidence thereby furnished of his divine mission, are forcible and valuable, and perhaps to rationalists, Unitarians, and doubters, the work may be useful. No one, however, who understands Catholic theology, and believes in the true doctrine of the Incarnation, can read it without a strong sentiment of repugnance and dissatisfaction. Mr. Gladstone, nevertheless, although professing to accept the Catholic doctrine

of the Incarnation, undertakes the defence of the book, and even apologises for its most offensive passages. By doing this he shows that he himself does not grasp the full meaning of the formulas to which he gives his assent; and although he is not a rationalist, yet, from perpetual contact with them, and the influence of that halting, inconsequent state of mind produced by Anglicanism, he has acquired something of that dark-lantern style of which we have spoken above. There are gleams of light and passages of beauty here and there, especially on those pages where the author treats of the Greek Mythology as an imperfect effort to realize the idea of Deity incarnate in human form. As a whole, the essay, which is a mere review of another book, was well enough for a magazine article, but not of sufficient importance to warrant its publication in book form. Every person who acknowledges the true divinity of Jesus Christ while rejecting the authority of the Catholic Church, stands in a position logically absurd, and is therefore incapable of adequately advocating the cause of Christ and Christianity against the infidelity of the age. No one but a Catholic, endowed with genius, and fully imbued with the spirit of Catholic theology, can ever write in a satisfactory manner upon the Life of Christ, so as to meet that demand which causes the abortive efforts of unbelievers and half-Christians to find such an extensive circulation.

ON THE HEIGHTS. A NOVEL. By Berthold Auerbach. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1868.

This volume, professing to be a translation from the German, is most thoroughly permeated with German mysticism; one can hardly give it the dignified name of theology. It carries one back in its bewildering metaphysics to the days of *The Dial*, when every girl of eighteen belonging to a certain clique, was devouring Bettina's correspondence with Goethe, and listening with rapt soul to lectures on "Human Life," from the oracular lips of a favorite seer; dis-

erly beyond the comprehension of the maiden's papa, but which she perfectly.

ed to wonder, in our repugnance, if people in court life could act in the stilted, theatrical in which they are here represented every person being what it would be called "highly ornate." In this particular, and in the repetition of court detail, we are reminded of the voluminous Miss Mühlbach, with this that *On the Heights* makes a claim.

is, however, very many sweet nature in the book, gems of old now and then a rare pearl nestled near which, in reading, invariably draws a pencil-line, may be found again. Materially beautifully portrayed, both in life, in the queen, and in the mother of the prince.

or evidently knows but little of Catholic faith, and less of its real life of the *religieuse* is referred to (with a slight "a life in which nothing

is this volume with a sensory sadness; there seems to be its pages "the cry of that pain, under which, thought-languishing," like the dissonance of an Æolian harp wafted on breezes. There is a reaching for these mystic yearnings for the true, and the *enduring*, which as a gift of faith alone brings to mind heavy-laden, in submission to his appointed teacher, the

artistic execution of the work, the type clear, and the colored pages furnish a vast reading in a small compass.

CHANGE IN THE EUCHARIST
from the French of Jacques
By John W. Hamersley,

Abbadie was born in Switzerland; "studied at Saumur,"

writes Mr. Hamersley in his preface, "was doctorated at Sedan, and installed pastor of the French (Huguenot) Church of Berlin, at the instance of Count d'Espence."

He left his pastorate, became chaplain to Marshal Schomberg, and came to England with William of Orange in 1688. After Schomberg's death, in the battle of the Boyne, Abbadie was presented to the deanery of Killaloe, in Ireland, where he died in 1727.

His book against transubstantiation in the Eucharist, is such as might be expected from the literary leisure, taste, learning, and piety of one of Schomberg's exemplary camp-followers. We read the book with the hope of finding some objection in it worth a refutation; but we have found nothing but the stale, oft-refuted arguments of Protestants against the real presence. Led by the title of the work, *Chemical Change in the Eucharist*, we expected to meet some profound chemical discoveries that should at least seem to contradict Catholic belief. But there is not one. There is not even an allusion which would show the author to be conversant with chemistry or any of the natural sciences. Abbadie argues against the Catholic exegesis of the sixth chapter of St. John, and against the words of consecration, "This is my body," in the usual Protestant way. He insists that Christ's words are to be taken figuratively; while Catholics claim that they are to be taken literally.

One general answer will do for all heterodox interpretations of Scripture on this and on other points. If Protestants urge that private reason is the supreme judge of Scripture, how can they deny to Catholics the right to use it? And if the private judgment of Catholics finds that Christ spoke of a *real* presence in the Holy Eucharist, and that his words are to be taken in their plain, literal signification, why should Protestants object? In point of fact, Catholics do admit private judgment, properly understood, in the interpretation of Scripture. They affirm that the interpretation of the church or of the fathers is identical with the rational exegesis. The interpretation of Protes-

tants is *not* a rational interpretation, and does not give the true sense of Scripture. They misinterpret the Scriptures by an *abuse* of private judgment. They gratuitously assume that Catholic interpretation is contrary to the rational sense of the Bible; while Catholics hold that their interpretation alone is rational. As a prudent, sensible man, when he meets with a difficult passage in Homer or Sophocles, consults the best commentators to aid him in discovering the true sense; so, for a much greater reason, should a Christian seek an authoritative explanation of those hard passages of Holy Writ "which the unstable and unlearned wrest to their own destruction." One who denies that there are difficult texts in Scripture can never have read it. From the first text of Genesis to the last in the Apocalypse, the Scripture is replete with difficulties, which even the most learned commentators do not always succeed in explaining.

All Abbadie's scriptural arguments against the real presence may be, therefore, met with one remark. He explains certain texts in a figurative sense. Catholics, however, interpret them to mean what they plainly and literally express. Catholics do not need in this case to appeal to the authority of the church or to the fathers. Christ says, "This is my body;" Catholics believe him. Christ says, "My flesh is meat indeed;" Catholics believe his words. Abbadie and his sect admit that Christ says, "This is my body;" that he affirms his flesh to be meat indeed; yet they will not believe him. Who authorizes them to contradict the express words of Christ? We ask *impartial* reason to judge between Catholic and Protestant in this controversy.

But where Abbadie shows his complete ignorance of the first elements of the higher sciences is in "Letter Fourth" of his book, p. 98. We quote from Mr. Hamersley's translation. "*All our ideas of faith rely solely on sense; and their value to us is measured by its certainty; and to faith, which is a conviction of divine truth, there are four essentials: God exists; he is truthful; he has revealed himself; each mys-*

tery of our faith appears in such a manner that it is noteworthy—*senses are the sole channels of a truth, and their sole vouchers.*"

"Thus the senses are the media of evidence." (P. 99.) The materialist d'Holbach, Cabanis, Helvetius, and d'Alcibade is identical with this doctrine of the doctory dean of Killaloo. The senses "*are the sole channels of evidence*" instead of being the mere occasions of reflection, then the whole order of intelligible ideas, the ideas of God, spirit, cause, are illusions. The senses can tell us the sensible or phenomenal, as the ideas of God, cause, spirit, justice, goodness, substance, etc., all supersensible, they cannot contain the senses. If the senses "*are the media of all evidence*," the only things we can know are modes or phenomena, colors, forms, sounds, etc. The senses tell us nothing more. We must, then, deny the existence of God, of truth, of goodness, cause, substance, etc., turn atheists, pantheists, sceptic materialists, as all who logically follow out Abbadie's or Locke's metaphysics really become. The philosophy of the warlike chaplain of Schomberg is thus shown to be essentially materialist.

Did Mr. Hamersley know this when he translated the book? We think so, for he is evidently too innocent and too ignorant of truth to be otherwise. He understands fully even the argument of the superficial dean of Killaloo.

We shall make good our assertion by quoting a few of Mr. Hamersley's references: "In 1845, the pope made the Immaculate Conception a part of the Roman creed and a condition of baptism." (P. 113.) The gentleman was thinking of the pope's death in 1852.

"A.D. 590, Gregory I. instructed Augustine to accommodate the ceremonies of the church to heathen rites." (P. 125.)

"The Maronites, originally the Melchites, protected by the Emperor Heraclius, are now incorporated in the church of Rome." (P. 126.)

"A.D. 1295, Boniface VIII. excommunicated Pope Celestine V. in a cell at the size of his body, lest he may elect

pontificate he has resigned—
 m night and day with 6 knights
 oldiers. *Celestine dies of cru-*
'. 129.)

ory VII. threatens to anathe-
 l France, unless King Philip
simony." (P. 135.) This was
 egory's *crimes* in the judgment
 amersley.

nder VI. (Borgia) is elected
 s Holiness is forthwith *adored*
dinals." (P. 143.) What idola-

nce—a sacrament by which
is, committed after baptism, are
' (P. 146.)

Nestorians were excommuni-
 D. 431, for holding, among
 ws, two natures of Christ."

Council of Chalcedon, A.D.
 rmed the doctrine of the two
 f Christ, which the church had
 d." (P. 148.)

ances of schisms in the church,
ed translator cites the follow-
 ominicans and Franciscans—
 ulate conception." "Thomists
 ists—efficacy of grace and im-
 conception." "Jesuits and
 s—on the doctrine of grace."

17, 1866, the *leading Roman-*
ie Council of Baltimore invite
 by letter to visit the United
 (P. 157.)
 pestilence." (P. 159.) "*Plague-*
man Catholic churches and in-
'" (P. 160.) This is a good in-

Mr. Hamersley's rhetoric.
 Papal Church in the United
is recently adopted the title of
Catholic." Evidence: "It ap-
 arge iron gilt, letters over the
 the asylum in Fifth avenue,
 k—*Roman Catholic Male Or-*
lum." (P. 160.) *This is one*
gue-spots!

are but a few of the literary
 o be found in Mr. Hamersley's
 to Abbadie. A Catholic could
 smile at both the original and
 lator, if, unfortunately, there
 found many persons so credu-
 believe their falsehoods. The
 work of Abbadie is tolerable.
 pts to argue; and we have no

doubt his military logic was satisfactory
 enough to the square-headed soldiers of
 Schomberg's army. Besides, when Ab-
 badie wrote, civilization had not arrived
 at such a degree of progress as it has
 now attained. But Mr. Hamersley
 writes his falsehoods *now*. His igno-
 rance and fanaticism, of which we have
 culled but a few of the many instances
 in his book, *are of our own day*. We
 cannot understand why he should repeat
 them, since there is hardly any mode-
 rately educated Protestant who does not
 know that most of his allegations are
 false. If there be any so dull or fanat-
 ical as to believe them, we feel for them
 more of pity than contempt.

In conclusion, we regret that the
 translator does not show as much good
 sense or taste in choosing the subject
 as the publishers manifest in the bind-
 ing and printing of the work. We are
 sorry to see such fine print wasted on a
 bad, worthless book. Mr. Hamersley
 could have found nobler themes in for-
 eign literature, even though they might
 be the productions of Protestants, to
 exercise those talents as a translator
 which he has failed to show as a lover
 of truth, a logician, or a man of good
 sense.

LIFE IN THE WEST; or, Stories of the
 Mississippi Valley. By N. C. Meek-
 er, Agricultural Editor of the New
 York *Tribune*. New York: Samuel
 R. Wells.

"A long residence in the Mississippi
 Valley, frequent journeys through its
 whole extent, and years of service as the
 Illinois correspondent of the New York
Tribune, have furnished the materials
 for the following stories." Hence, it is
 almost unnecessary to state that their
 claim to our careful consideration rests
 upon something more substantial than
 the fact of their being pleasingly told,
 varied in incident, and unobjectionable
 in tone. Their real worth, and it is not
 slight, arises from this, that they are
 made the agreeable medium of convey-
 ing much valuable information concern-
 ing "life in the West;" no less the
 hardships unavoidably to be endured by
 the emigrant, the difficulties to be over-

come, and the dangers to be encountered, than his almost assured ultimate triumph.

Of general interest, but designed especially for those intending to emigrate, is the appendix, containing a brief description of the soil, climate, products, area, and population of each State and territory lying in the great Valley of the Mississippi; and also the locations of the several land-offices where application must be made and all needful information can be obtained.

MOZART: A Biographical Romance. From the German of Heribert Rau. By E. R. Sill. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1868.

A poor translation of a frothy production. On the first page, the child, Mozart, is called a "three-years-old son." Mr. Sill evidently does not know that a three-year-old is English for colts and heifers. Mozart's sister is also denominated a "seven-years-old." The writer, if Mr. Sill has translated him correctly, is exceedingly ignorant, or worse. On page 54 we read: "They sought the pope's chair," (that is, the worshippers crowding to St. Peter's for the services on Maundy-Thursdays,) "partly because it was the fashion, partly because they wanted to be on hand to see everybody else do it, and partly because, to an Italian, a hundred days' absolution in advance is always a pleasant and convenient thing to have." The recitation of the Tenebræ, in the evening, is called, on page 58, "the performance of Mass." Would it not be well for our enterprising publishers in this enlightened country, to employ a proof-reader who has received a passable education?

THE GREAT DAY; or, Motives and Means of Perseverance after First Communion. Translated from the French by Mrs. J. Sadlier. New York. 1868.

A pretty and good little volume, intended for a gift to children, as a me-

mento of the happy day of communion. We have occasion to make, which is, that the thought is too foreign. Yet the accomplished translator has used the original French as a text from which to compile a little book under this title, (which she could so admirably perceive, in the freshness of its appeal to the minds of American children, however, of the wish that the book of Mrs. Sadlier's, we commend this present volume to the attention of all pastors, and superintendents of Sunday-schools. We will find in it, we are sure, very many of them have long procured as a worthy memento of the Great Day."

TALES FROM THE DIARY OF A SISTER OF MERCY. By C. M. B. New York: Catholic Publication Society. 1868.

We all remember *Passages from the Diary of a Late Physician*, and the intense interest felt in these sketches of scenes with which the peculiar profession leads them among the suffering, and the dying. This book is on a similar plan, composed of graphic descriptions of what a Sister of Mercy may be expected to see and observe in her ministrations. The light of the Catholic religion thrown in among the scenes, and the full, tragic scenes, relieves the gloom and leaves a more healthful impression on the mind; in short, becomes a most pathetic effect. Those who read the stories will find their hearts purified in this volume, and, at the same time, may be able to derive from it moral and religious lessons.

WE regret that a notice of the *Report of the Catholic Sunday School Union* was crowded out of this number. It will appear in the next.—ED. C. W.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. VII., No. 39.—JUNE, 1888.

EDMUND CAMPION.

the spring of 1580, Elizabeth then queen of Great Britain, England being in the midst of turmoil which accompanied the establishment of Protestantism religion of the realm, two exons set out from Rome, to re- the faith in the British isles. nsisted of two thousand armed rs, enlisted as a sort of crusa- and animated by the papal g and the promise of indulgen- ot to speak of the visions of y glory and profit which even rs who fight under consecrated rs are apt to find alluring. ther was composed of less than e of missionaries, Jesuits, secu- iests, and others, whose most g prospect was one of martyr- The soldiers were to land in d and help the rebellion of the lines. The missionaries were strate in disguise into England, ercise the ministry of the pro- l and persecuted faith in the of private houses and hidden ers.

king at the history of those n the light of subsequent expe-

rience, it seems hard to account for the policy which could imperil not only the lives of the missionaries, but the cause of the church, by compli- cating the peaceful embassy of the priests with the mission of war and in- surrection. For it was no secret that the troops came from Rome, and that large subsidies from the Roman trea- sury were sent with them. Associat- ed with them, too, went an eminent ecclesiastic, Dr. Saunders, with the functions of a legate. We must re- member, however, that the accession of Elizabeth had never been popu- larly acquiesced in. Her legitimacy had never been generally acknow- ledged. Her reign thus far had been a series of rebellions. The party which opposed her had a fair title to the character of belligerents, and the continental powers which espous- ed their cause were only doing what, by the customs of the age, they had a perfect right to do. The pope had issued a bull, excommunicating the queen, absolving her subjects from their oath of allegiance, and even forbidding them to obey her; and although he had afterward so far mo-

dified the bull as to permit the English people to recognize her authority, *rebus sic stantibus*, "while things remained as they were," he had never ceased, in conjunction with other European powers, to promote attempts in Ireland and elsewhere to overthrow her and place the Queen of Scots upon the throne. At this distance of time, with a line of successors to ratify Elizabeth's title to the crown, and the fact of their failure arguing against the insurgents, it is easy to condemn the papal policy; but we must remember that affairs bore a different aspect then; that Elizabeth's right to the throne was open to question; and that the Catholic faith which she was striving to suppress was still the faith of a large majority of the English people.

We have little to do, however, with this Irish expedition. It was a miserable failure, and its only effect was, to aggravate the sufferings of the Catholics and expose the missionaries to increased danger. Our purpose in this article is rather to trace the history of the more peaceful and strictly religious embassy, so far as it bore upon the life of the illustrious martyr from whom it derives its chief renown.

Edmund Campion,* the son of a London bookseller, was born on the 25th of January, 1539, (O. S.) the year which witnessed the commencement of the English persecution, of which he was destined to be a victim, and the solemn approval of the Society of Jesus, of which he was to be the first English martyr. At St. John's College, Oxford, where he was educated and obtained a fellowship, he was so much admired for his gift of speech and grace of eloquence, that young men imitated not only his phrases but his gait, and revered him

as a second Cicero. It was after he obtained his fellowship that Queen Mary died and Elizabeth succeeded to the throne. The reign allowed but a few weeks before she manifested her hostility for the Protestant doctrine; there was no attempt at first to introduce heresy upon the university, her Majesty wisely trusting to the insidious influences of time, and high example to bring students and professors over to her views. It is no great wonder, perhaps, that Campion, intoxicated by the incense of adulation, and lured by the worldly ambition of the position, shut his eyes to the perilous gulf of heresy into which the English Church was drifting, and seemed hardly to realize the position which was being forced upon him of choosing between the queen and the pope. He was not long, some years to take any advantage with his fidelity to the pope. So he gave up the study of law to which he had hitherto devoted himself, and applied himself to the study of divinity. He was a man of controversy might be said. When he took his degree in 1564, he was induced to swear the oath against the pope's supremacy, and by the statutes of the college he was also compelled to the study of divinity; yet he managed to stave off importunities and to confine his studies to the old settled dogmas which bore direct bearing upon the question of the day.

The time came, at last, when the theological neutral ground was thoroughly explored, and he turned to the Fathers. In the venerable company he seemed more thoughtful and content. The problem of his life now was how he could postpone so

* *Edmund Campion: A Biography.* By Richard Simpson. 8vo, pp. 387. London: Williams & Norgate. New York: The Catholic Publication Society.

siderations, and shake off religious responsibility, but how he could reconcile true principles with false practice; how he could remain in the Established Church of England, and yet hold to all the old Catholic doctrines which the Establishment denied. His position, in fact, was almost identical with that of the modern Tractarians, and his college at Oxford was the home of a party which entertained nearly the same opinions. There was one of the Elizabethan bishops, Cheney of Gloucester, who, having retained a good deal of the orthodox faith, sympathized heartily with Campion's aspirations and perplexities. He was the actual founder of the school represented in later times by Newman and Pusey, and he had fixed upon Campion to continue and perfect the work after he himself had passed away. The bishop persuaded our young scholar to take deacons' orders, so that he might preach and obtain preferment. But the effect of this step upon Campion was such as Cheney little anticipated. Almost immediately troubles beset his mind. He found his new dignity odious and abominable. The idea of preferment became hateful to him. He wished rather to live as a simple layman, and in 1569 he resigned his appointments at the university and went to Dublin, where it seemed that a more agreeable career awaited him. A project was then afoot for restoring the old Dublin university founded by Pope John XXI., but for some years extinct. The principal mover in the matter was the Recorder of Dublin and Speaker of the House of Commons, James Stanihurst, a zealous Catholic, and the father of one of Campion's pupils. In his house Campion received a generous welcome, and there he remained for a while, leading a kind of monastic

life, and waiting for the opening of the new seminary, in which he hoped to find congenial employment. The scheme fell through, however, and the chief cause of its failure was the secret hostility of the government to Stanihurst, and the Lord-Deputy, Sir Henry Sidney, who were most actively concerned in it, and to Campion, who was to have the principal share in its direction. Campion was not yet reconciled to the church, but he was already distrusted as a papist, and only saved from arrest by the protection of Sidney. Such protection, however, could not avail him long. The rebellion of some of the English Catholic nobles, the publication of the pope's bull against Elizabeth which Felton had posted on the Bishop of London's gates, and the designs of the king of Spain upon Ireland, had roused a persecution, and Campion was one of those especially designated to be arrested. The Lord-Deputy found means to warn him a few hours before the officers arrived, and he saved himself by flight. For two or three months he dodged the pursuivants about Ireland, lurking in the houses of his friends, and working, in the intervals of the pursuit, at a *History of Ireland*, which he had begun while lodging with Stanihurst. At last, seeing that he must soon be captured if he remained on the island, and fearing to compromise the friends who gave him shelter, he resolved to return to England, and accordingly, in the disguise of a lackey, took ship at the little port of Tredagh, near Dublin. The officers came on board to search for him, and questioned everybody on the vessel except the fugitive himself. They seized the manuscripts of his history, and then went away, cursing "the seditious villain Campion." He reached England in time to witness the trial of Dr. Storey, who was ex-

ecuted for the faith in June, 1571. We are told nothing of the progress of his conversion after he left Oxford, but by this time it was complete, and he had resolved to repair to the English college at Douai, there to fit himself for more effective labors in the Catholic cause. In mid-channel the ship in which he had taken passage was overhauled by an English frigate, and Campion, having no passport, and being, moreover, suspected and denounced by his fellow-passengers as a papist, was taken off and carried back to Dover. The captain appropriated all his prisoner's money, and then set out to conduct him to London. It was soon evident, however, that the officer cared more for the purse than the captive; and without a word being said on either side, Campion understood that he might run away provided he said nothing about the money. This was enough. He escaped in one direction while his guard pretended to pursue him in another; and having obtained a fresh supply of money from some of his friends, succeeded at last in making his escape over to France.

He staid long enough at Douai to complete his course of scholastic theology and to be ordained sub-deacon. After the lapse of a little more than a year, he resolved to go to Rome with the purpose of becoming a Jesuit. His biographers generally attribute this determination to the remorse which he still felt on account of his Anglican deaconship; but Mr. Simpson is inclined to lay rather more stress upon a disagreement between Campion and Dr. Allen, the president of Douai College, upon political questions. The friendly and even affectionate relations of these two eminent men were never interrupted; but Dr. Allen had many opinions which his disciple could not

share. Campion, devoted as to the church and the Holy See, always loyally obedient to the powers of his native country when the laws were in conflict with his conscience. Allen, who had many years in exile, was a close servant of Philip of Spain, and thick in the plots for the overthrow of Elizabeth and the various schemes for foreign invasion. It is possible that a divergence of opinion on some such point as this had influenced Campion's decision, if not wholly, at least in part. However it was, the two friends bade each other an affectionate farewell to the future martyr, in the guise of a poor pilgrim, set out afoot for Rome.

In shabby garments, dusty and footsore, he entered the hospital in the autumn of 1572, only a few days before the death of St. Pius Borgia, third general of the Society of Jesus. A successor to him was not chosen until April, and meanwhile Campion had to wait. He was the first postulant accepted by the new general, Father Mercurianus, and soon afterward he went to Brünn in Moravia to prepare for novitiate. In a letter which he wrote to his brethren there, after he had taken his vows, we find a picture of the humble and happy life which he spent in that retreat. "Dear walls!" he exclaims, "thou hast shut me up in your company! I have a pleasant recreation-room, where I have lived so holily! Glorious kitchen with the best friends—John and Catherine, the two Stephens, Sallitzi, Finck, George, Tobias and Gaspar—ready for the saucepans in holy habit and charity unfeigned! How do I picture to myself one resting with his load from the farm, and another from the market; one sweating and toiling, and another merrily under a sun-burnt ruffish, another under some

toil! . . . I have been about a year in religion, in the world thirty-five; what a happy change if I could say I had been a year in the world, in religion thirty-five!" There is something very touching and instructive in the record of his first years in the Society of Jesus; and the chroniclers of his order, who reckon it among the chief glories of the brotherhood in Bohemia that the English martyr received his religious training among them, and taught them at the same time by his illustrious example, have set down that record with careful and affectionate minuteness. How the man whom Oxford had revered as a guide was content in a moment to become the humblest of pupils; how he by whom the young nobility of England had set the fashion of their thought, their reading, their elocution, their very walk and manner, was happy in the privilege of being allowed to put on a dirty apron, roll up his sleeves, and scour saucepans in the scullery—these are the chief points in the story of his life at Brunn, and afterward at Prague, whither he was sent to teach rhetoric. It is a strange life to read about, yet it probably differed little from the ordinary life of his brethren in religion, and hundreds of Jesuit houses to-day exhibit no doubt the same model of industry, devotedness, and humility. For a certain number of hours daily he was in the class-room; when his pupils went to play, he went to wash dishes in the kitchen. He was called upon for poems, orations, and sacred dramas, to celebrate the college festivals; for funeral discourses on the death of great persons. He taught catechism to the children; he visited the hospitals and prisons; he preached; he heard confessions; he spent incredible pains in preparing the young Jesuits for the work of disputing successfully with heretics

when they should be sent out to their various fields of duty. His brethren were amazed that any one man should have strength to carry so many burdens. He seems, however, to have borne up well under them. "About myself," he writes to Father Parsons, "I would only have you know that from the day I arrived here I have been extremely well—in a perpetual bloom of health, and that I was never at any age less upset by literary work than now, when I work hardest. We know the reason. But, indeed, I have no time to be sick, if any illness wanted to take me." It was while Campion was thus occupied at Prague, that Sir Philip Sidney, who had known him at Oxford, came over from England as ambassador. The young nobleman had many an interview with his old friend, and seems to have awakened in Campion a strong hope of his conversion—a prospect to which his friends and political associates were by no means blind; for they watched him so closely that the interviews between the ambassador and the Jesuit were not managed without a great deal of difficulty. Campion writes to one John Bavand, commending "this young man, so wonderfully beloved and admired by his countrymen," to the earnest prayers of all good Catholics. He saw what an effect upon the faith in England the conversion of a nobleman of Sidney's brilliant parts and distinguished position must have, and the re-establishment of the faith in his native island was something which he had especially at heart. His letters are full of anxiety on this score. He speaks of catching and subduing his recreant countrymen "by the prayers and tears at which they laugh;" but we find no political allusions, and it is plain enough that, in the various schemes for Catholic insurrections

and for foreign invasions, he had neither share nor heart. He had been between five and six years at Prague when he was summoned to Rome to take part in the mission about to be sent forth for the conversion of England. The little band of heroes comprised Dr. Goldwell, Bishop of St. Asaph, who had long been residing on the continent, several English secular priests, old men who had been in exile, and young men fresh from their studies, a few zealous laymen, and three Jesuits, Campion, Parsons, and a lay brother named Ralph Emerson. To assist them in their labors, collect alms for them, and find safe hiding-places, a Catholic Association had just been organized in England by George Gilbert, a young man of property, whom Father Parsons had converted in Rome the preceding year. The Jesuits were furnished with a paper of instructions for their guidance.

Father Parsons was a younger man than Campion, and had been a shorter time than he in the Society; yet there were good reasons why he should be appointed the superior in the mission. He was not only zealous and devout, but he had a good knowledge of men and affairs, he was well versed in the ways of cities; he was adroit, versatile, and prudent; and he was somewhat familiar with the schemes of the pope and other Catholic powers against the government of Elizabeth. A knowledge of these secret designs would have been but a sorry safeguard had he fallen into the hands of the authorities of the crown, and the consciousness must have heightened his sense of the danger incurred in the expedition; but Parsons had all the courage of a martyr, though he did not win a martyr's crown. The party left Rome on the 18th of April, 1580, and were not more than fairly started

on their journey when the English Secretary, Walsingham received from his spies a full description of them and a list of their names.

Passing through Geneva, they resolved to have an interview with Theodore Beza; and the account it gives a curious picture of the state of society in those times, and of the manner in which theological controversy mingled with the ordinary affairs of life. The travellers made secret of their religion, though they disguised their persons and calling. Campion dressed himself as an Irish servant, waiting on Mr. John Pascal, a lay gentleman of their party, and the only one who failed in the final day of trial. Sherwin, one of the secular priests, used to relate with uncontrollable merriment how naturally Campion played his part. Beza, under one pretext or another, got rid of them as politely as possible, and promised to send to their inn an English scholar of his, the son of Sir George Hastings. Instead of young Hastings, there came his governor, Mr. Brown, and a young Englishman named Powell, and we have a strange account of the priests disputing hotly in the streets of Geneva with the two Protestants until almost midnight, and challenging Beza to a public controversy, with the proviso that he who was justly convicted in the opinion of indifferent judges should be burned alive in the market-place! Powell had known Campion at Oxford, so the *rei-disant* servant kept out of his sight, and when the former gentleman offered to accompany the missionaries a little way on their road next morning, Campion was sent forward in advance. But meeting on the road a minister studying his sermon, the temptation was too strong for the enthusiastic Jesuit, and he buckled with him at once. The rest

erty came up while they were at hammer and tongs, and recognized Campion, and saluted him with great affection. After the missionaries made a pilgrimage of eight or nine miles over difficult roads to St. Clodovens in France, they did penance for their curi-

ve said that Parsons was some of the political expedient in England; but he had the edge of the one which set the same time that he did, the news, which he learned on his way at Rheims, filled him with alarm. The queen had issued a proclamation which plainly indicated her intention to proceed against the Catholics with increased severity, and the success of the undertaking had better than ever. It does not follow, however, that one of the missionaries faltered. Dr. Goldwell had been obliged to turn back and defer his journey—which, indeed, he never did—all; but others joined the party, and among them was a Jesuit, Father Thomas Cotter.

At Rheims, the party broke up on their way across to England by different routes. Campion, and Brother Ralph Emerson, went by way of St. Omer, and Dover. Parsons crossed disguised as a soldier returning from the Low Countries, and in his uniform passed inspection and was so well treated by the authorities at Dover that he benefited by the officer's courtesy for his disguise. Mr. Edmunds, a diamond merchant who was shortly to follow, reached London without his dress was outlandish, and people were unusually suspicious, so he was turned out of the inns. He knew of a gentleman, however, who lived in the Marshalsea prison

for his faith, and he applied to see him. Through him he was brought into communication with George Gilbert and the Catholic Association, who had apartments in the house of the chief pursuivant, where up to this time, thanks in part to the connivance of influential friends, they had managed to have a daily celebration of Mass.

Father Parsons had induced the friendly searcher at Dover to send over a letter for him to "Mr. Edmunds," at St. Omer, bidding him make haste to London with his diamonds, and Campion, as soon as he received it, set out with Brother Ralph. But, in the mean time, the English officers had grown more strict; the searcher had been reprimanded for letting certain persons pass who were supposed to be priests; and there was a report, moreover, that a brother of Dr. Allen was coming over, and his description agreed pretty well with Campion's appearance. The two Jesuits were accordingly arrested and taken before the mayor; but they were dismissed after a short detention, and the next day were welcomed by the association in London.

This pious club was such an admirable illustration of the truth that the salvation of souls is not the exclusive duty or privilege of the priesthood that we may spare a moment from our survey of Campion's life to glance at its history and character. The missionary career is open to all. Members of religious orders, secular priests, men of the world, soldiers, lawyers, shop-keepers, doctors, laborers, farmers, the beggars on the street, the fashionable lady in her carriage—we can all do something for the advancement of the great cause; and if we only knew how to systematize our efforts, how to economize our zeal, the Catholic Association of Campion's day is an evidence

of the enormous service we might render to the church. The founder of the association, George Gilbert, had been anxious, immediately after his conversion, to expend his first fervor in a pilgrimage to Jerusalem; but Father Parsons persuaded him rather to return to England and spend his money there in advancing the Catholic cause. He drew together a number of young men of his own rank in life and with somewhat of his own spirit. They hired rooms together; they bribed officers whose vigilance they could not elude; they gave shelter to priests; they furnished places for the celebration of Mass; they kept the Catholics in communication with each other; they supplied the missionaries with money; and they organized the tours which the priests made through the country. The Catholics were beset with spies, and the government held out strong inducements to weak brethren to betray their pastors. It was necessary, therefore, that the priests should be extremely cautious to whom they trusted themselves; and since they could not carry credentials, it was necessary, too, that the gentlemen who harbored them should be quite sure whom they were receiving. This perfect intelligence could only be obtained by a thorough organization of the Catholic gentry; and it was not the least part of the duty of the association to see that, whenever a priest travelled, some one should be with him as at once an endorser and a guide. It was their part, likewise, to undertake the preliminary work of converting heretics. In those fearful times a doubting Protestant could not be admitted to see a priest until he had given some evidence of the sincerity of his search after truth. The members of the club took him in hand first, and brought him to the priest when they felt it to be safe.

When Campion reached London, the lum of their rooms in London had already gone on a tour into the country, leaving word for his companion to await his return. There was a great desire among the Catholics who had learned of the coming of the missionaries to hear the preacher with whose eloquence at Oxford had resounded, but it was no easy matter to find a place where he might speak in safety. The arrangements were made for him in the servants' hall of a house, and there, while trustful men watched all the avenue to the house, Campion delivered his course with which all the circles of London were soon filled. The faithful and the wavering came to him in crowds. The government got wind of what was going on, and redoubled their exertions to suppress him. Several priests were arrested, and many Catholics were thrown into prison. The danger of remaining in London soon became too pressing to be disregarded. So, after a short time had been held, several questions of discipline settled, and each man his official work assigned, the priests went away to different parts of the kingdom.

The pursuit was much hotter against Campion than after any of the others, and it was intensified by the imprudence of a Catholic layman who had allowed a document entrusted to his care by the missionary, to fall into the hands of the public. This was a paper drawn up by Campion on the eve of their separation of their little company into four parts for the conversion of the north, the reasons of their coming to England, and inviting the Protestants to a public conference. It was intended to be used only in private, and should be arrested; but Pounce, to whom, for greater security, he had given a copy, thought it good to be kept entirely secret.

thus it soon came to the hands of the government. This, of course, increased their anxiety to capture a man whom, by his personal influence, his eloquence, and his still brilliant reputation at Oxford, they felt to be especially dangerous. Proclamation followed proclamation; the pursuivants were unceasing in activity; spies were sent into every quarter of the kingdom; some of the Catholics themselves were corrupted; watchers were set about the houses of the principal Catholic gentlemen. Many a time was the Mass or the sermon interrupted by the coming of the officers and the priest compelled to take refuge in the woods. Once, when the pursuivants came upon him suddenly at the house of a private gentleman, a maid-servant, to make them think he was merely one of the retainers, affected to be angry with him and pushed him into a pond. The disguise was effectual, and the good father escaped.

All this while he was engaged in writing his famous book against the Protestants, known as the *Decem Rationes*. It was finished about Easter, 1581, and sent to London for the approval of Parsons, who had a private printing-press in a hidden place, whereat he had already published certain writings of his own. By great efforts a number of copies were got ready for the commencement at Oxford in June; and when the audience assembled at the exercises, they found the benches strewed with the books, to the reading of which they gave far more attention than to the performances of the students. The title-page bore the imprint of Douai, but the government was not long in ascertaining by the examination of experts that the work had been done in England.

Campion had gone to London while his book was passing through the

press, to superintend the correction of the sheets; but the danger was now so imminent that Parsons ordered him away into Norfolk, in company with Brother Ralph Emerson. The two fathers rode out of the city together at daylight on the 12th of July, and, after an affectionate farewell, parted company, the one going to the north, the other back into the town.

The Judas who was to betray him, however, was on the alert. This was one George Eliot, formerly steward to Mr. Roper in Kent, and latterly a servant of the widow of Sir William Petre. He was a Catholic, but a man of bad character, and had been for some time a paid informer to the Earl of Leicester. How he knew of Campion's visit to Lyford is not certain; but he had been looking for him at several Catholic houses in the neighborhood, and on the 16th, armed with a warrant and attended by a pursuivant in disguise, he presented himself at the gate just as Mass was about to begin, and applied for admission. One of the servants knew him for a Catholic, but little suspected his real character; so with much ado he got leave to pass in, having first sent off the pursuivant to a magistrate for a *posse comitatus*. He heard the Mass, he heard Campion's sermon; but he was afraid to make the arrest until the magistrate arrived. As soon as the service was over, he hurried off. The company—comprising some sixty persons besides the members of the household—were at dinner when word was brought that the place was surrounded by armed men. After a long search, Campion and three other priests were found concealed in a closet, and taken prisoners.

The prisoners were carried up to London and committed to the Tower, making their entrance into the city

through the midst of a hooting mob, Campion leading the procession with his elbows tied behind him, his hands tied in front, his feet fastened under his horse's belly, and a placard on his hat, inscribed "*Campion, the seditious Jesuit.*" The governor, Sir Owen Hopton, at first placed Campion in the narrow dungeon known as "Little-ease," in which one could neither stand nor lie at length. He remained there until the fourth day, when, with great secrecy, he was conducted to Leicester's house, and courteously received by the earl and several other persons of mark, and shortly found himself in the presence of the queen. He gave a truthful account of his motives in coming to England; he satisfied Elizabeth, as it would appear, of his loyalty; and could he have accepted the conditions proposed to him, he might have been dismissed with honors and riches. As it was, Hopton received orders to treat him more leniently. It was now the purpose of the government to coax him into compliance.

Failing to shake his constancy, the next thing was to destroy his reputation. It was given out that he was on the point of recanting; that he had betrayed his friends; that he had divulged the names of the gentlemen who harbored him. To give color to these charges, a great many Catholics were arrested, in consequence, it was said, of Campion's confession. For a while these infamous charges, fortified with plausible confirmation, were generally believed; but it was soon ascertained that the betrayal had been wrung from some of Campion's companions on the rack. To render the missionary contemptible, it was thought necessary to answer his challenge for a public disputation in some way or another, and a large number of the most eminent Anglican divines were

appointed to meet him in a hall and discuss the chief points of controversy. They had all the time they wanted to prepare, free access to libraries, and every possible advantage. Campion was not informed of the arrangement until two hours before the assembly opened. Then, with his limbs still smarting from the punishment of the rack, he was placed in the middle of the room, with books, without even a table to lean upon, with no assistance whatever except the assistance of heaven. The dispute continued several days, and Campion was distinguished, as might have been supposed, by gross unfairness and bad language on the part of the Protestants, while Campion convinced all honest-minded listeners, not only by the acuteness of his answers, but by his mild and affectionate manner. Though he had been educated in familiarity with dialectics, and in a day when controversy was almost universal passion, he was far from being a disputatious man. The *odium theologicum* had no place in his warm and tender heart. On all the advantage given to the Protestant side, it was evident that the Catholics were profiting by the differences, and the government at last closed them. But it was too late. Campion's fame was restored, and the slanders against him had been refuted; and the popular enthusiasm broke forth in ballads, of which Simpson gives a sample.

Nothing remained now but to condemn him for treason. It was first proposed to indict him for having obtained day in Oxfordshire traitorously pretended to have power to absolve her majesty's subjects from their allegiance, and endeavored to turn them to the obedience of the pope, and the faith of the Roman church; but this was too plainly a religious prosecution. A plot was the

l, which it was pretended that ion, Allen, Morton, Parsons, urteen priests and others then today, had concerted at Rome heims to dethrone the queen ise a civil war. On this charge on, Sherwin, Cottam, and five were arraigned at Westminster on the 14th of November. Campion was called upon, according to custom, to hold up his in pleading, his arms were so wounded by the rack that he not lift them without assistance. trial took place on the 20th. incipal witnesses for the crown George Eliot and three hired es named Munday, Sledd, and , who pretended to have ob- the meetings of the conspira- Rome ; but their testimony weak, and the answers of on so admirable, that when ry retired it was generally d in court that the verdict e one of acquittal. Court and owever, had been bought be- d. The prisoners were all guilty, and sentenced to be l, drawn and quartered. Then on broke forth in a loud hymn se, "*Te Deum laudamus*," and n and others took up the song, e multitude were visibly affect-

r he had been remanded to the the traitor Eliot came to his id Campion received him so , forgiving his offence, and ; to provide for him an asy- ith a Catholic noble in Ger- whither he might escape from um and danger which haunted home, that the keeper, who ed the interview was induced become a Catholic. The few hich intervened between con- and death were passed by the an in fasting and other mortifi-

cations. The execution was ap- pointed for the 29th of November. Campion, Sherwin, and Briant were to suffer together. At the execution Campion was interrupted by a long dialogue respecting his alleged treason, and subjected to a great deal of questioning. Somebody asked him to pray for the queen. While he was doing so, the cart was drawn away, amid the tears and groans of the multitude, and his body left dangling in the air.

So ended the good fight. Sherwin and Briant met their fate with like joy and constancy, and many another good priest and devoted layman trod afterward in the same awful but glorious path. And as it has been since the days of St. Stephen, the blood of the martyrs proved the seed of the church. Henry Walpole estimated that no fewer than ten thousand persons were converted by the spectacle of Champion's death. That is probably an exaggeration ; but it is certain that the execution had a marked effect upon the progress of the faith in England, and covered the Anglican clergy with an odium from which they were long in recovering.

Of the life by Mr. Simpson, upon which we have so freely drawn for the materials of this hasty sketch, we must not close without a word of praise. Written originally for a monthly periodical, and long interrupted by the failure of that publication, it lacks the neat finish and compactness which the author would probably have given it, had it been composed under more favorable circumstances. But it has evidently been prepared with great industry ; it is written in a good style ; and with a little judicious pruning and rearrangement, it will make one of the most interesting of modern religious biographies.

THE CATHOLIC SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION.*

FEW of the evidences of the zealous spirit which is stirred up in these latter days, have given us more unfeigned pleasure than the information which this report conveys. The Sunday-School Union began as all Catholic works begin, has prospered thus far as they prosper, and will share in their triumph. A few earnest souls, observing how much more good could be accomplished in the catechism-classes if the exercises and methods of teaching were made more systematic and co-operative, met together, on the evening of July 9th, 1866, debated the subject, formed resolutions, went to work, and now the catechetical education of the 20,237 children reported from eighteen Sunday-schools of this city, (about one half of the whole number,) is practically under the control of this admirable association. The good fruits of their labors are already noticeable in the more regular attendance of the children, the conferences of teachers for mutual instruction and encouragement, the better regulated programme of exercises, and the increased interest manifested in the schools by all who are in any way connected with them.

The competent knowledge which our people, as a mass, have of their religion, of the dogmas of faith—knowledge which they are bound to have under pain of sin—and that other “knowledge unto salvation” which is shown in the faithful performance of their Christian duties, depends, as all know, upon the catechetical instruction they receive in youth. Priests may preach sermon after

sermon, and each and every discourse may be well calculated to enlighten the mind and move the heart; but as a rule, all sermons suppose the hearers to be already in possession of Christian principles, and disciplined in the practices of a Christian life. A pastor and thorough catechetical instructor is, then, one of the primary duties of a pastor of souls. That each should assume the whole of the labor to himself is simply impossible. Those of the laity who by their character and education are fitted to be his coadjutors in this pastoral duty must therefore be called upon to help him in it. The time when it is possible to assemble children together for religious instruction is on Sunday. Hence the Sunday-school at the disposal of lay teachers; both of necessity, as experience has shown in every parish, if the people are to be as they ought to have, a better knowledge of their religion—they are to be indoctrinated with its spirit, and receive its ministrations—a devout, conscientious attention upon its worship, and a due preparation for, the holy sacraments.

The first thought which naturally presents itself in reference to lay coadjutors of the clergy, is of their competence and fitness to teach. We do not care to see children to be educated by an ignorant schoolmaster. We now ask, Is he capable? but we must first know who he is. Who is he, and what is he? These questions may be very properly put concerning a teacher. If he is ignorant of geography and arithmetic, we must pardon him for asking them con-

* *First Report of the Catholic Sunday-School Union, of the city of New York. January 1, 1868.*

professes to teach Christian and morality. Is he well versed in the truths of faith himself, or, please, what is his own character?

A Sunday-school is an excellent thing, a necessary institution in every community; but if it is to be of any use, the teachers, who are in the first and most important place, must be secured. In small parishes, the pastor may possibly find a sufficient number who possess the requisite qualifications, but, so far, our experience has been to the contrary, but in large populous parishes, such as are found in all our cities, it is plain that the number are not easily obtained, nor will those who are in all respects fitted for the task be ready to answer the call. The pastor, be able to control the heterogeneous elements of a city Sunday-school to any regular observance of rules prescribed by the pastor, or devised by himself, without mutual co-operation, and a systematic order. Besides, into a corps of teachers, who are not themselves members of some organized form of association, persons wholly incompetent in moral standing to teach, and prove either a hindrance to others, or do positive harm. Chance-comers offer their services as teachers in his Sunday-school. It is difficult if not impossible for the pastor to examine them in advance, test their knowledge before admitting them, and it may be equal to the task for him to find out what their moral worth. Their services are, as a rule, better known to the members of his congregation than to him. In the ill-regulated voluntary system which has been so common amongst

us, many evils have resulted from this which were unavoidable. Teachers of religion ought to be themselves good exemplars of it. Children learn at the Sunday-school a good deal more than the verbal answer to as many questions as are printed in the catechism. Those who occupy the office of teacher exert a moral influence over the children. Example is the master-teacher, and bad example will teach (we are sorry to say) quite as well as good example. You cannot gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles. During the time that a man or woman is engaged in conversation with children, much of his or her own character is infused into the minds of their youthful companions by words, gestures, looks, and manner. Shall I permit my children to be thus placed one whole hour every week, under the influence of an ignorant man, a non-practical Catholic, and possibly a person of vicious habits and of vulgar demeanor—a person whom I could not allow my children to converse with at all, in the street or elsewhere, outside of the Sunday-school room? Certainly not. I must have some guarantee that my children shall have such associations as I can approve of, as well in the Sunday-school as in any other place where they may happen to be.

One who might make such reflections as the foregoing need occupy no higher position in society than that of being a good Christian, watchful over the souls of his little ones, and anxious to guard them from contamination with persons ignorant of the faith in which he wishes them to be educated, or such as by their personal want of piety are certain to damage the growth of it in the souls of the children he presumes to instruct.

If we mistake not, these considerations were in part those which ani-

mated the zealous and worthy founders of the Sunday-School Union, whose first report lies before us. This appears to us in the pages of the report, especially under the head of "objects." We quote:

"The objects of the Sunday-school Union are of a religious, educational, and social character. The fundamental object is, of course, the benefit and improvement of the Sunday-schools; the secondary end is the association of the Catholic young men of the city, in a manner sanctioned by religion, for purposes of mutual acquaintance and improvement, and the creation of a common tie of sympathy and interest, such as should exist between them as members of the same, One, Holy, and Universal Church. By the comparisons of systems, and experience, and through the increased opportunities of receiving advice and counsel from the clergy, improvements have been introduced in many of the schools, and the teachers have been led to take greater interest in their duties."

We need only quote to ourselves the trite old proverb, that "Birds of a feather," etc., to feel assured that the "Union" will remove in great part the dangers arising from incompetence and unfitness on the part of teachers, to which we have alluded. The leading spirits of an association of this kind will impress their own character upon the whole body, and we have the utmost confidence that such persons will be of the right stamp, young men of solid piety, of sufficient knowledge, and animated by the highest and purest motives. They will draw to them other young men of like character and dispositions with themselves. Association will stimulate exertion, promote harmony, and be productive of the best and happiest results; not only for the children, but, what is of no little mo-

ment to us, for the young men themselves.

Under their intelligent the Sunday-school will a higher standard of religion. It has too long been sufficient to teach the child catechism as one teaches getting them to repeat a answer to a given question, stopping to consider if the have any intelligent apprehension the meaning of either question or answer. We remember being in a Sunday-school when the instruction was overheard.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER. "We are bound to obey the commands of the church?"

BOY. "A—a, because—a— it up.)

TEACHER, (speaking as if he were a clerk of the Senate, and everywhere but at the pupil's elbow) "because Christ has said to the teachers of his church, he that hears me, and he that despises me." (Then with a look at the child,) "Now, s—"

BOY, (whining.) "Yes, sir—here's you and here's me. You despises you and he despises me."

BOY'S ears cuffed with discipline.

Yet it must be confessed that the recitation of the answers to the teacher was pretty faithfully followed by the child, who aimed at repeating a certain number of sentences without thinking of their meaning.

It is very well that the children should learn to recite portions of the catechism which they have by rote; but this will not give them an intelligent comprehension of the truths of religion. It is hardly a question and answer catechism which does not require some additional explanation.

illustration suited to their capacities. This is no easy task, and one that might well engage the highest cultivated minds. Teachers must therefore themselves be taught. No one can impart that which he does not possess. We are glad, therefore, to see that one of the objects of our Sunday-School Union is of an "educational" character.

The object which is denominated "religious" is also of primary importance. The Sunday-school teacher is a teacher of religion in more senses than in imparting a mere verbal knowledge of the doctrines of religion. It comes properly within his sphere to edify his pupils by holy words, good counsel, and good example. If he does not so edify them, he will infallibly do the contrary. Our experience leads us to assert that there is no middle term here between edification and disedification. He who has no words of holiness and sweet Christian counsel in his mouth, is pretty sure of having words and counsel which smack of the world and its ungodly principles. Let no one imagine that he can assume for the time and occasion the tone, speech, and manner of a good, pious Christian, if he be not one in reality. Children have the keenest scent for hypocrisy. They instinctively mark and loathe a Pecksniff or a Chadband. The lessons of piety, the words of kindly warning or encouragement, the appeals to their Christian sentiment, falling from the lips of men who have no solid piety, and whose ordinary daily life is little better than that of a respectable heathen, if as good, will have no other effect than to excite the sceptical sneers of youths who are not to be deceived by sham appearances.

Our Sunday-schools, therefore, urgently demand the aid of "religious" teachers; we mean teachers who are

practical Christians themselves, and carry out in their lives the lessons they are desirous of teaching others. They need teachers who are more than Catholics by profession. In a Sunday-school which is fortunate enough to possess teachers of religion who are men of living faith, devout, prayerful, scrupulous, and exact in the performances of their religious duties, exhibiting in their manner a deep reverence for holy things, modesty, patience, benignity, earnestness, and zeal for the glory of God, there will the children also be found exact types of their spiritual instructors.

The Sunday-School Union will form a corps of just such men. It will find itself composed of members who are moved by the Holy Spirit of God to take some part in this important work, and who will engage in it as a labor of love, in the spirit of sacrifice and apostolic zeal. They will, for the most part, bring hearts well prepared for it; but the Union will itself do much toward sustaining and advancing the spiritual good of its members. The most noble spectacle to be presented in this world of temptation and sin, is a band of young men, strong in the faith and loyal to the holy traditions of religion emulating each other in the practice of virtue and works of Christian charity. Such is the spectacle which this association is striving to present to our eyes, and our prayers should not be wanting that God may strengthen them and enlarge the sphere of their holy labors.

The third object spoken of is the "social" character which the Union proposes. We think we understand this, and have already hinted at it. They aim at making the tone of their association high and select. And this is a point worthy of our reflection. Children naturally imitate the manners of their elders, particularly of

those with whom they are associated in the capacity of pupils. Let the teacher be rough, boorish, and uncouth in his deportment, negligent in his personal appearance, unceremonious and irreverent in the church, unguarded in his language, of an ungoverned temper, tardy in his attendance, and distracted in his instructions, you will find that the class of which he has unfortunately the charge will very soon be an exact copy of himself. We commiserate the Sunday-school where even one such teacher is to be found. He and his ill-regulated and worse-behaved class are a positive hinderance to the good order of the whole school, and the sooner he is got rid of the better.

The Union, by its power of associating like to like, will eliminate this worthless class of individuals, and substitute in their stead punctual, earnest, courteous, self-denying, and reverent-minded teachers, whose very presence in the Sunday-school will be an example of deportment becoming the Christian and the gentleman, commanding respect, obedience, and attention on the part of all the scholars, and the esteem of his fellow-teachers. What affection, too, the children instinctively bestow upon such!

The love for these young souls, of which their heart is full, is abundantly reciprocated, and the influence for good which such teachers have is beyond measure. They are regarded by these little ones of Christ in their true light, as coadjutors of the pastor, and their admonitions are received with humble and loving obedience. "O ma!" says a little child to its parent on returning from Sunday-school, "we have the nicest teacher in the world, so good, and he knows so much, and he is *such a gentleman!*" Yes; children are quick of observation—none quicker; and when they

have found one who presents qualities which should distinguish a worthy teacher, they from that moment begin to count the hour will intervene until they shall have the happiness of meeting him.

If we aim at having first-class day-schools, which will not only teach the children their catechism, but courage them in the practice of virtue, but also elevate and refine their manners, and educate them for which, after all, Catholic churches are remarkable, namely, Civility and politeness, we must secure teachers who, like the teacher of the child mentioned above, are *as* we know *so* much, and are *such men!* We have every confidence that the Sunday-School Union, by its "social" character, will bring about.

We are making no invidious distinctions, and would feel pained to be thus adjudged. We should be thus adjudged to presume to speak from experience. We know something of Sunday-schools, and of their work in both small and large parishes, in the city and in the country. We have felt the many difficulties which a pastor has to surmount in this matter. We aim at encouraging God's bidding to speed to an end which we know is needed, and which we are certain cannot fail of producing incalculable good.

Among other works which the Union proposes, is that of establishing Sunday-schools for colored children. That zealous and apostolic priest, the Rev. Father Duranquet, of the Society of Jesus, did not shrink from adding this to his many other labors when it presented itself to him in the course of his ministry. In such a power was needed, the Sunday-School Union affords to these much-neglected children a way to bring them under the influence

olic religion, to care for those class who are of her household, to assure a lively, personal, loving interest being taken in them, and how that our holy church of all the people, of all colors, of bond and free. God for this effort of theirs. Dear and dear to our own hearts, the world sneers and scoffs at there is no caste in the Church, and they are, as souls for whom Christ died. Catholic priest and the Catholic Sunday-school teacher can do more for them, we know, than all the philanthropists from Dan to Beersheba. God forbid that we should be aside from this labor and the precious souls to perish! The Sunday-School Union is formed by the union of men. "The female says the report, "are invited to the public lectures and desired to participate in as many undertakings of the Union as

This is all very proper. However, that the ladies who are to be taken rather than the men's share in the hardest of tasks, to which the young men of the Sunday-School Union can devote their energies, which is the work of teaching. In most cases they have far outnumbered the teachers. We refrain from any comparison of their efforts with our own, we say we know how we could possibly get along without them, nor do we think their aid can be dispensed in the future. We are not the Sunday-School Union with such intention. The ladies are aided by their presence which is stronger, rougher sex may be able to accomplish, besides the best persons to teach the classes. We are sure that we will cheerfully abide by any

rules and regulations laid down by the Union, and do their utmost to carry out any suggestions made to them for the better conducting of their classes. We are not afraid of their resisting the powers that be. But why may they not also meet together for mutual encouragement, instruction, and edification? We shall look for some movement of this kind before long.

As for the Union itself, we look upon it not as a simple local expedient to meet a local want. It has a national interest, and sooner or later must find imitation in all our large cities and towns. We hope soon to hear that such has been the case in many other places, and then the influence of such associations will be increased in the ratio of the union of their separate and distinct bodies, at least, such an union as we trust and pray will soon be exhibited in all great Catholic works in this country—the assembly of their members for mutual acquaintance, co-operation, and debate, in a National Catholic Congress. The good that is done, the power that is elicited from assemblies of this kind, is well known to all our readers who have perused our articles on the Catholic Congress of Malines, in former numbers of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*. The Sunday-School Union would do well to consider this matter in the light of their own interest. In their union they have found strength. Let them seek to extend their efforts by encouraging, in so far as they are able, any such associations as may be started, or are in operation, in other places, inviting a correspondence and offering all their aid, looking forward, at the same time, to a union with them on a larger and general basis, and to the discussion of their mutual interests in a grand congressional assembly.

We trust that our remarks will be received in the spirit in which they are meant. They have been prompted by the deep, heart-felt interest which we feel in the subject, and the entire sympathy which we have for the noble, holy, Christian work to which our friends have devoted their energies. They have not begun too soon. Every year thousands of our children, in this city of New York alone, leave school to engage in various occupations, where they are thrown into the society of youths of all religions and of no religion. Protestantism has practically no influence over children, and generally leaves them to shift for themselves, and pick up what scraps of religion they may.

Unfortunately, the mass of them, being totally ignorant of the blessings and comfort of the Catholic faith, and not having had any very cheerful experience of religion as it has been presented to them by the bald, repulsive, unchild-like nature of Protestantism, break away from its re-

straints, and run wildly into errors of rationalism or infidelity. But, while we pity them, let us not forget that they are to be the associates of our own lamblike flock. How necessary, then, should we strive by every effort to prepare ours for the dangers to which they will be exposed by giving them, while we may, a thorough knowledge of their holy faith, and send them forth guarded by a panoply of graces, accustomed to a regular attendance upon the divine offices of the Church, and to a frequent reception of the Holy Sacraments. Let it be our aim to dismiss each and every child from our Sunday-schools a loyal, intelligent Catholic, whose faith is as firm as a rock, and whose heart is as bright and pure with the influence of the grace of God. Our blessed Saviour, the lover of little children, will not fail to remember our care of them, to whom He said: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

SONNET ON "*LE RECIT D'UNE SŒUR,*" BY MRS. GUSTUS CRAVEN.

WHENCE is the music? Minstrel see we none;
 Yet, soft as waves that, surge succeeding surge,
 Roll forward—now subside—anon emerge—
 Upheaved in glory o'er a setting sun,
 Those beatific harmonies sweep on:
 O'er earth they sweep from utmost verge to verge,
 Triumphant Hymeneal, Hymn, and Dirge,
 Blending in everlasting unison.
 Whence is the music? Stranger! These were they
 That, great in love, by love unvanquished proved:
 These were true lovers, for in God they loved:
 With God these spirits rest in endless day,
 Yet still, for love's behoof, on wings outspread
 Float on o'er earth betwixt the angels and the dead.

AUBREY DE VERA

NETTERVILLE ; OR, ONE OF THE TRANSPLANTED.

CHAPTER VI.

ty from the tower came on at a rapid rate ; and, peep-ly from behind her hiding- ie saw that they had already the foot of the hill where r grandfather stood await-approach. The lady—even stance Nellie fancied she that she was young and though clad in the saddest st of Puritanic attire, any- Puritan in her looks and ode in front, with the mili- g personage, described al- one side, and a younger ith the air likewise of a sol- e other, while a couple of brought up the rear. At ree foremost of the party st, but, as the up-hill path arrow, the lady pushed her d so as to lead the way, e could hear one of her s shouting to her to ride until she had turned the er of rock behind which self was at that moment

The warning came, as ften *do* come, too late by a nd. It could have scarce- the lady's ears ere she had und the corner, and her and unmanageable enough unged violently at the un- apparition of Nellie and her r on the other side. If the not widened considerably t, the struggle must have ly, and even as it was, Nel- l every moment to see both rider roll over the edge of ce to which the heels of the e in such fearful proximity.

The lady, however, sat him to perfec- tion, and after a short, sharp struggle for the mastery, she succeeded in forcing him to rush at a wild gallop straight down the path leading to the valley, the only safe course of action she could possibly have adopted.

Her companions had by this time reached the spot where Nellie had watched the contest, and the younger of the two was about to spur his horse on to the rescue, when his older and wiser companion shouted to him to forbear.

"Let her be, Ormiston ! Let her be !" he cried. "She knows well enough what she is about, my Ruth. And you will but infuriate her horse by following at his heels."

Thus adjured, the young man, addressed as "Ormiston," had no choice but to remain quiet. He drew in bridle, therefore, beside his chief, and watched as patiently as he could the down-hill gallop of the lady. The result fortunately justified the confidence of the elder horseman. No sooner had she reached the wide bottom of the glen below, than she checked her horse suddenly, and turning him almost before he had time to suspect her intentions, galloped him up the hill again with such right good-will that he was glad enough to stop and breathe of his own accord by the time she had rejoined her companions.

Relieved from all anxiety on her account, the old Cromwellian officer, for such his scarf and embroidered shoulder-belt announced him, turned the vials of his wrath, as even the best men will upon such occasions, upon those who, however unwittingly, had been the cause of the disaster. In

the present case Nellie and her grandfather were only too evidently the offenders, and the storm was accordingly sent full upon their heads. They were still standing in the recess formed by the shoulder of the retreating bank, and as Nellie, by an unconscious movement of girlish timidity, had retired behind Lord Netterville, he formed for a moment the chief figure in the group. Thoroughly roused and wakened up at thus finding himself unexpectedly face to face with his arch enemies, the old man stood out upon the foreground like a picture, his eyes sparkling, his white hair falling on his shoulders, and a grave and noble pride in his very attitude which belied alike the meanness of his apparent station and the disfigurement of his stained and travel-worn attire. The latter indeed consisting entirely of the so-called "Irish weeds," the Cromwellian officer naturally enough concluded him to be a native, and addressed him, accordingly, in such terms of contemptuous abuse as it was too often the Saxon fashion of those unhappy times to bestow upon the Celt.

"How now, thou 'Irish dogg'? How hast thou dared, thou and thy wench, to cross our path, and so put the life of the Lord's elect in danger? Give place at once and let us pass, if thou wouldst not that I should do unto thee as I did at Tredagh, where my sword, from the rising even to the setting of the sun, wrought the vengeance of the Lord on an idolatrous and misguided people."

Lord Netterville, during this agreeable harangue, had stepped right into the centre of the path, so that the other could hardly have passed him without a struggle, and he barely awaited its conclusion ere, with eyes flashing fire, he violently retorted:

"'Irish dogg!' sayest thou?

Learn, thou unmannerly churl, that my blood is as perhaps more so than thine, and certainly from a noble tain! I am of the English he continued, drawing himself his full height, and gaining ity what he lost in passion, "of no mean standing in it eil Netterville of the old Norm since the days of the first Pl net."

"Lord Netterville—father the young Amazon in a low pushing her horse forward and ing the officer's shoulder w riding-whip in order to attract tention. "It must be the Lo terville of whom there was question, I remember, when y in negotiation for these lands.

"Ha, wench! thou also t pheme!" he cried, turning f upon her. "Knowest thou n there is but one Lord, and t pride of them that assume h stinks in his nostrils like the t pitch of Tophet? And thou," ed, addressing himself to Lo terville, "in vain dost thou b thy race or lineage; for w they once were, they have, I not, been so often renewed blood of the Irish as to have l naught left of English hone honor to bestow upon their o

"Little or much!" cried t lord furiously, "if thou, black Cromwell as thou art, will b mount and bid one of thy lack a sword into my hands, I wil thee that, in spite of my t years and odd, I have still en English manhood left to e impertinence, wherever or in soever I may chance to find i

"Sir," cried Nellie, terrified turn affairs were taking, and herself between the disputants, is no need for all these t

and bandying of harsh chal-

In peace have we come hid we do but seek to possess in peace—their honors, the sioners at Loughrea, having d to us our residence amidst ountains.”

idence!” cried the officer, at once into a far more bitter sonal feeling than the sort of contempt, which was all that hitherto deigned to bestow he strangers. “Residence these mountains, dost thou say, then, young maiden, thou mistaken thy mark, and that idely, since all these lands, is the eye can see—even this

Murrisk, which we English ‘Owles,’ with its upper and r barony as well—have been er to me already, as mine own nce, the land which the Lord ven (for the laborer is worthy re) as the fruit of long service attle-field.”

s is my grandfather, Lord ille, and we are, as he has old you, of the old English of,” said Nellie, making one arer in order to present her te. “At first, in common other inhabitants of Meath, to have been sent into the stern baronies of Connaught; numbers set down for transon to those parts having been reater than could be accoml on the land, we were ast last our portion in the same of Murrisk.”

officer looked at first as if inclined to refuse the paper ie held up for his acceptance; lenly changing his intention, shed it rudely from her hand, his eye over the contents.

nph! ha!” he continued to is he read; and then turning e, he said in a voice in which,

toned down as it was to an affectation of cold indifference, her quick ear detected, nevertheless, a lurking tone of triumph.

“This certificate bears a date, as I see, of some three months earlier in the year. How, then, is it, maiden, that it was not presented sooner?”

“It is five months to-day since we left our home—our pleasant home in Meath,” said Nellie sadly; “and much of that time was spent perforce at Loughrea. At first we were kept there in sore suspense as to the settlement of our just claim for land, and after that we were detained by sickness. Our servant fell ill and died of the plague; my grandfather suffered also much from the same malady, and he has in some measure recovered from it; it has, alas! reduced him from a hale and hearty old age, to the wreck—mind and body—that you see before you. In this way our scanty stock of money was soon exhausted, and when at last he was fit to travel, we had to sell our horses and the best part of our wearing apparel, in order to satisfy the debts incurred during his illness; after which there was nothing for it but to finish the journey as best we could on foot.”

“How marvellous are the mercies of the Lord—the mercies which he has laid up for them that fear him,” cried the officer, turning triumphantly toward his companions, and yet shrinking, in spite of himself, beneath the angry glances shot at him from the blue eyes of his daughter. “Surely his hand and his wisdom are visible in this matter,” he added, in a less openly exultant manner; “for look ye, maiden, had you and the man you call Lord Netterville come hither at the time when, according to the date of your certificate, you should have done, you might, peradventure, have found no one to dispute possession with ye. But behold! in-

stead of that, the Lord hath vexed and troubled ye ; he hath forced ye to tarry, even as he forced his rebellious people to tarry in the wilderness ; he hath afflicted ye with sickness ; he hath even visited ye with death, in order that I, his servant and soldier on the battle-field, might go up and take peaceable possession of that land which ye vainly fancied to be all your own."

"But are not these the very lands—a portion of the barony of Mur-risk—which are set down in our certificate?" said Nellie, not even yet comprehending thoroughly the greatness of the impending blow. "How, then, noble sir, do you speak of them as yours?"

"Yea, and indeed," replied the officer, "these are of a certainty those very lands. Nevertheless, maiden, thou hast yet to learn that, if thou hast a certificate, I also am provided with a debenture, signed and delivered to me two months ago. Consequently, my order on the estate being of a later date, doth override and make void thine own, which, moreover, on looking closer, I do perceive to be merely a *de bene esse*, a poor make-shift for the time being, until something more permanent could be assigned thee."

"God help us, then!" cried Nellie, utterly overwhelmed by this last announcement. "God help us, then, and pardon those who have trifled so cruelly with our fortunes! Strangers we are, and without a place whereon to lay our heads; what then is to become of us in these deserted mountains?"

"Thou shouldst have looked to all that ere coming hither," he answered harshly; "as matters are at present, I would counsel thee to return to Loughrea at thy quickest speed, and to seek some other grant of land from their honors the commissioners,

ere all that which is left in thee has been absolutely disposed.

"We cannot," said Nellie, in a tone of hopeless sorrow, while that of the old fanatic had touched the hearts of all who heard her. "Look!" she added, turning, and with a sudden wave of the hand indicating Lord Netterville, who, utterly exhausted by his late exertment, was leaning against the wall in a half state of stupor. "I will tell that old man, and tell me how to retrace his footsteps? He has indeed, aided him on his journey, but what hope is left to give him courage to go back?"

"As I have already said, thou shouldst have looked to all things before undertaking such a journey," he answered shortly, and preparing to move forward; for he saw that the girl's face which made him sure that she would not remain longer silent. "And now go, both hence at once, I counsel you; my choler is apt to rise in the presence of the enemies of the state, and I may not much longer be able to restrain my hand from striking."

"Strike, if you will, but hear me," cried Nellie, springing forward suddenly that she had caught the end of his bridle-rein ere he was aware of her intention. "If this tower is indeed your home, give me a night's shelter in it—only one—just one—a single night—that he may rest from his weary travels."

"Nay, by the sword of God, not even for an hour!" he cried sternly. "Let go, maiden, let go! I will strike thee as if thou wert a mad dog in my path."

But Nellie was by this time past all reason to desperation, and she would not let go. She clung to the bridle, crying out, "Only one night, only one little night. God is my witness, if there was but so much as

out within reach, I would
er than ask such a favor at
ids."

as frantic with passion as
with despair, he forced his
rear again and again, in or-
mpel her to let go; but find-
st, that he could not shake
e raised his riding-whip, and
have fallen heavily on her
s if, by a similar and almost
eous movement, Ormiston
daughter had not hastily in-

or Hewitson!" cried the for-
a warning voice—and, "Fa-
shall not! you dare not!"
e girl, spurring her horse
forward, and utterly regard-
the fact that its heels were
grazing the edge of the pre-
she tried to wrest his whip
father's grasp.

ie tenderness of the man's
s wrapt up in his daughter,
in the midst of that moment
passion he saw her danger,
l out:

e a care, child, have a care!
and your horse will be over-
pice ere you know what you
z."

ow away your whip then, or
ck him over it with my own
she cried passionately; "for
sooner perish at once than
own father strike a helpless
myself."

the Irish beggar hence at
n, will you?" he answered
flinging away his whip as
; and, tearing his rein by
ce from Nellie's grasp, he
rapidly down the hill.

d of following him, the girl
er horse further into the re-
der to make room, and then
er hand with the gesture of
ess to the others to pass on.

With the exception of Ormiston they
all obeyed, and no sooner had they
got to a little distance than she flung
herself off her horse, and, tossing the
reins to her companion, threw herself
into the arms of the astonished Nel-
lie, exclaiming:

"O my God, my God! and these
are the deeds that we do in thy name!
When wilt thou arise and come to
judgment?"

"Nay, grieve not thus, dear lady,"
said Nellie, generously forgetting her
own great wrongs at the sight of such
voluntary humiliation. "You at any
rate have no cause to grieve, for
willingly you have done no wrong."

"Call me not lady; I am but a
girl, a woman like yourself; only"
—she added with a touch of pride so
like humility that it was almost as
beautiful—"only, probably, of mean-
er nature, and certainly of less lofty
lineage. What can I do for you?
Alas! alas! why do I ask, for what
can I do? Shelter, except in my fa-
ther's house, I have none to offer;
and in that, after what he has said
just now, I could not even ensure
your lives."

Here the young officer, who had
by this time dismounted and ap-
proached the girl, endeavored to
insinuate his purse into her hands;
but she shook her head impatiently,
and said, "Money! money! of what
use can money be in such wilds as
these?"

Nevertheless, on second thoughts,
she took the purse, and would, per-
haps, in a hesitating, shame-faced sort
of way, have offered it to Nellie, if
the latter had not said decidedly:

"As you say, dear lady, it would
be worse than useless. Neither are
we beggars. We did but seek what
we thought to be our own. And
now," she added sadly, "we ask still
less—even that which the very beg-

gars are thought to have a right to claim—but a shelter for a single night."

"And even that I cannot give you," said the girl disconsolately; "but at least," she added suddenly, in a brighter tone, "I think I can tell you where to find that." She pointed with her whip to a narrow path branching off a little lower down the hill, and leading apparently in the direction of the sea. "Follow that path—it is neither long nor difficult—and it will lead you to the waters of the creek below. At the very foot of the hill, where the path ends, you will find a hut; if empty, it will at least give you shelter; if otherwise, its owner will, I doubt not, make you welcome. He ought at least," she added quickly, "for he also has lost something. Trust me, you are not the only ones whom we have robbed for the achievement of our own greatness. Farewell! and if ever you pray for your enemies, put us among the worst and foremost."

She turned to her horse as she finished speaking. Her companion would fain have aided her to mount; but putting him pettishly on one side, she leaped into the saddle without assistance, and galloped back by the road which she had come. The officer, thus repulsed, bowed respectfully to Nellie, and then, remounting his own horse, followed in the same direction. She cantered on, however, as if unconscious of his existence, merely urging her horse to a quicker speed, in order to escape him—a manœuvre which he took care, by imitating, to render useless. Finding, at last, that he would not be shaken off, she pulled up suddenly, and said angrily, and without even deigning to look round:

"Why do you follow me? Why do you dog my footsteps? Ride

back to my father, will you? of your own creed and calling will better appreciate your that I can."

"Nay, Ruth," he was beginning, but she interrupted him fiercely—

"Call me by my own name, I wish that I should answer you at least, and to the world still be Henrietta, though father's hands I am compelled to submit to this mummery of a name."

"Well, then, Henrietta," answered quietly, but very gently, "believe me, I did not mean to anger you. I said 'Ruth,' because that name is so often on your lips that it has begun to come naturally to mine. I would not willingly anger you at any time, least of all, just now, when, instead of what I must call your unkindness toward myself, I long to worship you, as I never did before for that nobleness of nature recoils, at any cost, from all the evils of injustice."

"Carry your love and worship elsewhere, then, for I will have none of it," she said, evidently unmollified by his apology. "Should I care for your good opinions? Do you not feel in your hearts, or must I tell you, that we are divided, as far as the north is from the south, in our most irreconcilable convictions, and that what you call my father's religion I consider fanaticism—or that something is worse than fanaticism, or than crime—hypocrisy."

"You cannot believe what I am saying," he answered, now in his turn; "you know how I have loved you, and truly I have loved you, and I cannot believe that I am a hypocrite—you cannot—you could not would not so dishonor me if

thoughts—you who have promised to be my wife !”

“I retract that promise, then,” she answered passionately, “wholly and entirely I retract it. Never, so help me God, will I become the mother of a race of fanatics, who will find, for such deeds as we have seen done to-day, their pretext in religion.”

“Henrietta !” he cried, the blood rushing to his temples, “you cannot be in earnest !”

“See if I am not !” she answered coldly. “Ride back to my father now, and let me go my ways alone to the tower.”

“I will go to him, Henrietta ; but it will only be to tell him that I am about to return to my appointment in Dublin—unless, indeed,” he added, with a lingering hope of reconciliation—“unless, Henrietta, you retract.”

“I never retract,” she answered shortly.

“Then, farewell !” he said, with a half movement, as if he would have taken her hand.”

“Farewell !” she answered, affecting not to see his offered hand, and shaking the reins loose on her horse’s neck.

Ormiston turned his horse’s head in the opposite direction, and went forward a few paces ; then he stopped and looked after his late companion. She was moving on, but slowly, and like one lost in thought. Stirred by a sudden honest impulse of regret, he turned and followed her. Henrietta heard him, and instantly checked her horse, as if determined not to suffer him to ride any longer at her side.

“Henrietta !” he said.

“What would you ?” she asked sullenly.

“Only unsay that one word, ‘hypocrisy,’ and let things be as they were before.”

“I never unsay what I have said,” she answered coldly.

“Neither do I,” he retorted, now angry in earnest ; “and I swear to you that I will see you no more until under your own hand and seal you retract, of your own accord, what you have said to-day, and tell me to return.”

“Farewell, then, for ever,” she replied, with rather a bad assumption of indifference—“for ever, if so it must be.”

“Farewell,” he answered, without, however, as even in that moment Henrietta noticed, adding the ominous “for ever.” “Farewell, and God forgive you for so trifling with the honest heart that loves you, and has loved you from your childhood. Some day—too late, perhaps—you will do me justice.”

And so they parted.

CHAPTER VII.

LEFT to herself, Nellie Netterville sat down to collect her scattered senses. The situation in which she found herself needed, in truth, a calm sense and courage, not often the heritage of petted girlhood, in order to bear up successfully against its difficulties. Happily for herself, the brave Irish girl was possessed of both in no common degree, and the trials and troubles of the last few months had ripened these faculties into almost unnatural maturity. The tale she had just told to Major Hewitson was free of the smallest attempt at exaggeration, being, in fact, rather under than over the measure of the truth. Lord Netterville, in common with many another unfortunate gentleman of the English Pale, had been kept dancing attendance on the commissioners at Loughrea until both

hope and money failed him. The absence of home comforts told heavily upon a frame already weakened by age and sorrow; and just at the moment when he could least bear up against it, he was attacked by the plague, or some disease analogous to the plague, which at that very time was making most impartial havoc among the native Irish and their foes. Thanks to an iron constitution, he recovered, but he rose from his sick-bed, if not absolutely a child in mind, yet as utterly incapable of aiding Nellie by advice, or of steering his own way unassisted through the troubled waters on which his ill fate had cast him, as if he had been in very deed an infant. His servant was already dead, therefore the whole responsibility of their future movements devolved upon his granddaughter. She proved herself, fortunately, not altogether unequal to the occasion, never losing sight for a moment of the purpose which had brought her to Loughrea, and tormenting the commissioners until, less moved by her youth and helplessness than by a desire to rid themselves of her troublesome importunities, they gave her the certificate which she had shown to Major Hewitson, and which, as he had instantly perceived, was rendered worse than useless to its possessor by the fact of its being merely a temporary arrangement. Ignorant alike of Latin and law language, Nellie had, naturally enough, supposed it to be a permanent appointment; and, selling their horses and every article of value in her possession, in order to pay the debts contracted at Loughrea, she had made the rest of the journey on foot, leading, soothing, and encouraging the old man as if he had been a child, and buoying up his courage and her own by fanciful descriptions of that home in the far west, where

she trusted his last days might pass in peace. She had tried to deceive *him*; she never attempted to deceive *herself* as to the nature of their future prospects; yet unimportant as her anticipations had been, they were so much more agreeable than the terrible realities upon which she had just stumbled, that she paused for a few moments, as she sat alone among the hills, as if the gates of an earthly Paradise had been closed against her. But there was no moment for the indulgence of such natural regrets. She looked for her grandfather, and felt that he was in her hands. She remembered, too, her promise to her mother to bring her son as well as daughter to his grave, and sternly and tearlessly, for her tears were too weak an expression for the desolation as she was feeling, she set herself to consider what her next move ought to be. Food and shelter for the old man—(and it was not another glance at his face to tell her how much both were needed) food and shelter—must be her first object. It would be time enough after they had secured to decide as to the feasibility of a return journey to Loughrea. She rose, and drawing her rifle, which, in her struggle with Major Hewitson, had fallen back upon her shoulders, once more over her shoulder, she took her grandfather by the arm and led him quietly and silently along the path pointed out to her by the rietta. It had originally been a sheep-path, and proved far less difficult than she had expected, winding gradually round the hills until it reached a sort of creek or estuary formed by the inrushing, for a distance of miles, of the waters from the lake beyond. It was a lonely, but a lovely spot, and Nellie's heart beat calmly as she paused to listen to the soft rocking of the waters in the

l, and to feel the fresh breeze hey brought from the ocean on her heated brow. There visible signs near her of that habitation of which Major n's daughter had so conf-oken ; but at last, after hav-ched the landscape steadily ections, she thought she saw g like a blue curl of smoke it of a sort of mound, which, ght, seemed neither more nor a cairn of unusually large ns, nearly hidden by clumps and heather at least six feet l bushy and luxuriant in pro-

On nearer inspection, how- proved to be a hut, such a ven to this day may be some- en in the wildest parts of the st, rounded at the gables, rough stones, rudely yet sol- together, and with a roof of fern and shingle, carefully from the violence of the winds by bands of twisted A hole in this roof stood th for window and for chim- l the doorway was literally

A sort of grass mat hung from the inside, being evi- sidered by the inhabitants : protection against cold and only foes which extreme has got to boast of.

ve seconds, at the very least, ood gazing on this frail bar- a feeling as if it would re- ore than human courage to e her presence to the human she knew not whether they ends or enemies) who might d away behind it. At last, haking hand, she drew back corner of the matting, and, daring to look in, saluted the inmates, as the natives of try salute each other to this Irish, "God save all here!" was no answer, and, lifting

the curtain a little higher, she look- ed in.

The hut was empty, though a few embers burning on the floor gave suf- ficient evidence of its having been re- cently inhabited. Of furniture, save a single wooden settle, Nellie could discover none ; but a gun was stand- ing upright against the opposite wall, and near it hung a very Spanish-seem- ing mantle, looking as much out of place in that miserable abode as its owner would probably have done if he had been there to claim it. The solitude, and the sight of that gun and mantle, made her feel far more nervous than she would have felt if a dozen of the natives of the soil had been congregated within. It seemed to imply some mystery, and, to the helpless, mystery always has a touch of fear about it. Moreover, it made her suddenly conscious that she was an intruder, an idea which would never have come into her head if her possible hosts had been of that frank- hearted race to whom the virtue of hospitality comes so easily that it does not even occur to them to call it "virtue." On the other hand, her grandfather's pale face and sunken features seemed to plead with her against all unseasonable timidity. Hastily, therefore, and as though she were about to commit a theft, she put aside the matting, drew the old man inside, and then replaced the screen as carefully as if she hoped in this manner to hide her audacious proceedings from the owner of the hut—or rather, if the truth must be told, from the owner of the mysteri- ous mantle. This first step fairly tak- en, Nellie suddenly grew brave, and resolving to make the most of their impromptu habitation, she drew the settle nearer to the fire, and made Lord Netterville sit down upon it.

The sight of the embers seemed to revive the latter, less perhaps from

any need he felt of its warmth on that bright sunny day than from the home-like associations which it awakened in his mind. He smiled a wintry smile, with more of old age than of gladness in it, and stretched forth his withered hands to warm them in the blaze. Then, as if suddenly waking up for the first time to a perception of his being foodless, he asked Nellie if supper would soon be ready, for that in truth he was well-nigh starving. Starving he must have been, that poor Nellie knew well enough already; for they had exhausted their scanty stock of food that very day, and he had tasted nothing since the early dawn. She soothed him, however, and besought him to have yet a little patience, and then, with a desperate resolution to appropriate to his use whatever of food the hut might happen to contain, she commenced a careful examination of its hidden nooks. There were, of course, neither shelves nor cupboards, or anything, indeed, which even suggested the idea of provisions having been ever kept there; but at last, when she had almost begun to give up the search in despair, she espied something like the handle of a basket peeping out from beneath a bundle of firewood which lay heaped in one corner of the hut upon the floor. Pouncing upon this at once, she discovered that it contained a couple of sea-trout, upon which the owner of the mansion had probably intended making an early dinner, for they were already prepared for broiling. With renewed energy Nellie took a handful of dried brushwood, and threw it upon the half-extinguished fire, after which she proceeded, in her new character of cook, to lay, in a very leisurely and scientific manner, the fish upon the embers. So engrossed was she in this occupation, that she never perceived that the mat

curtain over the doorway had once more lifted up, and that one was watching her proceed from the outside. This soon was a man, apparently about five or thirty years of age, with a stature rather above than below the middle height, and a face which, by its energy and expression as it was by no means regularly handsome, though the large, merrily gleaming eyes by which it was lighted, deceived casual beholders into the conviction that it was.

He was clad in a garb which might have belonged to the native men of the coast, yet no one would have mistaken him for other than a gentleman and soldier, as he stood there, holding back the screen of matting, and gazing, with a look seriously compounded of amusement and annoyance, at the scene presented by the interior of the hut. The latter feeling, however, was evidently in the ascendant—so much indeed, that he had actually made a half-movement, as if to retreat and leave the hut to its uninvented occupants, when something—a glimpse of Nellie's delicate profile as she stooped over the glowing embers?—induced him to change his mind, and stepping quietly over the threshold, he dropped the screen behind him with an energy and will which seemed to indicate that instead of his premeditated flight, he had made up his mind to accept a good grace, and perhaps even to enjoy, this unexpected addition to his society. The sound of the mat warned Nellie of the advent of the stranger, and, crimson with surprise and fear, she stood up to receive him. He gazed upon her with the half-feeling of annoyance visible on his clouded brow, yet gradually to a look of intense and reverent admiration, and remem-

man's cap from his head, and courteously, and said in

save all here, and a hundred welcomes also, if, as I ap- you are fugitives like my- tyranny and injustice."

was an indescribable tact- etsy in the way in which he- this announcement of his- master of the hut with a- ready welcome to his un- sitants, which made Nellie

ce that she had to do, not- a man of gentle birth but- nd polished breeding also. act seemed for the moment

add to her difficulty than- se it, and secretly wishing

sh could be made, by some- process, to disappear from- s upon which it was com-

roiling, she placed herself- is she could between it and- ger as she stammered out

gy for intrusion. Did he- sh? and did he guess at the

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used look in his eye, which- feel hot and cold by turns

consciousness of discovered- the rest of his features wore

nothing but an expression- id courteous sympathy as he

interrupted her excuses—- no more, dear lady, say no

st me I have not now to- the first time to what dire

sad necessity of these days- ay bring us. And, there-

ll who come to this poor- more especially to those

honor and for conscience'- laid down wealth and pow-

ere, I have but one word—- ing, and that is the old

, of a hundred thousand- "

ndred thousand welcomes!"

repeated a feeble, quivering voice close to the stranger's elbow. He turned and looked for the first time steadily at Lord Netterville, of whose presence up to that moment he had been barely conscious. The old man had risen from his seat, and stood smiling and bowing courteously, evidently thinking he was doing the honors of a home, of which—however humble—he was yet the undoubted master.

"Our house is poor, sir," he went on, "once, indeed, we boasted of a better; but let that pass. Such as it is—such as our enemies have made it—you may reckon assuredly upon meeting an Irish welcome in it."

"Sir," whispered Nellie through her tears, fearing lest the stranger might break in too rudely on the old man's delusion. "He is old—he has been ill—he fancies he has reached his home; you must excuse him."

The unknown turned his eyes upon the girl with a look so full of reverent sympathy, that it went straight to her heart, never afterward to be effaced from thence. She felt that her grandfather would be safe in such kindly hands, and was turning quietly away when Lord Netterville, still enacting his fancied character of host, threw a handful of dry wood upon the fire, and the blaze that instantly ensued fell full upon his features, which had hitherto been barely visible in the gloom. The stranger started violently.

"Good God!" he cried, in a tone of irrepressible astonishment. "Is it possible that I see Lord Netterville, and in such a plight?"

"You know my grandfather, then?" cried Nellie joyously, feeling as if the stranger must have been sent by Providence especially to help her in the hour of her utmost need. "You know my grandfather?"

"I ought, at any rate," he answered, with a sad smile, as he took Lord Netterville's proffered hand. "For we fought together and were beaten at Kilrush; my first battle, and, as I suppose, his last."

"Ha!" cried the old man, "Kilrush! Kilrush! who speaks to me of Kilrush? Were you there, sir? Time must have played sad tricks upon my memory then, for, truth to say, I do not recognize you."

"Nay, my good lord," said the stranger soothingly, "it would be stranger still if you had done so, for I was but a beardless boy in those days. Nevertheless, I remember *you*, Lord Netterville, and surely you cannot have altogether forgotten the cheer we gave when you, a tried and veteran soldier, rode up to serve with us as a volunteer in the regiment of your gallant son."

"I remember! I remember!" cried the old man eagerly. "It was a bright and glorious morning, and we charged them gallantly—a bright and glorious morning, but with a sad and bloody ending. Alas! alas!" he added, his voice falling suddenly from its trumpet-like tone of exultation to an old man's wail of sorrow. "Alas! alas! how many of the best and bravest that we had among us lay dead and trampled in the dust, as we withdrew from that fatal field."

He bowed his head upon his breast, and remained for a little while absorbed in thought, and Nellie took advantage of the pause to say:

"You knew my father, sir? You must have known him if you were near Lord Netterville at Kilrush; for father and son charged side by side, and were seldom, as I have since been told, ten minutes out of each other's sight during the whole of that bloody battle."

"Knew your father? Yes, dear

lady—if your father was, as I suppose, Colonel Netterville—I knew him well. He was the bosom of my uncle and namesake, Moore of Leix, who placed his regiment when I joined the army."

"Roger Moore of Leix," Nellie, a flash of enthusiasm lighting up her face; "Roger Moore the brave—the gifted—the leader in a noble cause, whose name was a battle-cry, and whose followers rushed into fight, shouting for 'God—our Lady—and I Moore!' Yes, yes; he was my father's friend. I remember when I was a child how he used to talk about him. And *you*, added, with a sudden change of voice and manner, and placing her hands in his, "*you*, then, that Roger Moore, the young hero, whose arms my poor father died for."

"At the battle of Benburb," Moore, in a low voice; "a glorious battle—well fought, and well won, and yet for ever to be regretted the loss of one of Ireland's bravest and most faithful soldiers."

"Grandfather," cried Nellie, suddenly withdrawing her hands from Roger, and blushing scarlet at the inadvertence of her own action, had placed them in his, "this is my father, who bore my mother and father out of the press of battle to whom we are indebted for our last and loving farewell which he sent to us in dying."

But instead of replying with eagerness corresponding to her own, Lord Netterville gazed vacantly at the stranger, evidently without the slightest recollection of his name or person, and repeated, in a low, monotonous voice, his previously-learned welcome.

"He does not remember!" cried Roger. "Alas! alas! for that

once cloudless as a summer day!"

"Hush!" whispered Nellie. "The action is beginning to return." Lord Netterville did, in fact, begin making a languid effort to pick up his scattered thoughts, looked at Roger, and said

"I knew my son, sir?—you my son?—then, indeed, you are welcome. He was a brave fellow who fought for his king and—fought and fell—on the—field of—the name—thought never to forget—yet escaped me."

"Nay, my lord," Roger ventured to in-

terrupt him. "Ay, that was the very day, my lord—my memory does not fail me, sir; but I have been delayed of late—or we rode too late in the morning—for I feel very

weak to draw back from the subject," he spoke, but he tottered, and had almost fallen if Roger had not caught him by the arm, and made him sit down upon the settle. "I am a little faint for want of food," he said hastily; "we have been sitting all day among the hills, and have not broken his fast since

"He did not answer, but signing to support Lord Netterville, he went straight to some invisible shelf in the walls of the hut, and drew out a bottle of strong cordial. He poured a little of this into a broken glass, made the old man swallow it, then stood beside him, anxiously watching the result. Happily favorable—in a few minutes Lord Netterville revived, the color came to his wan cheek, and turn-

"Nellie, he asked her, in a half-whisper, "if supper would soon be ready."

"Shyly, and blushing scar-

let, Nellie nodded an affirmative, and forgetting all her previous shame in anxiety for her grandfather, she was about to resume her office as cook, when, with a half-smile on his face, Roger Moore put her quietly aside.

"Nay, Mistress Netterville, remember that I am master here, and that I forbid you to lay hands upon that fish? I have always been cook in my own proper person to the establishment, and I cannot allow you to supersede me in the office."

"Forgive me!" said Nellie, tears starting to her eyes, and half fancying in her confusion that he was angry in earnest. "I could not help it, for he was starving."

"Do not misunderstand me, I entreat you," said Roger, in a voice of deep and real feeling; "I should be a brute if I objected to anything you have or could have done; I only meant that I objected to your continuing in that office; for so long as the daughter of my old colonel is under my roof, (even though it be but a poor mud sheeling,) she shall do no work, with my good-will, unfit for the hands of a princess." He busied himself while speaking in drawing forth, from that same recess in which he had found the cordial, some thin oaten cakes, a few wooden platters, and one or two knives and spoons of such massive silver, that Nellie could not help thinking they were as much out of keeping with the rest of the furniture as Roger himself appeared to be with the hut, of which he was doing the honors in such simple and yet such courtly fashion. He would not even let her hold the platter upon which he placed the fish as he took it from the embers, and he himself then brought it to Lord Netterville, and pressed him, as tenderly as if he had been a child, to partake of this impromptu supper.

The old man yielded, nothing loath, and so, indeed, did his grandchild; for, though very fair to look at, no goddess was poor Nellie, but a young and growing girl with the healthy appetite of sixteen. She accepted, therefore, Roger's invitation without the smallest affectation of reluctance, and sitting down on the floor beside her grandfather, shared the contents of his platter with innocent and undisguised enjoyment. With all her sense and courage, she was as yet in many things a perfect child, yielding as easily as a child might do to the first ray of sunshine that brightened on her path, and accepting the happiness of the present moment as unrestrainedly as if never even suspecting the shadows that were lurking in her future. Now, therefore, that she felt her grandfather was in safe and helpful keeping, she threw off the sense of responsibility which had weighed her down for months, and became almost gay. Color rose to her wasted cheek, light sparkled in her eyes, and she responded to Roger's efforts to make her feel comfortable and at home, with such innocent and unbounded faith in his wish and power to befriend them, that he vowed an inward vow never to forsake her, but to guard her, as if she had been in very deed his sister, through the trials and dangers of her unprotected exile. When their meal was over, and while her grandfather slumbered in the quiet warmth of the peat-fire, she told Roger Moore her story, simply and briefly as she might have told it to a brother, beginning at her departure from her ancestral home, and ending with her encounter with the English strangers among the mountains.

"It is Major Hewitson," said Roger, "in whose favor I have been despoiled of my old home. Major Hewitson and his pretty daughter 'Ruth,'

as he chooses to call her, in a blot out the fact that her name is Henrietta, and that she had a queen for her godmother. She gets it not herself, however," laughed, with a smile; "for her father was of noble race, and they say she is a true cavalier at heart, pines like a caged bird in the work of demure fanaticism which her father has twined around her."

"She has a lovely face and an honest heart, for certain Nellie. "She knows you also," he thought of it; for she it was who had led me to this hut, with a hint she should here find a friend."

"Did she?" said Roger, with a true fervour. "Nay, then, that one good deed I needs must reward her, that she, or her father, should have robbed me of my inheritance. And now I think of it," he said, with a touch of sly malice and a smile, "you also, if you came to seek land, must have been on the same errand; for both baronies, 'Umhall uaghtragh' and 'Umhall ioghtragh,' is the country of the O'Mailly's, and, in right, my grandmother's, my own."

Nellie blushed scarlet. "I," she said, "I knew not whitely whom they sent us; but sure at all events, that we never have accepted of any home on the expense of its rightful owners."

"Nay," said Roger, "I do not jest. Would indeed that it were so, you I had been compelled to yield. In spite of that fact you should have had, I promise you, a right welcome. And now I must explain. This sheeling, you know, is not really my home, but a temporary refuge, of which I have two or three along the coast, for I have fought battles against England's new-fangled government to have deserved the

outlawry at her hands. My frequently has been none too any time these six months I now that yonder gray-hairic, who would ask nothing man to seal his title in my as got possession of these is of course less secure than My most permanent home, is on an island, facing the his side, and washed by the f the Atlantic on the other. or enough, God knows, yet of giving better accommoda- such a hut as this is. Will your grandfather be content it with me?"

rushed into the dark eyes of

dence is good," she answered— "Providence is very d gives us friends when we ect them."

, then, it is a bargain," cried ayly; "and now, Mistress le, come and see the craft you will have to make the

lled down the "mysterious as he spoke, and Nellie saw tead of covering the bare he had imagined, it merely d an opening into an inner ler portion of the hut, built r the creek, and made to an- purpose of a boat-house. ; the water rushed, so as to asin deep enough for the of a boat, and one accord- safe within it, concealed by hanging roof from observa- he outside.

not flat-bottomed like the aft, but had been evidently h for strength and speed by , understood his business, hief cargo at this particular seemed to be a quantity of : heather.

is Roger pointed with a OL. VII.—21

smile. "If I were a Highlander," he said, "you might suspect me of second-sight; for I have gathered, without thinking of it, double the usual quantity of heather, that which we outlaws perforce use for bedding. I hope you will not mind roughing it a little."

"I have roughed it a good deal within the last few months," said Nellie, "and I do not think you will find me difficult to please. Is the boat quite safe? I have never been out on the real sea before."

"Safe!" said the young man, with a little pardonable pride in his dark eyes. "I built her myself, and she has weathered more than one bad storm since the first day that I sailed her. I call her the 'Grana Uaille,' after the stout old chieftainess whose island kingdom I inhabit, and which, with the other lands of which Major Hewitson has robbed me, I inherit from my grandmother. But the sun is getting low. Do you not think we had better start at once, and get the voyage over before night-fall?"

To this Nellie gladly assented, and between them they conducted Lord Netterville to the boat. Roger arranged the heather so as to form a sort of couch, and, with the mantle thrown over him to protect him from the damp, the old man found himself so comfortable that he settled himself quietly for slumber. Then Roger put up his sail, and with a fresh and favorable wind they glided down the creek.

Nellie would not lie down, but she sat back in the boat with a lazy kind of gladness in her heart, which, rightly interpreted, would probably have been found to mean perfect rest of body and mind. Such rest as she had not felt for months! The waters widened as they approached the bay, and Nellie marked each new feature in the scene with an interest all the

keener and more enjoyable, that everything she saw was so unlike anything she had ever seen before. Accustomed as she had been to the tamer cultivation of her native country, the savage grandeur of that wild west, with its poverty in human life, its wealth in that which was merely animal, took her completely by surprise, and she gazed with unwearied interest, now on the undulating ranges of blue mountains which crossed and recrossed each other like network against the sky, then on the broad, black tracts of peat and bog land which covered the country at their feet like a pall; listened now to the bittern and plover as they answered each other from the marshes, then to the shrill screams of the curlews as they rose before the boat, darkening the air with their uncounted numbers; or she watched a heron sweeping slowly homeward from its distant fishing-ground—or a grand old eagle soaring solemnly upward, as if bent on a visit to the departing sun; and her delight and astonishment at last reached their climax in the apparition of a seal, which, just as they cleared the creek, popped its head up above the waves, leaving her, in spite of Roger's laughing assurances to the contrary, well-nigh persuaded that she had seen a mermaid. The wind continuing steady, Roger shook out his last remaining reef, and, responding gayly to the fresh impulse, the boat sprang forward at a racing pace. They were in Clew Bay at last, and Nellie uttered a cry of joy—never had she seen anything so beautiful before. Masses of clouds, with tints just caught from the presence of the sun, soft greens and lilacs, and pale primrose and delicate pearly white, so clear and filmy that the evening star could be seen glancing through them, hung right overhead, shedding

a thousand hues, each more beautiful than the other, upon the bay beneath until it flowed like a liquid opal over its multitude of tribute isles.

Just opposite the very mouth of the harbor, stood Clare Island, all aglow and glowing, as if it were indeed the pavilion of the setting sun, which, as it sank into the water beyond it, wrapped tower, and cliff, and slanting cliff, and winding line, in such a glory of gold and purple as made the old kingdom of Grana Uaille look for the moment like a palace of the fairies.

Nellie was still straining her eyes for a glimpse of the Atlantic on the west side, when the deep baying of a hound came like sad, sweet music over the waters, and Roger's hand touched her shoulder. They were close to the island; in another moment he had run his boat close into the little harbor and laid her alongside the pier. A huge dog, of the old Irish breed, in bounding in, nearly oversetting her in his eagerness to greet his master.

Roger laid one restraining hand on the dog's massive head, and, moving his cap with the other, smiled courteously:

"You must not be afraid of me, Mistress Netterville, she is as gentle as she is strong, and has only come to add her voice to her master's to bid you welcome to the old home."

CHAPTER VIII.

NELLIE slept that night the deepest of slumbers of a child; but the bits of long weeks of care were so easily shaken off, at the first ray of sunshine that found its way through the narrow window, that her chamber roused her from her well-earned repose. Her first impulse was, as it had ever been

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dimly-lighted room, and
to make a mental in-
its contents. It was a
nber, forming the second
old tower in which Ro-
ken up his abode, and
all that was yet remaining
tronghold of Grana Uail-
artment had evidently no
its own to boast of, but,
used as a sort of lum-
was abundantly supplied
es brought hither from
red mansions. Nellie
ved that much of this so-
er was of the costliest de-
nd represented probably
al of all that had been
the wreck of Roger's for-
e were cabinets of curi-
unship, a table carved in
k as ebony, a few high-
rs of the same material,
in gold and silver, some
Celtic manufacture, others
re delicate workmanship
rks of artistic handling,
to Nellie's unaccustom-
ayed their foreign origin.
pictures, too, most of
the dark shadow of a
d upon them, and swords,
eapons, and armor of all
and new, defensive and
led up here and there in
confusion in the corners
Nellie had been amus-
for some minutes scan-

ning all these treasures over and over,
and guessing at their various uses,
when her attention became suddenly
riveted upon a huge coffer with bands
and mouldings of curiously-wrought
brass, which stood against the wall
exactly opposite to the foot of her
bed. She was still quite girl enough
to be willing to amuse herself by im-
agining all sorts of impossibilities re-
specting the contents of this mysteri-
ous looking piece of furniture, and
she was watching it as anxiously as
if she half expected it to open of it-
self, when the door of the chamber
was cautiously unclosed, and the old
woman, who represented the office of
cook, valet, and everything else in
Roger's establishment, crept up to
her bedside as quietly as if she fan-
cied her to be sleeping still.

"God's blessing and the light of
heaven be on your sweet smiling
face," she ejaculated, as Nellie turn-
ed her bright, wide-open eyes with a
grateful smile upon the old hag. "Lie
still a bit, a-lannah, lie still, and take
a sup of this fresh goat's whey that I
have been making for you. It will
bring the color, may be, into your
pretty cheeks again ; for troth, a-lan-
nah, they are as pale this morning as
mountain roses, and not at all what
they should be in regard to a young
and well-grown slip of a lassie like
yourself."

Nellie took the tempting beverage,
which Nora presented to her in an
old-fashioned silver goblet, readily
enough ; but checking herself just as
she was about to put it to her lips,
she said, gayly :

"Thanks, a thousand times, my
dear old woman, but I do not feel
that I need it much, and this whey
would be the very thing for my poor
old grandfather. He was always ac-
customed to something of the sort in
the days when we were able to in-
dulge ourselves in such luxuries."

for a kirtle to the back. indeed! Why, could not he himself last night that you had been robbed and murdered like your own by them thieving and wasn't it for that very hat, before he went off to his his blessed morning, he gave key of that big black box, and says he, 'Nora, my old woman have been thinking that the lady up-stairs has been so the road that may be she'll want of a new dress like; so, is nothing like decent working to be found in the is by she'll condescend to see anything in my poor mother that would suit her for the

And troth, my darling," went on, "it's you that are have the pick and choice of us; for she was a grand Spaniard, she was, and always went along us dressed like a prin-

had opened the box at the of this speech, and with each word she uttered, she such treasures of finery on as fully justified her pane-the deceased lady's ward-

soon found herself the ceneap of thick silks and shiny and three-piled velvets and stuffs, standing upright by their own rich material, and so delicate and fine, that sed as if she had only to upon them in order to make at away upon the air like

is quite too much of a girl to be able to resist a close ous examination of such; nevertheless, her instinctness of things was stronger vanity, and there was an ty between these courtly

habiliments and her broken fortunes, which made her feel that it would be an absolute impossibility to wear them. Selecting, therefore, a few articles of linen clothing, she told old Nora that everything else was far too fine for daily wear, and began, of her own accord, to restore them to their coffer. Not so, however, the good old Nora. That *any* thing could be too fine for the adornment of *any* one whom "the master" delighted to honor, was a simple absurdity in her mind; and she became so clamorous in her remonstrances, that Nellie was fain to shift her ground, and to explain that she was bent at that moment upon "taking a long ramble by the sea-shore, for which anything like a dress of silk or satin (Nora's own good sense must tell her) would be, to say the least of it, exceedingly inappropriate."

At these words a new light seemed to dawn upon the old woman's mind, and, plunging almost bodily down into the deep coffer in her eagerness to gratify her *protégé*, she exclaimed, "So it's for a walk you'd be going this morning, is it? and after all your bother last night! Well, well, you are young still, and would rather, I daresay, be skipping about like a young kid among the rocks than sitting up in silks and satins as grave and stately as if you were a princess in earnest. Something plain and strong? That's what you'll be wanting, isn't it, a-lannah? Wait a bit, will you? for I mind me now of a dress the old mistress had made when she was young, for a frolic, like, that she might go with me unnoticed to a 'pattern.' And may I never sin if I haven't got it," she cried, diving down once more into the coffer, and bringing up from its shining chaos a dress which, consisting as it did simply of a madder-colored petticoat and short over-skirt of russet brown, was

not by any means very dissimilar to the habitual costume of a peasant girl of the west at the present hour. Nora was right. It was, as ladies have it, "the very thing!" Stout enough and plain enough to meet all Nellie's ideas of propriety, and yet presenting a sharp contrast of coloring which (forgive her, my reader, she was only sixteen) she was by no means sorry to reflect would be exceedingly becoming to her clear, pale complexion, and the blue-black tresses of her hair. It was with a little blush of pleasure, therefore, that she took it from the old woman's hand, exclaiming, "Oh! thank you, dear Nora. It is exactly what I was wishing for—so strong and pretty. It will make me feel just as I want to feel, like a good strong peasant girl, able and willing to work for her living; and, to say the truth, moreover," she added, somewhat confidentially, "I should not at all have liked making my appearance in those fine Spanish garments. I should have been so much afraid of the O'More taking me for his mother."

The annunciation of this grave anxiety set off old Nora in a fit of laughing, under cover of which Nellie contrived to complete her toilette. Madder-dyed petticoat, and russet skirt, and long dark mantle, she donned them all; but the effect, though exceedingly pretty, was by no means exactly what she had expected; for Nora, turning her round and round for closer inspection, declared, with many an Irish expletive, which we willingly spare our readers, "That dress herself how she might, no one could ever mistake her for anything but what she really was, namely, a born lady, and perhaps even, moreover, a princess in disguise." With a smile and a courtesy Nellie accepted of the compliment, and then tripped down the winding staircase of her

turret, took one peep at the village as he lay in the room, the "callioagh" or nook by which, screened off by a partition, had been allotted to the warmest and most comfortable commodation the tower afforded, having satisfied herself that she was still fast asleep, stepped out into the open air. She was met at the door by "Maida," who nudged her down in her bonnet, and light at beholding her again, was playfully defending her from the too rapturous advances of her four-footed friend when he came to his fishing-boat alongside, and, evidently mistaking her for some bare-footed visitor, called out in Irish:

"Hilloa, ma colleen! Come back to the tower, will ye, Nora, to fetch me down a good fish for your pains, for I have been enough to garrison the tower this week."

Guessing his mistake and amused at the success of her mission, Nellie instantly darted into the room, seized a fishing-creel lying near the hearth, and ran down to the pier. Roger was so busy disentangling the net in which he had caught the fish that he never even looked up until he turned round to find it in her basket. Then for the first time he saw who it was who had been so unceremonious about upon his commission. He had seen Nellie been rich and prosperous, and would probably have laid her made exceedingly light of her poverty, but poor, and almost dependent upon his bounty as she was, the scarlet to the forehead, and gazed with an eager deference, was not only very touching but very characteristic of

enerous-hearted race from sprung. "But, after all," in conclusion, smiling and finger lightly on the folds of mantle, "after all, how ream that, her weeks of dering only just concluded, Netterville would have been with the sun, looking as bright as the morning dew, uerading like a peasant

am not masquerading at Nellie, laughing, and yet quite in earnest. "I am a peasant girl, and mean like one, ay, and to work so, so long as I needs must ent upon others."

I am still to be master Roger, very decidedly, taking-creele out of her hands. wandering princess you to me; and like a wanness I intend that you eated, so long as you con- honor me by your pre- this kingdom of barren

"But the fish," said the laughing and blushing Nellie; "in the meantime, what is to be done with the fish? Nora will be in pain about it; for she told me last night that there wasn't a blessed fish in the bay that would be worth a 'thraneen' if only half-an-hour were suffered to elapse between their exit from the ocean and their introduction to her kitchen."

"Nora is quite right," said Roger, responding freely to the young girl's merry laugh; "and it has cost me both time and pains, I do assure you, to impress that fact upon her mind. But Maida has already told her all about it; and here she comes," he added, as he caught a glimpse of the old woman descending leisurely toward the pier. "So now we may leave the fish with a safe conscience to her tender mercies, and, if you are inclined for a stroll, I will take you up to yonder rocky platform, from whence you will see the Atlantic, as unfortunately we but seldom see it on this wild coast, in all the calm glories of a summer day."

TO BE CONTINUED.

MEXICO, BY BARON HUMBOLDT.*

SOME old books, like some old married couples, deserve a second celebration. Fifty years are surely long enough to wait for a rehearsal of nuptials; and a married pair who can for a half-century live at peace with themselves and the public, respected and esteemed, receive a merited recognition and a pleasing recompense. Books that have circulated with an equal longevity and enjoyed universal appreciation, have also their rights for a share of the cakes and ale. If the old people have only a new coat and a new gown, they look young again; if the old favorite volumes are honored with a fresh binding, their backbones seem strengthened. It is charming to witness an ancient dame clinging to the side of her equally ancient husband for time almost out of mind; and it has a home look to find two venerable tomes, called Volume One and Volume Two, supporting and comforting each other on the same shelf in the library. When one of the aged who have trudged on through life together drops off, how soon the second follows after; and when one book is lost or destroyed, its companion pines away in dust, if not in ashes, till, finally neglected, it mysteriously disappears.

But Baron Humboldt's two folios on New Spain or Mexico indicate that time, as yet, has written no wrinkles on their brow. They are good for another lease of life of equal length; their high state of preservation has imparted a healthy appearance; and perhaps grandchildren hereafter will be delighted to make their acquaintance. On the present

occasion, the compliments season, and of the editor, extended to them. And in interchange of courtesies, let what they have to say for themselves.

It is somewhat surprising in modern times that Humboldt's *Mexico* should have retained their pre-eminence. The baron upon subjects wherein our knowledge is continually increasing, where important changes are daily made, new discoveries, and where constant demand is kept up for new books. His great essay is divided into branches of political and sciences, which in their nature progressive sciences,—geography, pography, economical and social statistics. But in the case of the baron, an exception is for the general law in relation to the reign, and fall of standard authority. His supremacy in the department of Mexico was established in the decade of the present age; it has not been destroyed in the last one fact is truly remarkable. His essay was published in 1811 in the most imposing and expensive form, in two volumes in folio; it had been anxiously expected; it was instantly translated into all the languages of Europe; it was replete with eulogiums and commendations; but no second edition was even asked for. This singular fate of performance so much extolled, and quoted, needs some explanation and in giving this, the interest manifested abroad in the situation of Mexico must also be explained. In truth, the popularity of the work was, for the most part, due to the importance of and attention bestowed upon that rich province of the

* *Essai politique sur le Royaume de Nouvelle-Espagne*. 2 vols. fol. Chez F. Schoell. Paris. 1811.

on the western shores of the Mexico had been a resplendent in the Spanish crown from the conquest by Cortez it had been the envy of rivals, and often the prize which had to win from its rightful

England was eager to market with African slaves, to gain access to its ports, to stimulate the contrabandance was perpetually on the Bahamas to capture its fleets, bearing their precious from Vera Cruz to Cadiz.

It defeated the best of Spanish galleons, and carried off the spoils; while all three, English, and Dutch cruisers, and privateers, partly public armed with their piratical captains in times of profound peace were at war on every ship sailing the flag of Castile. The

that far-off country was in the last century as one of the modern world. In *Spence's Anecdotes*, that gentleman who had seen the most splendid courts resided in the presence of Mr. Pope, that he had never spoken so much with anything of the magnificence of the City of London as its seven hundred equibushes of solid silver, and sitting on the paseo waited their black slaves, to hold parasols, and shade with umbrellas their mistresses from the sun. Now Spain had nothing to attract beyond its wealth; it had no science, or history; no literature, or romance. With the arrival of Cortez, these had been lost. No one desired more on the island. But everybody wished for all that could be learned from the precious resources in the precious

minerals, then supplying the commerce of all nations with coin. Nothing was talked of, listened to, or considered, when discussing the condition of that country, except its vast production of silver. "Thank you," said Tom Hood, when dining with a London Amphyctyon, who was helping his plate too profusely, "thank you, alderman; but if it is all the same to you, I will take the balance in money." Interest in Mexico was taken in nothing else.

It must be remembered that credit in commerce is of recent origin, and paper currency of still more recent creation. Both, comparatively speaking, were in their infancy at the close of the last century. Precious metals were then the sole, or at least the great, medium of commercial exchanges; and consequently, silver and gold performed a more important part in the markets than they do now. They were more highly appreciated and sought after. Then it was, that the Mexican mines yielded the far greater portion of the total product; and, of course, the control of these mines was supposed to afford the control of the commerce of the world. Economists and statesmen, therefore, turned their gaze upon that strange land beyond sea, as the only land in that direction worthy of their notice. But the notice bestowed upon it was absorbing. Napoleon, availing himself of the imbecility of the king of Spain, and of the venality of the Prince of Peace, endeavored to divert the Mexican revenues from the royal House of Trado at Seville to the imperial treasury of France. Ouvrard, also, the most daring speculator in the most gigantic schemes under Napoleon, the contractor-general for the armies and navy of the French empire, undertook, on his own responsibility, to enter into a private partnership

with the Spanish sovereign to monopolize the trade of Mexico, and divide equally the profits. Napoleon assented to this arrangement; English bankers took part in the negotiation; and the British government under William Pitt gave it their sanction and aid. Yet, strange to relate, all this transpired while England was at war with France and Spain, and a British fleet blockaded the harbor of Vera Cruz. These hostile nations were drained of money, and wanted an immediate supply. France had anticipated the public revenues to meet the imperial necessity; the Bank of England had stopped specie payments; Madrid was threatened with a famine from a series of failures in the crops at home, and no funds were in the royal coffers to purchase wheat abroad. Thus all were clamorous for coin, which Mexico only could produce. It was known that fifty millions of silver dollars were on deposit in the Consulado of Vera Cruz, awaiting shipment to Spain; and it was well known, also, that, if shipped, the greater portion of the amount would soon find its way to Paris and London. In this state of affairs, the emergency became so pressing upon the belligerents, that their war policy was compelled to succumb; the blockade was raised and the bullion exported. We shall not soon forget how a similar exigency in the late war compelled the Lincoln administration to permit provisions being furnished to the Confederates, in order to procure cotton to strengthen our finances. Cotton was king of commerce in 1864. Silver was king in 1804.

England, at the same time, was meditating seriously upon the resources and riches of New Spain. Aware of the importance attached by the British cabinet to the subject, Dumouriez, the distinguished French republican exile, then in London,

addressed Mr. Windham, the secretary of War and for the *Coleridge* paper advocating its conquest general called attention to it that, once in English occupancy commerce of the two seas will be in your hands; the metallic riches of Spanish America will pour into England; you will deprive Spain of Bonaparte of them; and this political revolution will change the face of Europe." It seems that Mr. Windham entertained the proposition and referred it to Sir Arthur Wellesley. In the sixth volume of the *Wellington Supplementary Dispatches* the proposition is examined.

While such was the state of opinion in Europe, finding expression daily in high quarters, and of the above are only isolated examples, Humboldt undertook his scientific expedition to Spanish America, was preparing his great essay on New Spain. He landed in Mexico in March, 1803, and remained in the country for one year, engaged in study of the physical structure, political condition of the vast empire, and in the investigation of the causes having the greatest influence on the progress of its population and industry. But no printed work was to be found to aid him in his research with materials, and therefore he resorted to manuscripts in great numbers, already in general circulation. He had also free, uninterrupted access to official records; records for the first time were permitted to be examined by a private gentleman. Finally, he embodied his topographical, geographical, statistical, and collections, into a separate work on New Spain, "hoping they would be received with interest at a time when the new continent, more than any other, attracts the attention of Europe. The original sketch was drawn in Spanish for circulation, and for

thereon, he informs us, he bled to make many importations." The *Essay* reviews the political and physical aspect of the country, the influence of the inequality of surface on the climate, on the commerce, and defence of the country; the population, and its distribution into castes; the census and the intendencias—calculated on maps drawn up by him from astronomical observations; its agriculture and mines, commerce and manufactures; the revenues and defences. But Humboldt candidly confesses, as incident to his undertaking, that, "notwithstanding the extreme care which he bestowed in verifying results,

many serious errors have been committed." It can be readily seen that what attention was given to the first rude sketch of the country published by him in 1804—5. His industry and ambition of mercuries, and military men used by this first authentic account of Mexican revenues and

All nations were anxious to know more; all classes of people were in wonder to this true account expecting the prodigious profit of the precious metals. In the height of excitement, Humboldt preparing his complete *Essay*, he neglected the public desire. Having no attention from the inaccuracies of his first rough publication, he was in no great haste to publish the final result of his labours; he waited for four or five years; and, unfortunately for his country, he waited too long. The country of Mexico had gone by; the illusions of its boundless opulence had vanished; its fascinations, which had charmed for years, like some enchanted forest, had passed away; its

spell of enchantment was broken. For the rebellion burst out in 1810, and commerce, revenues, industry, all perished in the general ruin it created. It was now, in common estimation, one of the poorest colonies of Spain; and what cared the public for more Spanish poverty beyond the Atlantic, when too much of it already was visible in the peninsula? The great *Essay*, therefore, when finally published, was not purchased with impatient eagerness; it fell flat on the market. For Mexico was now ruined, the public thought; and so does the public continue to think, even unto the present day. Thenceforth, Mexican antiquities only were attractive. The *Edinburgh Review*, in 1811, writing on the *Essay*, commences: "Since the appearance of our former article on this valuable and instructive work, a great and, for the present at least, lamentable revolution has taken place in the countries it describes. Colonies which were at that time the abode of peace and industry have now become the seat of violence and desolation. A civil war, attended with various success, but everywhere marked with cruelty and desolation, has divided the colonists, and armed them for their mutual destruction. Blood has been shed profusely in the field and unmercifully on the scaffold. Flourishing countries, that were advancing rapidly in wealth and civilization, have suffered alike from the assertions of their liberties and from the enemies of their independence." The *Quarterly Review* did not notice the *Essay*, making no sign of its existence.

It is true, some learned gentlemen gave a look into the work, and scientific men studied it well. But the learned and scientific were only a small, select number in the general mass of readers; and Humboldt had

not designed his information for, and waited not the approbation of, the select alone, but of all classes alike that could read. Europe closed the map of Mexico when the revolution broke forth, and shut out all further inquiry into its political and industrial condition. Then it was that, instead of a cordial greeting with open arms at every fire side, which Humboldt reasonably anticipated for his production, the door was almost rudely slammed in his face. He never forgot that treatment of the book; he never wrote more upon Mexico; never furnished to the learned or unlearned a new edition, with emendations and corrections, notes and new maps. As it went from the hands of the author then, we receive it now.

At the moment, however, when Europe closed the map, America for the first time seriously opened it; and just in proportion with receding time, as Mexico has faded into insignificance from European view, in the same proportion with advancing time has Mexico loomed up into importance with us. They refused to Humboldt then the high consideration his *Essay* merited; we bestow upon him now more respect and veneration than his *Essay* deserves. To the European mind, Humboldt's New Spain was Mexico no more; to the American, Mexico is the same New Spain—changed, to be sure, but still the land for enterprise and riches. It was not altogether unknown to us before our revolution. It had a consideration while the States were English colonies; for Northern merchants sometimes smuggled into its ports, and sometimes, too, our filibusters buccaneered on its coasts, like other loyal English subjects sailing under "the brave old English flag." When our revolution came, aid was invoked from Spain as well as from France; for

the Spanish sovereign had a personal insult to avenge on the British and Spanish supremacy on the sea to maintain. But Spain, though, had, first of all, to conceal her fleets. One armada was tending with the Portuguese in America; another was acting as a convoy for the galleons, with cargoes of silver, proceeding from Mexico to Spain. Treaties with Portugal hastily patched up, and "the manna of free trade" liberated the convoy from protecting the ships with the silver. The policy of that ordinance Humboldt, and the respectable Mexican writers who follow him, have much misunderstood; they are greatly mistaken in their estimate of its beneficial effect upon mining prosperity. After the United States became an independent nation, Spain, in order to be rid of Louisiana incumbrance, which was dependent upon the revenue Mexico for support, transferred territory to France; and Napoleon, in turn, sold it to the American government. But did its bounds extend to the Sabine or the Rio Grande, on the south? And did they extend to the Russian Pacific possessions on the north? These were uncertain questions, and hence from this purchase originated many diplomatic complications, no less numerous domestic controversies, which have been the frequent source of change in cabinets and defeats of national parties, with the downfall of not a few distinguished men. Hence, also, the first settlements in Texas; next the American colonists, and the question of annexation; the war with Mexico; the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, the acquisition of California. If these measures were decided, however, Colonel Burr had already gathered his band of adventurers, under

ysterious enterprise in the direction, whose object seems to have been as vague as the boundaries to be invaded were uncertain. England, also, had solicited and secured the co-operation of leading merchants in Northern cities, in his speculation with the king of Spain or the vast Mexican commerce. And herein was given the impulse to amassing those private fortunes, by Mr. Gray of New York, Mr. Oliver of Baltimore, Mr. Biddle of Philadelphia, and the Paoli family. Subsequently came the Mexican revolution, protracted for years, during which period the commerce of that country, previously in Spanish monopoly, was completely in the control of Americans. At the close of the Napoleon wars Spain restored the monopoly, in the hope of transferring it to France. This she did not call forth, in favor of commerce, the celebrated mesquing of the Monroe doctrine. The passage gave umbrage to Russia, in preference to her American position, and fixed their ultimate

It also forced England to recognize her claim for the first time, to exhibit her title to the Vancouver territory south of the Russian—until then unheard of and unknown to American statesmen. The Missouri Compromise grew out of the cession of Louisiana, and its removal out of the acquisition of Texas. As a supplement to the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, was made the treaty for the Mesquing, which negotiation sprung from a mistake in Humboldt's maps, which were copied by Disturnell, in the wrong location, in longitude, to El Paso on the Rio

The invasion of Mexico by France in 1862, nearly kindled a long war between the United States and the French empire. Un-

foreseen obstacles, however, induced Louis Napoleon to pause in the conquest; for he had, in its inception, been deceived respecting the condition of Mexico and the Mexican people, and misled as to the easy development by France of the abundant resources of the country. The moral support, moreover, extended to the liberal party by the American government compelled the French to abandon an expedition which was properly appreciated in all its imposing magnitude by the emperor, but which so many to this day do not comprehend.

No one can fail to be astonished in contemplating the large space occupied by Mexico in American affairs; the immense acquisition of territory made from within her ancient landmarks; the princely private fortunes accumulated from her commerce; the vast treasures discovered in her former mines; the rich agricultural crops gathered from her Louisiana valley, her Texas loamy soil, and her California plains; while, upon the margin of the Mississippi river, a city, created by Mexican aid and contributions, has grown into an opulent mart of commerce, surpassing all other American cities in the value of its exports, in the happy era of our greatest prosperity. Nor can that prosperity ever return until New Orleans once more becomes the leading emporium for the outlet of the great staples of this republic. It is no less surprising to recall the fate of so many statesmen, and others of mark, who have risen to distinction, or who have been forced to retire, from questions growing out of their policy toward Mexico. It is no longer disputed that the first fatal error of the first Napoleon was his invasion of Spain, thereby to control the Mexican revenues; perhaps it will soon be conceded

that the first fatal error of Louis Napoleon was, in too closely following in the footsteps, in the same direction, of his illustrious uncle. Colonel Burr, the Vice-President of the United States, from his ill-starred adventure, fell into disgrace and sunk into an infamous notoriety. General Wilkinson, once upon the military staff of Washington, was both the accomplice and ruin of Burr, and died in obscurity in a voluntary exile. The Missouri Compromise destroyed the aspirations of many Northern statesmen who opposed its adoption, and shattered the popularity of others who afterward advocated its repeal. The question of annexing Texas was the fatal rock upon which were wrecked the hopes of President Van Buren for renomination; it defeated Mr. Clay; it elected Mr. Polk. In succession to the presidency were elected General Taylor and General Pierce, from their distinguished positions in the war with Mexico. To the like cause, Colonel Frémont was indebted for his popular nomination, nearly crowned with success. Winfield Scott was made a Brevet Lieutenant-General for his meritorious services in the Mexican campaign, and many of the greatest generals in the recent strife, both Federal and Confederate, received their first practical lessons in the art of war on the same distant field. To all of these historical celebrities, the crude statistics or the elaborate *Essay* of Humboldt were well known; for Humboldt's publications were the only source of authentic information on Mexico of much value. Other foreign authors, who followed after, copied extensively from him, and native writers have not failed to quote from the same source. But although foreign authors have drawn more from the *Essay*, they have been less circumspect in verifying the accuracy of its statements;

while the Mexican writers, and themselves sparingly of each other, sometimes, at least, favor them with interesting corrections. Scholars too often have given us too much of Humboldt. Indeed, it may be said, they have fed upon him, and have imbibed him with their pipes and taken him solid with their fried tortilla. His *Essay* has been torn apart leaf by leaf, to be reprinted page after page in their, for the most part, ephemeral productions. Humboldt in pieces has been distorted to suit all customers. An *Essay* could not be served in more varied styles. Even foreign embassies supplied some of these literary banquets. None of them seemed to know that a man, even in Mexico, must have more than Humboldt. In a fervid imitation, they thought he could be improved upon, by reducing the whole to sublimated extracts. But Dr. Samuel Johnson hinted, long ago, that extracts from a work are as specimens of its author as was the foolish old Greek, who exhibited a brick from his house as a specimen of its architecture. Mr. Prescott, on the contrary, in his celebrated history of the Conquest, with his usual discriminating judgment, has not availed himself of the *Essay* to give his readers a vivid and veridical picture of the natural configuration of the country. And to understand the country properly, this is the primary lesson to be attentively studied. But it is much to be regretted that Mr. Duport, in his standard history of Mexico, in his work on the production of precious metals, was misled by errata existing in the maps accompanying Humboldt's *Essay*. In consequence, he has committed serious mistakes in describing the geological structure, in the run and declinations of the strata in the volcanic rock, in the silver-bearing regions. Whoever desires to comprehend

condition and the industrial resources of Mexico, commence as Humboldt said. It is only through a investigation of its material in Mexico can be understood. with an examination of its history is to begin where should end. Mexico, for hundred years, was a colony, other colonies, had no history of its own ; no armies, no wars ; nothing of states-peculiar to itself ; for all orb in the history of the country. When emerging from chrysalis, it did not become it may be somewhat doubtful has even yet reached that

As a republic, its federal government has been without a policy, administrations without stability, states without an exchequer ; its unable to conquer abroad, or with foreign invaders at has no navy ; it is almost of all the essential elements constitute a people. True, Mexico had great vicissitudes of forcible changes, frequent changes, the most part violent overthrow of the federal rulers. But convulsions have produced no results. The storms passed without indications of wide disaster. Sunshine came without any visible improvement ; signs of increasing intelligence ; symptoms of decay to the observer ; for these petty revolutions originated in personal motives ended. Having no object, they are devoid of grave intention, of any interest or profit. Civil wars have been of regular return, but these wars are more historical significance than wars of the Saxon Heptarchy. For many reasons, must still be unaltered, while a sovereign

nation, as she was viewed when a viceroyalty of Spain. The country now appears in Christendom as an enigma full of strange anomalies. In the erroneous estimation of most men, it is hastening on to ruin and decay : calamities that came upon the people in their revolt from Spain, and which will cling to them until their race is extinct. The royal finger of scorn, too, is pointed at the republic, as a reproach and warning to all republican governments of their ultimate failure. It would be vain to waste time on its political records, to elucidate Mexican questions. These annals are dumb. But to the mountains, the mines, the mills, where the rich minerals are produced and industry is developed, the inquirer must go to find out what Mexico really is. In observing the people in their private pursuits, he will imperceptibly be led to comprehend their political institutions. In daily contact with the distinct classes, divided into castes, he will in like manner be soon conversant with the most noted men. Enigmas will vanish upon nearer approach and on closer inspection ; anomalies will no longer embarrass. Perhaps previously formed opinions may be shocked, rudely assailed, and demolished. He may see many lingering remnants of Aztec superstition in one caste, where they often disobey the priest ; and much affectation of infidelity in another, where they kneel as suppliants at the confessional to crave a blessing. He will perceive marks of seeming decay everywhere, amid indications of progress. The federal government will be pronounced not only bad, but bad as government in a republic can be ; yet will he find some consolation in knowing that the viceregal government was far worse. In the dress of a popular polity, some protection for the people will be manifest, which

was denied under a king. He will hear Spain, on all sides, spoken of with reverence and respect ; he will soon understand, on all sides, that Spaniards are detested. He will be gratified with the cordial welcome bestowed upon Americans ; and wonder at the common hatred, in all classes, to the United States. While he is aware that millions upon hundreds of millions of dollars, from outlying provinces torn from the nation, have been yielded to their neighbor on the north, he will also discover that the heart of the Mexican territory has not been reached. Nor need he be surprised when the truth is revealed, that the Liberal executive will sooner forget the hostile invasion by France, than forgive the moral support extended to the native cause by that American neighbor.

On the whole, he may conclude

that the Mexicans, after all, what rational and sensible, ly deficient in refinement, ligence, or in energy and But these opinions can only ed by pursuing the method boldt, and bearing his elaboration in mind. By comparison of his statements v recent publications from the press on the same subjects, greater accuracy in detail reached, along with later information but the advancement in knowledge and wealth will be made. It is thus a just estimate of at present with Mexico of can be formed ; and while imperfections in the parts of it will be detected, no one can admire and appreciate its excellence.

ONE FOLD.

"And there shall be one fold."

DISCIPLE.

"ONE Fold ! Good Lord, how poor thou art,
To have but one for all !
Methinks the rich with shame will smart
To stand in common stall
With ragged boors and work-grimed men ;
And ladies fair, with those who when
They pray have dirty hands.
Dost think the wise can be devout
When, close beside, an ignorant lout
With mouth wide-gaping stands ?

I would thou wert a richer Lord,
And could an hundred folds afford
Where each might find his place.
Look round, good Lord, and thou wilt see
Most men the same have thought with me,
And herd with whom they best agree
In fashion, creed, and race."

MASTER.

"Good child, thou hast a merry thought !
But folds like mine cannot be bought,
Nor made at fancy's will.
If any find my fold too small
'Tis they who like no fold at all,
The same who heed no shepherd's call,
Whom wolves will find and kill.
My fold alone is close and warm,
Shielding its inmates from all harm—
Its pastures rich and sweet.
Hither, with gentle hand, I bring
The peasant and the crowned king
Together at my feet.
Here no man flings a look of scorn
At him who may be baser born,
For all as brothers meet.
The wise speak kindly to the rude ;
The lord would not his slave exclude ;
Proud dames their servants greet.
My fold doth equally embrace
The men of every clime and race,
And here in peace they rest.
Here each forgets his rank and state,
And only he is high and great
Who loveth me the best.
The rich, the poor, the bond, the free,
The men of high and low degree,
My fold unites in one with me—
With me, the Shepherd, called The Good,
Who rules a loving brotherhood.
Therefore, in that my fold is one,
Believe me, it is wisely done."

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. VITET.

SCIENCE AND FAITH.

MEDITATIONS ON THE ESSENCE OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION,

M. GUIZOT.

SOME time ago political life seemed to be the prominent occupation in France. M. Guizot was then cautiously defending his opinions, and was really wearing out his energy and his life in this work. At that time, we have heard it wished more than once, not that the struggle should cease, but that death might not surprise him with his mind occupied solely with these passing events. He needed, as a last favor and at the end of an ambitious career, some years of quiet and retreat to meditate upon the future, and to revive the faith of youth by the lessons of riper years. He required this for himself, for the interest of his soul. Nothing then foretold that he would soon be engaged in the arena of metaphysical and religious controversy. The disputes about these questions seemed almost lulled to sleep. Not that doubt and incredulity had surrendered their arms; they followed their accustomed work, but without noise, without parade, and without apparent success. This was a truce which had allowed Christian convictions to become reanimated, to increase, and to gain ground. The proof of this was seen in those gloomy days, when the waves of popular opinion, which threatened to destroy, bent, completely subdued and submissive and with an unlooked-for respect, before sacred truths and the ministers of religion. This was the natural result of that

bitter struggle which had lasted fifteen years. The aggressors not undertake two sieges at once, and so political power became target against which all their efforts were directed.

It is not the same now. It is protected by an armor which disheartened its adversaries; and more surely it is guarded, the exposed and compromised are questions, which equal or exceed it in importance. The spiritual audacity and aggression compel itself for the forced forbearance of politics, imposed upon it by the political power. It sees that in religious matters the ground is not so protected; it feels more at ease and not nearly so hard pushed. From this fact there arises a series of attacks of a new order, which deaden the believing, and astonish most indifferent, when they think a moment of the preceding calm. It is no longer men or ministers, not a form of government, it is himself whom they attack? We do not ask that the government should place the least restriction on the rights of free thought, even should it be to the advantage of the truth that we venerate the most. We desire to state the fact, and not more. It may be that these attacks are not important enough to cause as much anxiety as they have caused. They are passionate, numerous,

ranged ; but they cannot edifice, and will serve rather to strengthen it, by summoning defenders who are more numerous, and protectors who are more numerous. Still, they are a great double-edged sword. The restlessness, the anxiety, and the vague fears that attend the discussion of political affairs seem capable of producing, now in the heart of the domestic nation, in the depths of the individual, from these new discussions, not personal interests at risk, but souls that tremble ; and if the crisis is less violent and intense, graver and more menacing, one can remain neutral longer.

M. Guizot wishes to take part, has entered the fray. He is a man who, at certain points upon certain subjects, does not know how to be silent. In politics he has backed and he forbore. He has seen events, but he did not think of them. His politics is now amply paid ; since he owed it to himself as to his cause, to reveal in real sense, the true philosophy of the things he did. He has laid clearly his views, his principles, his acts ; to interpret them, to comment upon them, to say, to finish them, to live his own life ; to give the true picture to future historians ; in a word, to write his own *memoirs*. It is his duty, and he has acted without delaying it. It was his end, and in the greater work, that he spent his twenty years' solitude and at the end of his life. His work is heard. The days of calm have come, not, perhaps, that he desired, and still in the conditions that he would

have chosen, but for his glory they are such that he can well think them fruitful, worthy, valuable, full of vigor and of ardor. Happy autumn ! when the recollections of the world and the echoes of political strife are only the recreation of a soul incessantly engaged with more serious problems. It is in these heights, in these serene regions, while he is questioning himself on his destiny and on his faith, that war has come to seek him ; not the personal war of former times, but another kind of war, less direct and more general, yet perhaps more provoking. He is not the man to refuse the contest. Under the weight of years that he bears so well, stronger, more resolute, younger than ever, he has entered the arena ; he will be militant until the end.

What will he do ? What is his plan ? What position will he take ? The volume which is before us is an answer to these questions. It is only a first volume ; but it is complete in itself, it is a work that one cannot study too closely, nor diffuse too widely. The developments, the additions, and the supplements which the three remaining volumes will soon add to the work, will, without doubt, make it still more comprehensive and solid ; but as it is now, we consider it, without any commentary whatsoever, to be a most effective reply to the attacks which have recently been levelled against Christian doctrines, or, to speak more correctly, against the essence of all religion.

Before entering into the work, let us say something of the manner in which it is written. We are not going to speak of the author's style. We would announce nothing new to the world by saying that M. Guizot, when he has time and really tries, can write as well as he speaks. His

pen for many years has followed a law of progress and of increasing excellence. He has shown in these *Meditations* a new skill, perhaps higher than in his *Memoirs* even, in the art of clothing his ideas in excellent language; learnedly put together, yet without effort or stiffness, true in its coloring, sober in its effects, always clear and never trivial, always firm and often forcible. Something more novel and more characteristic appears in this book. It is in reality a controversial work, but a controversy which is absolutely new. It is more than courteous, it is an *impersonal* polemic. The author has, certainly, always shown himself respectful to his opponents; he has ever admitted that they could hold different opinions from his in good faith; and even at the rostrum, in the heat of contests, his adversaries were not persons, they were ideas; but the people he disputed with were always, without scruple, called by their names. Here it is different; there is not a single proper name, the war is anonymous. In changing the atmosphere—in passing, if we can be allowed the expression, from earth to heaven, or, at least, from the bar to the pulpit, from politics to the gospel, he changes his method and takes a long step in advance. He endeavors to leave persons entirely out of consideration, for they only embarrass and embitter the questions. He forgets, or at least he does not tell us, who his adversaries are; he refutes them, but he does not name them.

Is not this discretion at once, good manners and good taste? It is also something more. Without doubt, by speaking only of ideas and not of those who maintain them, one loses a great means of effective action. In abstract matters, proper names referred to here and there are a very powerful resource—they arouse

and excite attention, they give rest and life to the argument, what is gained on one hand is quickly lost on another. The proper names, though it may do nothing to provoke irritation, always incurs the danger of causing debate to degenerate into a petty dispute. The questions are referred to the capacity of those who hear them. Better take a plain and more decided path, and keep polemics completely out of view. Mr. M. has done well. In no part of the book is there reason to regret the absence of names, the direct polemic; whilst the use of names and the omission of names, really changing or diminishing the questions, spread a calm throughout the work, almost a fume of tolerance, which gains the reader's confidence and deters him to allow himself to be convinced. It is true that this kind of polemic can only be maintained when the calmness of thought compensates for the lack of passion. It is necessary to take wing, mount above questions, to conquer all and enlighten all. This is the character of these *Meditations*. The comprehensiveness of his plan, the greatness of his plan, the clearness of his style, alike stamped upon it the seal of true originality.

It is not a theology that Mr. M. has undertaken; he has not written for doctors; he discusses texts nor points of doctrine; he does not attempt to solve scholastic questions; still less does he venture to mingle in the discussion of incidents, to descend to the questions of to-day, and to follow, step by step, the crisis which agitates the Christian world at this time. He has grappled with more weighty and more important questions. He wishes to show clearly the truth of Christianity in its essence, in its fundamental d

other in its simplicity and innate brightness, without commentary, interpretation, or human work of any kind, and consequently before all opinion, schism, or heresy. He tried to expose the pure idea of Christianity, so that he can be more able to demonstrate its divine character.

What is his intention. What has he to attain it? The book itself answers this question. But these few pages how can we speak of it?

How can we analyze a work which one is tempted to quote every paragraph? And on the other hand, to make many extracts from a book, is to mutilate it and give an incorrect idea of its real value. Let us try, then, to say enough to interest our readers with the more profound desire of studying M. Guizot himself.

I.

At the beginning and the foundation of the *Meditations* is a well-known principle which the author establishes with absolute certainty, and which at the same time it is useful to keep in mind. The truth is, that the human race, from its first existence and in every age, where it has existed, has been engaged in trying to solve certain questions which are, so to speak, perpetual. These are questions of philosophy, of life rather than science, questions which it has invincibly tried to solve for nine centuries. For example, Why is man in this world, and why the world itself? Why does it exist? Whence do they come, and where do they both end? Who has made them? Have we an intelligent and free Creator? Or are they merely a product of blind forces? If they are created, if we have a Father, why, in giving us life, has he made it so bitter and painful? Is there sin? Why suffering

and death? Is not the hope of a better life only the illusion of the unhappy; and prayer, that cry of the soul in anguish, is it only a sterile noise, a word thrown to the mocking wind?

These questions, together with others which develop and complete them, have excited the deepest interest of the human race since it first existed upon the earth, and it alone is interested in them. They speak only to it; among all living creatures, it alone can comprehend and is affected by them. This painful yet grand privilege is the indisputable evidence of its terrestrial royalty; it is at once its glory and its torment.

This series of questions, or rather mysteries, M. Guizot places at the beginning of his *Meditations*, under the title of *Natural Problems*. Man, indeed, possesses them by his very nature; he does not create or invent them, he merely submits to them. We do not mean by this that for humanity in general these problems are not obscure and confused, without a distinct form or outline, surrounded with uncertainties and frequently rather seen than clearly apprehended. This must be true of the great mass of mankind, who live from hand to mouth, who go and come and work, absorbed in petty pleasures or occupied with dreary toil. Still we think that there is not a single one, even among these apparently dull and heedless men, in whatever way he may have lived and whatever hardships he has had to sustain, who has not at least once in his life caught a glimpse of these formidable questions and felt an ardent wish to see them solved. Make as many distinctions as you please between races, sexes, ages, and degrees of civilization; divide the globe and its inhabitants by zones or climates; you will no doubt discover more than one difference in

the way in which these problems are presented to the soul ; you will find them more or less prominent, and more or less attention paid to them ; but you will find a trace of them everywhere and among all people. It is a law of instinct, a general law for all times and places.

If such is our lot, if these questions necessarily weigh upon minds, these questions which are "the burden of the soul," as M. Guizot calls them, are we not really compelled to try to solve them ? It is on our part neither vain curiosity, nor capricious desire, nor frivolous habit which leads us to attempt it. It is a necessity, quite as serious and as natural to us as the problems are themselves ; a need we feel in some way to have lifted from us the weight which oppresses. We must have a reply at any cost ; who can give it to us ?

Faith or Reason ? Religion or Philosophy ? At every moment we see in what a very limited manner reason, science, and all purely human resources suffice to satisfy us. It can be said that, from the very infancy of human society up to the present day, it has been from the various religions, thought to be divine and accepted as such by faith, that humanity has asked these indispensable responses.

We readily see from this, what a deep interest is attached to these natural problems. Who will presume to tell us that religion proceeds from an artificial and temporary want, which men have gradually overcome, if the problems to which it answers are inherent in the race and can only perish with it ? It is the constant work and watchword of every materialistic and pantheistic system to distort the character of these problems and make them simply accidental and individual, the result of temperament or of circumstances. Farther than this, they had not yet

gone. They did not dare in the face of universal testimony the continued existence of the themselves. They disguised significance, they did not destroy them. Now they other step. In order to get vantage in answering, they suppressing the questions. the characteristic feature, the of a system which makes a of noise in the world to-day, it only claims to reproduce which have been already once defeated. It has, how kind of novelty, this advantage its associates which, like it, sued from pantheism, that vague. It sets forth its clearly and without equivocation by this fact this school of philosophy has gained the title by which commonly known. We need say that it is to *Positivism* are alluding. This promise the greatest seriousness, if only lend it our attention humanity from these untoward blemishes which now torment it.

Its remedy is extremely simply says to the human race do you seek to know whence come and what is your destiny will never find out a word of then your real duty. Leave the fancies. Live, become learn the *evolution* of things, that secondary causes and their on this subject science has to reveal to you ; but final first causes, our origin and end, the beginning and the end of the world, these are all pure words completely without The perfection of man as a society consists in taking of these things. The mind more enlightened, the more in obscurity your pretended problems. These problems

se, and the way to cure it is, nk of them at all.

think of them! Ingenuous n! Wonderful ignorance rnal laws of human nature l e," say they, "inclines to s: but let us not be disturb- s." Men will not be per- speaking to them in such y, any more than Don Juan come Sganarelle by his dis- n "two and two are four." not only attempts the im- out it frankly acknowledges us suppose for a moment ome miracle it should tri- at man, in order to please n, should cease to pay any to the problems which beset ld renounce the idea of fa- hese questions, and should ery attempt at a religious netaphysical solution, every toward the Infinite. How any one believe this would

We do not think that the nd would consent to be thus and imprisoned for two days ion. Were this system far inating, the human soul l rise above the limit to sitivism would confine it, say with a great poet:

"l'infini malgré moi me tourmente."

we see, whatever may hap- ivism is not destined to give tion of these natural pro- fter, as before, its appear- mystery of our destiny : attention of the human

not describes another at- an entirely different charac- : apparently less bold, for s not to suppress inquiry, / to elude any definite so- hese natural problems. It properly called a system; r a state of the individual

soul, which not unfrequently is found among cultivated minds; it is a tendency to substitute what is called religious sentiment for religion itself. They do not deny the great mysteries of life, but consider them as being very serious and extremely embarrassing. But in the place of precise solutions and categorical replies, which could be required of a system maintaining fixed and clearly defined dogmas, they content themselves with frequent reveries and long contemplations. "This is," say they, "the religion of enlightened intellects; we care for no solutions, for they only serve to agitate and annoy." It offers a complete contrast to Positivism. That recommends us, as a sort of moral hygiene, never to think of invisible things; but these "enlightened minds" would have us reflect much, if not continually, upon them, but always with the proviso that we must come to no conclusion.

The human race will not be satisfied with these modes of interpreting its destiny. It requires something more than the blind negations of the one, or the vague aspirations of the other. Man is not merely an intellectual or an emotional being; he is both united. He requires real answers, and not beautiful dreams; he requires true replies, which satisfy his intellect as well as his heart, which point out the way he must take, which sustain his courage, which animate his hope and excite his love. The ideal that he seeks is a system of facts, of precepts, and of dogmas, which will correspond to the wants that he finds within himself. Let us search for it, for it is the great question for us all. As we have already said, there are two sources from which we may hope to learn the truth, one entirely human, the other half divine. Does the first suffice? Let us see.

II.

IF science can reply to the appeals of our souls, if by its own power and light it can reveal to us the end of this life, can make us see clearly the beginning and the end, so much the better; we will cling to science without asking for anything more. We have this exact and sure guide completely within our control; why should we seek adventitious aid and inexplicable revelations? It is true that everybody cannot be learned, but everybody believes in science. However scanty her proof may be, the most rebellious yield as soon as she has pronounced her decision. There is no schism or heresy with her. If sometimes the *savans* quarrel, which they can do perhaps even better than other men, they are not long in finding a peacemaker: they take a retort, a microscope, or a pair of scales; they weigh, compare, measure, and analyze, and the process is terminated: until new facts are ascertained, the decree is sovereign. What an admirable perspective opens before humanity if these hidden questions, which now puzzle and confuse, will in the future be cleared up and accurately determined by the aid of science. Time and the law of progress give us an easy way of putting an end to our perplexities. The fruit of divine knowledge, the old forbidden fruit, we can now pluck without fear, and we can satiate ourselves without danger of a fall!

Unfortunately, all this is only a dream. In the first place, the authority of science is not always admitted. It has more or less weight, according to the subject it may treat. In the investigations of natural things, in physics, and in mathematics, its decisions are law. But when it leaves the visible world, when it turns to the

soul, interminable controversies. Its right to be called science is disputed; for it appears to be conjectural, and half the time principal efforts consist in trying to demonstrate that it has the right to be believed. This is exactly the kind of science with which we have to do. The questions which man are not the problems of astronomy or chemistry; they are the secrets of the invisible world. We cannot expect unanswerable solutions of our doubts, for science, in the field of metaphysics, has none such to offer us.

Can science gratify its farthest desires in these investigations with perfect certainty and without limit? No. An impassable barrier opposes and imprisons it in the invisible universe as well as in the breast of plants and material nature. All science, whatever it may be, has its limited limit in the extent of its things. Within this limit, even the most powerful is in its power; beyond it, even the most powerful escapes it. Could it possibly escape otherwise? It is the product of the human mind, which is finite; how then can human science be anything but a partial explication of the finite? Indeed, if it is true, transports us to the extreme frontier of this material world, to the door of the infinite, and the methods of induction are with reason not scientific; yet what does this wonderful faculty, this great light of science really do? Nothing else than to face to face with the unknown mysteries which are completely closed. It shows them in perspective, it does not let us see enough to persuade us that they really do exist, but not enough to make known any truth precisely, practically, or experimentally—in a word, scientifically. The visible finite, that is to say, the human soul, the dwelling of the *Ego*, science is capable of explaining.

sible infinite, the supreme, spirit, escapes it completely. It is exactly what must be penetrated thoroughly known, if we resolve the great problems concerning our destiny in a scientific manner. It is then impossible more than an illusion—it is hope for a solution of these problems from human science.

It is equivalent to saying that philosophy is powerless to speak to the natural problems? that it is unable to say to us about our hopes, our destiny? No, it is not. It is qualified, it has the power to treat of these questions; concerning them, not to reveal them. The most daring effort of natural philosophy can never reach the abyss; it can only make the abyss more distinct. Noble task, but not a sound philosophy, which is not free from useless hypotheses, which does not give us the clear proof that an invader does exist, that realities behind these mysterious phenomena justly disturb us, that they are right in wishing to solve them.

This, certainly, is not worthwile knowledge nor a trifling success for the human race. As soon as this philosophy flourishes in a place, if it is not among a small number of spirits, the perfume is spread abroad, little by little, one after another, the whole people feel its influence, and society is reanimated, purified. And religion, which is not afraid to say it frankly, is advised and wants prudence, not justice, when, in the place of the aid of this system coming to it as a natural auxiliary, it finds in it a kind of vanguard, to prepare minds and over-estimate it, she keeps it at a distance with jealousy, combats it, places it between two

fires, and loads it with the same blame and bitter reproaches as the blindest errors and the most perverse doctrines receive. If these unfortunate attacks had not been made, perhaps we should not see certain reprisals, an excess of confidence, and a forgetfulness of its proper limits that its friends do not now always avoid; for if it is true that we should be just toward it, it is no less true that it should be held in check. M. Guizot, as a real friend, has frankly rendered it this service. Perhaps no one before him has traced with so sure a hand the limits of philosophical science. He claims for it the sincerest respect, and ably sustains its legitimate authority, but clearly points out the limit that must not be passed.

More than one, its adherents will complain: "You discourage us. If you wish us to maintain the invisible truths against so many adversaries, do not deprive us of our weapons; do not tell us in advance how far we may go; let us trust that some day this gate of the infinite, at which we have struggled for so many centuries, will at last be opened."

We could answer: "If you had only made some progress during these centuries, we could hope for more in the future. We would not have the right to say, 'So far shall you go, but no farther.' But where are the advances of metaphysics? Who has seen them? Possibly there has been a progress in appearance, that there is now more clearness and more method. In this sense, the great minds of modern times have added something to the legacy of the philosophers of ancient history; but the inheritance has ever remained the same. Who will presume to boast that he knows more of the infinite than did Socrates, Aristotle, and Plato? The natural sciences seem destined to increase. Feeble at first,

they gradually go from victory to victory, until they have created an empire, which is constantly increasing and always more indisputable. Metaphysical science, on the contrary, is great at its birth, but soon becomes stationary; it is evidently unable ever to reach the end it is ever seeking. If anything is needed to prove this immobility of metaphysics, it will be done by referring to the constant reappearance of four or five great systems, which in a measure contain all the thousand systems that the human mind has ever, or will ever invent. From the very beginning of philosophy, you see them; at every great epoch, they are born again; always the same under apparent diversities, always incomplete and partial, half true and half false. What do these repeated returns to the same attempts, ending in the same result, teach us, unless the eternal inability to make a single advance? Evidently man has received from above, once for all and from the earliest times, the little that he knows of metaphysics; and human work, human science, can add nothing to it."

If, then, you rely on science to pierce the mystery of these natural problems, your hope is in vain. You see what they can attain—nothing but vague notions, fortified, it is true, by the firm conviction that these problems are not illusory, that they rest upon a solid foundation, on serious realities.

Is this enough? Does this kind of satisfaction suffice for your soul?

What does it signify if a few things moulded by philosophy, comprising everything in a superficial manner, remain in these preliminary contented with this half-light? need no other help to go through even in times of the most strait? We are willing to grant they affirm of themselves, but can be concluded from this? many minds of this character could be found? It is the rarest exception. The immense majority of men of the human race, could not live in such a system; it is too gross, too stranger to the philosophical spirit; it has too limited a perception of the invisible. All abstraction is hostile for it. And even supposing that the vague responses that come from the unconscious were to be presented in an accessible form; still the essential facts would be for most men without value or efficacy, and a most inadequate help.

What is the human race going to do if, on one side, it cannot do without precise responses and dogmatic affirmations concerning the invisible; and if, on the other, science is the only means of attaining this end? It aspires to learn truths which transcend experience, and yet takes experience for its only guide? In short, it will only admit and accept the facts that it observes, confirm and verifies itself? How shall it escape from this inextricable culty?

TO BE CONTINUED.

COWPER, KEBLE, WORDSWORTH ; OR, "QUIETIST"
POETRY, AND ITS INFLUENCE ON SOCIETY.

Spanish priest, Michael Mo-
spent the last eleven years
in the prisons of the In-
was destined to exert con-
influence over many of the
thoughtful and gifted spirits of

It was in 1675, and in the
Rome, that he published a
Guide, in which he pointed
out methods calculated to
lead the soul to a state of contem-
plation and quietude, in which she
could use of her faculties, is un-
derstand about all that may hap-
pen even about the practice of
works and her own salva-
tion, resting on the love of God,
though his presence, safe, all-
powerful, and entirely blest. It can

be imagined how acceptable
this doctrine of ascetic eloquence
under such doctrine to minds
easily disposed. Multitudes in-
deed are ready to run after any
human happiness who is in-
sufficient to hide his fallacies
show of reason ; and Mo-
tivated by this advantage over many
others, that before deceiving
others had completely deceived

He was honest, therefore,
only a great advance on the
of the 14th century, called
Hesuchasts, who in their
retreat on Mount Athos passed
their lives in a state of immobility,
"glorifying," as their historians
describe, "in their nose or their navel, and
in this contemplation finding
rest." Molinos found many
in Italy and in France,
his system was fervently em-
braced by the celebrated poetess and
Madame Guyon, who con-
tinually called from above to

quit her home and travel, inculcating
everywhere the gospel of quietism.
Fenelon, whose sweetness and good-
ness flung a charm around every
opinion he expressed, adopted in
part the theories of Molinos, and
Madame de Maintenon herself is
numbered among Madame Guyon's
converts to the Spaniard's novel and
dreamy creed.

The inmates of Port-Royal, and
the Jansenists in general, had, as
may be conjectured from the example
of Fenelon, strong affinities for quiet-
ism ; and the sympathy entertained
for their sufferings by English Cal-
vinists in the last century, sufficient-
ly accounts for the poet Cowper be-
coming an admirer of Madame Guy-
on's writings, and imitating in the
Olney Hymns many of her fervent
compositions.

Without falling into the errors of
the Quietists, Cowper imbibed much
of their spirit, and transfused it into
his verses very happily. His poetry
is essentially of a quietist descrip-
tion, provided the term be under-
stood in a favorable sense. His
mind was naturally tranquil, and
even during the melancholy of his
later days, his mental aberration
partook of the original placidity of
his character. His rhythm is musi-
cal, his language choice, and the
flow of his thoughts calm and tran-
quillizing. He discards stormy and
passionate themes from instinct ra-
ther than resolve. He delighted in
such subjects as "Truth," "Hope,"
"Charity," "Retirement," "Mutual
Forbearance," and

" Domestic happiness, the only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the Fall."

And he has clustered around them

all the graces of poetry and charms of Christian philosophy. In that work in which his powers are exhibited to most advantage and at greatest length—*The Task*—he has touched on every topic that is most soothing, and in verses, many of which have become proverbs, has expressed, with unrivalled precision and ease, thoughts and feelings common to every Christian who is

"Happy to rove among poetic flowers,
Though poor in skill to rear them."

He is never obscure, his emotions are never fictitious, his humor is never forced, nor his satire pointless. Hence he became popular in his generation, and has lost no particle of the credit he once obtained. Brighter stars than he have in the present century come forth and dazzled the eyes of beholders, by the intensity of their radiance and the boldness of their career; but they have not thrown the gentle Cowper into the shade. He still shines above the horizon, "a star among the stars of mortal night," of heavenly lustre, unobtrusive, steadfast, and serene. He still exerts a wholesome influence on society, still refreshes us in the pauses of the battle of life, still refines the taste, fills the ear with melody, elevates the soul, and fosters in many those habits of reflection from which alone greatness and goodness spring. The "Lines on the receipt of his Mother's Picture" have rarely been surpassed in pathos. There never was a poet more sententious or a moralist more truly poetic. "He was," says one of his biographers, "an enthusiastic lover of nature, and some of his descriptions of natural objects are such as Wordsworth himself might be proud to own." His poems, observes Hazlitt, contain "a number of pictures of domestic comfort and social refinement which

can hardly be forgotten but in language itself." Of all his poets, none has spoken of his more fervor than Elizabeth Barrett Browning, a following stanzas from her poem called "Cowper's Grave" serve to be quoted in connection with the present subject:

"O poets, from a maniac's tongue
Was pour'd the deathless singing!
O Christians, to your cross of hope
A hopeless hand was clinging!
O men, this man in brotherhood
Your weary paths beguiling,
Groan'd inly while he taught you peace
And died while ye were smiling."

But has Cowper had no success in the peculiar path he so successfully trod? Was Wordsworth not sense a Quietist? Were the sources he selected not as passionate as those of his master, and treated with equal thoughtfulness and calmness? Yet there was an important difference between them. The poetry of Cowper inculcated a calmness which spring from religion; while the poetry of Wordsworth promoted a passion which springs from the sources principally in contemplation of the beauties of Nature, and obedience to her powerful influence. Each of these gifted minds has fitted society, but in different ways, and it is well that, in a poetry of passion and intensity, there should be some balance to the morbid excitement and passionate intensity which is the school of Byron, Moore, and Shelley. It is well that the minor and gentler streams should irrigate the ground which has been desolated by their torrents of passionate verse. It is well that no less than human love should be the principle and conscience should be the principle and conscience should be proved no less poetical than passion and crime.

It is undoubtedly difficult for a poet who foregoes the passions to

h eminence as a poet, since
nt emotions of our nature
adapted to verse, and full of
effect. The bard of Rydal-
as, nevertheless, attained a
celebrity, after patiently en-
ars—long years—of neglect
ule. He has carefully es-
hose stormy and harrowing
with which poets of the high-
s had, before his time, gene-
ighted to familiarize our
He leaves such themes as
us bound by Jupiter to a
a vulture preying perpetu-
is entrails,* Count Ugolino
; the flesh of his own off-
the Tower of Famine,† and
nmoning his fallen peers to
the fiery halls of Pandemo-
such masters as “Æschy-
underous,” Dante, and Mil-
addresses himself to the
l more homely feelings, and
lmer reason of men. He
persuaded that a truer and
ource of poetic inspiration is
nd in the every-day sights
ids of Nature; that the
clouds and falling waters,
glades, wet with noon-tide
rocky beach, musical with
waves, the sheep-walks on
n hill-side, and the “prime
river’s brim,” supply the
on with its best aliment,
ually tend to calm, elevate,
ow the mind. This is his
constant theme. His longer
; philosophical poems ring
ing changes on it, and may
an Epithalamium on the
of Man and Nature. But
evoting a long life to the
velopment of this funda-
lea, we should never have
literature enriched by the

productions of Shelley and Tenny-
son’s genius. In poetry, as in all
that concerns the human mind, there
is a law of progress. The poetic
harvest-home of one generation is
the seed-time of that which is to fol-
low. Thus Dante speaks of two
poets (Guinicelli and Daniello) now
forgotten, or known only by name,
in terms of strong admiration, as pre-
decessors to whose writings he was
considerably indebted.* The follow-
ing lines are but a sample of a thou-
sand passages in Wordsworth which
set forth the agency of natural scenery
in the work of man’s education
and refinement. It is taken from
the *Prelude*, a long introduction to
the *Excursion*, which lay upon the
author’s shelves in manuscript dur-
ing forty-five years:†

“Was it for this,
That one, the fairest of all rivers, loved
To blend his murmurs with my nurse’s song,
And from his alder-shades and rocky falls,
And, from his fords and shallows, sent a voice
That flowed along my dreams? For this didst thou,
O Derwent! winding among grassy holms
Where I was looking on, a babe in arms,
Make ceaseless music, that composed my thoughts
To more than infant softness, giving me,
Amid the fretful dwellings of mankind,
A foretaste, a dim earnest of the calm
That Nature breathes among the hills and groves!”

Wordsworth’s life was an exemplifi-
cation of the doctrine he taught. Cheer-
fulness and peace marked his charac-
ter at each stage of his eighty years’
pilgrimage, and, towards the close of
his career, he had the satisfaction of
perceiving that his works were slowly
effecting the result to which he had
destined them—making a lasting im-
pression on the literature of his age,
and leading many a thoughtful spirit
from artificial to natural enjoyments,
from the imagery of dreamland to
that of daily life, from bombast to
simplicity, from passion to feeling,
and from turmoil to repose.

“O heavenly poet! such thy verse appears,
So sweet, so charming to my ravished ears,

* *Prometheus Vinculus*.

† *L’Inferno*, c. xxxiii.

‡ *Paradise Lost*, Book i.

* *Il Purgatorio*, xi. 97; xxvi. 115, 142, 92, 97.
† 1805 to 1850.

As to the weary swain, with cares oppress,
Beneath the silvan shade, *refreshing rest*;
As to the feverish traveller, when first
He finds a crystal stream to quench his thirst."*

Nor was Wordsworth's love of nature and her soothing influences dissociated from religious belief. He was no materialist, maintaining the eternal existence and self-government of the universe by fixed and exclusively natural laws. He was no pantheist, worshipping nature as an indivisible portion of the divine essence—a body of which God is actually the soul. He believed in other laws besides those which regulate the movements of the celestial bodies, and the gradual formation and destruction of the strata that compose the surface of our globe. The view which he took of the material universe was such as became a Christian, and is luminously expressed by him in the following lines:

"I have seen
A curious child applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell,
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely, and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy: for murmurings from within
Were heard—sonorous cadences! whereby,
To his belief, the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
E'en such a shell the universe itself
Is to the ear of faith, and doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things,
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power,
And central peace subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation."

It is impossible to read the *Prelude* and the *Excursion* without perceiving that Wordsworth's passion for natural scenery was no fictitious emotion, assumed for the purpose of appearing brimful of philosophy and sentiment, and making an effective parade of moon and stars, flowers and rivulets, in verse. No, it was a deep and abiding principle—a feeling of which he could no more have divested himself than Newton of his bent toward science, or Beethoven of his ear for music. This unaffected enthusiasm enabled him to speak

* Dryden's *Virgil*, Pastoral v.

with the authority of a master to instil into the minds of children the ideas that had taken so long possession of his own.

From the poetry of inanimateness, the transition was easy to that of simple feelings, particularly of rustic life. In the innocent pictures of the cot, and the sparkling cheeks of wild maidens, Wordsworth found the reflection deep enough to stimulate the memory of men. Who has not been struck by the inimitable simplicity of the scene in which the child, who often at sunset, took her little porridge and ate her supper beside her brother's grave, persisted in saying: "O sir, *we are seven*," and in ignoring the power of death to sever or to dilate? Purity marks all which the chief of the Lake School has composed; for how could he soothe the spirit if, like Moore and Byron, he had pandered to vicious inclinations. Hence his successor as Poet laureate congratulates himself very properly on wearing

"The laurel greener from the brows
Of him that uttered nothing base."

A poet's best eulogy is that which comes from a poet. Having given that of Tennyson, therefore, I will add that which Shelley also bestows on Wordsworth:

"Thou wert as a lone star, whose light did
On some frail bark in winter's midnight rest
Thou hast like to a rock-built refuge stood
Above the blind and battling multitude
In honored poverty thy voice did weave
Songs consecrate to truth and liberty."

The quietude commended to the faithful poets is, at the best, that of despair. It is rest without repose, sthenic but not peaceful—a spasmodic and delusive calm, difficult to maintain for a moment, and certain not to endure.

"Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,

keep away the life of care
have borne and yet must bear." *

their language; so writes
most distinguished of these
of affliction." How differ-
ent feelings of the Christian

round heart say,
rushing hour,
we must have their way,
now must lower.
The glorious Child is born,
could be forgot, or only seem
is told for joy at morn,
we have waked, and found it but a

this strain unreal. The
he was the best guarantee
sincerity of his sentiments,
response he has wakened in
hearts is a seal set on the
convictions. He hymned
happiness of the Christian,
the theme suited an ambi-
tion that it is lofty, or an
one in that it is familiar,
and he was persuaded that
the highest glory consists in
the agitated spirit, as David
played cunningly on the
presence of Saul; and
it is incumbent on us to
be happy, our paramount
be happy ourselves; that
not so, the fault is our own;
there are in the religion we
every crisis and condition,
visions for that happiness
all aspire.

touch of God made man
we no lack if thou art there:
the our infant joys began,
the our wearier age we bear." ‡

the key-note of his thought-
reputation as a poet was
long before the leading
of the land called atten-
tion: beauty of his composi-

37.
Christian Year. Third Sunday after
Easter. Innocentium.

tions. Their publication in the first
instance is said to have been owing
to his seeing several of them in print
without being able to conjecture by
what means they had found their way
to public light. He soon learned, how-
ever, that some of his manuscripts,
which he had lent to a lady, had
been dropped in the street and lost.
He therefore resolved on completing
and publishing *The Christian Year*.
It was not till nearly twenty years
after its first appearance that it received
in the *Quarterly Review* that meed
of applause to which it was justly en-
titled. The article which there called
attention to its extraordinary
merits was written, we believe, by
Mr. Gladstone, whom neither the
bustle of parliamentary life, nor the
aridity of financial study, renders in-
sensible to the charms of those muses
who are generally supposed to haunt
woods and caves, and to smile only
on the recluse.

To us Catholics the name of Keble
will always be remembered with in-
terest, because he shared with Drs.
Newman and Pusey the leadership
of that great party in the Anglican
Church which has given so many
children to the true church, and has
spread through England and through
the world many Catholic doctrines
and practices long dormant or for-
gotten. We think of him with affec-
tion, because he carried on to the end
the work of soothing the troubled
spirit by means of religious verse; be-
cause he was through life the friend
of that distinguished convert to whose
genius and writings we owe so much;
and because he has, both in prose and
verse, laid down, more clearly and
explicitly than any other Protestant
writer, the grounds of our veneration
of the blessed Mother of God Incar-
nate.* He did not, indeed, follow

* See *Lyra Innocentium*, "Church Rites;" and
The Month, May, 1866, "John Keble."

out his convictions to their legitimate results; he fancied that he responded to them sufficiently by remaining where he was. But his poems will ever remain a witness against the church in which they were composed, because it can never reduce to practice the doctrines he taught in reference to the holy eucharist, the confessional, and the communion of saints. Meanwhile they are silently imbuing the minds of Anglican readers with feelings and arguments favorable to the divine system of the Catholic Church. Though his *Christian Year* is adapted to the services of the Church of England, and though its chief purpose, as stated in the preface, is "to exhibit the soothing tendency of the Prayer-Book," the author's sympathies are with the Book of Common Prayer in its Catholic, and not in its Protestant aspects. During more than forty years it has been chiselling the Anglican mind into a more orthodox shape. It moulds the chaotic elements of faith into substance, form, and life. It supplies the lost sense of Scriptures, and lays the foundation of towers and bulwarks it cannot build. It opens bright vistas of realized truth, and points to glorious summits from the foot of the hill. It is not inspired with genius of the highest order; the range it takes is more circumscribed in some respects than that of Cowper; it seldom reaches the sublime, and is always pleasing rather than original. But in spite of these drawbacks, it has wound itself more and more into public esteem. No poetry is read more habitually by members of the Established Church. The number of those is very large who take down *The Christian Year* from their bookshelves every Sunday and festival. It rings every change on the theme Resignation, and presents it in all its truest and most beautiful lights. It has ex-

tracted from the sacred writing very marrow of the text, has clothed in a thousand ways the typical mystic import of Scripture here expressed from them abundant wine and oil of consolation, and conveyed it to us in poetic ducts of mean kind.

"As for some dear familiar strain
Untired we ask, and ask again,
Ever, in its melodious store,
Finding a spell unheard before;"*

so, many Anglicans of the day sort recur to Keble's poems year after year, and end the perusal with death. Other poets characterize the mind, he forms it while others are but read, learnt. Even the conviction he cherished of the heavenly nature of the church of Queen Elizabeth, though misplaced, added to the sweetness and soothing character of his verses. But it is deserving note that his latter volume, *Lycamentum*, which contains more mentation than he uttered over the shortcomings of his communion, and more intense rations after Catholic dogma practice, evinces at the same time less inward quietude in the and imparts less of it to the reader. One poem, indeed, called "Out of Sight," on the absence of the holy Mother of God from the English mind, invoking her, as it is a strain of glorious verse, was not read, lest it should perplex and quiet those who were unused to invocations, and believed themselves forbidden by the Anglican Church.

To cite passages from Keble's poems illustrative of their soothing tendency, would be to copy all he wrote. They fell like the words of Hermon, and were a significant symbol of the man himself. bright, fresh, joyous, and affectionate.

* *Christian Year*, "Morning."

says one who knew him as an ever-flowing spring, al-
ways shedding a gen-
ceptible, and recreating dew
e who came within its reach.

as a Christian poetry about
natural gift, elevated and
led by his consistent piety
ous earnestness, which gild-
ommonest things and the
inary actions, and cast the
of an unearthly sunshine
d him."* What wonder that
rious author of the *Apologia*
ook at him with awe when
in the High Street at Ox-
What wonder that, when

Fellow of Oriel, and for
time taken by the hand by
ost and all the Fellows, he
l Keble took his hand, and
e said, "felt so abashed and
of the honor done him,
seemed desirous of quite
to the ground"?† Yet the
as blessed of the less. For
l subtlety of reasoning, for
d pathos in prose composi-
Newman has surpassed be-
measure everything which
l or could accomplish. In
he world in general has
the palm to Keble, and the
e believe, is right. In the
ast, of calming the ruffled
poet of *The Christian Year*
one his beloved rival and

Lyra Apostolica brought Ke-
Newman together as ath-
the arena of poetry; and
s of poems affords a good
ty of comparing their seve-
, to those who have the key
ters' names. They appear
: *British Magazine*, signed
Greek characters repre-
ie following writers :

- a. J. W. Bowden.
- β. R. H. Froude.
- γ. John Keble.
- δ. J. H. Newman.
- e. R. J. Wilberforce:
- ζ. Isaac Williams.

By far the greater number of the
pieces were written by Keble and
Newman, and almost all by the lat-
ter have reappeared this year in a
series, which supplies a poetic com-
mentary on the author's life. These
Verses on Various Occasions range
over a period of forty-six years, and
having each of them the date and the
place where composed attached to it,
the interest of the whole is there-
by greatly increased. Among the
poems is that remarkable one, "The
Dream of Gerontius," which was
published in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*
in 1865. But neither Dr. Newman's
verses thus collected, nor the series
entitled *Lyra Apostolica* in general,
are marked by that repose which is
the prevailing feature of *The Chris-
tian Year*. The motto chosen by
Froude for the *Lyra* was truly com-
bative, and shows the feeling both of
Newman and himself, then together
at Rome. It was taken from the
prayer of Achilles on returning to
the battle, and it implores Heaven to
make his enemies know the differ-
ence, now that his respite from fight-
ing is over.

Γνοίεν δ', ὡς δὴ θηρὸν ἐγὼ πολέμοιο πέπαυ-
μαι.*

The scars of warfare are visible
even in Newman's hymns. He has
evidently passed through many an
inward conflict, and fought with
many an external foe. He has va-
cated ground he once occupied, and
he defends principles which he once
assailed. He pierces many heights,
and depths, and has to be always on
his guard against his lively imagina-
tion. He is lucid as any star, but

* *Mouth*, vol. iv. p. 142.

H. Newman's *Apologia*, p. 76.

* *Iliad*, Σ' 125. *Apologia*, p. 98.

not always as serene. He flashes now and then like a meteor; he hints and suggests in nebulous light. He is a pioneer of thought; he shoots beyond his comrades; he walks "with Death and Morning on the Silver Horns." He sees, where others grope; he is at home, where others feel confused and out of place. He is, like Ballanche,* more satisfied of the truth of the unseen than of the visible world. Mysteries are his solemn pastime. He strikes his harp in Limbo, as Spaniards weave a dance in church before the Holy Sacrament. His dreams are Dantesque; he is half a seer. The veil of death is rent before him, and his soul, by anticipation, launches into the abyss. The chains of the body are dropped, and angels and demons come round him to console and to harass his solitary spirit in its transition state. His condition there, like his poetry, and like himself on earth and in the body, is one of mingled quietude and disturbance;

"And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,
Had something, too, of sternness and of pain."†

The happy, suffering soul ("for it is safe, consumed, yet quickened, by the glance of God,") sings in Purgatory in a strain identical with that to which it was used in this mortal life:

"Take me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be,
And there in hope the lone night-watches keep,
Told out for me.
There motionless and happy in my pain,
Lone, not forlorn—
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain
Until the morn;
There will I sing and soothe my stricken breast,
Which ne'er can cease
To throb and pine and languish, till possess
Of its sole peace."‡

There is, indeed, one of Dr. Newman's poems, and that one the most popular and beautiful he has ever

composed, which is singularly poetic and peaceful. Yet darker shades are not wanting. Angel faces are "lost awhile" the "pride" and self-will years recur to the memory. It was in June, 1833, calmed in the Straits of Bonifato, he wrote "Lead, Kindly Light," which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*—no mean feat. He has said of it recently,† "I have never seen one of the most perfect of the kind in the language

"Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet: I do not ask to
The distant scene—one step enough!

"I was not ever thus, nor prayed that
Would'st lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path;
Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of
Pride ruled my will: remember not

"So long thy power hath blest me, so
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces
Which I have loved long since, and

Fond as Dr. Newman is in his poetry, he has not imitated any style is original—a rare quality in strength, sincerity, and simplicity. It is moulded rather after the classical Greek dramas, than the romantic fictions of Keats, Shelley, and Longfellow. Hence it bears a nearer resemblance to Milton's *Samson Agonistes* than to any other English production. The classical pieces, again, often remind one of George Herbert, and of Spenser, Waller, and Cowley. The clearness of expression and fluency, which makes you a writer even when you cannot admire his verse. One of the specimens of his poetic faculty is given in *Verses on Various Occasions*

* *Dublin Review*, July, 1865, p. 10. "Madame Récamier."

† "Dream of Gerontius," § 2.

‡ *Ibid.* § 6.

* *Apologia*, p. 99.

1 J.

"Consolations in Bereavement" written in 1828. It turns on the case of the dear sister who mourns. He solaces himself in the reflection that the deed is quickly done, and thus derives comfort from a thought which is in itself afflictive. Perhaps Bysshe was unconsciously running his head :

How not if I could have borne
To see thy beauties fade :

Day without a cloud hath past,
Thou wert lovely to the last ;
Distinguished, not decayed ;
Stars that shoot along the sky
Are brightest as they fall from high."

Lewman's poetry did not pro-
l within the scope of this
but we have been led to
f it because he was Keble's
e in the *Lyra Apostolica*, and
the verses of the surviving
e just appeared in England
w form, and have attracted
attention and been made
ect of admiring and affec-
criticism not merely by Catho-
dicals, but by non-Catholic
and newspapers of every po-
nd religious shade. Indeed,
e bestowed on them by such
ts has exceeded that of our
ics, because it has, generally
, been more discriminating
red by higher authorities in
ry world.

s then rejoice that English
e includes three poets at
owper, Keble, and Words-
who are in a good sense
, and the tenor of whose
from first to last, is tranquil-
They may not, perhaps, be
ors who will afford us most
in the tumultuous season of
enjoyment ; but as years
, and the trials of life present

themselves, one by one, in all their
painful reality ; as reason matures
and reflection ripens ; as the proba-
tionary character of our mortal exis-
tence becomes more and more clear
to our apprehension ; as the discovery
of much that is formal and hollow in
society enamors us of rural retreats
and sylvan solitudes ; as the inexhaus-
tible treasures of beauty and magni-
ficence in the material universe unfold
before our gaze ; as the things unseen
triumph over visible objects in our
thoughts and affections, we shall find
in such poetry as we have attempted
to describe, more that is congenial
and charming, and shall cherish with
fonder remembrance the names of
Cowper, the mellifluous exponent of
Christian ethics and delights ; of Ke-
ble, the bard of Biblical lore ; and of
Wordsworth, the child and poet of
nature. Like skilful tuners of rough-
ly-used instruments, they will reduce
to sweetness our spirits' harsher and
discordant tones, and fit us to take
our part in the everlasting har-
monies of the boundless universe.
'They will each make poetry, in our
view, the handmaid of science and
revelation, accepting with rapture
the vast, amazing discoveries of
the one, and ever seeking to har-
monize them with the momentous
and soul-subduing disclosures of the
other. They will impart to mute
matter the voice and power of a moral
teacher, imbue inanimate things
(to our imagination) with life and
feeling, inspire us with "a glorious
sympathy with suns that set" and rise,
with "flowers that bloom and stars
that glow," with the birdling warbling
on her bough, and the ocean bellow-
ing in his caves ; and will lead us by
nature's golden steps to the footstool
of the Creator's throne ; for, in the
eyes of such poets, earth is "crammed
with heaven," and every common
bush on fire with God.

THE EARLY IRISH CHURCH.*

THE early Irish Church is now the subject of a close scrutiny and deep study, that bids fair to shed upon it all the light that can be poured upon the subject by such written material as war, oppression, persecution, and penal laws have been insufficient to destroy. There are two schools, and their emulating labors will allow little to escape, both being well versed in ecclesiastical history, the Irish language, annals, and literature.

It is needless to say that there are a Catholic and a Protestant school—the latter of comparatively recent origin. The Anglican Church in Ireland, studying what it had long despised, now seeks to hold forth to the world that it is the real successor and representative of the early Irish Church; while the Catholic Church in Ireland is simply a papal continuation of the foreign church, forced on Ireland by Henry II. and Pope Adrian IV., and their respective successors. Unfortunately, however, the memory of man records not the fact that, in the sixteenth century and later, the Thirty-nine Articles and Book of Common Prayer were presented to the Irish as being the creed and liturgy of its early saints. Those who burnt the crosier of Patrick broke with the early Irish Church as effectually as they did with the romanized Irish Church of later days.

At the beginning of this century, Ledwich, following in the wake of the wild theories of Conyers Middleton,

denied entirely the existence of St. Patrick, and his theory met with no little favor among those opposed to the church. Now his existence is admitted, his life studied and written, and efforts made, with no little skill industry, and learning, to show that the Roman Catholic Church has no claim to St. Patrick or the church which he founded; a church so full of life, that its missionaries spread to other lands, and went forth with papal sanction to plant catholicity or revive fervor on the continent. It is to this curious phase of controversy that we are indebted for the volume of *Essays* which are here contributed by Doctor Moran, and which evince his learning and research, as well as his fitness for close historical argument.

That there should be much material for a discussion as to so early a period as the fifth century may surprise many, especially those who have always been taught to clear with a bound some ten or more centuries prior to the sixteenth. And it must be admitted that it is indeed surprising, when we consider the wholesale destruction of Irish manuscripts by the English in Ireland from the time of Henry down to the present century. From the period of the invasion to the Reformation, though invaders and invaded were alike Catholic, the English treated the Irish with such contempt that only five families of bloods were recognized as human, and even monasteries were closed to men of Irish race. The literature of the proscribed was of course slighted and despised.

From the Reformation the literary

* *Essays on the Origin, Doctrines, and Discipline of the Early Irish Church.* By the Rev. Dr. Moran, Vice-Rector of the Irish College, Rome. Dublin, 1864. Pp. vii., 337. For sale by the Catholic Publication Society, New York.

earlier days were proscribed and destroyed, not only as Irish but as British.

Almost universal destruction of ecclesiastical books, missals, breviaries, penitential canons of councils, doctrinal treatises, many historical and biographical treatises perished. The people and their church hold by the same to their predecessors, and are direct successors of the old converts of St. Patrick. The Anglican party which has so much of Irish literature in its argument on the silence of script authority or draw any in their favor from the authorities, for whose disappearance they are themselves account-

interrupted adherence of tradition to the Roman Church, the force of prescription, and the good against all but the most positive evidence. The inferences can invalidate

documents regarding the early church begin with the confession of Patrick and his letter to the king, a piratical British chief, by Ware in 1656, from four parts, and by the Bollandists in manuscript in the Abbey of St.

lives ascribed to the saint, published by the same, as well as by Usher.

Lives of the saint, the least of all is that by Jocelin, an English monk, who wrote soon after his death. This is given in the *Annals* and in Messingham's *Flora*.

Earlier and better lives, however, were collected and published by Colgan in his *Acta Tripartita*, a work of which the existence of a copy on the Atlantic.

Among these earlier lives, one by Probus is of much value. It was printed, strangely enough, among the works of Venerable Bede, in the Basil edition of that father issued in 1563; and, apparently, the whole work was taken from manuscripts preserved at the Irish convent at Bobbio.

These are the more important material for the life of the apostle of Ireland, together with unpublished material in some very ancient Irish manuscripts, codices known for centuries, such as the Book of Armagh, a manuscript of the eighth or ninth century, which contains a life of Saint Patrick by Muirchu-Maccu-Mactheni; the *Leabhar Breac*, considered the most valuable Irish manuscript on ecclesiastical matters; the *Tripartite Life* in the British Museum, the early national annals, etc.

As to the antiquity and value of these ancient codices Westwood in his *Palaographia Sacra Pictoria* (London, 1843-5) may be consulted.

For the liturgy of the early Irish Church, we have a missal preserved at Stowe, in England, and ascribed to the sixth century, but which unfortunately has never been fully and completely published; a missal preserved in the monastery founded by Saint Columbanus at Bobbio, and printed by Mabillon in his *Iter Italicum*; the *Antiphonarium Benchorense*; the *Exposition of the Ceremonies of the Mass* preserved in the *Leabhar Breac* and a treatise on the Mass Vestments in the same volume, as well as the *Liber Hymnorum*, and various separate hymns.

The lives of the Irish saints, many of which have been published by Colgan, Messingham, the Bollandists, as well as the meagre Irish secular annals, throw much light on the social and religious life of the ancient Irish.

Such is, in brief, the documentary array to be appealed to in the con-

troversy, as to the origin and character of the Irish Church.

And surely what has come down in fragments shows a church which the Anglican Church could not but condemn. The warmest advocate of the identity of the Anglican Church in Ireland with the early Irish Church, would find the old Irish mass, as preserved in the Stowe or the Bobbio missal, a very objectionable worship; the monks and nuns unsuited to our age; and the prayers, penitentiary, and belief in miraculous powers in the church utterly inconsistent with Protestant ideas; while the Catholic Irish would find the mass, if said in one of their churches, so like that they daily hear, that it would excite scarce a word of comment; monks and nuns would certainly excite less; and the prayers of that early day still circulate with the commendation of the actual head of the Catholic Church, the successor of Celestine.

The position having been abandoned that St. Patrick never existed, national pride, which from the days of Jocelin has bent its energies to prove that he was a Briton of the island of Great Britain and born in Scotland, now would prove that he was a genuine Englishman in his total renunciation of papal authority.

In the recent life of St. Patrick by Dr. Todd, this, though treated lightly as a matter of slight import, is really the marrow of the book.

The mission of St. Patrick has been uniformly attributed to Pope St. Celestine, who held the chair of Peter from 422 to 432; and is intimately connected with a previous one of the deacon of Celestine, St. Palladius, who made an unsuccessful attempt to christianize Ireland; and the mission of St. Palladius grew out, it would seem, of a deputation of

Gaulic bishops to Britain to the progress of Pelagianism.

Todd endeavors ingeniously to break up these connected facts, and seeks to show that Palladius was a deacon not of St. Celestine, but of St. Germain, Bishop of Auxerre; that the history of Palladius and St. Patrick have been confounded; and that St. Patrick was not sent to Ireland till after the death of St. Celestine, and consequently could not have been sent by St. Celestine. This would, to some extent, deliver the early Irish Church from the responsibility of having received its origin from Rome.

Dr. Moran's work is made up of three essays: "On the Origin of the Irish Church and its Connection with Rome;" "On the teaching of the Irish Church concerning the Blessed Eucharist;" and, on "Devotion to the Blessed Virgin in the Irish Church of Ireland."

In the first of these essays he meets the arguments of the Seneca school of Trinity by a careful and thorough examination, showing that both Palladius and Patrick owed their mission to Rome and to St. Celestine, and settles conclusively the date of St. Patrick's landing in Ireland.

He discusses at length the mission of Palladius; sketches the life of St. Patrick, and his connection with St. Germain; and states briefly the proofs of his Roman mission. He then refutes the array of misapplied theories in regard to the great question from Ledwich to Todd, and multiplies evidence to show how the early Irish Church regarded the mission.

The period when Saint Patrick and Saint Palladius successively came to Ireland, was not one of obscurity. The church was in the full of its vitality, and met Nestorius in the east, Pelagius in the west, the heresies in Africa, with the power

of a divine institution. It was of St. Augustine, St. Germain, Vincent of Lerins, of Cassian, of Irenaeus, St. Gregory of Nyssa, of Jerome. St. Basil, St. Ambrose, of Athanasius, even, and St. Anthony still fresh in the memory of who had heard the words of them on their lips, or gazed on them in presence. The Council of Ephesus actually in session defining the canon due to the Mother of God. The canon of Holy Scripture had been settled thirty-five years before, at the Council of Carthage, and St. Jerome's version was gradually supplanting the *Vetus Itala* in the hands of the faithful.

The monastic life, a vigorous tree planted at Rome by Athanasius, had now spread over the Latin Church, in its multifarious activity and zeal. It was under the mighty hand of time, was nurtured by that St. Martin of Tours, whose reputation was now widespread. It gave a life to its school of bishops, writers and saints; the abbey of St. Martin at Marseilles, where Cassian resided and wrote.

If this was a great age of the Church, the Roman empire showed the signs of vitality. It was struggling to its fall. Along its whole territory, stretching from Italy to the Hebrides, the pagan barbarians were pressing with relentless force, threatening destruction to the romanized Briton, and romanized Gaul—for all of whom the German had but one name, still preserving the race, the Anglo-Saxon among the descendants of the British, as the Fleming does the Saxon in the south of Germany the Dane. A little later this Germanic invader in Europe to embrace the Christian faith and first to revolt from it, overtook Britain, establishing the Saxon dominion, making Gaul the land of

Franks, and giving Spain and Italy to Gothic sovereigns.

Before this torrent burst, the church in Italy, Britain, and Gaul was closely united. Heresies appeared and gained ground in Britain. To meet this Pelagian enemy, the insular bishops appealed for aid to Gaul. The bishops of that country in council, selected St. Germain and St. Lupus to go to Britain; and Prosper, in his chronicle, assures us that, through the instrumentality of Palladius the deacon, Pope Celestine in 426 sent Germain in his own stead to root out heresy there, and direct the Britons to the Catholic faith.

But this was not the only work. To recover what was straying was well; but a new island was yet to be conquered to the faith, one in which the Roman eagle had never flashed, but which seems to the eye of faith a field white for the reaper.

Attached to Germain by ties of which there is no doubt, was a man of Roman-British race, whose whole associations were with the church of Gaul, who had been a slave for several years in Ireland, and yearned to return to it as a herald of the Gospel. He is stated, in the earliest lives, to have been recommended by Saint Germain to Pope Celestine, as one fitted for such a work. The pope, however, either to give greater dignity to the new mission, or to leave no doubt of the Roman character of the work, chose in 431 Palladius, deacon of the Roman Church, already mentioned, to be the first apostle to the Scots, as the Irish were then termed.

Saint Germain and Saint Lupus went to Britain in 429, and labored with zeal and success there during that year and the next. The ancient Irish writer, who wrote a commentary on a hymn in honor of Saint Patrick by St. Fiacc, and who is cited by Irish scholars as scholiast on

Saint Fiacc's hymn, states that Saint Patrick accompanied the Gallic bishops to Britain. In itself it would be probable. The intimate relations between the Bishop of Auxerre and the British priest, would naturally lead that prelate to choose him as a companion. That Palladius, who had been the pope's agent in the matter, accompanied them, also, would seem natural. His selection for the Irish mission after Saint Germain's return in 430, would follow as naturally.

He was made bishop, and sent to the Scots (Irish) in 431; and that Saint Patrick was in some manner appointed by the pope to the same work, or connected with the mission with a degree of authority, is evident from the fact that, when Saint Palladius, after an ineffectual attempt to establish a mission in Wicklow, was driven from the country, and died, as some say, in Scotland, his Roman companions at once hastened to Saint Patrick, to notify him as one who possessed some jurisdiction in the matter; and all accounts agree that on this intelligence, Saint Patrick at once proceeded to obtain the episcopal consecration, and sailed to Ireland.

Looking at the whole action of the pope in regard to the checking of Pelagianism in Britain, and the conversion of Ireland, this theory, first suggested by Dr. Lanigan, answers every requirement. It contravenes no fact given by any early author, and is in perfect harmony with every part. The Rome-appointed subordinates of Palladius reported to Patrick as a recognized superior, and it is utterly impossible that between him, the disciple of Germain and Palladius, the Roman delegate to Germain, there could have been diversity of faith or ecclesiastical discipline. The appointment of Patrick to the Irish mission was simultaneous with that of Palladius, to whom the prior-

ity was given. On the death of Palladius he succeeded, and required the episcopal consecration to his labors as a bishop in Ireland.

This would make the Roman of the Irish Church too clear to Todd to accept it without a struggle. With what might almost be termed unfairness, he ignores the statement of a perfect catena of Irish writers to the character of Palladius, and desires to make him a deacon, not a pope, but of Saint Germain.

Later lives of Saint Patrick ten long after the death of the pope, by introducing vague traditions, doubtless embarrassed the question. That some took his appointment from Celestine to have required him to go to Rome after the death of Palladius, was natural; but he really have been appointed by Celestine, even though consecrated in Ireland after the death of that pope, if it was done in pursuance of previous orders of the holy see. It would not be strange to Catholic ideas that Saint Patrick had what would be termed his bulls unacted upon, from humility or some other motive, and the history of the church contains many examples where this have been so held, to be acted ultimately only when the necessity of the church made the canon feel it a duty to assume the burden from which he shrank.

Dr. Moran proves that Patrick drew his mission from Rome by a solid array of authorities, which embrace some of the most ancient manuscripts extant. The Book of Armagh contains two tracts, one *Dicta Sancti Patricii*, expressing a wish that his disciple should be *Christiani ita et Romani*; the other the annals of Tirechan, written in the middle of the seventh century, stating absolutely that in the tenth year of the Emperor Tiberius

bishop Patrick was sent by the bishop and pope of Rome, the Irish.

Abhar Breac, styled by the oldest and best Irish manuscript to church history now "furnishes us evidence not undecisive. The second saint Patrick, ascribed to an, (ob. 664;) the scholiont Fiacc, the Life by Pro, equally explicit, showing been a recognized fact in him two centuries after the own day.

an, besides these, accumulated authority of a later period, into uncited, and due to the of German scholars manuscripts still extant, hands of the early Irish their land.

argument of Dr. Todd was the silence of Muirchu Mac-ni in the Book of Armagh; Moran answers this fully; that part of that early work is missing; and that, as Saint Probus follows, word the parts extant, we may at Saint Probus followed other parts; and in regard to Patrick's mission, Saint Pro and plain.

Irish in Ireland, then, was a child of Rome and Gaul. A missionary, a Breton, came from Gaul, with a mission from Rome, and the church founded was in harmony with the church in Britain, Gaul, and that the faith of the church in those countries was, admits of no doubt were there no monument to give explicit evidence of the Irish Church, this is implicit evidence sufficient to decide what its faith, and liturgy were.

The vice-rector of the Irish College marshals his authorities again and shows that the church founded by an envoy from Rome retained its connection with the holy see and its reverence for the See of Peter. He adduces hymns of the Irish Church, various writings of successive ages, express canonical enactments regarding Rome, and finally the pilgrimages to the holy city, in itself an irrefragable proof of the veneration entertained for Rome; but he crowns all this by adducing the many extant cases in which Irish bishops and clergy appealed to Rome.

• But it may be thought that the terrible changes caused by the invasion of the barbarians which in a manner isolated Ireland may have led insensibly to differences of faith or practice in that island, cut off from the centre of unity by the pagan England that had succeeded Christian Britain, and the pagan France that replaced Christian Gaul.

Have we aught to prove what the Irish Church believed and taught; at what worship the faithful knelt; how they were received into the body of believers; what rites consoled them in death? Fortunately there is much to console us here, as well as to convince us. One of the most important parts of the work we are discussing is the clear and distinct manner in which he proves the Irish character of the missal found at Bobbio, and reproduced by Mabillon in his *Iter Italicum*. Having, by what light we possessed, come to the conclusion that it was in no sense Irish, we examined this portion with interest, and must admit that the proof is clear. Bobbio was a monastery founded by St. Columbanus, and its rich library gave much to the early printers, and yet much still remains in the Ambrosian library at Milan. This missal has no distinctive Irish

offices, and its containing an office of St. Sigebert, King of Burgundy, seemed to refute any idea of its being Irish. Yet we know that St. Columbanus founded a monastery at Luxeu before proceeding to Bobbio, and in both places retained his Irish office. The adding of a local Mass would not be strange. In itself this missal corresponds with that Irish missal preserved at Stowe in many essential points, and with no other known missal; the orthography and writing are undoubtedly Irish; the liturgy in itself is not that of Gaul; it resembles it in many respects, but the canon is that of Rome. This striking feature appears in the Stowe missal. Mabillon, from its antiquity, himself infers that Saint Columbanus brought it from Luxeu, and it is as probable that he brought it from Ireland.

It gives us the Mass of the ancient Irish Church, and Curry gives in his lectures a translation of an "Exposition of the Ceremonies of the Mass" from the Irish in the Leabhar Breac. The Mass and the exposition place beyond a doubt the belief of the Irish Church in the Real Presence. The exposition is as distinct as if written to meet any opposition. "Another division of that pledge, which has been left with the church to comfort her, is the body of Christ and his blood, which are offered upon the altars of the Christians; the body even which was born of Mary the Immaculate Virgin, without destruction of her virginity, without opening of the womb, without the presence of man; and which was crucified by the unbelieving Jews out of spite and envy; and which arose after three days from death, and sits upon the right hand of God the Father in heaven." (*Curry's Lectures*, p. 307.)

The words of the Mass are no less explicit, and the Bobbio missal contains these words: "Cujus carne a te

ipso sanctificata, dum pasboramur, et sanguine dum abluimur." The whole nature, the lives of the saints, monuments teem with all the sacrifice of Christ's blood, and the saying of M. unfrequently expressed by "conficere Corpus Domini

The proofs adduced by I on this point extend to showing the most exact resemblance, and accumulating on evidence, meeting all objections of every kind.

The sacrament of penance use is no less apparent; devotion to the blessed Virgin the saints a point on which no doubt is left.

Dr. Moran's work is certainly the appearance of *Lanigan's Ecclesiastical History*, (4 vols. Dublin) the most valuable treatise on the early Irish Church, and it sets at rest the theories of W. G. Todd, in *A History of the Ancient Church in Ireland*, 1845; and with great learning and skill by James H. Todd, in *Patrick, Apostle of Ireland: a memoir of his Life and Mission*, 1864.

We need now a popular work embracing the result of his researches in a small volume, like the work of W. G. Todd, and a volume containing the Bobbio missal, (that is, the missal probably sealed,) with the text of the Mass and vestments of the Leabhar Breac, and a selection of the prayers and hymns of the early Irish church that have come down to us. With these common in the hands of the clergy, to familiarize them with what remains of the church of the fathers, we may hope to see the Irish Mass, the "Cursus Sacerdotum" or Mass of the early Irish Church, as chanted by the cardinal a

of Dublin on the great patronal feast, as the Mozarabic liturgy is in Spain, or the Ambrosian at Milan. It would be a living proof that, if the Irish and other churches laid aside their pecu-

liar liturgies to adopt exclusively that of Rome, it was not that the former were objectionable ; but that unity was too desirable to be postponed.

MY ANGEL.

"He hath given his angels charge over thee."

THERE's an angel stands beside my heart,
And keepeth guard.
How I wish sometimes that he would depart,
And its strong desires would cease to thwart
With his stern regard !

But he never moves as he standeth there
With unwinking eyes ;
And at every pitfall and every snare
His silent lips form the word, " Forbear !"
'Till the danger flies.

His look doth oft my purpose check
And aim defeat.
And I change my course at his slightest beck.
'Tis well, or I soon would be a wreck
For the waves to beat.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

AN ITALIAN GIRL OF OUR DAY.*

[THE first Italian edition of the *Letters of Rosa Ferrucci* appeared at Florence in 1857, a request for their publication having been made to her mother by his Eminence Cardinal Corsi, Archbishop of Pisa. The pious prelate was not less desirous of seeing the account of so edifying a death published, when he had learned the circumstances from the Prior of San Sisto, who had attended Signorina Ferrucci in her last moments.

A second edition appeared in 1858, enriched with numerous details, at the express request of Monsignor Charvaz, Archbishop of Genoa.

During a brief stay which I made at Pisa, Monsignor della Fanteria, vicar-general of the diocese, spoke to me of the profound impression which the death of Signorina Ferrucci had left on all memories, and of the edification which he hoped from her *Letters*. He expressed a wish that they should be made known in France, and even urged me to undertake their translation myself.

Authorities such as these, and the testimony of persons of undoubted judgment as to the good this little work has already done, have determined me to publish it for the second time. May it edify yet again some young souls, by showing them in Christianity an ideal too often sought elsewhere.

December, 1858.]

THE following are the circumstances which led to the publication of the *Letters* here presented to the reader.

* *Rosa Ferrucci: her Life, her Letters, and her Death.* By the Abbé H. Perreyve.

Toward the end of April year, (1857,) as I was returning to Rome, I stopped at Pisa. The God of God conducted me then in the midst of a family, of whose united happiness I had been the witness only a few months before, but which had now, alas! been visited by death. It was one of those sudden, rending bereavements which make one falter on the desolated threshold of his friend, and which chill and clip the tenderest words of consolation.

What would you say to the father and mother who lose an only child—their joy, their life, and their pride, over, the pride and the edification of a whole town? Better be silent and ask God to speak.

Happily, in this case, God spoke; and the noble souls whose sorrows are to be recounted were of the number of those who know his voice.

After the first tears and the outpouring of a grief which terrified only the more poignant the poor mother asked me to accompany her to the house where her daughter had died, and which she herself had quitted from that day. A neighbor belonging to one of the neighboring houses had the keys of this dwelling, and he opened the door for us. We expected to find the presence of death and the remembrance of the sorrows of yesterday in the silence of those deserted chambers; but Christian had watched over the spot, and our first steps a delicate perfume betrayed its loving attention. Indeed, we found the chamber

rl strewn with flowers. They
 ash, some faithful hand hav-
 ewed them that very morning.
 looked-for spectacle awaken-
 r minds the thought that the
 n's death is not so much a
 s a transformation of life.
 e it was that, when, kneel-
 the poor sobbing mother, I
 er if she wished me to recite
Profundis, she answered in a
 e and almost smiling, "No,
 cite the *Te Deum*."

ymn concluded, I led the
 oman from that room where
 ow seemed changed into ex-
 and I said to her on the
 From all that I know, from
 I can learn of your daughter,
 a saint. The delicate piety
 neighbors attests how power-
 the recollection of her: the
 of her life, and the details
 oly death, must not be lost.
 t preserve them for the edi-
 of her companions; for the
 n of the town which has
 er, loved her, venerated her;
 dification of ourselves also,
 t one day die, and whom the
 of all holy deaths encou-
 support." I was not the
 express this desire; many
 ad anticipated me in beg-
 a history which they believ-
 calculated to reflect honor
 oly religion.

I left Pisa, I had obtained
 ed promise, pledging myself,
 me time, to make known in
 to some Christian readers,
 ry, wrung from the anguish
 her by the single desire of
 g the glory of God. Some
 ater, the book appeared at
 , with the following title,
rucci, and some of her Writ-
lished under the supervision
other. It remains, then, for

me to fulfil, on my part, the pious
 obligation I have contracted.

Rosa Ferrucci was the daughter of
 the celebrated Professor Ferrucci, of
 the University of Pisa, and of the
 Signora Caterina Ferrucci, a lady
 well known in Italy for her poetry,
 and for some excellent works on ed-
 ucation. It is little more than a year
 since this young girl was, by her
 brilliant intellectual gifts and the holi-
 ness of her life, the honor of the city
 of Pisa. The grave habits of a Chris-
 tian family, all the veils, all the pre-
 cautions, all the fears of modesty, had
 not been able to shield her from a
 sort of religious admiration which
 she inspired in all who saw her.
 How prevent mothers from point-
 ing out the holy child to their
 daughters, or the poor from bless-
 ing her as she passed? Rosa pos-
 sessed natural talents of a high
 order, and her education was sin-
 gularly favorable to the full devel-
 opment of every gift of mind and
 heart. At six years of age she read
 Italian, French, and German. At a
 later period she knew by heart the
 whole of the *Divine Comedy*. She
 read in the original, under the direc-
 tion of her mother, Virgil, Cicero,
 Tacitus; and, among modern au-
 thors, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Fene-
 lon, Fleury, Milton, Schiller, Klop-
 stock. I mention at random the au-
 thors quoted by her in her letters to
 her friends, passing by writers of our
 own day. She has left a correspon-
 dence in three languages—French,
 German, and Italian. The greater
 number of the Italian letters are ad-
 dressed to a young gentleman of
 Leghorn, Signor Gaetano Orsini, a
 distinguished lawyer and perfect
 Christian, to whom Rosa was be-
 trothed, and whose hopes have been
 shattered by her death. Each part
 of her correspondence is remarkable,

but it is of the last-mentioned letters that I propose particularly to speak. Independently of her correspondence, Signorina Ferrucci wrote many short treatises on religion and Christian morality, several of which have been published since her death.

Here, then, we find in a young girl a degree of mental cultivation—a depth of learning, I might say—which would be remarkable in a man even of distinguished education. To dwell long on gifts so rare would interfere with the object I proposed to myself in writing this little history. I will, then, remark here, once for all, that, having for several weeks lived on terms of intimacy with this excellent family, I have witnessed in this extraordinary girl only a child-like modesty, which made her always skilful in self-concealment.

I omit, then, all that relates to this intellectual culture, and to this taste for classical learning—a taste which was so pure, so exalted, in this young Christian maiden. Understood and accepted in Italy, this literary turn of mind would seem strange in France, where there exists an extravagant fear of raising woman above a certain intellectual level. I prefer, therefore, having said on this point merely what was necessary, to speak henceforth only of the virtues of the saintly girl.

Even of these I shall specify but one. I leave it to pious imaginations to guess what there must have been of meekness, of purity, of obedience, of modesty, of angelic devotion, in such a soul. I shall speak only of her charity. Love for the poor was with her a passion, and that from her tenderest years. Certain souls seem to come into this world commissioned by God to do honor to a particular virtue; everything in them converges to that as to a divine centre. The voice of a mo-

ther and the voice of the angels have but to quicken the girl's holiness committed to such sojourn before their terrestrial journey, and as soon as the development of holiness allows them to act, they tend naturally to the end which the will of God had pointed out to them from above. Rosa Ferrucci began with her a tender and unbounded love for the poor. From the first birds which, while yet an infant, she used to feed in winter-time, to the poor beggars of Pisa, whom she relieved by denying herself in her own amusements, and the neglected graves to which she carried flowers, "because," she used to say, "it was a pity for neglected graves, and poverty touched her heart." Her mother relates some affecting incidents of her great charity. During a severe winter her parents remark that she no longer ate bread at meals, although she never failed to pick out the largest piece for herself. They affected not to know her motive, which she explained, blushing, "Have I done wrong? Indeed I did not know it was wrong; but it is so dear this year, and this little piece would be sufficient for one poor person."

If she met in her walks a poor woman tottering under the weight of a load of wood, her first impulse would be to run to help her, and it was difficult to restrain this child's eager-ness. She would then kneel in prayer, declaring that she could never get accustomed to seeing poor people toiling so hard.

On her birthday she ran to her mother and said to her: "Gaetano and I indeed all that I could wish! I have just formed a project which makes me quite happy. We have promised that on our birthday we will give saints' days, instead of making other presents, which are often

will give a large alms to
or family."

was a good musician, and
to interpret truly the sen-
the masters. One day she
Florence, accompanied by
er, to purchase some pieces

But just as she was enter-
own, she met a poor family,
ned to be in the last extreme
hedness. Their rent must
he next day, or these poor
ould be homeless. Fare-
he pieces of music! And
urn home, when her friends,
d their real joy and admira-
cted to chide her, she an-

"What would you have had
I could not help it. Tell
elves how I could have done
than I did? Now, you
that it was impossible!"

possibilities! which embar-
those who can never be re-
the sufferings of others.

erable are the incidents of
which might be related of
r charity is never weary, the
d it has done, the more it
do; but I leave this sub-
stantly, indeed—to dwell at
gth on the two episodes of
stian life, in which I think
und the most solid edifica-
the best encouragement for
speak of a love and a death,
sfigured by the cross.

nsfiguration of the life and
nan in chastity, in hope, in
s a palpable glory of Chris-
d one of the surest marks
inity. Jesus Christ, when
to sanctify the world, did
y the natural conditions of
e. Since, as before, the
of his blood, man is born in
he weeps, combats, loves,

And yet, if he is a Chris-
changed for him. From
to his grave he walks in a

marvellous light, which transfigures
all things in his eyes and thoroughly
changes the meaning of life. He
suffers, but each day he adores suffer-
ing on the cross; he weeps, but he
has heard that, Blessed are they who
weep! he combats, but with his eyes
fixed on heaven; he loves, but in all
that he loves, he loves God; he dies,
but then only does he begin to live.
Nay, even the entrance into beatitude
is for the Christian not the last trans-
figuration; for a blissful eternity is
but a continuous transfiguration in a
glory ever increasing, and, as it were,
the eternal flight of created love to-
ward Infinite Love. This divine
flight finds in heaven its region or
glory; but it must not be forgotten
that its starting-point is earth—that
before finally gaining the eternal
heights, it must first cross "the fields
of mourning, *lugentes campi*."*

Hence it is, that for the saints
there is no interruption between hea-
ven and earth; the same path that
conducted them yesterday from vir-
tue to virtue, will lead them to-mor-
row from glory to glory, and their
death is but an episode of their love.
Hence, also, perhaps that mysterious
fraternity of love and death which is
the soul of all true poetry; men catch
a glimpse of it and chant it in their
own tongue:

"The twin brothers, love and death,
At the same time, gave birth to fate."†

But only the saints know its true
secret: "Having a desire to be dis-
solved and to be with Christ."‡

When the young soul of whom we
now speak had reached a certain
elevation in her flight toward God,
she, too, met the sweet and austere
company of those two strong-
winged angels—Christian love and
death. She loved: almost as soon
she presaged death, and she died.

* Virg. *Æn.* i. 4.

† Leopardi.

‡ Phil. i. 23.

But she loved as a child of God loves, and she died as a saint.

I have, then, little more to do than to translate her *Letters*, in which shines gloriously the beauty of Christian love, and to give an account of that death worthy of the church's brightest days. As I have already remarked, these *Letters* are addressed to a young gentleman of Leghorn, to whom Rosa had been betrothed for two years before her death; a truly noble character whom heaven seemed to have made worthy of her. A profound and tender love united these two kindred souls. The simple and sweet manners of good Italian society allowed their seeing each other often, and did not forbid their almost daily correspondence. An entire conformity of faith, of piety, of holy desires, blended into a still closer union those hearts already so strongly bound to each other; but a more celestial ray was continually passing from the soul of Rosa into that of Gaetano. Through her joys, her hopes, the festive preparations for her wedding, and the dreams of the future, this pious young girl always saw God. One idea, immense and insatiable, was dominant over all her desires, the idea of perfection. She gazed through the veil of her joyous dawns on the divine sun of eternal beauty. Her happiness embellished earth to her, but the earth thus embellished immediately reminded her of heaven; earthly love put a song on her lips, but the song soon became a hymn, and always ended with God. It is this insensible and almost involuntary transition, of which she herself seems unconscious, from an earthly affection to ardent longings after divine love and perfection, which constitutes all the beauty of her *Letters*. The reader must not forget that they were written by one who was little more than a child, and

that whatever there was of in her young soul was derived from that sun of Christian faith; warm rays ripen the intellect, and continued childhood of the

I would fain believe that the Christian's sisters in the faith find in her *Letters* something more than a subject of poetical delight. In truth, no life is so really pure as that of a saint; and, through the veil of beautiful language, we discover in the letters of Rosa many duties faithfully taught by her, many lessons of duty fully to be performed by others. I would then beg of those young persons to read the following pages with recollection, and, in order to translate their true meaning, to be as much as possible into the spirit of the girl's ardent desire of perfection.

I have spoken of the eternal union of souls toward God. From the beginning of time, ever, in the beginning of the world, we watched those flights of birds lengthening out in a long trail toward the very last, the saffron of the sky. 'Tis said that the angels fly in advance, cleaving the air, and that the weaker, coming after, enter with ease the aerial stream. Ah! too feeble that we attempt alone the road to heaven, let us at least learn to enter the path of the saints. Their strong, certain wing will draw us on their track; and when we are with them so lovely because they are loving, we shall advance without fear toward Him who was the object of their love.

ROSA TO GAETANO.

Pisa, April

I can never thank God enough for giving me in you, Gaetano, a friend and a guide for my way. I cannot refrain from often s

r, and I say it because it
cart. Spite of all the
imperfections which have
ness prevented me from
faithful to the good resolu-
I constantly make before
so high an idea of the
a Christian wife, and of
shall soon have to fulfil,
I indeed be terrified if I
le in the goodness of God,
all, and who will aid me
nothing. I often speak
er of the holy respect
he sacrament we are go-
ve inspires me ; and I
; of you to ask our Lord
s which are necessary to
at I ought to be. I pro-
mise all my efforts for this
will dedicate the prayers
of May to this intention,
great confidence that the
gin will obtain for me
ack. I believe that we
made great progress to-
on when we come to de-
y all those little daily
seem trifles to us, but
be so very displeasing to
perfection of God. In all
that I will receive your
admonitions as they
received from him who,
God, takes the place of
other

April 17.

rsuaded that the true
paring ourselves to re-
sacrament by which we
ed for time and eternity
our efforts to attain that
istian perfection to which
; and I am also sure
not arrive absolutely at
of perfection which we
re, we can at least kin-
darts the flames of that
which is itself the whole
. VII.—24

law. In this you will be my guide
and my example, Gaetano ; we two
shall have but one will, one love also,
loving each other in God, in whom all
affections become holy. Our affec-
tion did not spring from outward
accomplishments, nor from fleeting
beauty, that flower of a day. It was
a stronger tie that bound our souls
together. We love each other be-
cause we love God. In him does
our union consist, because in him is
all the strength, all the purity of our
love ; because in him also is our su-
preme end. Hence come those al-
ternations of joy and sadness, accord-
ing as we approach, or seem to be
receding from, that ideal type of per-
fection which is the object of our de-
sires. Ah ! how good God is ; and
how often I bless him for having put
such desires and such hopes into our
hearts. For me, I now see in God not
only the eternal power which created
heaven and earth, or the eternal love
which redeemed us, but also that
sweet mercy which has given me in
you, as it were, his crowning blessing.

April 25.

Forgive me, Gaetano, my eternal
repetitions ; but what can I do ? For
some time I have been able only to
say the same things over and over
again. This very day reminds me of
another day, a dear and solemn one
to me. I recollect with unspeakable
pleasure the solitary walk I took
with my mother to speak of you.
The stillness of the country, the fresh
aspect of all nature, the distant voices
of the peasants, which alone from
time to time broke the profound tran-
quillity of the scene—all seemed new
to me, all spoke to my heart. I
shall never forget the humble little
church in which, for the first time, I
ventured to pray to God to bless these
new thoughts—thoughts which held
me suspended, as it were, between.

doubt and hope, but which found my heart firmly resolved to do the divine will in all things. From that day I have implored, and still unceasingly implore, the graces which we need in order to lead together a truly Christian life. Do you do the same, Gaetano; and let me assure you that I cannot now pray to God for myself, without at once finding your name mingled in my supplications.

April 30.

He only is worthy of a reward who has merited it. Do you not know that combat—and what is life but a continual combat?—must precede victory? No, Gaetano, we will not be like cowardly soldiers who would fain have the honors of a triumph without having seen the face of the foe. Let us rather strive to lay hold on eternal felicity, which alone can satisfy our desires, by faithfully performing all our duties; by supporting, for the love of God, all the trials of life, heavy or light; by devoting ourselves as much as possible to good works; then the desire of heaven will not be for us a dreamy ideal or subject of vague speculation, but it will enter into our daily life to sanctify it. May your life be prolonged to serve the cause of God by strong and constant virtues!

May 2.

I believe that, without proposing to ourselves a too ideal and, as it were, an unattainable type of perfection, we can effect much by earnestly striving to strengthen our will. Let us keep a watch over it, and never allow it to incline toward what is evil, even in the smallest things. Let us always bear in mind those beautiful words of the *Following of Christ*: "If each year we corrected one fault, how soon we should become better!" Yes, strength of will is always necessary, and not less in small trials than in

great ones. In this, it seems Christian perfection really for what can be more pleasing to God than to see our will always formed to his? *

No affection which has its source in the love of God can make us happy. Let us be convinced of this, and let us devote our whole life to Him who is all for us. As for me, I believe just as the external pomp of works is valueless in the sight of God, so separated from interior devotion works can do nothing to me unless they are inwardly animated by a pure intention and the desire of pleasing God alone. We must always pass from what is without to what is within, and it is this which I mean when I tell you that I do not seek in visible things a lever to move me toward the invisible; I desire in all that meets my eyes but an image of that Eternal Beauty which unveils itself only to the intellect and to the heart. Thus the world remains mute to me. How things the mountains tell me

* The desire of Christian perfection has been the aim of Rosa Ferrucci with the idea of collecting maxims, which were well exemplified in her own innocent life. Among her papers were found a selection, which seems to us worthy of publication.

"To see God in all created things. To love God. To remember always 'God sees me' in my actions to those of Jesus Christ. To have in my heart the desire of heaven. To bring forth faith and the constancy of the martyrs. To have unwavering confidence in the efficacy of prayer to succor the poor for the love of God. To pray. To do good to all. To obey my mother. To be gentle and docile to men. To be silent as soon as I perceive in me the first motions of anger. Never to read books. To have a scrupulous regard to not speak ill of any one. To view in the actions of others. To subdue all feelings and pray often for humility. Never to slight inspirations. To work and study diligently to raise my heart to God. To do all times and in all things. To seek my life in the performance of Christian duties. To be in my duty, and for the rest trust to God. To fear sin more than death. To speak to God as a tender and beloved child. To unite my death to that of Jesus Christ."

s, and the sea, and the trees, birds!—things which I should have known if this mighty voice had not taught them to me. How admirable is the goodness of God who thus by a thousand ways attracts our souls to the thoughts and holy affections for which they are created.

I have been reading in the *Revue des Mondes*, this beautiful idea of Paul Richter: "When that God is holy in the soul of the mothers, it tends to that which is holy in the soul of the son, their souls then attract each other." This thought has made a great impression on me ; it seems to me to contain a grand principle for all mothers engaged in the education of their sons. It is, moreover, the nature of those souls which unite us to our relatives and our friends. And, indeed, we love one another with such mutual and constant love ? Because the sacred to your soul is sacred to mine. Why am I so deeply moved when I hear of some noble deed when I contemplate the deeds of this world's heroes, and, finally, the greatness of the saints and martyrs ? Why do I weep as I think of the sacrifices they made of self-devotion and fortitude ? Because what they held sacred I also hold sacred. Could I have said in so few words ? Every man ought to keep alive the eternal fire which God has kindled in his heart. Unhappy he who is in anguish and die out ! He who lives for himself, and is himself his own enemy, since he has broken the bond of love which would have united him to them for ever. The flame ascends on high,

which by its form upward aspires,"

and our souls tend to rise toward God, and if they return again to earth, there can be no lon-

ger for them either hope of peace or hope of happiness.

July 10.

Let us not be discouraged, Gaetano, let us always hope ; our good God will help us to become better ; for, if we lack strength, at least we are not wanting in good desires. They are a gratuitous gift of him who wills our good ; of him who has given us the most living example of humility ; of him who knows, and will pardon, the weakness of our poor nature, if only we will combat with that perseverance which alone has the promise of victory. Ah ! if we truly loved the Lord, we should think of him alone—of him who is holy and perfect, instead of always thinking of ourselves, weak and miserable creatures ; and we should end by forgetting ourselves, by losing ourselves, to live only in him so worthy of our love ; and then we should indeed begin to know that we are nothing, and that he is all.

Jesus wishes us to be gentle with ourselves, and would not have us fall into dejection when, through the frailty of our nature, we fail in our good resolutions. At times when we are too much dejected at the sight of our miseries, Jesus Christ seems to say to us, as to the disciples going to Emmaus : "What are these discourses that you hold one with another as you walk, and are sad ?" He who is called the Prince of Peace would have us pacific toward ourselves, and full of compassion for our own infirmity. When, therefore, we are seized with sadness at sight of our poverty and of the dryness of our souls, let us say simply and humbly this little prayer of St. Catharine of Genoa : "Alas ! my Lord, these are the fruits of my garden ! Yet I love thee, my Jesus, and I will strive to do better in future."

July 19, (Feast of St. Vincent de Paul.)

Do you know what we ought to desire? Neither honors, nor riches, nor any such earthly vanities, which could add nothing to our peace. Do you know to what end our will, strengthened by love, ought to turn? Yes, you know it well, and often have you taught it me; we ought both to aim at realizing in our life something of that perfection which, after all, can be but partially obtained on earth. We ought to look at the things that are immortal and eternal, rather than at those that are temporal and subject to change, living in such a manner that a true love of God may actuate our hearts and our thoughts, develop our sentiments toward what is good, and direct all our actions to a holy end. How many touching examples of vir-

tues are recalled to our mind this day and the festival it brings! What indefatigable universal charity in St. Vincent! What lively and ardent piety, unbounded compassion for errors, all the faults, all the weaknesses, all the sufferings, and moral, of men! What less patience! And who are we, will dare to say that he can produce in himself some shadow of those beautiful virtues? If not, like this illustrious saint, let us share the sufferings of a great number of our fellow-beings, at least with the humble, patient, and animated by that true religion which is forgiving, ever loving, because of Him who is all mercy and all

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE EPISCOPALIAN CONFESSIOAL.

It is with great satisfaction that Catholics behold the adoption by any class of Protestants of their peculiar rites or ceremonies. It is an indication of an approach to the doctrines so vehemently renounced at the Reformation, and ought, by strict logic, to result in the return of many to the old faith. And though, unfortunately, there are men who play with religious doctrines as if they were of no practical consequence, there are always some who are in earnest, and are found ready to make sacrifices for the sake of truth. From the use of Catholic ceremonies, which are really all founded on vital doctrine, some conversions must certainly flow; and the Protestant Church, which moves in such a direction, is drifting from

its old moorings, and floating on the safe waters where the old St. Peter rides out every storm.

If there be any of our readers who are essentially a part of the religious system, surely that system of confession is one which is absolutely peculiar to the Catholic Church, and cannot lawfully exist with any other faith which we hold, and which it drags along with it, irresistible as the whole moral system. It is to see how any one can confess to a priest, without accepting of sacerdotal and sacramental authority which can have no life outside of Catholic communion. Besides the practical influence of such a confession leads directly to those religious devotions which have no hom-

sm. In the few remarks we
v to make, we do not intend
sight of these convictions,
is our object to consider
the adoption of the confes-
n the Protestant Episcopal
the logical consequences
low from it, and even the
which attend it. Surely the
is one of great moment. If
any importance at all, it is of
portance. It is either neces-
the soul, or it is an assump-
powers prejudicial to the in-
of true religion. It cannot
ed upon as an indifferent
which may be used or ne-
according to the taste of the
al. To a few reflections,
upon it, we earnestly in-
attention of the honest rea-

ere is no doubt that there is
arty in the Episcopal Church
pholds the practice of auri-
fession, and seeks to extend
re are ministers of that com-
who are anxious to set up the
nal, and disposed to teach
ssity. In the city of New
is well known that the clergy
lbans' are solicitous to hear
ons and love to be styled *Fa-*
account of their spiritual rela-
eir penitents. The Rev. Dr.
respected rector of Trinity
the oldest and most influen-
oration of his denomination,
o have quite a number of
, and to be the most popu-
ssor, especially among the
ass. We presume he makes
t of his practice, while his
as the spiritual director of
ters of St. Mary" is notori-
ow general is the custom of
n in Trinity parish we have
is of knowing, nor do we
w many of the assistant min-
flow in the wake of their

rector. We have heard of one or
two others who are disposed to be
confessors, and there are probably
many such ministers whose names
are not brought before the pub-
lic. We cannot suppose that any
high-minded clergyman would be
willing to hear confessions in an un-
der-hand or secret manner, and we
must believe that they who do so
are not ashamed of it, nor unwilling
to have their practice made public.
No offence is therefore intended by
the mention of names, and we will
rest satisfied that none is given.
How many of the bishops favor au-
ricular confession does not appear. So
far as we have heard, no one has
openly recommended it; but the
Right Reverend Dr. Potter, of New
York, has allowed a manual to be de-
dicated to him, in which the practice
is strongly urged, and devotions for
its use are extracted from Catholic
prayer-books. While he has rebuked
the Rev. Mr. Tyng for preaching in
a Methodist church, he goes openly
to St. Alban's, and, to say the least,
gives sanction to Ritualistic perfor-
mances. We have a right, then, to
conclude that he favors the confes-
sional, and is willing to see it set up
in the churches which he superin-
tends. It will be observed that this
confession in the Episcopal Church
is not simply consulting a clergyman
in a private conversation about spiri-
tual matters, but the humble acknow-
ledgment of sins in detail, in order
to receive absolution from one who
thinks himself authorized by Al-
mighty God to give it. It is certainly
a sacrament in the true definition of
the term, an outward sign of an in-
ward grace, administered by one pre-
tending, at least, to bear a commis-
sion from Christ. Those who go to
the Episcopalian ministers to confess
their sins, surely go under this be-
lief, and no argument is necessary to

show that they would not go, unless under the conviction that their offences against God could be forgiven in no other way. The Ritualists have made of this a most important matter in their devotional books, where can be found questions for examination of conscience, tables of sins, and prayers to excite contrition and improve the great gift of absolution. When, then, we speak of the confessional in the Protestant Episcopal communion, we are not drawing upon fancy, but touching upon a fact which must have an important effect upon the body which it especially interests.

2. The first remark we have to make upon this acknowledged fact is almost a truism. It is, that auricular confession is not a Protestant practice, but quite the contrary; and that they who adopt it cut themselves off from all sympathy with the doctrines of the reformation. We hardly need to prove that there is not one Protestant church which approves of the custom of which we speak, or believes that its ministers have the power to remit and retain sin. If the Church of England be adduced against us, we have only to point to the incontrovertible fact, that she declares that penance is not a sacrament, and therefore conveys no inward grace. The absolutions left in her daily services are only declaratory of God's willingness to forgive the repentant sinner, and could be as well used by a layman as by a minister. For who cannot say that "God pardoneth and absolveth all who are truly penitent"? And as for the absolution in the office of the visitation of the sick, we have only to say that it is a relic of by-gone days which is seldom used, and that whatever be its meaning, it cannot, contrary to the article, be presumed to confer grace. The English Church certain-

ly did never consider it a necessity, otherwise it would have said so. The Episcopal Church in the United States have not thought it worth while to refer to; for the compilers of the Book of Common Prayer liturgy have expunged it altogether, at the same time that they have retained the Athanasian creed. In the office of the ordination of priests, the prayer for the candidate's future was also provided for, in the words, "Receive the Holy Spirit, whose sins you shall remit, and remit them unto them." The substitution we leave the reader to imagine. We are inclined to think that very few of the bishops would be willing to use the old form, and the Episcopal minister of Puseyite persuasion once told us that he was very loath to have the bishop who ordained him use it, but was restrained from doing this favor by the assurance of one of the prelate's intimates that, if he said anything about it, he would get a flat refusal, together with a good scolding. While thus talking of faith in the Episcopal body deny the power of absolution, and the practice of that denomination of Christians is entirely against the practice of those ministers who hear confession from the people who make them, "dreamland," about which we have read a very pretty piece of fiction. This "dreamland" is not very definite or tangible here, and we are inclined to think that if now there are any somnambulists in or about Buffalo. We are inclined to say to every man to do as he pleases, and call himself a dreamer, only we object to his having two contradictory characters at the same time. It is not quite reasonable; and we say, with the common sense of mankind, dear friend, choose for your future life please be either one thing or the other."

But we go further, and assert that the practice of confession is

tion of a sacerdotal power which is the very first point attacked by the Reformation, and which is really the central point of the Catholic system.

Once admit the great power of the priest, and you receive at the same time logically the doctrine of purgatory as it is held by the Church. The doctrine does not and cannot stand alone; it brings with it the loss of unity, and the necessary safeguards which divine wisdom has thrown around the exercise of such a gift. Who has the power to forgive sins? Not every man, but every one who may choose to become himself a priest. There must be an external call to so high an office; and it is Christ's priesthood which is exercised, there must be some way of delegating the power delegated and articulating it to the great end of Christianity. The Catholic Church alone maintains the practice of confession, and if she is good for anything, she is good for everything. Ecumenism may be advisable in matters of science, but in divine revelation it is both absurd and impossible.

The foundation of faith is in the word of God. The church is not good for anything if she be not guided by supernatural light; and if she be thus guided, her authority is universal. Episcopalians may believe that their pastors can forgive their sins, but have no reason for such a belief. Their own church surely does not believe so, while the Catholic voice everywhere denies it. It will be hard to show they can prove it from Scripture applied to their particular union. Not only is the unity of the church connected logically with the idea of priesthood, but also with the idea of sacrifice, and of sacramental union.

And these doctrines bring us back to the Tridentine system of confession, which is diametrically opposed to the Lutheran theory which

underlies all consistent Protestantism. We do not believe that any one can go to confession for any length of time, and not feel the truth of these remarks. He will be irresistibly borne to the gates of the Catholic Church with whose faith his religious life will be in sympathy, and he will, day by day, lose his love and respect for his own communion.

3. So far, therefore, we have reason to rejoice in the adoption of the confessional by the Episcopalians, and to renew our prayers for their conversion to that truth which at a distance proves so attractive to them. Yet there are dangers in regard to which the sincere ought to be forewarned, and serious evils to many souls may result from the incapacity of confessors who have never been trained for this most delicate and difficult work. It is in the spirit of Christian charity that we revert to these dangers.

In the first place, we hardly need say that no one but a duly authorized priest of the Catholic Church has the power to give absolution. As we are addressing chiefly those who believe in some ecclesiastical system, we have only to advert to the fact, that to such a power both orders and jurisdiction are necessary. The Episcopalian Church does not admit the existence of this power, and the whole Christian world which does accept it, unites in the opinion that the Episcopalian clergy have no orders whatever, any more than the Methodists or Presbyterians. Any layman is as good a priest as the most distinguished Anglican minister. Such is the decision of the Catholic Church, and of every sect which has retained the apostolical succession. Is this decision of no consequence to the Ritualists who pretend to believe in authority and antiquity? But orders are not sufficient for the exer-

cise of the power of absolution. Jurisdiction is also required, because they who believe in the priesthood must also believe that Christ has left this great office in order, and not in confusion. The bishop is the supreme pastor of his diocese, and no priest, without his permission, can validly either hear confessions or give absolution. This principle of jurisdiction is one which does not seem to penetrate the heads of High-Church Episcopalians; but if they will reflect for a moment, they will see its absolute necessity to the existence of the church. Suppose that valid orders are alone required to the exercise of the priesthood, and the communion of the faithful, and what is to prevent any priest from going off at any time, and carrying with him all the essentials of the church? Then there would be as many churches as there are dissenting priests.

No intelligent man would form a society on such principles, and surely our Lord Jesus Christ did not do so foolish a thing as found a church containing in itself the very seeds of self-destruction. We have heard that an excommunicated priest, who bears, to his sorrow, the ineffaceable character of priesthood, is willing to hear confessions since his apostasy. But though he has valid orders, he is no more able to give absolution than his associate ministers who have never been ordained, because he has no jurisdiction from Christ. What do these "Fathers" among the Episcopalians pretend? Do they ask jurisdiction from their own bishops, who, having none, have none to give? Or do they profess to have the whole Catholic Church in their own persons? If so, history has seen nothing so strange in all its curious record of ecclesiastical devices.

It is then a sad thing for a man to

confess his sins and go through humiliation of opening his wounds to another; and then receive absolution for the sins he so anxiously confesses. We beg the attention of earnest hearts to this point, and say to them, "If you really wish to confess, why not go at once where there is no doubt that Christ has the power of forgiveness?"

Secondly, there is danger in the way and manner in which we hear confessions. They ought, for their own sake, and for the sake of the penitents, to adopt the rules and safeguards which the experience of the church has thrown around so important a work. It is not proper to hear the confessions of ladies in the minister's private room. The presence of a plain cross, or of any other object, does not remove the objection. It is too much of a burden to a lady to go through with all the necessary trial, especially when she has the additional conviction that she is doing something which she would not wish the world to know, or which she would not be willing to tell her husband or friends. The Catholic Church has wisely provided that the priest shall sit where he can neither see nor distinguish the penitent, and this is a safe rule to be adopted. The same objection applies to the method, said to be in vogue at St. Alban's, where the minister sits in the chancel, and the penitent kneels at his back. If there are others in the church, there is too much exposure, and if the church is locked, there is too much privacy. The Episcopalian clergy who hear confessions ought to erect confessionals in their churches, and sit in them at given hours publicly and

We understand, also, that in some cases, at least, the penitent is required to write out his confession

consider this a dangerous or painful practice. We are informed that Dr. Pusey advocates general confessions which should be written out carefully and read with him for his private edification days before the confession. We are certain that there has been sometimes in this country, much to the shame of ladies, who have even died of it. A sinner will do without doubt, in the fervor of repentance, but not such thing as this confession. It is against the practice of the Catholic Church, and a want of instinctive delicacy. No one is obliged to confess, even to obtain the absolution.

It is unfortunate for the clergy that they hear confession only by reason of their *person*—over their penitents; that they do not understand the nature of confession, and that they have a secret system by which to treat penitents. The same way, as if a doctor should treat a lawyer, or a blacksmith

influence is, no doubt, an influence of much good; but when confession principally governs the relation of confessor and penitent, dangers may be imminent. Those who go to confession in the Episcopalian Church are led to do so by reason of their confidence in the individual to whom they go through the attraction of piety or zeal. They would do so any one else, and if he were removed, they would want a director. It is not the priest to whom they unconsciously transfer their conscience, as the father whose good qualities have strong impressions upon his mind. This is not a healthy state of

things, and leads to sentimentality, which is often mistaken for piety. In the Catholic Church, the habit of confession is as universal as prayer, and the priestly character overshadows the individual. Among Protestants the contrary is notoriously true, and this difficulty in the way of the Protestant confessor can hardly be removed until he shall have brought about in his communion the state of feeling which is second nature to Catholics. This he can never do. He may lead individuals to the church; he cannot convert the whole body with which he is identified.

With the best intentions in the world, he does not and cannot understand the seal of secrecy which forever closes the lips of the priest. He is disposed as a man of honor not to betray confidence, but experience teaches us that very few human secrets have been kept. He has not been taught the sacred nature of his obligation, nor the various ways by which he may expose his penitent, and as he has assumed an office to which his church did not call him, he stands or falls in human strength. No motive higher than that of honor binds him, and complicated as he is with the world, and generally with matrimonial relations, he really does not know how to act. The Catholic priest not only is bound by the fear of terrible sin, but is also aided by the system which surrounds him, in which he is trained and by that supernatural power which we know upholds the seven sacraments. He is not an individual resting upon his unaided powers, but the creature of his church, the agent and representative of a vast power which girdles the Christian world. Years of study and discipline have taught him the nature of his obligations, while he himself is as much bound to confess his sins as to hear the bur-

den of other consciences. What an anomaly, for a man who never confesses his own faults, to undertake to listen to the accusations of others ! If they need the confessional, much more does he need it. Is it not pharisaical to bind burdens upon others, which we touch not with one of our fingers ?

Let men say what they will, we believe, and from experience we know, that God upholds the confessor in his difficult task ; that he gives him superhuman wisdom ; that within the tribunal of penance a divine shield is over him to protect him against the weakness of humanity, that he may walk unharmed where otherwise angels would fear to tread. Here we pity the poor and isolated Ritualist, going forth upon a dangerous sea, in a frail bark, with no trust but the strength of his own arm. Cast out by his own church, and refusing communion with the great Catholic heart, how long will he stand the fury of the storm ?

Finally, how shall he direct his penitents, and by what system form their spiritual character ? Moral theology is an extensive and subtle science. The infallible church has given clear decisions upon all essential points of fact and morals, and her doctors, by years of patient labor and centuries of experience, have matured the colossal system which has such mighty influence over the religious heart. But what is all this to the Protestant confessor ? He cannot avail himself of this without confessing the authority of the church ; and if he begins with such a confession, where must he conscientiously guide his penitents ? If he deny this authority, and by his own fallible wisdom choose the principles of his morality, in what respect is his opinion worth more than that of the humblest layman ? Can there

be a more pitiable spectacle than that of a Protestant minister like Liguori as his guide in leading souls of others ? His spiritual science surely made up of contradictions which must vex and perplex his science if he be an honest man. And will he not unavoidably commit grievous mistakes, in the use of his power without experience, in the discharge of a work for which he has had no preparation ?

Moreover, there are often decisions which have to be made, and in such cases he must either be a despot, or he must make equivocal answers. If a Catholic accuses himself of venial sin, or doubt, the reply is easy ; for the revelation is, according to our faith, in and through an unerring church. If the Protestant falls into a like case, how shall he find direction for him there is no infallible church. Must he not go on his weary investigation, and is not, by his own principles, doubt his normal state ? If a Catholic doubts the truth of a decision of his church, he commits mortal sin against his own creed ; but if the Episcopal communion disclaims infallibility, how shall the Episcopalian confessor tell his penitent not to doubt his church's decision ? If herself tells him he ought to doubt, how can she tell her ? Then it comes to this, that he will either make him no rule, or he will rule him with a rod of iron, and condemn him by his inflexible *ipse dixit*. This has been the result, in more than one, of this arbitrary decision in the hands of individuals whether by their own church, nor by any other, have the right to direct. Loss of the moral sense, failure to discern the first inspirations of God, and, sometimes, insanity. We learn from the testimony of facts, that it is bad enough to be under a civil despot, but it is worse to be under a religious autocrat. Then in the

as we have heard of most stakes, where the good of : was in no way consulted, dication of the absolutism essor. Think of a pen- od for one lie, or for the of attending Mass in a hurch. Think of penan- over months and burden the chains of obligatory d exercises. But all this othing compared to the d unhealthy religious life engender, in which slav- od is the principal ingre- e sighs and solemn faces, cheerfulness and natural are the exhibitions of their us, (and we have had oc- now the interior of more hey seem to be perpetual- p a steep ascent under the eavy burdens from which e wrong to expect relief. onfess their sins as if do- ealthy action, they kill in the bright light and elas- irit which the great Crea- em. God is not a tyrant, ful and beneficent father, es of love are ever around a, and his priesthood are he work of love to bring he erring heart the sun- father's truth and mercy. sor is no minister of jus- ke his Master, the good to bind up the wounds of heart, to preach deliver- e captive, and joy to the

In what we have said, we make no accusations against the good intentions of these Protestant confessors, for whom we especially pray. We believe that they mean well, and that they hope to sanctify their people by borrowing fruit from the garden of the church, and transplanting it where it cannot and will not grow. And as their only friends—for in their own communion they have few friends—we warn them of the risk they run, and of the dangers to which they expose their penitents. It is a fearful responsibility for them, for which they must answer alone, and in which no church will shield them. Some will, through their incapacity, lose their hold upon all religion, and either live without hope or die without consolation. Others will shut their eyes to the plainest deductions of reason, and having eyes, will see not, having ears, will hear not. Many through divine grace, and the honest heart which pursues principles to their legitimate results, will find their way to that one faith where all things are in harmony, where the aspirations of the soul are met with a full answer, and the needs of the heart are filled from God's own fulness. O children of men! how foolish it is to enter upon the province of God, and by human hands to make a religion, when the all-merciful Father, who alone knoweth our frame, has made one for us, which in its completeness answereth to every want of our being.

SKETCHES DRAWN FROM THE LIFE OF ST. PAULA
THE ABBE LAGRANGE, VICAR-GENERAL OF ORLEANS

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"If all the members of my body should be changed into as many tongues, and should assume as many voices, I should still be unable to say enough of the virtues of the saintly and venerable Paula."

It is in these words of pious enthusiasm that St. Jerome, himself so holy a man, and accustomed to the guidance of so many noble souls, begins his biography of Paula, when, at the instance of her daughter, Eustochium, and to dry her tears, he undertook to record her mother's virtues.

Placing himself with awe in the presence of God and his angels, St. Jerome says: "I call to witness our Lord Jesus Christ and his saints, and the guardian angel of this incomparable woman, that what I say is simple truth, and that my words are unworthy of those virtues celebrated throughout the world, which have been the admiration of the church, and which the poor yet weep for. Noble by birth, more noble still by her holiness; powerful in her opulence, but more illustrious afterward in the poverty of Christ; of the race of the Scipios and of the Gracchi; heiress of Paulus Emilius, from whom she takes her name of Paula; direct descendant of that famous Martia Papyria, who was wife to the conqueror of Perseus, and mother of the second Scipio Africanus; she preferred Bethlehem to Rome, and the humble roof of a poor dwelling to the gilded palaces of her ancestors."

Paula was born in Rome, in the middle of the fourth century, 5th of May, of the year 347, in the reign of Constantius, and of the sons of Constantine, years after the death of the prince. Julius was then Pope of Rome. Paula belonged, through her mother, Blesilla, to one of the most ancient and illustrious families of Rome; and it seemed as if Providence wished to unite all earthly distinctions in this child, for the blood of Greece mingled in her veins with the noblest blood of Rome. At this time nothing was more common than alliances between the Roman and Greek families, as is proved by the Greek names which we find in the Roman genealogies. The father of Paula, Rogatus, was a Greek, and claimed royal descent from the house of Mycænæ; and Agamemnon himself is said to have been his ancestor.

St. Jerome gives no further account of the family of Paula, excepting he mentions casually that their possessions were vast, including important estates in Greece, Sicily, and Actium, besides their domains in Italy. "If," says St. Jerome, "I take note of her opulence and wealth, it is not that I attach importance to these temporal advantages, but in order to show that the glory of heaven in my eyes was not in having possessed them, but in having laid them at the feet of Jesus Christ."

A more real advantage of her birth was, that her noble family was Christian, although a portion

ained pagans. This of creeds must not for the resistance to great, and through-century it was a com-e worshippers of the of Jupiter under the

th, presented then a

Christian Rome and stood face to face, and as yet untouched by ll wore an imposing Capitol still stood in with the statues and heathen gods. Oppo-alatine, stood the an-of the Cæsars, with its es ; and at the foot of the old Forum sur-pagan temples. Fur-separated from the Sacred Way and the of Flavius, rose the seum ; and at the oth-he great circus and of Nero. On the Tiber was the mole of usoleum of Augustus, theatres, baths, porti-every side ; indeed, nt of luxury and su-ing how deeply rooted was in the capital of

, by more than one y to recognize that all ndeur was fast fading other power ; and if l found strong support s and customs, insti-uments, it was the e past, which was less-. The future belonged and Christianity was he upper hand. The which were still stand-y, the crowd now dis-es. Silence and soli-round the gods, while

the new faith, spreading out its mag-nificence in broad daylight, covered Rome with superb basilicas. At the same time, Rome, deserted by the emperors for political reasons, which served the divine purpose, seemed given up to the majesty of pontifical rule ; and the popes, brought out from the Catacombs and placed by Con-stantine in the imperial palace, al-ready gave a foreshadowing to the world of the glory which should henceforth invest the Holy See.

At this time there sprang from the bosom of the church a soul who was destined to exercise a vast influence upon the religious orders throughout the universe.

The blood of the martyrs and early Christians had not been shed in vain. It was just at this epoch in the history of Christianity that Providence gave being to a child destined by her holi-ness to be one of the marvels of the age.

We have sufficient data to know what her education was and under what influences she grew up to wo-manhood. The old Roman spirit and the Christian spirit were both fitted to form a character of the high-est order. Austere honor, severe self-respect, noble traditions of ancient customs, were early inculcated in the mind of Paula. She came of a race of whom St. Jerome said : " Remem-ber that in your family a woman very rarely, if ever, contracts a second marriage." Besides the holy books which were her first studies, her read-ing was vast and extended, embrac-ing both the literature of Greece and Rome. We shall see how in after-life this early culture developed in her the rich gifts of nature, estab-lishing equilibrium between her in-tellect and her character.

Paula was brought up by her mother with that ardent love for the practice of her religion, which in all

its perfection belonged especially to the days when persecution made these observances most precious to the early Christians. She followed Blesilla to the basilicas and to all feasts of the church, and also to visit the tombs of the martyrs and to the Catacombs. This last devotion was peculiarly dear to the Christians of the fourth century. They sought to glorify those victorious soldiers. "See," cried St. Chrysostom, "the tomb of the martyrs! The emperor himself lays down his crown there, and bends the knee."

There was not, perhaps, a family of Christians in Rome, which did not have some loved member among the glorious dead lying in the long galleries of the Catacombs. Saint Jerome speaks of the pious attraction of these sanctified asylums in the great city of the martyrs.

In this atmosphere of love for the church, and of faith in Christ and in the divine origin of Christianity, young Paula grew up. It was in those days the custom for the daughters of noble houses in Rome to marry young; and when Paula was fifteen years of age, her parents gave her in marriage to a young Greek whose name was Toxotius.

He belonged, on his mother's side, to the ancient family of the Julians, which boasted, as we know, of going back to the time of Æneas:

"Julius, à magno dimissum nomen Iulo."
Virgil's *Æneid*.

Toxotius did not have the faith of his bride. These mixed marriages were not rare in those days; witness Monica and Patricius, the parents of St. Augustine.

Christianity had tolerated such marriages from the beginning, in the hope that the infidel husband might be won by the wife to her belief. When, robed in a white tunic of the

finest wool, according to custom brow covered with the *flammeum*, Paula laid her trembling hand on that of Toxotius, who can tell what holy emotion, what elevation of thought, what purity of feeling and of hope, her soul was filled! On the other hand, Toxotius does not seem to have been unworthy of his Christian bride, and the uncommon affection Paula bore him ever afterward, her inconsolable grief for his loss, all proves that their marriage was among those which the world calls happy. God blessed this union. Four daughters were successively born to them.

The eldest, called Blesilla, after her grandmother, seemed gifted with a vivacious and most interesting character; her health was delicate, but her full, rich nature gave early promise of that rare beauty of mind and body which developed perfectly in a few years to the joy of Paula.

Paulina, the second, had also a fine nature, but the very opposite to Blesilla's. Her light was not like her sister's, a shining flame; but her less brilliancy of wit, and less vivacity of character, she possessed good sense and solid judgment, and the promise of being as strong a character as her sister was brilliant.

As for the third of these young girls, called by the graceful name of Eustochium, borrowed from the Greek, and meaning *rectitude* or *uprightness*, she was a gentle child, modest, reserved, timid. One would say she was like a flower hiding within herself her own perfume; but this fume was sweet, and on a nearer view one could not avoid seeing in that young soul all the treasures which would one day flower and bloom. It is difficult to picture to ourselves Rufina. She appears but once in the history of her mother, at the moment of the departure of Paula for

cast, sad, bathed in tears, and yet silent and resigned; stamped, even in childhood, with that painful charm which belongs particularly to those beings not destined by providence to mature, but to fall away and die young.

Paula's married life was passed in the midst of all the magnificence which marked the decline and fall of the empire. She passed through the streets of Rome, as did the other matrician ladies, in a gilded litter, carried by slaves. She would have dared to put her dainty feet on the earth, or to touch the mud of the streets. The weight of a silk dress was almost too much for one so sensitive to carry; and had a ray of sunshine intruded into her litter, it would have seemed to her a fire.

"Et solis calor incendium," etc., etc.
Epist. ad Pammachium.

In those days she used rouge and ceruse, like other women of her rank; she passed much of her time at the bath, which consumed so great a part of life in Rome; she spent the winter, according to usual custom, at Rome, and the summer in some villa in the country, passing her time most agreeably between her books and a chosen circle of friends.

In the midst of all this luxury, leading a life far removed from the virtues which she practised later, Paula was yet known and respected as a woman of great dignity of character and irreproachable conduct. And if, during these happy years, the young wife of Toxotius did not always sufficiently bear in mind the maxim of the apostle, which teaches us to use the things of this world, without giving them our affections inordinately; if she tasted too freely of its pleasures and dangerous vanities, in the trials which she was soon to encounter, there was compensation to be made for this self-indulgence,

and, in her austere penance, a superabundant expiation. Saint Jerome tells us that Paula had none of the barbaric arrogance common to the Roman women—that which made them purse-proud, cruel to their slaves, passionate, and impatient, which Juvenal describes so admirably in his imperishable satires. In Paula all these bad passions gave place to gentleness, softness, goodness. "This wealthy daughter of the Scipios," says St. Jerome, "was the gentlest and the most benevolent of women—to little children, to plebeians, and with her own slaves. She possessed that excelling goodness, without which noble birth and beauty are worthless, and which is especially characteristic of a lofty nature. This sweetness of mind, combined with her austere sense of honor, were the two features of her soul which, by their contrast, made her countenance most charming.

It is easy to conceive how such a woman performed the delicate social duties that devolved upon her. Her associations were of two kinds. She was intimate with all the celebrated women in the church, such as Manilla and Titiana; at the same time the pagan relations of Toxotius all loved her, and she received them frequently at her house, bearing in mind the duty of the Christian woman to let them see her religion in such a light as would lead them to respect and honor it. And so it was that, by her fireside, Paula was the happiest of wives and of mothers. Her young family grew up joyously around her, filling her with bright hopes for the future.

She had long wished to give her husband a son and heir. Her prayer was answered; and she gave birth to a son, her last child, who received the name of Toxotius, after his father.

This is all that history tells us of the first phase in the life of Paula. We see her thus with every happiness at once, "the pride," says St. Jerome, "of her husband, of her family, and of all Rome."

We know no more of her life up to the age of thirty. The Paula of history, the saint whom God was to give as an example to souls, is not the woman of the world, nor the happy woman; she is the woman struck as if by lightning, blasted in her happiness; and from this trial rising up generously, and by a great flight soaring far above common virtues and the ordinary condition of pious souls, up to those heroic acts which only emanate from great sorrows. It would seem as if God had been pleased to accumulate upon her, for thirty years, all the felicity of earth—to adorn, as it were, this victim of his love, and to make us comprehend the better by the subsequent destruction of this, how vain is earthly happiness.

It is here that the historian takes hold of Paula, and that the veil is lifted from her. Now begins her true history, the history of her soul.

Paula was only thirty-one years of age when Toxotius died and she became a widow. The blow to her was terrible. In the first moments of her grief she was completely stunned and powerless. It was feared by her friends that she would not long survive the shock. Nothing could stop her tears. She could not be comforted. From day to day the void was growing deeper and deeper into her heart.

There is a decisive turning-point in the life of every one, on which the future depends. This moment had now come for Paula. Two ways lay open before her—the world on one side, God on the other. She determined, in her sorrow, to give up the

world, to lead for ever afterward life of a Christian widow, and to find for consolation in this resolution.

After the first outburst of grief when she came to herself, her resolution was irrevocably made. Her things were never more to regain hold they had had over her up till then. She understood what God wanted her; namely, "to accept the sacrifice and change her whole life." So St. Francis de Sales tells us, "The heart of a widow who could not turn herself all to God during the time of her husband, flies in search of celestial perfumes, when he has been taken from her."

Paula was surrounded with many noble examples. Marcella lived in her palace on Mount Aventine, where she had gathered together a band of widows and virgins from amongst the noblest families of Rome, who gave great edification by their virtue and charity. How and for what purpose had Providence permitted this community to be formed, which gave such an impetus to the religious life. It is necessary that we should answer in some detail, for this is the key to the whole life of Paula.

The church, resting from the earlier persecutions, which inflamed zeal and devotion, was now in great peril from the growing influence of sensuality and wealth, in spreading a pagan and Roman love of indolence and indifference. The empire was declining, and its moral fall was hastened by political troubles. The degenerate Romans consoled themselves for their abasement, by melancholy enjoyments of luxury and vice. Luxury and debauchery were already creeping into the Christian lines, thus attacking the most vital parts of the church. False widows and virgins no longer scrupled to show light conduct beneath the veil. There must be a remedy found

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; but when, at the end of

VOL. VII —25

seven months, she became a widow
and was free, she made up her mind
never to contract a second marriage,
but to devote herself in Rome to the
humble imitation of those virtues
which Athanasius had taught her to
venerate and admire. Nevertheless,
her youth, her wit and great beauty
drew around her many admirers.
Amongst others was Cerealio, of high
birth and large fortune. "I will be
more her father than her husband,"
said he to Albina, who greatly desired
the marriage, "I will leave her all
my wealth, being already advanced
in years." But Marcella was inflexi-
ble. "If I wished to marry again,"
said she to her mother, "I would
marry a husband, and not an inheri-
tance."

Cerealio was refused, and this dis-
couraged all other suitors.

Marcella now gave up the world
and made a desert of her magnifi-
cent palace. There she lived aus-
terely, doing good works. She bid
farewell to jewels, and even laid aside
the seal ring always worn by the
patrician women ; and rising above
their prejudice against the religious
state, and particularly the coarse garb
of the monks, she was the first who
dared to assume the abased dress,
and publicly imitated what St. Atha-
nasius had taught her to believe
good in the sight of God. The ex-
ample soon became contagious, giv-
ing her many followers, who astonish-
ed Rome by their austerities and
penances.

There was also at Rome, at this
time, a young patrician lady whose
name was Melanie. Suddenly, when
only twenty-two, she lost her hus-
band and two children, and laid
them in one tomb on the same day.
Accepting this dispensation of the
divine will, Melanie resolved to de-
vote her whole life to the shining vir-
tues of which Marcella was so bright

an example. To increase her faith further, she started on a pious pilgrimage to the east, where Athanasius still lived. She saw him at Alexandria shortly before his death. After having visited the monasteries of Egypt and the Holy Land, Melanie was unwilling to return to Rome and its corruptions. She therefore founded for herself a monastery on the Mount of Olives, where she lived an austere and good life.

This example still further inflamed the souls of the Roman women, and numberless were those now in search of perfection; some remaining at home in their own houses, like the virgins and widows of the first centuries; others preferring to congregate together, and, without any fixed rule, make the trial of community life. The centre of all this movement was Marcella, who possessed in an extraordinary degree the power of attracting others to her. She was truly the standard-bearer of this noble band, of whose hearts grace had taken possession. The venerable Albina was like the revered ancestress of the little community formed on Mount Aventine. The most prominent of those who joined Marcella were Sophronia, Felicitas, and Marcellina. The latter was daughter of an ancient governor of the Gauls. Outside of Marcella's house, the names best known among those who had devoted themselves to a life of austerity and virtue, were Lea, a holy widow whom the church has canonized; the admirable Asella, and Fabiola, who was of the ancient family of Fabius.

All this movement toward religious life was greatly encouraged by the pious pontiff who then filled St. Peter's chair. At the time Paula became a widow, Pope Damasus was nearly seventy-five years of age. He was one of the noblest of the early popes, and one of those who did

most for Christianity and for the development of Christian piety. He had a sister named Irene, who, consecrating herself to God, died at the age of twenty, in honor of whom he composed a most touching epitaph.

Such was the group of souls and the array of virtue which Paula had around her, and which attracted her, when she became a widow, to seek a more perfect life.

In the words of St. Jerome, Marcella, like an incendiary, blew upon these lighted cinders and set them in a blaze. She found words to bid those eyes, so dimmed by tears, to turn to heaven; and she urged that bruised spirit to rise up and seek God. All this Marcella did with a sister's tenderness. Her solicitude extended to the children of her friend, and she begged that Eustochium, who already showed a predilection for the religious life, might be confided to her care. Paula acceded to this wish with joy, keeping with her Blesilla, Paulina, Rufina, and Toxotius. Then she began with ardor and faith the new life she had marked out for herself, and she soon outshone all others in virtue. There was a sudden and admirable expansion of greatness in her soul. With her this rupture with the world was but a higher flight toward God.

Her first step in advance was a new and great love of prayer; for so it is, that the more the heart is closed to earth, the more it opens to heaven. Her love of God and of celestial things grew stronger each day. She lived most austere, practising every Christian mortification. All the habits of luxury of other days were thrown aside, and the very comforts of life diminished. She slept on the bare floor, and rivalled in abstinence and fast the ascetics of the desert. She often wept over the thought of her self-indulgence of her former world.

these tears, together with those shed for her husband, Toxowed so constantly and so hotly, that her eyes were injured, her sight endangered. Paula, the pale one, pale with fasting, almost blinded by tears.

Her heart was inflamed with

She found in the poor an outlet of love for an ardent nature as she surpassed Marcella in others in austerities, so she surpassed them in charities. All she gave was given in alms, and so says St. Jerome, "did she come away from her empty-

now two years since Paula died in this holy way, when she was reached the little community of the Mount of the Aventine. In 382, Pope Damasus called to Rome the Catholic Council, and many venerable bishops were expected there from the East. The object of the council was to decide several questions of discipline as well as to put an end to the lingering schism of Antioch. A council was only answered the call of a Roman pontiff, the greater part of the bishops gathered themselves in a letter which was recorded in ecclesiastical history. Those who came were Paula, the bishops of Antioch, Epiphanius, Bishop of Salamis, the island of Cyprus.

It is easy to imagine the emotion which was kindled among these recluses by the arrival in Rome of such persons—these holy bishops, who came from the mysterious east where their faith had been cradled. They had seen Jerusalem and the desert; they knew the fathers of the desert, whose fame filled the world. What lessons of wisdom would they be able to gather from such

obtained from Pope Damasus in honor of having St. Epiphanius

as her guest, and it was in her daily interviews with him, as well as with Paulinus, that the desire to see the east, which she was one day to realize, first sprung up in her mind.

History has preserved few details of this council of the year 382. The great work to be brought about by these eastern bishops at Rome was the new impetus which their presence was to give to religion among the Christians of Rome already in the way of life and truth. There came from the east, in company with the holy bishops, a man destined to exercise great influence over the future life of Paula and her friends. This man was St. Jerome. We must pause a moment and not pass by one who is perhaps the most striking, the most original, and the grandest figure of the fourth century. He stands alone in his strength—different from St. Hilarius of Poitiers, the profound theologian; from Ambrose, the sweet orator; from Augustine, the great philosopher, or Paulinus, the Christian poet. His features are marked and stern, his character is austere and ardent; the burning reflection from an eastern sky rests upon him; he is laden with the learning of the Christian and the pagan world; the indefatigable athlete of the church, he whose powerful voice moved the old world when they listened to his pathetic lament over the fall of Rome, and which moves us still when we read it now after the lapse of centuries!

Such was Jerome; yet is this picture incomplete, for we have not mentioned his special gift for the direction of souls. He was their guide, their father. He it was who began this divine guidance, entrusted afterward to St. Bernard, and by him to St. Francis de Sales, from St. Francis de Sales to Bossuet and Fénelon, and so on down to our own times.

It is this special gift which gives him so prominent a part in the history of Paula.

Pope Damasus wished to detain him in Rome after the departure of the bishops for the east, in order that Jerome should expound the holy Scriptures and give answers to those who came to Rome from all parts of the globe for explanations of the dogmas and discipline of the church. A great friendship had sprung up between the sovereign pontiff and St. Jerome. The study of the holy Scriptures bound their affections together. "I know of nothing better," wrote the holy father to him in one of his letters, "than our conversations about Scripture; that is to say, when I ask questions, and you answer; and I say like the prophet, that your voice is sweeter to my heart than honey to my lips."

After the departure of Epiphanius and Paulinus, Marcella and Paula sought for Jerome and entreated him to explain the Scriptures to them at Mount Aventine. The austere monk resisted them long, but at last yielded, and crowds came to hear him. He would read the text, and then make his comments. The listeners were captivated by his eloquence, and his language was peculiarly strong, clear, and forcible. His monk's attire, his cheeks, sunken by penance and browned by the eastern sun, and his deep voice, all combined to throw a strange spell over his hearers.

He, too, soon discovered that he spoke to noble souls, and thus was his abiding interest awakened by his own delight in opening such treasures to those so capable of appreciating them.

Such was the ardor of Paula and her friends in studying the Scriptures, that Jerome was in admiration at their labor and perseverance; and it excited him to further efforts, and

made him feel the necessity of undertaking a complete translation of the entire Bible, which, in the work of his life from that time onward, without remission, he began on Mount Aventine, with his favorite disciples, and on many years later, with his sons, he now undertook the direction of Paula, Marcel, and their friends. Many labors to them have been pronounced monuments of this vocation. He wrote to them frequently, and what remains to us of his vast correspondence suffices to show the noble light in which he viewed his Christian duty. Their meditation is marvellous, and with the theory he came to practice, he was not content to trample under foot his weakness and to expect forgiveness from high-born and gently nurtured Christians the abstinence and the Anchorites of the Desert.

This direction of St. Jerome wrought wonders in the life of Paula. She daily grew stronger and became a still more ample example of austerity, of abundant charities, and of the fruitful study of the Scriptures.

"What shall I say of the goods of this noble lady, a tirelessly spent on the poor?" St. Jerome. "What shall I say of her universal charity, which made her succor beings she had never even seen? What sick persons not nursed by her? She was afflicted throughout the year, and ever thought she had a loss if the sick or the aged had already found assistance from her."

This is what the love of God brought about in imperial Rome when, for the

ristian heroism burst forth
: midst of the patricians,
mirable and pious daugh-

ter shedding new lustre upon those
glorious old pagan families.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BOUND WITH PAUL.

warden's wife followed her
down the steps leading to
on. "'O caro Duca mio,' is
inscription over the door?"
d; "for I have brought hope
and will not let it go."
aving anything to say, the
ept silent. He was used to
fanciful ways of speaking,
l to hear her pleasant voice,
er meaning might escape
r education had emphasized
ence which nature had pro-
between these two—a dif-
ficult William Blake has de-
word: the man looked *with*
the woman looked *through*

s, the warden's attention was
ment fully occupied. The
ll had rung the second time,
convicts had finished their
rk. Mr. and Mrs. Raynor
it within the great entrance
ison, and watched the slug-
ms of crime that oozed from
of the different shops, join-
e yard, and crept toward
Acheron, in which human
sently became visible; but
ached, unwholesome, and
ness. Perhaps their souls
scorched up in the baleful
at had wafted these men
mesmerized in the leaden
of their lives. Or, more
ired to some secret recess
in, their restless wits might
g out new designs of evil.

An occasional spark in some side-
long eye favored the latter guess.

"Now for explanation," the war-
den said, keeping a strict eye on the
advancing line, yet aware of a hand
stealing toward his arm. "Be care-
ful, dear! my revolver is on that side.
Your man will go into the furthest
cell in the first ward. His name is
Dougherty; his nationality, of course,
a mystery. He was sentenced ten
years for assault and highway robbery,
and has now but two months to stay.
Excepting this one affair, he has al-
ways borne a good name, and there
couldn't be a better prisoner. He
might have been pardoned out long
ago if he had tried, but he never
asks favors. When he came here,
his only brother, a decent fellow,
went to California. He couldn't
stand the disgrace. But he writes
once a month, a very good letter,
too; and when the ten years shall be
up, will come or send for his brother.
They say that Dougherty behaved
very well by him when he went away,
and gave him all his, Dougherty's,
money. I shouldn't wonder. The
fellow has the strongest sense of duty
I ever knew in a man. That's what
is the matter with him now. He told
the deputy yesterday that he should
never go to chapel again. He had
before been in doubt about it, he
said; but when the chaplain praised
Martin Luther, and called the church
some ugly name or other, then he
knew that it was a sin for him to lis-

ten. I don't want to punish the man; but, of course, he must go to chapel. I can't make exceptions; and half a dozen of the worst rascals here have some way got wind of the affair, and have all at once experienced theology. That tall, heavy fellow, who murdered his mother and his brother, and then set fire to the house and burnt their bodies up, had his feelings badly hurt when the chaplain said something sarcastic of the pope's great toe. But Dougherty is honest, and if he will submit, I can easily bring the others down. If he should hold out, there will be trouble; for they will do for deviltry what he will do for conscience' sake. If you can talk him over, I shall be glad; but I haven't much hope of it. He is not a man likely to be influenced by a woman's soft words. He is granite."

The wife smiled saucily. "I have seen a silly little pink cloud make a granite boulder blush as though it had blood in it," she said.

At this moment the file of convicts reached the portal, and came winding through in the slow lock-step, separated noiselessly into detachments, a part moving toward the lower cells, the rest climbing the narrow flight of stairs leading to the upper tiers. The faces of the men caught an additional pallor from the cold, whitewashed stone of the prison, and a darker shade as, one by one, they disappeared into the cells, the doors clapping to in rapid succession behind them, like the leaves of a book run over in the fingers. In a few minutes the whole line had crumbled away, and there were visible but the three tiers of iron doors, each door with a hand thrust through the bars, and a dim face behind them. Mrs. Raynor glanced up the block to the last cell. The hand she saw there had a character of its own. The fingers were not half closed, listlessly waiting to

be seen, but firm and s the thumb was clasped tight the bar against which it dogged hand. "You th dungeon would have no asked.

The warden repeated "dungeon" with a circulated to give the impress apartment in question. "I doubt if even the break him," he said. "Catholic Irishman born and you can't hammer n into anything but a Ca may lie as fast as a dog steal your eye-teeth from eyes; but if you cut hi pieces, as long as he h and finger left, he will m of the cross with them losing courage, little wor "No!"

"Well, good luck to y ing off."

The lady walked up nodding to the convicts eagerly for recognition, speak to those who had make, and, pausing at a l from the upper cell, look ly at its occupant, herself him.

The warden had we this man to granite. I thick-set, as straight as the broad, combative crowned with a luxuria brown hair, and squar promised a tenacious g ever he might set his me But the face was honest, and the straight mouth as though giving to lying, my, but had something closing. The well-shap as notable for spirit as t firmness, and the blue-g steady, not bright, and Altogether, a man of wh

say that, if he was not so good, he would not have been so bad.

This convict sat on a bench in the middle of his little whitewashed cell, and appeared to be lost in thought. But in his attitude there was none of that easy drooping which usually accompanies such abstraction. He sat perfectly upright and rigid, the only perceptible motion a quick one of the eyelids, the eyes fixed—locked, rather than lost in thought.

He rose immediately on seeing who his visitor was, bowed with a soldierly stiffness that was not without state, and waited for her to speak.

After a few pleasant inquiries, civilly answered, she told her errand. It was not so easy as she had expected; but she spoke kindly and earnestly, urging the necessity for discipline in such a place, and the unwillingness of the warden to inflict any punishment on him. "I have no doubt of your sincerity," she concluded, "though the others mean only mischief. But the decision must be the same in both cases."

He listened attentively to every word she said, then replied with quiet firmness, "I am sorry, ma'am, that there is going to be any trouble about it. But it would be a sin for me to go and hear Protestantism called the church of God, when it is no more a church than a barnacle is a ship."

"That is not the question," she persisted. "Admitting that what the chaplain says may be false, I still say that you ought to go. You are herein a state of servitude; you have no will of your own; your duty is obedience to the rules of the place; and the more difficult that duty, the more your merit. If you should listen with pleasure, or even with toleration, while your faith is attacked, that might be sin; but the listening unwillingly and with pain you can offer

to God as a penance in expiation of the crime which obliges you to perform it. I am speaking now as a Catholic would. I believe that your priest would say the same."

She paused to note the effect of her words; but his face was unmoved.

"I have a dear friend who is a Catholic," she added. "For her sake I should be sorry to have you punished for such a cause."

This plea made no impression whatever. Plainly, the man was not soft-hearted, nor susceptible to flattery. He merely listened, and appeared to be gravely considering the subject.

"To yield would be humility; to refuse would be pride," she said. "You need not listen while in the chapel; you can think your own thoughts and say your own prayers."

As he still pondered, she again went over her argument, enlarging and dwelling on it till it reached his comprehension. He listened as before, but made no sign of approval nor dissent. Either from nature or habit, it seemed hard for the man to get his mouth open. But at length he spoke.

"You were right, ma'am, in telling me that my duty here is obedience," he said; "but you left out one condition—obedience in all that is not sin. If the warden should tell me to kill a man, it would not be my duty to obey. I do obey in all that is not sin. It would be a sin for me to go to chapel."

He spoke respectfully, but with decision; and the lady perceived that their argument had reached a knot which only the hand of authority could cut. She sighed, and abandoned her attempt.

Could she abandon it? Remembering the dungeon and the strings, her heart strengthened itself for one

more effort. She had begun by marching straight up to the subject, challenging opposition; it might be better to approach circuitously. "Let me undermine him," she thought; and, turning away, as though leaving the captive to silence and loneliness again, let the sense of returning desolation catch him for an instant, then hesitated, and glanced backward. It was a good beginning; he was looking after her. The sight of a friendly face, the sound of a friendly voice, and liberty to speak, were unfrequent boons in that place, and too precious to be willingly relinquished.

"The days must seem long to you," she said.

She came nearer, and leaned against the door. "Yes, they are long; but I thank God for every one of them. My coming here was the best thing that ever happened to me. I was getting to be drunkard, and this put a stop to it."

As he spoke, he lifted his face and looked out at the strip of sky visible through the window across the corridor, and his eyes began to kindle.

"Have you a family?" the lady asked.

He waited a moment before answering, seemed to break some link of thought that had a bright fracture, and his expression underwent a slight but decided change. A light in it that had been lofty softened to a light that was tender, as at her question he looked down again. "There's Larry," he said.

"And who is Larry?"

The convict stared with astonishment at her ignorance. And, indeed, Mrs. Raynor was the only person about the prison who had not heard the name of this Larry. "He is my step-brother, ma'am," he replied. "We had but the one father; but he had his own mother. When she died,

there were two of us left, and the lad and brought him to the try. He was five years old then I was twenty. I was a stone and thought to do better here, faith, one way I have, and one way I haven't. Shame never led one of us at home."

"Who took care of the Mrs. Raynor asked.

"Myself, ma'am. He ate and with me, and I took him on as often as I put my hat on. his little chair on the table shop, or he played about at of a long string. For the adventuresome, and I never trusted but with a tether."

"He must have been a great she said.

"Have you any children, the convict asked.

"No."

"I thought that," he said then smiled. "Larry was like ture. He had red cheeks and eyes, and his hair was like gold shadow on it. It used to take an hour every morning to make curls, and they reached to his Everybody noticed the child they'd turn to look after him street. One of the richest in the city wanted to take him own, and me to promise never him again; and when she told she would do for him, I thought perhaps I ought to let him go. lady coaxed him, and gave picture-books and candy, and told him if he'd go and live with and faith, ma'am, my heart did such a scalding when Mary her promise back, and said to Larry best, as it did when they went to the lady's knee and would go and live with her. I give me, but I hated her that Well, I told her that I would about it, and let her know t

day. That night I dreamed that she had him, and that I saw him far off at play, dressed in jewels, and his little frock like a fall of snow. I dreamed that I couldn't speak to him, and that set me crying; and I cried so that I waked myself up. I put my hand out for the child, but I couldn't find him. He was a restless little fellow, and had crawled down to the foot of the bed. For a minute I thought that the dream was true; and then I knew that I couldn't let him go. I waked him up, and asked him if he'd stay and live for ever with his brother John; and I was a happy man when he put his little arms round my neck and said yes, he would. And I made a promise to the child that night, while he was asleep in my arms, that, since I kept him back from being a rich man, whatever he might ask of me in all his life, if it was my heart's blood, he should have it! And, ma'am, I've kept my promise."

The tenderness with which he spoke of his brother invested the convict's manner with the softening grace which it so much needed, and grew upon his rough nature like a gentian upon its rock.

"This brother is in California?" Mrs. Raynor asked.

The convict dropped his eyes. "He and Mary went there when I came here," he said.

"Who is Mary?"

"Mary is Larry's wife," was the brief reply.

"You hear from them?"

"Oh! yes," he said eagerly.

"They write to me every month. In his last letter Larry said that he was coming after me at the end of my term; but I sent him word not to. I can go alone, and he will send me the money."

The man seemed to have a jealous suspicion of her thought that he had

been cruelly deserted. "I told them to go," he said with a touch of pride; "and I shall go and live with them when I get out of this. They wouldn't hear to my going anywhere else."

He broke off, glanced through the window, and said, as if involuntarily, "There's the west wind!" then drew back, rather ashamed when the lady looked to find what he meant. "You see, ma'am, we don't have much to think of here, and there's only the sight of stone and iron, and that bit of sky. Three years ago there wasn't a glimpse of green; but two years ago I began to catch a flit of leaves when the west wind blew. Last summer I could see a green tip of a bough all the time, and now in the high March wind I can see a bit of a twig."

"It is an elm-tree," the warden's wife said; "and the branches are longest on this side. I think they stretch out for you to see. You miss many a pleasant sight here, Dougherty."

"What I miss is nothing to what I have seen," he said quickly, his eyes beginning again to kindle.

"What do you mean?"

He gazed at her searchingly for a moment, as if to read whether she were worthy to hear; then he looked up at the sky.

Mrs. Raynor tried not to be impressed. "He is a thief, serving out his sentence in the State prison," she repeated mentally. "He is a poor, ignorant Irishman, who can scarcely spell his own name, and who reverences a polysyllable next to the priest."

"I will tell you," he said after a moment, his voice trembling slightly, not with weakness, but with fervor. "When I first came here, I had to pray all the time to keep myself from going crazy; but by and by I got reconciled. You know we never

have a priest here, and must find things out as well as we can for ourselves. All I wanted to know was whether God was angry with me. Sometimes I thought he was; but that might be a temptation of the devil. What I am going to tell you happened about six months ago, at nine o'clock in the evening. The night-watch was in, and had just gone round. He spoke to me, and I answered him. I was in bed, and I shut my eyes as soon as he went back to his place. Something made me open them again, and I saw on the wall of my cell here a little spot like moonlight. It grew larger while I looked, and the whole cell was full of the light of it; and it trembled like the flame of a candle in the wind. There didn't seem to be any wall here; it was all opened out. I pulled the blanket about me and went down to my knees on the stone floor. I don't know how long it was before two faces began to show in the midst of the light; and when they came, it was still. At first they were faint; but they grew brighter till they were as bright as I could bear. I couldn't tell whether it was the brightness in their faces or the thought in my heart, that brought the tears into my eyes. There was the Blessed Virgin with the Infant Jesus in her arms, and they both looking at me and smiling. And while they smiled, they faded away!"

"How probable that would sound if it were related as having happened in the year of our Lord 62, instead of 1862!" the lady thought, restraining a smile, awed by the perfect conviction of the speaker.

"Dougherty," she said, "a man like you ought not to be caught at highway robbery. How did it happen?"

Some swift emotion passed over his face; but whether of fear or an-

ger she could not tell. The moment he smiled grimly. "I just how it happened, ma'am said; "for didn't the lawyers? Oh! but they told the whole plain you'd have thought they deed themselves; and faith, the me almost believe I did it. very convincing way that the have about them. They ma that Mike Murray was at ou one night, and we all playe and got drunk together; and we were pretty high, that La I went out with Mike to s home; and that I sent Larr he being too drunk to go o that I waited upon Mike o piece of woods, and there I k him down and robbed him; a he was picked up half-dead t morning, and I was caught th the money away. They prov I only did it because I was and that I never did a dishone before; and so they sent me l ten years. And the pity it poor Mike Murray! It woul brought tears to your eyes t that lawyer go on about him Mike was his own father's sor saint to the bargain, instead of drunken blackguard that M mad to see in the house, at beat his own wife with a sto kicked her down-stairs every ing; and that's the way she get down. She told our Ma she was never without a sore her head, and that when she the top of a flight of stairs, it in the church itself, she'd look for the kick that Mike always her. Indeed, ma'am, while t yer was talking, I didn't bel meant the Mike Murray I l all, but a sweet, gentle creatu the same name, and that nev a sup of anything but milk. that's the story of my comin

ma'am," the convict concluded, giving a short laugh.

"You have had troubles enough," Mrs. Raynor said gently; "but now they are nearly over. Only two months longer, and you will be free. It won't hurt you to go to chapel for that short time."

"I shall not go," he replied.

She turned away at that, went into the deserted prison-yard, and stood there a moment recollecting a sermon she had heard not long before. "Why should we not now have a saint after the grand old way?" the speaker had asked.

"There is every reason why we should not!" she exclaimed impatiently. "Those *bizarre*, uncompromising virtues of the antique time would now scandalize the very elect. We must not offend against *les bienséances*, though all the saints should clap their hands. This poor Irishman is unquestionably a little wrong in his head, and will have to go to the dungeon. For you, Madge Raynor, you had best return to your *moutons*, and cease pulling at the skirts of the millennium. What a quixotic little body you are, to be sure!"

To the dungeon, accordingly, Dougherty was sent the next Sunday; and after a few hours, the warden's wife went to see him.

A door of solid iron opened in the basement wall of the prison, and let the light into a stone vestibule that was otherwise perfectly dark. Opposite this entrance was what looked like an oven or furnace-door, about two feet square, and also of solid iron. Removing a padlock from the inner door, the guard opened it, and called Dougherty.

Mrs. Raynor started back as the foul air from the dungeon struck her face; for, though there was an aperture artfully contrived so as to admit a little air and exclude all light, it

was not large enough to do more than keep the prisoner from actual suffocation.

"You are acting like a simpleton!" the lady exclaimed when the convict's pale face appeared at the opening. "Go to chapel next Sunday, and say your prayers under the parson's nose. I will give you beads that shall rattle like hail-stones."

"I thank you, ma'am!" the man replied in his provokingly quiet way; "but I can't go to chapel."

"You expect to enjoy staying here three days, with bread and water once a day, sitting and sleeping on bare stones, and breathing air that would sicken a dog?" she demanded angrily.

"That is nothing to what my Lord suffered for me," was the reply.

"You fancy yourself a martyr, and that the officers of the prison are children of the devil!" she said.

"I don't blame them," he answered. "They do what they think is right."

"Shut him up!" she exclaimed, turning away. "It's a pity we have n't a rack for the blockhead. He is pining for it."

Dougherty did not complain nor yield; but he was put to work again after three days, that being the longest time the rules allowed a man to be kept in the dungeon.

Mrs. Raynor was annoyed with herself for taking such an interest in this contumacious thief. Every day she protested that she would not worry about him, and every day she worried more and more. When Sunday came again, "I will not go near him," she said. "I will leave him to his fate. 'What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?'" and even while speaking, counted anxiously the last strokes of the prison-bell ringing for service. At that moment the convicts were entering the chapel, all

but the sick, and that troublesome *protégé* of hers. "I won't go near him," she said in a very determined manner, and, five minutes after, was on her way up the prison-stairs.

Letting herself into the guard-room with a pass-key, she found but one man on guard; but the voices of others came through the open door of the hospital, and with them a long, agonized moan. Hurrying into the cell where the punishment called "the strings" was inflicted, Mrs. Raynor saw Dougherty hanging by his wrists to a chain run through a ring in the ceiling. His toes touched the floor and slightly relieved the otherwise intolerable strain on his shoulders and breast. One of the guards kept the chain up, while the deputy-warden stood by the convict and watched for the first sign of submission or of fainting.

The man groaned with pain, and drops of perspiration rolled down his face.

"Will you give up and go to chapel next Sunday?" asked the deputy.

"O God! strengthen me," cried the convict. "No, I will not go!"

Mrs. Raynor's pale face flushed as she heard this reply.

The moans became fainter.

"Now, give up like a man," the deputy said. "You've shown your grit, and that is enough."

"Lord, help me!" came in a broken cry.

"He's going; let him down," the deputy said.

"Dead?" cried the warden's wife, starting forward.

"No, madam; he has fainted."

They applied restoratives, and when his senses had returned, led him, reeling, out into the guard-room, and placed him in a chair by the open window.

"Did you ever read a history of

the Spanish Inquisition, Mr. Deputy?" asked the warden's wife.

"Yes'm!" was the immediate reply. "This is just like it, isn't it?"

"Well, Dougherty, you will be content now, and go to chapel next Sunday, will you not?" asked the lady, touching the convict's sleeve.

He lifted his heavy eyes. He was still catching his breath like one who sobs. "I will die before I will go to hear the name of God and of his truth blasphemed!" he answered, speaking with difficulty.

"But if you should be again put up in the strings?"

He shivered, but replied without hesitation, "He that died upon the cross will strengthen me."

"The fellow is a fool!" muttered one of the guard.

"May God multiply such fools!" cried Mrs. Raynor, turning upon the speaker. Then to the convict, "I will urge you no more. I am no capable of judging for you, and you do not need help nor advice from me. Go your own way."

Dougherty's own way was to persist in his refusal to attend chapel; and since the officers had no choice but to punish him for his disobedience, it chanced that for the next four weeks he was put up in the strings every Sunday morning.

"It shall not be done again," the warden said then. "He has but fortnight longer to stay; and, rule or no rule, he shall do as he likes."

"Only a fortnight," he said to the convict, "then you will be a free man."

Dougherty's face brightened. "Yes sir! And I long to set my feet on the turf again. A man doesn't know what green grass is, till he gets shu up in a place like this."

"Don't come here again," the officer said kindly. "Let what you

have suffered teach you to resist temptation."

The convict looked at Mr. Raynor with a singular expression of surprise, not unmingled with a momentary indignation, and seemed about to speak, but checked himself.

"It is only to keep from drink," the warden went on. "I don't believe you would be dishonest when sober."

The convict dropped his eyes. "God knows all hearts," he said.

The next day Dougherty had a cold and a headache; the second day he was unable to go to work; the third day he had a settled fever. He was removed to the hospital, where the cells were larger, and, being next the outside wall, had light and air; a convict whose term had nearly expired was set to take care of him, and Mrs. Raynor visited him twice a day.

But the fever had got well fixed before the man gave up, and it found him good fuel. He burned like a solid beech log, with a slow, intense, unquenchable heat. His pale and sallow face became a dull crimson; his strong, full pulses beat fiercely in neck, wrists, and temples; and his restless eyes glowed with a brilliant lustre. Mrs. Raynor was sometimes startled, as she sat fanning and bathing his face, fancying that she had soothed him to sleep, to see those eyes open suddenly, and fix themselves on her with a searching gaze, or wander wildly about the cell. But he lay almost as motionless as the burning log would, locked in that fierce and silent struggle with disease. Nearly a fortnight passed, and there were but two days left of Dougherty's term of imprisonment; but there was no longer a hope that any freedom of man's giving would profit him. There was scarcely more

than the embers of a man left of him; not enough, indeed, for a fever to prey upon. The flushes had become intermittent, like the last flickerings of a fire, and the parched and blackened mouth showed how he had been consumed inwardly.

It was May, and the sweet air and sunshine came in through two narrow windows and lightened and freshened the cell where the convict lay. Everything was clean and in order. The stone walls and floor were whitewashed; a prayer-book, crucifix, medicine, and glasses were carefully arranged on a little table between the windows; and there was a spotless cover on the narrow pallet that stood opposite. The door was wide open for a draught, and now and then one of the guard, approaching laboriously on tiptoe, would put his head into the cell, raise his eyebrows inquiringly at the convict-nurse who sat at the head of the bed, receive a nod in return, and retire with the same painful feint of making no noise. Neither of the two men was quite clear in his mind as to what he meant by this pantomime; but the result with both was a conviction that all was right. Presently, as the afternoon waned, there was the soft rustle of a woman's garments in the corridor, and a woman's unmistakable velvet footfall. At that sound the convict-nurse went lightly out; and Mrs. Raynor came in, and seated herself on the stool where he had sat, and slipped a bit of ice between the lips of the patient. He had been lying motionless and apparently asleep during the last hour; but as she touched him, he opened his eyes and fixed them upon her. "What does the doctor say, ma'am?" he asked in a tone so firm that one forgot it was but a whisper.

"I think that you will want to see the priest," she said gently. "I have

sent for one, and he will come to-morrow."

A slight spasm passed over the sick man's face, his eyelids quivered, and his mouth contracted for an instant.

"It must come to us all sooner or later," she continued; "and it is well for us that He who knows best and does best is the one to choose."

He said not a word, but closed his eyes again; and she kept silence while he went through with his struggle, her own tears starting as she saw how the tears swelled under his eyelids, and the stern mouth quivered, and knew that he was tearing up the few simple hopes that had taken root in his heart: the setting his feet on the green grass again, the meeting his brother, the dream of a cheerful fireside where he should be welcome, the honest gains and generous gifts, the happy laughter, kind looks, and sorrows from which love and faith should draw the sting. Simple hopes; but they had struck deep, and every fibre of the man's heart quivered and bled at their uprooting.

Presently the watcher spoke softly: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord hath mercy on them that fear him!"

"May his will be done!" said the convict. "But, poor Larry!"

"You want me to write to him?"

"Yes ma'am!" he answered eagerly. "Tell him that I was comfortable here, and that I was willing to die; and be sure to tell him that coming here was the best thing that ever happened to me. Don't let him know anything about the punishment. Larry'd feel bad about that. Don't forget!" he urged, looking anxiously in the lady's face.

"I won't forget," she said.

He stopped a moment for breath; then resumed, "Tell him that my last words were, that he should re-

member his promises to me never taste liquor again. And him to be kind to Mary for my. You see, ma'am, I was fond of her, but of course she liked Larry."

The lady blushed faintly, and laid her cool white hand on his forehead. "Dougherty," she said, "body but God thanks us for love. In this world a light meets with most gratitude."

"Sometimes I've thought the same," the man said gravely. "Some are made to give, and some are made to take; but the Lord gives to whom he will."

The next day a priest came and spent some time with the sick man. Mrs. Raynor went up for her noon visit, and found him still lying there, looking gravely and patiently at his penitent, who lay on his knees, with an expression of perfect peace on his countenance.

"Poor man!" she sighed, glancing toward the bed.

The father looked up with a flash into his thoughtful eyes. "Poor man, madam?" he repeated. "Not so: that man is rich! It is his duty to pity us."

She followed the priest out and spoke to him in the corridor. "Dougherty's brother has come from California," she said. "He reached here this morning, and it seems hard to keep him out, but I hate to disturb a man who is so ill."

The priest frowned. "Keep that fellow out for to-day. I have given this man the viaticum, and want him to be undisturbed. His confession has exhausted him, and he mustn't be made to talk any more. How does his brother bear?"

"Oh! he is frantic. He fainted when I first told him, and I heard him crying out in the night when I got up into the guard-

him that he couldn't come in should have become quiet." "What sort of fellow is he?" asked the priest coldly.

The lady hesitated. In spite of pity, she did not fancy Larry; nor did she like the coldness the priest showed toward him. "He is a handsome young man," she said truthfully, "and very well dressed."

The father shrugged his shoulders. "Then he should be admitted without delay."

"I must, of course, free herself from such an imputation. 'He is weak and faithless,' she said; his grief is genuine; and his coming so far shows that he loves his brother."

"You might tell Dougherty to go and let Larry in to-morrow morning if he behaves himself."

Then Raynor sat by her patient without speaking, till presently he looked at her and smiled faintly. "The Lord reward you, ma'am!" he said fervently. "You've been a friend to me."

"Here is a note from your brother," she said. "Shall I read it to

you?" he glanced eagerly at the folded paper in her hand—a note which, in the midst of his lamentations, Larry had written and entreated her to take to his brother.

"Read it!" the sick man said, making an effort to turn toward her. "Would you like very much to see your brother?" she asked.

"Dougherty's face began to work. 'Ma'am! has Larry come?' he asked tremulously.

"Yes; and presently he is to come and see you. Of course, he feels much grieved, you know. That is to be. But when he shall see how loved and happy you are, he will find comfort."

"Knowing that he eagerly watched the

paper in her hand, the lady unfolded it and glanced over it. As she did so, her face underwent a change. "It cannot be!" she cried out; and, crushing the note, looked at the man who lay there dying before her.

He did not understand, was too weak and dull to think of anything but the letter. "Read it!" he said faintly.

She began breathlessly to read the blotted page: "My dear brother John, for God's sake don't die! I have come to take you back to California with me, and Mary and I will spend our lives in taking care of you. We will make up to you what you have suffered for me, going to prison for my crime."

The sick man started up with sudden energy and snatched the paper from the reader's hand. "The lady is wild!" he gasped. "He didn't know what he was writing!"

She tried to soothe him, to coax him to lie down; but he sat rigid with that terrible suspense, his haggard eyes fixed on hers, a deathly pallor in his face.

"You won't tell anybody what the foolish boy wrote!" he pleaded.

"It was your brother, then, who robbed the man?" she said.

He sank back, moaning, upon his pillow. "All for nothing!" he said despairingly. "I've given my heart's blood for nothing! O ma'am! have you the heart to spoil all I've been trying to do, and have just about finished?"

It was a hard promise to give, but she gave it. Without his permission, what she had learned should never be revealed.

"The poor lad wasn't to blame," the sick man said. "It was drink that did it. Drink always made Larry crazy. When he got home that night, he didn't know what he'd been doing; but in the morning Mary found the

money on him, and the stain of blood on his hand. I tried to throw the money away, and they saw me."

He paused, gasping for breath. He was making an effort beyond his strength.

"Tell me the rest to-morrow," Mrs. Raynor said, giving him a spoonful of cordial.

But he went on excitedly, clutching at the bed-clothes as he spoke. "It would have been the ruin of Larry if he had come here. He would never again have looked anybody in the face. Besides, Mary's heart was broke entirely. So when I was caught, I just bid Larry hold his peace. But I didn't tell any lie, ma'am. When they asked me in court if I was guilty or not guilty, I said 'not guilty,' and it was true."

She gave him the cordial again, wiped his forehead, and, noticing that his hands were cold, first lifted the blanket to cover them, then hesitated, looked at him more closely, finally laid it back.

He lay for a while silent and exhausted, then spoke again. "You promise?"

"I promise, Dougherty. Set your heart at rest. You are dying; did you know it?"

"Yes, ma'am!"

After a while he said faintly, "My time will be up to-morrow morning."

"Yes!"

Twilight faded into night. Mrs. Raynor went into the house for a while, then returned to sit by her patient, sending the nurse out. One and another came to the cell-door, looked in, spoke a word, then went away. The heavy doors clanged, there was a sound of rattling bars as the prison was closed for the night, then silence settled all over. The dying man lay perfectly quiet, breathing slowly, and responding now and then to the prayers read by his at-

tendant. He felt no pain, and his mind was clear and calm. He had no complicated intellectual mechanism to confuse his ideas of right and wrong; there was no labyrinth of sophistry to entangle his faith, no power of imagination to start a phobia of fear. He had done what he could, and he held on to the promises with an iron grasp.

That lonely watcher almost died for him. Might he not be preparing on an act of devotion which would all, rose from a love that was entirely human?

"My friend," she said, "even angels are not pure before God. Perhaps you loved your brother well."

"If I had loved him less, he would have been lost," was the calm answer.

"I haven't loved him well enough for him."

"Do not be too sure," she said.

"I'm a poor, ignorant man. I've done as well as I knew, and he has promised. I never made a promise to man nor woman. Do you think that the Almighty will do the thing that I would see him do?"

"Are you not afraid of persecution?"

"It would be presumption to question the word of God."

"Do not rely on your strength," she urged.

"I have no strength but what God gives me," said the dying man.

While they talked, or prayed, or were silent, the stars wore slowly and brightly past the open windows of the cell, dropping down the west like golden sands in an hour-glass, and marking out the minutes of that ebbing twilight. Then the dim and humid crepuscle of the waning moon stole by, and the early morning twilight; then the dawn grew alive with the golden gleam of the dawn. As the sun rose

man called Dougherty, a convict no longer, lay dead on his prison pallet, his face white and calm, the dull eyes half open, as though the deserted body followed with a solemn gaze

the flight of its emancipated tenant.

"Would you rather have been the angel loosing Peter, or Peter in chains? I would rather have been Peter!"

TRANSLATED FROM LE CONSEILLER DES FAMILLES.

THE CHILDREN'S GRAVES IN THE CATACOMBS.

CHILDHOOD and the grave! Should these two words be placed together? Must flowers fall before bearing fruit, and children also die? This is what mothers think, and the church thinks as they do, because the church is a mother. In her view children do not die; they are born again, they are transfigured; and the grave in which cold death places them resembles the white bed, whereon, perhaps the day before, you saw them open their eyes to the sunlight. Do you recollect the ode in which a poet, at the time eminent, celebrated in beautiful verses the entrance of Louis XVII. into the heavenly palace to which his father had gone by the rough road of martyrdom? According to Catholic belief, all those little beings who die before making a name or obtaining a place in this world, are also young princes, heirs-apparent of a kingdom more beautiful than that of France, and who, like Louis XVII., fall asleep in a prison to awake upon a throne.

This is why the church has no prayers of grief at their burial. Assured of their happiness, she laments not, but gives praise. By the grace given at baptism, they are received into glory. She covers their remains with white drapery, which calls to

mind the vestment which she put over them at the baptismal font. Instead of mourning, she invites the children of heaven to unite in praises, *Laudate, pueri!* The Virgin, who was herself a mother, receives them at her altar, where the triumphant procession congratulates the Queen of angels that her empire is enriched by one more subject—*Ave, Regina cælorum! Ave, Domina angelorum!* The funeral mass for little children is only a thanksgiving to God, who has reserved a favored space for those *blessed* beings, *Venite, benedicti Patris.* Having read the gospel of our Lord, who blessed and caressed those to whom he promised the kingdom of heaven, the last prayer of the church which throws a little earth upon the body that is to rise again, is that we, adult sinners, may one day rejoice with them in the same kingdom. Read again this funeral service, and if you have a mourning mother among your friends and relatives, (who does not know one?) give her these consolations. She will believe that she hears the voice of God, who stopped the coffin of the widow's only son and restored him to her.

But these are, if I may speak thus, only the first caresses of religion of

the remains of children; the honor which she accords to them is perpetuated in the worship with which she surrounds their graves.

Paganism took little care of the tombs of those who had not furnished to their country a citizen or a soldier. We know that they considered a child's life very unimportant. Virgil alone, among the poets, uttered a cry for the souls of young infants, whom he represents as being cut down before the eyes of their mothers. In those family sepulchres, called by the Romans *columbaria*, I found several little busts in marble, representing children, by the side of which were funeral urns, containing at the bottom several pinches of ashes. This was all that remained. Among the innumerable inscriptions which cover the walls of the immense gallery of the Vatican, I saw several epitaphs coldly stating that Junius Severianus had lived two years; that Octavius Liberalis died when he was five years four months and four days old; that Steteria Superba had departed life at the age of eighteen months. But there was no wish or hope of meeting them again, and no religious emblem to console the mourners.

Elysium did not exist for those shades without a name, as they were called, *sine nomine manes*, and their sepulchre closed without hope and without glory. The position of children in heathen times was revealed to me by an epitaph which I found at Antibes, the ancient Antipolis, to which the fashionable Romans came to enjoy the fine coast and a sunny sky. A stone detached from the ruins of a theatre, now almost entirely destroyed by the action of the weather and the sea, had the following inscription: "To the divine shades of Septentrion, a child of twelve years, who danced two days in the theatre

and pleased the people!"* made the poor slave-boy co for two days to their delight; was overcome, and they applauded *saltavit et placuit*. See, then, society made of this child—a play and a victim! Meditating upon I recalled to mind the time another infant of twelve years glorified God in the temple at Jerusalem, and also when the Saviour took the hand of the dying girl and said unto her, "Arise!" restored to her father. I was obliged to these cursed ruins and entered the moment into the temple of the living, who, to save these little ones upon himself the form of a *Custodiens parvulos Dominus*.

II.

JESUS CHRIST was born, was an infant; and since that time a revolution in favor of children began, was perceptible in the epitaphs upon graves. The child becomes almost a god. It is at least called to heaven and expects and what new regards surround for the future in that lapidary which says so much in so few words.

I was at Avignon, and visited the museum of that city, my attention was attracted to a grave-stone of the first Christian century which contained the following words: *Florentiola, pax tecum!* "Florentiola, peace be with thee!" By this was the monogram of Christ surrounded with glory. Who was this little Florentiola? The tender inscription proved plainly that she was an infant, and a beloved one; the wish expressed and the sign of the Redeemer gave evidence that she was also a Christian. The name brought to mind another

*"Diis Manibus pueri Septentrionis, aetate duodecim, qui biduo saltavit in theatro et placuit."

scription which I found somewhere in one of our cemeteries, upon the sepulchre of a young woman: "She bloomed, blossomed, and died." Of these three periods of life, Florentiola had passed through only the first; but the last words expressed the hope that, as she had given to this world the blossom, she would yield the fruit in another: "*Pax tecum!*"

But one must go to the catacombs in Rome, and read, in that great Christian city of death, the delicacies of the affections of earth, and the hopes of a resurrection, which are radiant upon the graves of little children. In the cemetery of St. Priscilla, I observed two epitaphs distinguished above all others by their brevity. One of them consists only of a single melancholy word, "*Libera*," that is to say, free. A dove flying away, carrying an olive-branch, explains the meaning, which to me appeared sublime.

This captive soul which had passed through the prison of earth was free at last! The church conveys a similar idea at the funeral obsequies of little children: "*Anima nostra, sicut passer, erepta est de laqueo venantium. Laqueus contritus est, et nos liberati sumus.*" (Psalm cxxiii.) "Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers. The snare is broken, and we are delivered."

The other one, which I remarked at the same place, containing only a word, was quite as beautiful and more Christian — "*Redempta*," redeemed. This was also expressive of liberty, but it was a freedom which had been acquired as the price of a ransom which was the blood of God: "*Redempta!*"

This last expression alludes to the grace given by baptism, which liberates the soul held in bondage by the demon. The children's epitaphs

have it often, and prove that the church had conferred the sacraments upon them at the most tender age. You can find for instance, in the museum of the Lateran: "Paulina, neophyte of eight years; Candida, neophyte, twenty-one months old; Zozima, neophyte, five years, eight months, and thirteen days; Matronata Matrona, neophyte, one year, fifty-two days."

Upon a grave in the catacomb of Saint Calista, a Grecian inscription was found by the Canon Profili, consisting of the following words:

"Dionysius, newly illuminated, one year and four months." This title of enlightened was given only to those who came into possession of it by baptism. Saint Chrysostom mentions the enlightened in no other way.

This one, collected in the cemetery of the new road Salaria, and preserved at the Lateran, is more explicit:

"Florentius dedicates this inscription to his well-beloved son, Apronianus, who lived one year, nine months, five days. He was loved by his grandmother, and seeing that he was nigh unto death, she asked the church to make him a Christian before he should leave the world."*

Baptism, which was conferred upon the newly-born, was a great consolation to those who witnessed their departure from this world. "O Magus, innocent child!" said an inscription at the museum of the Lateran, "thou hast gone to live among the guiltless. How much more endurable is life! With what joy the church, thy other mother, received thee, when thou didst leave the world for her. We will suppress the murmurings of our

* "Florentius filio suo Aproniano fecit titulum benemerenti qui vixit annum et menses novem, dies quinque. Cum amatus fuisset à majore sua et vidit hunc morti constitutum esse, petivit de ecclesiâ ut fidelis de seculo recessisset."

hearts and restrain the tears from our eyes."*

Expressions of the most ingenious tenderness are shown in the last farewell to creatures of whom only smiles are known.

"Cyricus, dear soul, peace be with thee! He lived a year and sixty-two days!"†

"Here reposes our dear soul, named Quiriace, an innocent child, beautiful and good, who lived three years, three months, eight days."‡

The word *soul*, in the Latin language, is a term of great tenderness. It signifies life as it is visible. But in the Christian language it has a more spiritual signification. As the poet says :

"Thou callest me thy life ; call me thy soul !
I wish a name more lasting than a day.
Life is of little value, a breath extinguishes the flame ;
But the soul is immortal as our love."

Maternal affection creates, in Christianity, a name for children which becomes as the family name for those beings who pass from earth, having only glanced at its sorrows. The mother remembers that the Lord said, the angels of these little ones behold the face of the Father who is in heaven. This was enough to make so many angels of those innocent babes by an intentional confusion. This is hereafter to be their title: and where is now the afflicted mother who, at the death-bed of her son, has not seen, like the poet, the radiant face of the angel bending over and calling the child who resembles him? Primitive epigraphy goes to show the cause

of this synonymy upon the of children.

"*Angelica, bene in pace.*"
lica, child, be happy in peace. One inscription of the Catacombs

Upon another was written
"Laurentius to his beloved Severus, who lived four years, months, and five days, and was buried by the angels on the 7th day."*

One is pleased to recognize these funereal places, the branches of school days, but only ones that the departed have left in life. In several catacombs, near the Cubicula, where faithful ones assembled for large halls can be seen, where neither altar nor pictures, other embellishment than made in the turf, mostly testified by one or two elevated seats presumed that the antiquarians assembled children in school, instructed them in the catechism. Near one of these halls can be seen the following epitaph in the tomb of Saint Priscilla :

"Obrimōs to Palladios, his beloved cousin and schoolmate, in remembrance."

In the catacomb of the Salaria the school-teacher came with the mother to write an inscription upon his pupil, whom he had loved in his heart.

"With a holy and pure spirit a grave has been made to Flavia a child of thirteen years, by her teacher, who loved him more than a son, and by Corda, his mother."

The glass paintings found in the same place are a finished illustration of the education of

* "Magus puer innocens, esse jam inter innocentes coepisti. Quam stabilis (stabilis) tibi (tibi) hæc vita est ! Quam te lætūm excipiet (except) mater ecclesiæ edeoc (de hoc) mundo revertentem. Comprimitur pectorum gemitus, struat (destruat) fletus oculorum."

† Cyricus, anima dulcis in pace, vixit annum i. dies lxii.

‡ Hic posita est anima dulcis, innocens sapiens et pulchra, nomine Quiriace, quæ vixit annos iii. menses iii. dies viii.

** Severo filio dulcissimo Laurentius presbiteri qui vixit annos iv. menses viii. dies ab angelis, vii. idus Januarii."

† "In spiritu sancto bono, Florentio quod xiii. Coritus magister qui plus amavit quam filium, et Cordeus mater filio benemerenti."

in those days. On a chalice of glass there is a child, father and mother are to read the Scriptures. Represents two little children, Pompeianus and Theodora, parents, under the trees, holding a copy of the Gospel. Pompeianus points to the cross of Christ which is erected at the head of this Christian family. The mother is discoursing and exhorting them the precepts of their

are torn from the bosom of the mother, who received children into the world of souls, which they have astonished? The epitaphs direct them to the saints in heaven to attend them on their entrance into paradise. The mother is Basilla, Gemellus, who died at eight years, added to the inscription engraved upon his tomb is the following: "O Saint Basil, commend to thy care Crescentina, our daughter Crescentia, ten months."†

requently it was to God they addressed their prayer was addressed to the same catacomb, but the mother's child: "O Saint Basil, commend to thy care Crescentina, our daughter Crescentia, ten months."†

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bibas (vivas) in Domino

Basilla, innocentiam Gemelli.
Basilla, commendamus tibi Crescentinum
um . . . quæ vixit menses x." . . .

Zezu!" "Regina, live in the Lord Jesus!"

If life is only a pilgrimage for us, is not this particularly true of those who have only passed a few days in this world? This idea has been rendered in the epitaph of a young Christian; and few have made so great an impression upon me as the following, simple and short as it is:

"Peregrina, vixit annos viii., menses viii., dies x. Decessit de corpore."
"Peregrina lived eight years, eight months, ten days, then departed from the body."

Did this name of Peregrina, pilgrim, passenger, allude to her rapid voyage upon the earth, which she hastened to leave? I incline to this beautiful idea, which a similar inscription authorizes, not far from there, carved upon the tomb of a Christian: *"Viator!"*

Upon the grave-stones of children of the first centuries, it is not uncommon to see a white dove, carved upon an antique cup, drinking from the border. Those who repose beneath that stone had drunk of the cup of life, and taking a taste, not wishing more, had spread their wings and returned to heaven.

In that better land they become intercessors for their kindred on the earth. What family has not theirs? And who has not prayed to those young elect, yesterday our brothers and sons, to-day our defenders in that place from which they behold us and will prove their love for us? The following can be read in the Lateran Museum:

*"Matrona matrona, intercede for thy parents! She lived one year, fifty-two days."**

And upon another stone:

"Anatolius has made this grave for

* "Pete pro parentibus tuis, Matrona Matrona, quæ vixit an. i. di. lxx."

his dear son, who lived seven years, seven months, twenty-two days. May the soul repose in happiness with God. Pray for thy sister!"*

III.

I MUST confess that we have preserved little of the architectural simplicity in the inscriptions upon tombs. It is just to say that they are of a poor style, laden with lengthy common epitaphs, emphatic declamations, and warm protestations, contradicted by the neglected and solitary aspect of those almost forgotten places. I make an exception of the sepulchres of children. If you find in a cemetery a grave which is preserved with love, invested with crowns, and dressed with fresh flowers, you can recognize the place of a child. In all countries of the world, a delicate worship is devoted to the mortal remains of innocence. The Indian graves have become celebrated, since Chateaubriand described them so charmingly. Now that Christianity has been established in those parts of the globe, mothers no longer suspend the cradles of their sons upon branches of trees, but their funerals have retained much of the simple grace of the time of Chactas.

A missionary has written: "I had to attend the burial of a little child five or six months old. They brought it to the church, laying it upon a mat, with garlands of flowers for a winding-sheet. We should have thought that it was sleeping sweetly, and notwithstanding its color, I admired its angelic beauty. After the prayers, which the church addresses to the good God, they dropped it gently into the grave, as if it had been its

cradle, without covering even its face. Flowers were given in place of earth, to throw upon the body. All the assistants did so, some wise, and some commenced to weep. It was sad to see the earth thrown over this little body so sweetly exposed, and cover that young face which appeared to smile upon us. I thought that the body was to become food for worms; but the beautiful soul was already in heaven with the angels. I then united the heavenly spirits to sing praises to God at the happiness of his creature. I hope that this child will not forget the young missionary who celebrated its deliverance from the world of misery."*

This scene recalls to me a scene which I witnessed in the cemetery of Beauvoisis. I met in the funeral procession of a little child who was being carried to the tomb. In advance of the coffin, a child of ten years, concealed under a floating drapery, was carrying a basket of white flowers. Thus she walked, singing and smiling, with her part, until their arrival at the sepulchre; then throwing the basket into the grave, she disappeared among the trees, delighted at having prepared this flowery bed for her playmate, who was to sleep there the long night of death.

Menander said in a celebrated verse, "He whom the gods love dies young." And Sophocles said to him, "It is good not to be born, if once born, the second death is happiness is to die young." The ancients considered it fortune to be delivered from mortal misery. Would they have said if they had left them had appeared upon the bosom of God in a beautiful glory without end? *Bene in*

* "Anatolius filio benemerenti fecit, qui vixit annis vii. mensis vii. diebus xxii. Spiritus tuus bene requiescat in Deo. Petas pro sorore tua."

* Vie de M. l'Abbé Chepart, p. 1

HAREM LIFE IN EGYPT AND CONSTANTINOPLE.*

THIS volume has run through several editions in England within the last three years. It is destined from its popularity to run through as many more ; but as yet, it has found no publisher on this side of the Atlantic, although its merits are well-established in British literature. Observing a new edition announced by Bentley, it reminds us that the neat, unpretending little work has not received any recognition from our republic, nor has any attention been called to it. In truth, the American public, deeply interested in travellers and travelling in the east, or in whatever comes from the press illustrating scriptural scenes and events, have strangely overlooked this production, which furnishes a better insight into oriental domestic life than any account published for many years.

Egypt is now what it was in the days of the crucifixion and of Julius Caesar ; it is unchanged, it is unchangeable, in its social structure, as the pyramids in their architecture, or the sands of the desert in their external aspect. To understand the condition of the people now, is to understand their condition when the Israelites under the direction of Moses went out from among them. To enter the family circle in the valley of the Nile for the purpose of learning their present mode of life, is at once an introduction to all their progenitors who ever dwelt in the same region in the reign of the ancient Pharaohs. In order to see what a Roman city was in the first century, it

is requisite to put aside the ashes from a submerged Pompeii, or to remove the superincumbent earth from a buried Herculaneum. But in Egypt, to comprehend what was the moral, social, intellectual, religious appearance of the country when Cleopatra sailed upon the river, all that need be done is to push aside the mat which serves for a door to the first mud hovel met with, or pass within the first portal where heavy hinges grate upon the ear an uncordial reception.

The same Egypt can be seen which Alexander of Macedon, Sesostri, and the shepherd-kings beheld. Egyptian institutions were never buried ; or, if buried, their sepulchre is above ground. A living death is visible on all sides ; it is a palsy that struck the land long before the dawn of history, and may remain as it now is, when the history of the present century has passed into oblivion. Although the Egyptian mind and morals will not die in their body, still no motion is in its limbs, no quickening vitality in its joints, no trembling in its nerves ; the blood is stagnant ; a black pool as destitute of national animation as the waters of the Dead Sea. Progress is a term never heard of near the habitation of the Sphinx ; and the period of ruins has gone by. Everything seems running rapidly to demolition ; but nothing is demolished ; decay has in that mysterious soil a perennial existence, a species of recuperation, that renews itself like the integuments of neighboring snakes, lizards, and toads, which bury themselves in the same rich slime.

A book, therefore, on modern harem life in Egypt, is in one sense a

* *Harem Life in Egypt and Constantinople.* By Emmeline Lott. 4th edition. 12mo, pp. 312. Richard Bentley. New Burlington Street, London. 1867.

hand-book for historians in their explorations after the vanities and household troubles of good King Solomon, when his domestic peace and quiet, his comfort and felicity, were invaded by many more spinsters than the Levitical law allowed to any one wise man. This dame Emeline is the very woman to aid them in their archæological researches. Her volume furnishes important hints and information; and if on the title-page nine centuries before the Christian era were substituted for the date of publication, instead of nineteen centuries after it, the change would be so unimportant in a chronological point of view, that no annalist would be aware of the anachronism. It would look like a second edition of Herodotus, revised and improved, for the benefit of the ladies, and far surpassing in truth the first impression of that ancient Halicarnassian, full of his old gallinaceous and bovine stories.

Mrs. Lott, an English school-teacher, was engaged in London to proceed to Egypt in 1862-3, to take charge of the education of his highness the Grand Pasha Ibraim, five or six years old, the son of Ismail Pasha, the viceroy, and the grandson of the renowned and illustrious Ibraim. The lady in due time arrived at the port of Alexandria, consigned to the delicate consideration and tender mercies of the viceroy's agent, like any other bale of valuable and perishable drygoods. Her first glimpse of the land in the culinary and creature-comfortable line of development was not favorable. She next proceeded to the city of Cairo by rail, and was invited to the house of the vice-regal commercial partner, a German in lineage and language, but with principles and refinement somewhat neglected from want of proper planting and propagation in his

youthful European culture. The residence of this gentleman shall be perpetually served with the dishes at breakfast, noon, and dinner—boiled and roast mutton, and dry, vermicelli soup, tormented with rice, chicory, spinach, and “the whole of the dishes swimming in fat;” oranges and lemons followed after. Considering the thermometer was raging above 100° Fahrenheit, this oriental feed was rather oleaginous, and the lady longed for the wings of a dove to carry her provender elsewhere. So she had learned one important lesson, and thus paints it. She says:

“I can endorse the veracity of the statement made by a contributor to *Once a Week*, who most naively and truthfully asserts that ‘the land of Egypt is ruled over by four princes: one of whom is the viceroy, and the other three are known as the viceroys of the others; but the most powerful of all, and the name is Baksheesh, (gift, present, bribe)’”

To the high and mighty Prince Baksheesh, in duty bound we owe all due homage; we bow our salaam, and are pleased to make his acquaintance. He is not unknown to fame in this hemisphere for a popular superstition prevails in the rural districts that his name has many loyal subjects and adherents in our own dearly beloved and dearly governed model republic. Prince Baksheesh is a powerful influence in our institutions, and a party to many of our legislations. The misfortune of the unprotected female was, that she did not propitiate the potentate superabundant fat would have been speedily withdrawn from the table.

At last the day arrived for her to remove to the harem of the viceroy on the other side of the city, and she was destined to leave the hands of the agent in the same

of consignment in which she had come into them, that is, amid bales, barrels, and boxes of merchandise. The dame, therefore, had no opportunity to take a look into the royal market-basket, to ascertain how Ismail Pasha provided for his little private family of three hundred females of different colors, ages, sizes, —and sexes of the feminine and neuter gender. Although the English governess has an eye for the ornamental and beautiful, it is nevertheless only one eye; the other throws its dark splendor upon the useful and substantial. Sometimes she endeavored to close both against sights which were neither the one nor the other. The truth of history, however, compels her to supply her readers with specimens of all these. She observes:

"The vice-regal standard, the everlasting crescent, floated at the stem and stern. On they rowed most vigorously, and in less than ten minutes I was landed at the stairs of the harem. The building is a very plain structure, the interior of which is painted like the trunks of the trees of the Dutch model village of Broeck. In appearance it resembles the letter E, and is a large pile, composed of five blocks of buildings. Proceeding to the one which faced the Nile, I entered the *harem*. ('sacred,') passed through a small door—the grating sound of whose huge hinges still seems to creak in my ears like the grinding of the barrel-organ of an itinerant Italian or Savoyard—which led into a court-yard, at that time lined, not with a corps of the Egyptian infantry, with their shrill brass bands playing opera airs, but with a group of hard-working Fellahs and Arabs, toiling away like laborers in the London docks, and rolling into the immense space hundreds of bales of soft Geneva velvets, the costliest Lyons silks, rich French satins, most elegant designed muslins, fast gaudy-colored Manchester prints, stout Irish poplins, the finest Irish linens, Brussels, Mechlin, Valenciennes, Honiton, and imitation lace, Nottingham hose, French silk stockings, French and Coventry ribbons, cases of the purest Schiedam, pipes of spirits of wine, huge cases of fashionable Parisian boots, shoes, and slippers, immense chests of *bon bon* in magnificent fancy-worked cases, boxes

and baskets, bales of *tombeki*, and the bright, golden-leaved tobacco of Istambol, (Constantinople;) Cashmere, Indian, French, and Paisley shawls of the most exquisite designs; baskets of pipe-bowls, cases of amber mouth-pieces, cigarette papers, and a whole host of miscellaneous packages too various to enumerate, of other commodities destined for the use of the inmates of that vast conservatory of beauty, all supplied by his highness's partners. For, be it known to you, gentle reader, that the Viceroy of Egypt may most appropriately be styled *par excellence* the Sinbad of the age, the merchant-prince of the terrestrial globe.

"Here I was received by two eunuchs, one of whom was attired in a light drab uniform. . . . I was then ushered through another door, the portals of which were guarded by a group of eunuchs, similarly attired, but whose uniforms were most costly embroidered. Their features were hideous and ferocious, their figures corpulent, and carriage haughty.

"They also salaamed me in the most oriental style. Thence, passing along a marble passage, I entered a large stone hall, which was supported by huge granite pillars which led me to the grand staircase, where I was received by the chief eunuch, who is called *kislar aguci*, 'the captain of the girls.'

"This giant spectre of a man . . . advanced toward me, made his salaam, and ushered me, the *hated*, despised Giaour, into the noble marble hall of the harem, which was then for the first time polluted by the footsteps of the unbeliever. The scene around me was so singular and strange that I paused to contemplate it. The hall was of vast dimensions, supported by beautiful porphyry pillars, and the marble floor was covered with fine matting. I was now handed over to the lady superintendent of the slaves, a very wealthy woman, about twenty-four years of age, with fine dark-blue eyes, aquiline nose, large mouth, and of middle stature.

"She was attired in a colored muslin dress and trousers, over which she wore a quilted lavender-colored satin paletot. Her head was covered with a small blue gauze handkerchief tied round it, and in the centre of the forehead, tucked up under it, a lovely natural dark-red rose. She wore a beautiful large spray of diamonds arranged in the form of the flower 'forget-me-not,' which hung down like three tendrils below her ear on the left side. Large diamond drops were suspended from her ears, and her fingers were covered with numerous rings, the most brilliant of which were a large rose-pink

diamond and a beautiful sapphire. Her feet were encased in white cotton stockings, and patent-leather Parisian shoes. Her name was Anina: she had been formerly an Ikbal 'favorite.' . . . The lady superintendent now took me by the hand, led me up two flights of stairs covered with thick, rich Brussels carpet of a most costly description, and as soft and brilliant in colors as the dewy moss of Virginia Water. The walls were plain. Then we passed through a suite of several rooms, elegantly carpeted, in all of which stood long divans; some of which were covered with white, and others with yellow and crimson satin. Over the doorways hung white satin damask curtains, looped up with silk cords and tassels to correspond, with richly gilded cornices over each. . . . Against the walls were fixed numerous silver chandeliers, each containing six wax candles, with frosted colored glass shades made in the form of tulips over them. On each side of the room large mirrors were fixed in the wall, each of which rested on a marble-topped console table supported by gilded legs. The only other articles of furniture that were scattered about the apartments were a dozen common English cane-bottom *Kursi*-chairs."

She is next conducted further on to some dormitories, where bedsteads are wanting, being an article of furniture unused by the Gypsies. Against the walls were piled up beds in heaps, covered over with a red silk coverlet. On the divan was placed a silver tray—both toilet-tables and wash-hand-stands being unheard-of comforts—containing the princesses' toilet requisites. In her general inspection the governess is led to the apartments of the Princess Epouse, the mother of the little boy for whom Mrs. Lott is engaged. This princess is dressed—but let dame Emeline describe the scene, as only a lady can do it:

"The Princess Epouse, attired in a dirty, crumpled, light-colored muslin dress and trousers, sat *à la Turque*, doubled up like a clasp-knife, without shoes or stockings, smoking a cigarette. . . . Her feet were encased in *babouches*, 'slippers without heels.' . . . In front of the divan, behind and on each

side of me, stood a bevy of the ladies of the harem, assuredly not the types Moore's 'Peris of the East,' as depicted in such glowing colors in his far-famed *la Rookh*, for I failed to discover the least trace of loveliness in any of them. On the contrary, most of their countenances were pale as ashes, exceedingly disagreeable and globular in figure; in short, so that they gave me the idea of *lunettes* or moons; nearly all were *passé*. The photographs were as hideous and hag-like as the witches in the opening scene in *Macbeth*, which is not to be wondered at, as they had been the favorites of the Pasha. . . . Some wore white linen and trousers. Their hair and finery were dyed with *henna*. . . . They had some gold watches . . . suspended from their necks by thick, massive gold chains. Their fingers were covered with a profusion of rings, emerald, and ruby rings; in their ears were ear-rings of various precious stones set in the old antique style of silver. Behind stood half-a-dozen of white-skinned chiefly Circassians."

The mother leaves a favorable impression on the mind of the governess, who, being finally dismissed from the interview, pursues her duties and makes a great deal of neither complimentary to the princess nor cleanly, where water is abundant but where ablutions seem to be abnormal; for it is written in her history that

"Thence we passed along a stone passage which leads to her highness's bath-room. The marble bath is both long and wide, and has taps for hot and cold water. The water is usually boils into which their highnesses bathe. This only occurs when they have visited the viceroys, and not daily, or even at a fixed time. The bath of the poets is a most

The governess at last reaches her own chamber, where she is directed to sleep and seclude herself during her leisure hours. The prospect is not inviting, nor does a view afford more encouragement. The evident sense of disappointment, not of dismay, is experienced, and thus she pours forth her vexatious

"On the right-hand side of the fire

was the small bed-room which was assigned to me as my apartment. It was carpeted, having a divan covered with green and red striped worsted damask, which stood underneath the window, which commanded a fine *vue-d'ail* of the gardens attached to the palace of the viceroy's pavilion. The hangings of the double doors and windows were of the same material. The furniture consisted of a plain green painted iron bedstead, the bars of which had never been fastened, and pieces of wood, like the handles of brooms, and an iron bar, were placed across to support the two thin cotton mattresses laid upon it. There were neither pillows, bolsters, nor bed linen, but as substitutes were placed three thin flat cushions; not a blanket, but two old worn-out wadded coverlets lay upon the bed. Not the sign of a dressing-table or a chair of any description, and a total absence of all the appendages necessary for a lady's bed-room; not even—"

Well, well, Mrs. Lott, the "not even" was, in your civilized opinion, certainly very odd to be sure. But don't mind trifles; let it be forgotten; let us ramble elsewhere. You were saying just now something about four broad steps; go on; that's right.

"Four broad steps led down into the garden, close to a plain white marble-columned gate, on the top of which stood out in bold relief the statues of two huge life-sized lions. . . . Here and there were scattered rose-trees, the brilliancy of whose variegated colors and the perfumes of their flowers were delightfully refreshing; geraniums of almost every hue; jessamines, whose large white and yellow blossoms were thrice the size of those of England, and a variety of indigenous and eastern plants, shrubs, and flowers, which were so thickly studded about that they rendered the view extremely picturesque, and perfumed the air, grateful to the senses. Verbena trees, as large as ordinary fruit-trees; other plants bearing large yellow flowers, as big as tea-cups, with most curious leaves; cactuses, and a complete galaxy of botanical curiosities, whose names the genius of a Paxton would be perhaps puzzled to disclose, ornamented those Elysian grounds."

This is only one sketch of only one spot in the many gorgeous and luxurious localities. Space forbids copying more; but the book states:

"Leaving these neglected scenes of amuse-

ment, we proceed along a path to the right, through a superb marble-paved hall, the ceiling of which is in fresco and gold. It is supported by twenty-eight plain pink-colored marble columns, surmounted by richly-gilded Indian wheat, the leaves of which hang down most gracefully, on each side of which, and also above . . . are some very handsome lofty rooms, the ceilings of which are also in fresco, with superb gilded panels. . . .

"The grounds of Frogmore, the Crystal Palace, St. Cloud, Versailles, the Duke of Devonshire's far-famed Chatsworth, and our national pride, Kensington Gardens and Windsor Home Park, exquisite, beautiful, and rural as they are . . . all lack the brilliant display of exotics which thrive here in such luxuriance. The groves of orange-trees, the myrtle hedges, the beautiful sheets of water, the spotless marble kiosks, the artistic statuary, are all so masterly blended together with such exquisite taste, that these gardens . . . completely outvie them."

The princesses were sometimes as highly adorned as the halls of marbles and frescoes, and as ornamental as the gardens of blooming exotics. On the festival of the Great Bairam, or on state occasions, when lady visitors made formal calls to compare complexions and cashmeres, their highnesses are spoken of with the highest delight:

"They wore the most costly silks, richest satins, and softest velvets; adorned themselves with the treasures of their jewel caskets, so that their persons were one blaze of precious stones. That crescent of females (for they always ranged themselves in the form of the Turkish symbol) was then a parterre of diamonds, amethysts, topazes, turquoises, chrysoberyls, sapphires, jaspers, opals, agates, emeralds, corals, rich carbuncles, and rubies. In short, the profusion of diamonds with which the latter adorned their persons from day to day became so sickening to me that my eyes were weary at the sight of those magnificent baubles, to which all women are so passionately attached."

But weary as were her British eyes, still she gazed in rapture when the darling gems were on exhibition; moreover, in the journal the impressions were faithfully recorded. On another occasion, when some princesses were coming,

"The Princess Epouse, the mother of my prince, was attired in a rich, blue-figured silk robe, trimmed with white lace and silver thread, with a long train; full trousers of the same material, high-heeled embroidered satin shoes to match the dress. On her head she had a small white crape handkerchief, elegantly embroidered with blue silk and silver, and round it placed a tiara of May blossoms in diamonds. She wore a necklace to correspond, having large sapphire drops hanging down the neck. Her arms were ornamented with three bracelets, composed of diamonds and sapphires, and an amulet entirely of sapphires of almost priceless value. . . . At times my eyes, when looking at the Peris arrayed in all their gems, have become as dim as if I had been fixing them on the noonday sun."

What young lady of an enterprising turn of mind would not be willing, after reading these glowing descriptions, to pack up her Saratoga trunks, to engage the Adams Express Company, and to charter the Cunard line of steamers, to aid her on to a glorious future near the base of the pyramids? Certainly not one of the ambitious and strong-minded. But they need not ask the English governess to go with them. She has been there; she will respectfully decline going again—not she, as Shakespeare's other old lady in *Henry the VIII.* exclaims, "not for all the mud in Egypt." For another part of the story remains to be told; another side of the picture to be presented; and dame Emeline tells it truthfully, she paints it life-like; the rose is beautiful, but beware the serpent under it.

Mrs. Lott is apparently a gentlewoman, refined, accomplished, intellectual, with an appreciation of the difference between civilized society and barbarism. But in the vice-regal harem, education was not to be found; ignorance was universal, superstition reigned supreme. None could read, or write, or sketch, or converse on a rational subject. No one could sing or perform on a musical instrument;

none cared for to-morrow or hereafter. Their daily routine, all the monotony of the desert, its burning sands, destitute of variety in incident or shade of change, was equally unproductive and unprofitable. They had nothing to expect with pleasing anticipation, had nothing to remember with regret. Physically, morally, mentally they were unclean and debased. Their passions, when aroused, were ungovernable; their greatest joy was revenge upon a rival; and their vengeance was deadly, by suffocation, submersion, poison or the bow. Their amusements were all such as their weary hours of listless idleness were passed in indulgence of enervating vice alike deleterious to health, comfort, and color.

The servants were steeped in a lower depth of dirt and degradation. The princesses had the power of life and death over them, and this power often exercised; they put them to the torture for a fault, the breaking of a plate, the falling of a cup; and cheek and arms seamed with parallel rows from the red-hot iron, attested how and how unmercifully cruel had been their punishment. The food of the menials was not prepared for them, nor given to them; but they picked by stealth from the dishes of the princesses' apartments, and after their repast was ended, refused chicken and pigeon, mutton, of soup, of rice, of fruit, and the rinds of fruit, tossed into a basket in one lump, mixed up, around which the servants flocked like carrion, and, squatting on the floor, in ravenously their reeking hands pick out disgusting morsels, their dripping, unwashed fingers.

The laundry did not require water; for the volume informs

"Those who performed the duties of washerwomen were occupied daily in their avocation, except on the Sabbath, (Fridays.) But that was not very laborious work, since neither bed, table, nor chamber linen are used. Thus they were engaged until twelve, when their highnesses partook of their breakfast separately. It was served up on a large green-lacquered tray, *minus* table-cloth, knives and forks, but with a large ivory table-spoon, having a handsome coral handle, the evident emblem of their rank as princesses. It was placed upon the *soofra*, a low kind of stool, covered with a handsome silk cloth. The repast occupied about twenty minutes. Then pipes, in which are placed small pills of opium, or more often cigarettes and coffee, were handed to them, and each princess retired to her own apartment. Thus they became confirmed opium-smokers, which produced a kind of intoxication."

Their common indulgence in opium, with a profuse supply of European wines and Schiedam gin, produced its natural results, and is thus depicted :

"Ofentimes after the princesses had been indulging too freely in that habit to which they had become slaves, their countenances would assume most hideous aspects; their eyes glared, their eyebrows were knit closely together; no one dared to approach them. In fact, they had all the appearance of mad creatures, while at other times they were gay and cheerful.

"They only combed their hair (which was full of vermin) once a week, on Thursdays, the eve of their Sabbath, (Friday, *Djouma*;) when it was well combed with a large small-tooth comb; and pardon me, but 'murder will out,' the members of the vermin family which were removed from it were legion. It was afterward well brushed with a hard hair-brush, well damped with strong perfumed water. Their highnesses never wore stockings in the morning, nor did they change any of their attire till afternoon."

When the summer heats set in, the harem was transferred to the coast at Alexandria, to inhale the fresh breezes from the sea. The preparation for flight was attended with some rich scenes and ludicrous exhibitions. But their transit on the railroad, boxed up like pigs or poultry on a cattle-train, is indescrib-

able in a decent print. The prelude to the trip will bear repeating; it is an amusing contrast with the festal robes on the day of the Great Bairam; the cutaneous sensation it excites is the penalty to pay for the knowledge imparted; the company is right regal.

"As soon as orders had been given to the grand eunuch to hasten the departure of the vice-regal family to Alexandria, . . . there was bustle all day long. One morning when I returned from the gardens, . . . I entered the grand pasha's reception-room; . . . there were their highnesses, the princesses, squatted on the carpet amidst a whole pile of trunks. They were all attired in filthy, dirty, crumpled muslins, shoeless and stockingless; their trousers were tucked up above their knees, the sleeves of their *paletots* pinned up above their elbows, their hair hanging loose above their shoulders, as rough as a badger's back, totally uncombed, without nets or handkerchiefs, but, pardon me, literally swarming with vermin! No Russian peasants could possibly have been more infested with live animals. In short, their *tout ensemble* was even more untidy than that of washerwomen at their tubs; nay, almost akin to Billingsgate fisherwomen at home; for their conversation in their own vernacular was equally as low. They all swore in Arabic at the slaves most lustily, banged them about right and left with any missile, whether light or heavy, which came within their reach."

At last the governess lost her health. The food was too unsuitable for a Christian woman, and the atmosphere, redolent of the overpowering rich perfumes of the gardens mingled with sickening, stupefying opium smell and smoke, along with other odors, almost intolerable. After visiting Constantinople with the harem, she threw up her engagement and returned to England.

This abasement of woman is not to be wondered at; for wherever the Christian idea of marriage is lost or subverted, woman becomes the mere object of passion, and degradation is sure to follow.

TRANSLATED FROM ETUDES RELIGIEUSES, ETC., PAR DES PERES DE LA COMPAGNIE DE JESU

THE FLIGHT OF SPIDERS.

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE FRENCH ACADEMY OF SCIENCE, MARCH,

ABOUT fifteen years ago, I was sitting in an arbor of my garden, reading, when a little spider fell on my book, whence I could not tell, and commenced to run over the very line I was reading. I blew hard to chase him away, but he would not go. He lifted himself strangely up, and I cannot explain how, but he lodged on a sprig of verdure just above my head. "Well," said I, "for a little animal like that, this is a wonderful feat! How has he accomplished it?" To satisfy myself, I took him up again, balanced him on my book, and, after assuring myself that he had no invisible thread to aid him, I blew again, and again the little fellow did the very same thing. With redoubled curiosity, I tried him once more, and, to see better, I sat down in the bright sunlight. Again I balanced him on the book, looked at him as closely as possible, and, when I felt assured no precaution could have escaped me, I blew once more. . . . Resuming the same inclined position, the spider as quick as lightning darted the finest possible thread out of him, raised himself in the air, and disappeared.

I confess I was stupefied. Never had I imagined these little animals could fly without wings; so I consulted several works on zoölogy, but I was astonished to find there was no mention made of the flight of spiders, nor of the ejaculatory movement of which I had witnessed so curious an example.* So there was a new ques-

tion presented to me, and my intention to study the habits of these animals—which hitherto had done me no concern—decided for me. I immediately lost all repugnance, distaste, and threw away all the just precautions of which the spider is too often the object, and of which I was as culpable as any one else. From that time I welcomed its appearance; was most happy to meet it, looked for it, indeed, and studied its habits almost with *furor*. I can say that, thanks to this preoccupation, which never left me, I found every opportunity to follow my inclination, and knew where to find spiders in all sorts of unexpected places.

Such are the singular effects of curiosity once excited, and still another proof that, in order to know nature well, we need only a serious glimpse of the unknown to double all our energies to explore it thoroughly.

And as in this study, trifling as it may appear, I seem to have made facts not known hitherto, but which deserve to be understood, I here resume the principal ones: those of the flying of spiders; of the habitation of some species in the air, and of the gossamer or air thread.

In the manner in which *L'epire diaphane* constructs its web: "Several authors suppose that the spider throws its thread like an arrow, others imagine it is blown upward in the air while flying as a fly would; neither of these explanations rests on observation; they are, after all, simple hypotheses." Then, citing his own observation as to how a spider acts in fast its great threads, he says, "It seems to take a horizontal position, and moves contrary to the wind." Simon's work gives us nothing else to lead us to suppose he has observed the wonders spoken of.

* In M. Eugène Simon's *Natural History of Spiders*, the most recent work of the kind, he says, speaking of

a singular phenomenon, for a long time discussed in vain, but which I believe I have definitively solved. I only ask the naturalists to judge one fairly, not by theory, but by facts. And I am persuaded, if they will take the pains to verify what I advance, they will find me exact ; and, if they begin doubtingly, I hope, after they have read my observations, they will conclude as others to whom I have communicated them. Mocking and incredulous at first, they have ended by believing their own eyes, and testifying to the evidence presented to them. May my labor prove useful, and, above all, contribute to the glory of the great God, whose just title is, *Magnus in magnis, maximus in minimis*.

I.

THREADS THROWN OUT BY SPIDERS.

THE first thing that I perceived, and that put me on the track of the rest, was, as I have just said, that the greater part of *aranides*, especially certain varieties of *thomis* *lycoses*, etc., besides the thread that they always draw with them, have the power of darting one or more of extraordinary length, and of which they make use to accomplish distances, to fasten their webs from one point to another, and even, as we shall see further on, to raise themselves in the air and there to seek their prey. The spider always points his abdomen to the side where he wishes to go. The thread shoots like an arrow, fastens itself by the end to the place destined, and the spider passes as under a suspended bridge. If this thread is cut, it is immediately replaced by another ; and the ejaculation is so prompt, so rapid, the thread so straight, so tenuous, so brilliant, that it might be taken, if I may so express myself, for the jet of an imperceptible ray of light. To perceive this

clearly, the spider must be held on a level with the eyes, which should be shaded, and examined with one's back to the sun.

The best time for such an observation is in the morning or evening, when the sun is low in the horizon and the temperature is mild ; for without this latter condition the torpid spider is more inclined to creep along the earth than to throw out new threads.

Sometimes, to excite them, they may be held by their ordinary thread and gently shaken or blown upon—just a few puffs of breath—which they detest.

I have thus been able to scan closely, while watching their development, this instantaneous jet of thread, which could not be less than five or six yards long, that is, fifteen hundred or two thousand times the length of the spider. What a tremendous apparatus must be necessary to these little animals for so rapid an ejaculation, and one so disproportioned to their size ! And especially if we consider that this thread, inasmuch as it adheres to the animal, has not the appearance of an independent organ, but seems solely to obey its will. Thus I have seen spiders, who seemed to miss the end desired with the first stroke, continue to hold the thread in the same direction, and actually *palpitate*, if I may so say, while striving to make it adhere.

But a truly interesting sight, and one obtained at a very trifling expense, is that which the *thomis* *bufo* offer, described by Walckenaer, in the first volume of his *History of Insects*, page 506. In truth, these araneides do not only throw out one thread, but an entire bundle of them, and are seemingly guided by the smaller threads, just as a peacock unfolds by degrees his splendid plumage.

And even in one's own room this sight may be enjoyed. It is only necessary to collect these *thomis*es and keep them in separate boxes, and nourish them in winter with one fly or so a month. Then take the boxes out, put them on a table in a very warm room, and sit a little in the shade and watch them. Very soon from each box will appear a multitude of threads, of extreme freshness and fineness, which the spider throws into the air with inexhaustible profusion. At certain seasons of the year we can enjoy this spectacle again, and at even less expense.

II.

FLIGHT OF SPIDERS.

ANOTHER property not less remarkable that these araneides possess (*thomis*es *bufo*, *lyc*oces *vor*aces, etc.) is that of flying; that is to say, of elevating themselves in the air, there sustaining themselves, and travelling about horizontally and vertically, with or without a thread; in a word, acting exactly as if in their own element. This fact I have witnessed a thousand times, and it has been certified to by a great number of people, who, at first incredulous, and alarmed for the laws of gravitation, were compelled to confess the reiterated testimony of their own eyes.

I had some pupils under my charge, and to them this study became a continued source of amusement. During their recreation, they found suitable spiders for me, and, when they brought them to me, I rested them on my fingers and made them mount upward in the air; and invariably, after having watched them for some moments, they were entirely lost to sight. But when I made the discovery—of which I will speak later—of the general migration which some species make yearly toward

certain regions of the atmosphere, I had no longer any trouble in inducing this performance to my tent.

The flight of spiders is very rapid, particularly at the start. They often escape from our hands while they are being examined. This happened to me once with a voracious *lyc*ose that I had a long time importuned to examine. Just as I was going to pick him up as entirely stupefied, he suddenly escaped from me by a movement, so rapid that I lost sight of him; I found him a moment afterwards suspended quietly in the air. I also remarked that he seldom throws out any thread when he starts. This was not the only time I made the same observation. I was once mentioning one day with some friends in the interior court of the house where I live, and, having seen a *lyc*ose, we saw him occupy himself first with the neighboring wall, running up and down for a few yards, about a tenth of a yard from the arch, against which he pressed himself from time to time, groped about to look for a thread; not finding one, he threw himself back into the court, raised himself perpendicularly, and disappeared into the clouds. His thread, if he had one, could not have been less than a tenth of a yard. Ordinarily, however, before they ascend, they throw out a thread which they fasten in a short time; then, arriving at a certain height, they break it, in order to vibrate more easily. If any obstacle before them, they wind it round their feet, throw it aside, and then those pretty little crowns of silk in form of *cracknels*, then they see flying in the air in time to catch them. Again, they balance themselves quietly with a thread.

rises perpendicularly above them, and gives them the appearance of floating.

But a peculiarity still more remarkable in the flight of spiders is the attitude that they take in flying. They generally swim *backward*, that is to say, the back turned from the earth, the feet folded on the corselet, and perfectly immovable. How can such a flight be explained, for they are already heavier than the air? Plunged into alcohol, they sink quickly; but in the air they seem to possess an ease, a liberty, a facility of transport, so admirable that I have never been able to see in them the slightest motion, nor even an apparent increase of weight. Does not this fact present an interesting question for the skilful to contemplate?

III.

HOW LONG THEY CAN REMAIN IN THE ATMOSPHERE.

At this portion of my history I have to relate facts the most curious and unexpected; and, unfortunately for me, more true than probable. I acknowledge I was loath to publish them, or assume concerning them any responsibility. But I was firmly convinced, and therefore hoped to be believed, especially by this generation of fearless naturalists, who are astonished at nothing in nature, and who, having often been surprised in the relation of almost incredible marvels, must certainly make allowances for a few more in another quarter.

Let us look at, for instance, the wonderful things related of the *argyronete*, or aquatic spider.* I could not

tell anything more unlikely, so I will only exact for the atmosphere a companion to what the Père de Lignac discovered in the last century for the water. Yes, I pretend there are spiders that live in the air as well as those living in water, and that every year, from the earliest days of spring, there is, unknown to us, a general migration of spiders toward the atmosphere, where they pass their best season, form their nets, chase their prey, and only return to earth in the first fogs of autumn to find their quarters for the winter. I add, also, that this ascent and descent give rise to the curious phenomenon, still so badly explained, of the gossamer. And as it was to the study of this phenomenon that I owe my knowledge of the rest, may I be permitted here, by way of demonstration, to relate briefly the path I have followed and the proofs which have led to the conviction I express?

Attracted, as I was, by all that concerns spiders, I could not remain indifferent to a fact so important and interesting as the periodical apparition of those threads which in spring and autumn we see flying about in long white skeins, clinging to trees, to hedges, and to the vestments of the passers-by, carpeting the country in a few hours with more silk, and finer and whiter, than could be spun in a year by all the reels in the world. Admirable netting, glistening in the light of the setting sun, and reflecting the sweetest, softest tints of gold, vermilion, and emerald, and receiving the pretty and poetical name of "*fil de la Vierge*." Was there not between this phenomenon and my preceding observations a secret tie, some mysterious relation? I seemed to foresee it, and, setting to work immediately, rejected from the very beginning the usual explanation of this phenomenon.

* The *argyronete* is a spider that lives in the water where she constructs a charming little edifice that appears surrounded with a silky mortar. The down that covers her contains a certain quantity of air for respiration. This gives her in swimming the appearance of a ball of quicksilver, from which we have her name.

How, indeed, can we admit these floating gossamers as merely the refuge webs of spiders, torn by the violence of the wind from the trees and forests and carried capriciously through the air? Will not the slightest observation convince us that they never appear but in the calmest moments, on days foggy in the morning, but afterward beautiful, and not preceding a storm; never in summer, often in the spring and autumn, and sometimes even in winter? If the winds carry them, why do they not appear in summer? Are violent winds and spider-webs both wanting? And who has ever seen one of these webs carried by a hurricane, especially in quantity sufficient to produce such a phenomenon? For the fall of gossamers sometimes lasts for almost entire days, and in certain countries during the middle of the day the fields are covered with them. Add, too, that violent winds are generally local, while this phenomenon is universal, and so periodical that in the same climates it appears at the same epochs, and, when one knows what produces it, it is easy to predict the time and day of the apparition.

Discontented, then, on this point with books and their explanations, I turn completely to the side of nature, and present all I observed.

From the first appearance of these threads in autumn, I was struck with the immense multitudes of new spiders met with everywhere, and which I had not seen during the summer. Little brown *Lycoses* filled the air, so that it seemed as if it had rained them. If one walked in the fields, the meadows, the gardens, on the borders of the woods, among heaps of dried leaves, scattered all through the forest everywhere, could be seen myriads of these little brown spiders,

jumping up and flying before me in every direction, and exactly such as I had already recognized as such excellent swimmers. After having passed the winter in the earth, in the holes of worms that they completed with a little silk, they reappeared after the cold in great numbers, to disappear again entirely in the first bright days of spring, and as if by enchantment. If one is seen again during the summer, we may be sure it is some female retarded by laying her eggs, and dragging laboriously her cocoon after her. Now, what has become of the others?

For several months I could not satisfy myself on this point, when, on the 21st of October, 1856, in the enclosure of the little seminary of Iseure, near Moulins, I came to a positive decision. I was observing the fall of a large quantity of gossamers, which were falling on that day in large white flakes, when I perceived close to me in the air one of those little black spiders descending gradually, and as if she were jumping. She held by an invisible thread to a large flake, which came down slowly about seven or eight yards above her; but, keeping outside of it, she hung by the end of the long thread, like an aeronaut underneath his balloon. My attention once attracted, I noticed so great a number that I was astonished I had not taken care sooner; for there was scarcely a flake underneath which there were not one or two, and this sometimes even before the flake itself was visible.* Each one was

* There is an observation which confirms my own. We read in *Darwin's Journal*, page 159: "Mr. Darwin saw a large number of gossamers on the ship *Beagle*, when she was about 60 miles from the mouth of the Rio de la Plata. It was the first of November, and these gossamers were carried by a very light breeze, and on each were found an immense number of little spiders, similar in appearance, about the twelfth of an inch in length, and in color a deep brown. The smallest were a deeper shade than the others."

ted by a slender thread, and ed the motion of its balloon. y met a tree or a bush, they d upon it; if not, coming close e earth, they ran along and lost in the verdure. If I ap- hed them too quickly or made se, they remounted rapidly by threads and went to disembark where else.

so examined some of the flakes. were all shining white mats, ring as if they had been wash- Several contained wings and of flies, fragments of the case tle coleoptera, and other rem- of their aerial festivities.

is encounter was for me a reve- . I knew where the spiders, I had seen disappear so brus- , took refuge, and, however rash dgment may appear, I felt as-

I had solved an interesting em.

t to establish seriously and give ience an opinion so new and ial as that the atmosphere may oped with spiders, I soon felt nore proof was necessary in or- o sit down calmly under my per- conviction. So I concluded I d not be doing too much if I d to the verification of their de- that of their ascension, and surprise them in this new mi- on. I waited, therefore, impa- y for the spring.

t that spring, and for five or six ollowed it, great was my disap- ment; for, though I perceived al isolated ascensions, yet no- in the proportion I had ima-

or that could justify my hypo- . I began then to doubt se- y my success, when an incident red that relieved my embarrass- , and proved how trifling some-

times are the causes which lift the veil from nature. I was looking straight upward, but sitting close to the earth, and so as to be able as much as possible to exclude the sun from my eyes. And here, by the way, a fact is made palpable, by no means microscopic, but which has escaped so long not merely the observation of the crowd of vulgar observers, but of those even who are wide awake and study carefully; namely, that it is not necessary to carry one's nose always in the air, if I may so express myself, to examine closely, to investigate, or to render a faithful account of phenomena.

On looking upward—as an ascension only takes place on very beautiful days, succeeding generally to bad weather—spiders cannot be distinguished from the multitude of other insects which fill the air. But if, on a beautiful day, mild, calm, and brilliant in sunlight, succeeding as nearly as possible to a rain warm with the south wind, at about nine or ten o'clock in the morning, a post is chosen on an eminence of a meadow or an avenue, and there, as near the ground as may be, and crouching low, the observer will look horizontally, he will perceive a series of fire-works, formed of innumerable threads launched from every direction and inclined toward the sky. This is the prelude. Soon the spiders detach themselves and mount slowly by their threads. The most conspicuous are the *thomis bufo*, because they are the largest, and because they only ascend with an entire bundle of threads, which gives them the appearance of small comets.

Thus have I decided:

1st. That there is not only one ascension every year, but several, at least partial ones; that they do not always take place in spring, but often in the autumn, and sometimes even in the

ere found on the white tufts, but all on threads.' d of Researches into the Natural History and v of the Countries visited during the Voyage Majesty's Ship, the Beagle, 1845.

The Flight of Spiders.

er; and in general, from the de-
t which has taken place in the
ning of autumn until the defini-
ascension in the spring, there are
few favorable days of which the
iders do not profit to make an aerial
urney, or at least to throw out a
rge number of threads. Thus, in
e Beaujolais, where I have lived for
several years, there were partial as-
ensions on the 1st, the 19th, and the
8th of November, 1864; the 21st,
the 23d, and especially the 25th of
October, the 9th of November, and
the 6th of December, 1865. In 1866,
the 18th and the 30th of January, the
3d of February, the 3d, 14th, and 31st
of October, and the 17th of Decem-
ber. In 1867, the 10th of February,
... the last, however, less considera-
ble than might have been predicted
by the beauty of the day. The day
previous was so mild, though cloudy,
that many of the spiders may have
embarked *incognito*. Many, also, may
not have judged it *a propos* to fly away,
for a great number still remained on
the ground. I forgot to observe the
temperature of all the days I have
noted. The director of the Normal
School of Villefranche having had the
kindness to show me the meteorologi-
cal register which he had kept with
great care, I was able to prove that
in calm weather only ten or twelve
degrees of heat were necessary to in-
duce them to mount upward. The
least exposed begin; then immediate-
ly the others, so soon as the heat
reaches them; but after three or four
o'clock in the afternoon no more as-
censions are perceived, unless they
are provoked; and this does not al-
ways succeed.

2d. Before taking their flight, they
generally cling to some elevated ob-
ject that they meet with easily, such as
shrubs, bushes, props of vines, or
blades of grass escaped from the
scythe. To these they affix their

threads and warm themselves well in
the sun before commencing their ex-
cursion. This is the happy moment
for amateurs to make their observa-
tions, for there is scarcely a blade of
grass that does not contain one or
more; and, if the branches of young
trees are suddenly struck with a
slight blow, a great number are de-
tached, suspended at the end of their
threads; and very often rare speci-
mens are thus found not discover-
able elsewhere.

IV.

TO WHAT HEIGHT DO THEY RAISE THEM- SELVES IN THE ATMOSPHERE?

On this point I have not been able
to make any direct observation. Per-
haps I have dreamed of offering ob-
jections to the concourse of intrepid
human navigators who undertake
such perilous excursions in the air,
and for my interest in the study I
have found two excellent reasons.
The first, that it would be well for
them to know that, if they have not
had rivals, they have had precursors,
who, for 6000 years, have executed
silently and noiselessly what they
have claimed for themselves by every
effort of puffs and publicity. The se-
cond, and a still more serious objec-
tion, and that I believe will truly in-
terest the future in this young indus-
try, is that if the argyronete and
bell has given to science the instu-
ment with which the divers explu-
the depths of the sea, why may
the study of aerial spiders furnish
aeronauts—these divers in air—
complete apparatus which they
quire to raise themselves to
height, direct their movements
maintain themselves at will?
not these little animals resolve
problem for centuries? Yet the
sent state of aerostation does
ford ground sufficient for com-

We are, therefore, reduced

jecture ; and, if I may be permitted to express mine, this is what I think :

I believe that spiders rise to the same height where on the fine days of summer one can see the swallows and martins hover, almost lost to sight, in pursuit of gnats that people these regions of the atmosphere. I found this belief on the webs of spiders seen falling in autumn, that seem to come at least from nearly such heights. They begin to be seen at a hundred or a hundred and fifty yards, and there is no great temerity in affirming that they have already traversed a good part of their course. An observation made in 1864, if conclusive, would tend to make remoter still the habitation of spiders ; for the fog that determined the fall that year was a *high* fog, that is to say, one of those uniform mists that hide the sky for several days together, and seem to extend to a great height. But, I repeat, this is all conjecture. One good observation would have been worth far more.

V.

CONJECTURES ON THE MODE OF BUILDING
OF SPIDERS IN THE AIR.

PERHAPS here I should stop, and, having stated facts, leave to others their explanation. How do spiders sustain themselves in the air? How can they so long brave the winds, the rains, the storms ; arrange their webs in emptiness and without apparent means of support? Prudence counsels me to avoid these questions, but my *role* of simple observer permits them. However, in waiting for better things, I decide still to hazard some conjectures, were it only to prove that a fact once admitted, it would not be absolutely impossible for the wisest to explain it.

The first idea that came to me was that these spider-webs raise

themselves in the air as the kites of children, and, made fast to the tops of trees and edifices by long threads, they are sustained by their own lightness. This idea was suggested to me by a sight I was witness to one day at the Seminary of Vals, near Le Puy. From a corner where I was in shadow, I perceived distinctly on each high ridge of the roof, lightened by the rays of the sun, long threads which rose perpendicularly in the air, like large cords, balancing themselves slowly right and left, without ever going out of a certain field of oscillation. But I soon gave up this idea. How admit, in truth, that on two or three threads, and without any other means of support, spiders could weave their true webs? Would not some of these aerial constructions tumble down every day, ruined by their own weight? while it is acknowledged they only fall in autumn, and always together.

I therefore rather incline to believe that the spiders are sustained in the air by the distention of an interior vesicle, analogous to that of fish, and that they ejaculate by their threads, which are numerous, and pierced with an infinity of little tubes, large bundles of threads, by which are taken the insects that serve for their prey ; that they resist the winds as fish do the tossing of the sea, and their threads, being glutinous, are not dampened by the rain ; and also being excellent conductors of caloric, as is proved by the abundant drops of dew which they pearl near the earth, on the hedges, etc. ; and if after a calm night they are touched by an autumn fog, these heavy and moistened threads weaken and fall one over the other, and form the silky flakes that are seen from ten to eleven o'clock in the morning, flying about in cloudy days with the spiders who inhabited them during the summer.

This, hoping for better, is the explanation I hazard, and I submit it with the rest to the appreciation of competent men. If only these pages attract attention to a merited subject,

and provoke numerous observations which alone can ever fully elicit it, the author will be more than paid for the few researches presented in this article.

TRANSLATED FROM THE "REVUE DU MONDE CATHOLIQUE."

JOHN TAULER.

BY ERNEST HELLO.

HISTORY has an astonishing memory. She records the day and hour of battles with exact fidelity. She knows a thousand things. She has recently discovered, if I do not mistake, the name of Julian the Apostate's cook. She remembers everything of little importance. The names of celebrated mistresses who have amused or poisoned renowned personages, are transmitted from age to age. Erudition has been making strides during the last hundred years, as if she had seven-leagued boots. To deserve the admiration and gratitude of mankind, however, she should not have degraded herself, but taken a higher sphere in her progress. Her memory indicates greatness of genius; but she is like calumny, she increases in size as she advances through the centuries. In her labors, researches, and exploits, she has been mostly busied with soldiers, and frequently forgotten God and man. She could not think of everything at once; the hidden history of humanity is yet to be written; the greatest events of the world are secret to this very day; and those who reflect on them are men of a special caste.

If there were question of the battle of Marathon, or of Antony and Cleo-

patra, our contemporaries would find well instructed; but did you know John Tauler, the G. Tauler, of the Dominican order, in the 14th century?

Master Tauler was a great preacher—powerful and popular. Once he gave a learned discourse, in which he taught the way of perfection. To make all his characteristic assurance become perfect, he enumerated twenty-four conditions, which he developed before an attentive and obedient audience. After the sermon, a layman, one of the poorest and most ignorant of his hearers, came forward. History, by one of those distractions so usual for her to have, when in the question of God, has forgotten the name of this individual. This layman said to Tauler:

"Master, the letter kills, and the spirit gives life; but you are a Pharisee."

DOCTOR TAULER: "My son, I am now old, and no one has ever spoken to me in this manner."

THE LAYMAN: "You think I am too bluntly to you; but it is my own fault; and I can prove what I say to you is true."

DOCTOR TAULER: "You will not speak in my favor, for I have never loved the Pharisees."

Then the layman, probing into the doctor's mental condition, showed him that he was held captive by the mere letter of the evangelical law, and devoid of its spirit.

"You are a Pharisee," proceeded the layman, "but not a hypocritical Pharisee. You are not on the road to hell, but on that which leads to purgatory."

Doctor Tauler embraced the man, and said to him : "I feel at this moment as the Samaritan woman must have felt at the well ; you have revealed to me all my faults, my son ; you have told all that was most secret in my soul. Who, then, has told you ? It is God ; I am convinced it must be so. I entreat you, my son, by the death of our Lord, to be my spiritual father, and I, a poor sinner, will become your son."

THE LAYMAN : "Dear master, if you speak thus contrary to order and reason, I shall not remain with you any longer, but straightway return to my own house."

DOCTOR TAULER : "Oh ! no. I beg you, in the name of God, to stay with me, and I promise not to speak thus again."

The docility of Tauler is sublime and touching. His great good will, which broke the pride of science, led him into the paths of spiritual contemplation.

"Tell me, I conjure you, in the name of God," said Tauler, "how you have succeeded in arriving at the contemplative state ?"

THE LAYMAN : "You ask me a very odd question. I confess to you frankly that, if I should recount or write all the wonderful things which God has been doing to me, a poor sinner, for twelve years, there would be no book large enough to contain them."

The layman then recounted how he had been deceived in his spiritual life ; how, influenced by Satan, he

had practised imprudent austerities, which would have injured both his body and soul ; and how, warned by God, he had returned to the paths of wisdom.

Both Tauler and the layman were then lifted up to the regions of contemplation. The unknown monitor then said : "If the God whom we worship could be comprehended by reason, he would not be worthy of our service."

But before his great illumination, Tauler suffered during two years frightful temptations. Abandoned, poor, suffering, that man of iron was shaken like a reed. The layman comes to his assistance, and sustains in his time of misery him whom he had crushed in his period of pride.

"For the first time," said the layman, "God has touched your superior faculties."

At the end of two years, the doctor again ascended the pulpit. The crowd which came to hear him was large. Tauler cast his eyes over the expectant multitude, then drew his cowl over his eyes and prayed.

The crowd awaited him ; but he spoke not a word. Tears filled his eyes and rolled down his cheeks. Tauler wept bitterly.

What a scene ! The audience become impatient. Some one asks Tauler if he will preach. Tauler continues weeping. He wept and wept ; and the multitude, anxious to hear his inferior oratory, and incapable of appreciating the higher eloquence of tears, could not comprehend the doctor's conduct. At last Tauler dismissed the assembly ; for his sobs choked his utterance. He asked pardon of the people for having kept them uselessly waiting ; and they went home. "Now," said some of them, "we see that he has become a fool."

But after five days' silence, Tauler

preached before the friars of the convent, and he was sublime. One of the friars went to the pulpit and addressed the congregation as follows: "I am requested to make known to you that Doctor Tauler will preach here to-morrow; but if he acts as he did last time, remember not to blame me." "How will he succeed?" said one to another. "I do not know," was the answer; "God knows."

This time Tauler could control his voice, and *silence* was his theme. He had built his eyrie in silence, as an eagle on the summit of a cliff. His language, worked out in silence, seemed to long after it; to return to its home, and die away in the high sombre clouds of complete solitude. Silence is the doctrine of Tauler; his secret, his food, his substance and his slumber. Absolutely free from all oratorical finery, his sermons go right to the mark, without respect for conventionality or the cant of ordinary discourses. He utters what he wishes to express; praises solitude, and returns into it. This is the reason why his external word takes nothing away from his interior recollection. His words do not betray his soul. Silence is the guardian angel of strength.

It was doubtless this profound doctrine of silence which gave to the eloquence of Tauler an extraordinary virtue. This man, who seemed to come out of a tomb, appeared with a thunderbolt in his hand. Fifty men, after the sermon, remained in the church as if transfixed by an invisible hand. Thirty-eight of them were able to move during the half-hour which followed; but the twelve others could not stir. Tauler said to the unknown layman, his adviser: "What shall we do with these people, my son?" The layman went from one to the other and touched them, but they were as immovable as rocks.

Tauler was frightened at the paralysis which he had caused. "Are they dead or alive?" said he to his friend. "What do you think?" "If they are dead," replied the layman, "it is your fault, and that of the Spouse of souls."

This fact, which is historical, seems like a legend.

This picture would be magnificent, if an artist should sketch it. The place where Tauler had just preached was a cemetery, and the twelve men who were lying on the ground in ecstasy resembled those who slumbered in death beneath. The orator, walking with his friend through the audience, who had become almost his victims; feeling the pulse and the face of his hearers, to detect in them after the sermon, as after a battle, some sign of life; passing through the ranks of the vanquished and healing the wounded, must have seemed something superhuman. At last the friend of Tauler found that the thunderstruck hearers breathed still. "Master," said he, "those men still live. Request the nuns of the convent to take them away from here, for this cold floor will injure them. One of the nuns, who was a listener to the fearful discourse, had to be carried to her bed, where she lay motionless.

The biography of John Tauler which serves as prologue to his sermons, says nothing of his external life; but dwells specially on his historical and legendary character. Those who wrote about him have not deigned even to inquire in the century he lived. This strange man has dispensed history from its ordinary inquiries, as if eternity had been the sole theatre of his terrestrial existence.

His friends are as strange as himself. The astonishing layman tells his name to nobody, and

us no means of discovering it, was not the doctor's only teacher. Another of his instructors was a beggar, just as extraordinary.

Tauler, according to Surius, petitioned God during eight years for a master capable of teaching him the truth. One day when his desire was more than usually strong, he heard a voice saying to him, "Go to the door of the church. Thou wilt find there the man whom thou seekest." He obeyed, and met at the appointed spot a beggar, whose feet were soiled with mud, and whose rags were not worth three half-pence.

They began a dialogue, of which the following is a portion :

DOCTOR TAULER. "Good day, my friend."

THE BEGGAR. "I do not remember ever to have had a *bad* day in my life."

TAULER. "May God grant thee prosperity."

THE BEGGAR. "I know not what adversity is."

TAULER. "Well, may God make thee happy!"

THE BEGGAR. "I have never been unhappy."

Urged for an explanation, the mendicant affirms that, "by means of silence, he had arrived at perfect union with God ; never being able to find pleasure in anything less than God."

TAULER. "Whence comest thou?"

THE BEGGAR. "From God."

TAULER. "Where hast thou found God?"

THE BEGGAR. "Where I have left all creatures."

TAULER. "Where is God?"

THE BEGGAR. "In men of good will."

TAULER. "Who art thou?"

THE BEGGAR. "I am a king."

TAULER. "Where is thy kingdom?"

THE BEGGAR. "In my soul."

We need often recall to our minds, in reading Tauler's life, that he was really a man of flesh and bone, an historical personage. Surius, Fathers Echard and Touron, have written his real life circumstantially. He was born in 1294. He was an Alsatian. He lived at Cologne, and died probably at Strasburg. We cannot fix the date of his death. It happened May 17th, 1361, says Father Alexander. Father Echard places it in the year 1379. Another historian, M. Sponde, puts it in 1355.

Let us now speak of his doctrine.

II.

THE doctrine of Doctor Tauler is the practice of divine union. This union, transcending human thoughts and hopes, is the secret of his life and the leading principle of his work. His sermons are full of instruction regarding this union.

His *Institutions* also teach it. Some writers hostile to Tauler pretend to have found in his writings the foreshadowing of quietism. This mistake can be refuted in three ways : by the works of Tauler, which always affirm human activity to the most contemplative soul, thus clearly separating the doctrine of the quietists from that of the German thinker. Secondly, Bossuet, whom no one will suspect of any leaning toward quietism, says of Tauler : "He is one of the most solid and exact of the mystical theologians." Thirdly, Tauler himself predicted quietism in a remarkable monograph, blaming strongly all that Molinos, Madame de Guyon, and Fenelon afterward asserted.

A close study of the Alsatian doctor shows that he always gives to both internal and external activity all the reality and all the rights which they possess.

"If any one," says he, "ascends

to such a height of contemplation as Saints Peter and Paul reached ; and he perceives that a sick beggar needs his help to warm his soup, or for any other service, it would be much better for him to leave the repose of contemplation, and aid the poor man, instead of remaining in the sweetness of contemplative life." (*Institutions*, p. 195.)

Here is the plain truth and no illusion. And elsewhere he writes: "Men should not pay so much attention to what they do, as to what they are in themselves ; for if the core of their heart be good, their acts will be so also without difficulty ; and if their conscience be just and right, their works cannot be otherwise. Many make sanctity consist in action ; but action is not the chief element in it. Holiness must be judged in its principle as well as in its acts. In other words, we must be interiorly saints before we can perform exterior holy actions. No matter how good may be our works, they do not sanctify us as works. It is we, on the contrary, who make them meritorious, in virtue of inner sanctity which is their producing principle. It is in the bottom of the soul that we find the essence of a just man." (*Institutions*, p. 156.)

Here is the truth again. Collate those two passages, after having studied them separately, and you will find that they throw complete light on the nature and value of human acts.

The almost continual ecstatic state in which Tauler lived, never made him forget his smallest duties.

It has been often remarked that grace adapts itself to the natural qualities of the individual whom it sanctifies. This is as true of nations as of individuals. In Italy, asceticism has the color of the sun. Italian ascetics shout, burn with ardor,

and seem full of exaggerated transports to the nations of cold. The landscape of Italian presents you a burning sky of fire, and a scorching earnestness is generally wanting. The hue is more sombre. Ardor is there ; but ardor with jealousy. There is a quietude in Spanish mysticism even adoration in it exalts as if suspicious of its truth. Many, profound gravity and severity lead the soul into a cold place. In Italy, images coming together, and divine life of rejecting them, embrace. The soul of the Italian wears garlands of flowers in his offering them joyously to the sacrament. Familiarity and devotion unite, like the two elements of electricity before the thunder. Familiarity, wedded to adoration, appeared in St. Francis of Assisi. The greatness of that strange saint saw brothers and sisters in all things, and conversed with the birds, and his monks, in tone and spirit, is not inferior. Manifest to superficial minds, good nature veils his wonderful character. In Germany, the mystic which poetry presents to us is accepted with great precaution ; and is sober in thought and expression ; and aspires to the sublime, whose form and content are intangible. German asceticism is philosophical, meditative, comprehensive, austere, sequestered up in herself, and self-sufficient. She borrows only what is necessary from persons and things. The world is a servant she employs only with regret. Aloof from all creatures, her words sound like concealed says to no one, "My brother," "My sister." If she has

he would be silence. Her sister would be the mist which surrounds God.

Tauler is one of the most majestic representatives of Teutonic asceticism.

A disciple of St. Dionysius the Areopagite and of that layman of whom we have written, in the wake of those two great characters he follows, with eye and wing of eagle, into the region of translucent darkness. He does not flutter there, he *soars*; or, if he flies, his motion is so high and rapid, that it seems like the active repose of a sublime and fruitful immobility.

Tauler seems to desire obscurity.

The remarkable effects of his preaching on his audience are less like thunder pealing in his language, than like the awful presence of the sacred cloud where the thunder is reposing.

Every man is a universe in himself. Unity and variety are the two terms of the antinomy, without which there is no life. But perfection consists in equilibrium between those terms. Such perfection is very rare. In general the antinomy of life is replaced by the contradictory, which is death. Man is divided between good and evil, always attempting an impossible reconciliation between them. Contradiction is a dead force which tries to serve two masters. An antinomy is a living force which, having chosen a master, and obeying but him, desires to serve him in a thousand different ways always useful. Nothing better displays the unity of a landscape than the variety of colors which it presents to the eye at the same time. The lights and shades, the undulations of the soil, and the accidents of sun, clouds, villages, forests, and spires, all are harmonized in the eye of the spectator; and the more numerous, varied, and unexpected are the details, the more does

he experience delight and a certain dilation of mind and heart in the contemplation of their unity. If he takes away some of the circumstances, he mars the effect of the whole; for he cannot even destroy a shadow without diminishing the sunshine. What is true of a landscape is also true of a book or a man. But Tauler lost the balance between unity and variety, for he gave all to one and nothing to the other. Few individuals, even among the greatest saints, have been so ardent in the sentiment, love, pursuit, and conquest of unity. He seeks after it incessantly, and it haunts him. He never seems to look at the road he is travelling. He fixes his eyes solely on the goal ever present to his soul. He turns neither to the right nor the left. He knows not whether there be flowers or thorns on the borders of his pathway. Do not ask him to imitate St. Antony of Padua, and preach to the fishes of the streams. He minds neither fishes nor birds. He seems to regard creation as a stranger, of whom he had heard tell long ago, but whose remembrance is now but faintly glimmering in his mind.

His love of unity, his call to unity, his transports for it, always take the same shape, the same key and accent; and produce in the end a certain monotony, which is not a question of doctrine, but an affair of nature and temperament.

Tauler somewhere relates the history of a hermit, from whom a troublesome visitor begged something that was lying in the cell. The hermit went in to find the required object, but forgot at the threshold what was wanted, for the image of external things could not remain in his head. He went out, therefore, and asked the visitor what he sought. The visitor repeated his petition. The hermit re-entered his cell, but

again forgot the request; and was at last obliged to say to his guest: "Enter and find yourself what you seek, for I cannot keep the image of what you ask for sufficiently long stamped on my brain to do what you desire."

Tauler, in narrating this story, unintentionally describes his own character. In every one of his sermons, he chooses a text and a subject. This was required by circumstances and by his audience. But the moment he enters the cell of his contemplation, he forgets text and everything else, and mounts into the realms of sublimity where he loses himself in that supreme unity after which his heart is always aspiring. The moment he begins to fly, he forgets the course he must take. With one stroke of her wings, his intellect finds her love, and then soars in her natural element, with plumes unruffled. Far above modes and forms of earth, she stretches out her broad wings in the cerulean vault of her beloved repose. If any should then ask him about some ordinary detail, he would certainly answer like the recluse above mentioned: "Enter yourself, and find what you are inquiring after. I cannot keep the image of material or minor things long enough in my mind to fulfil your request."

Tauler is continually citing Saint Dionysius the Areopagite. In fact, these two great men are at home in the same latitudes. The sermons of Tauler are to the works of the Areopagite what a treatise of applied mathematics is to one on theoretical mathematics. Tauler, like St. Dionysius, dwells in the interior of the soul, that secret and deep abode, the name of which he is ever seeking without finding, and which he ends by calling ineffable as God himself.

"It is in this recess of the soul," he preaches, "that the divine word

speaks. This is why it is written, 'In the midst of silence, a secret word was spoken to me.' Concentrate then, if thou canst, all thy powers; forget all those images with which thou hast filled thy soul. The more thou forgettest creatures, the more thou wilt become fit and ready to receive that mysterious word. Oh! if thou couldst of a sudden become ignorant of all things, even of thy own life, like St. Paul, when he said, 'Was I in the body or out of the body? I know not, God knows it.' . . . "Natural animation was suspended in him, and for this reason his body lost none of its powers during the three days which he passed without eating or drinking. The same happened to Moses when he fasted forty days on the mountain, without suffering from such long abstinence, finding himself as strong at the end as at the beginning."

The desire of Tauler that his hearers should become *Christian children*, ignorant or forgetful of everything in sublime ecstasy, shows plainly the nature of his charity. He wished for them absolute perfection, contemplative and active, transfiguration, transport, exactness, total accomplishment of truth, and the plenitude of all heavenly things. The atmosphere in which he lived favored his hopes and helped the efficacy of his teaching. He declares that in the monastery when a soul is suddenly called to some interior consideration, it can leave the choir in the midst of the exercises, and plunge itself unseen into the abyss of meditation to which God draws it. He also affirms that when friars pass several days in ecstasy, they have no reason to be disturbed at any irregularity of theirs which may result from such an accident, provided they obey the rule again, when they become masters of themselves. Thus the prodigious transports of true asceticism are ever

strengthening ; while those of false mysticism enervate the soul. Hence it is that Tauler, though he is always speaking of ravishments, never loses the character of force, and of that austerity which is the sign of God and the test of true contemplation.

"Where then does God act without a medium ? In the depths, in the essence of the soul ? I cannot explain ; for the faculties cannot apprehend a being without an image. They cannot, for instance, conceive a horse under the species of a man. It is precisely because all images come from without to the soul, that the mystery is hidden from it ; and this is a great blessing. *Ignorance plunges the soul into admiration.* She seeks to comprehend what is taking place in her ; she feels that there is something ; but she knows not what it is. The moment we know the cause of anything, it has no longer any charm for us. We leave it to run after some other object ; always thirsting for knowledge, and never finding the rest which we seek. This knowledge, full of ignorance and obscurity, fixes our attention on the divine operations within us. 'The mysterious and hidden word' of which Solomon writes, is working in our minds." (*Sermons.*)

Many men of genius, from the beginning of the world, have studied the human soul, and many are illustrious for the profundity of their psychological researches. Yet compared to the great mystical writers, those philosophers are mere children. Merely human psychology skims over the surface of the soul, only analyzing its relations to the interior world. They are ignorant of the phenomena which take place in the secret recesses of the mind. The great light, the incarnate Word, alone can throw its rays into those abysses. It is remarkable that those who study the soul for curiosity, merely

to find out, and consecrate their life to such investigations, discover very little. While those who care nothing for simple science, but who act virtuously, obey and glorify the Lord, see all things properly. Instead of aiding vision to peer into the soul's *penetralia*, curiosity dims the light. *Simplicity* is the best torch in those catacombs. *Simplicity*, commissioned by God, penetrates into the abysses of the soul, with the audacity of a child sent by its father.

The interior and extraordinary efforts by which Tauler rose to the height of contemplation, gave him, though he knew it not, an astounding knowledge of the resistance which man makes to man and to God ; of our combats, defeats, and victories ; and of those artifices by which we veil from ourselves our true situation during the battle. The rounds by which the soul ascends are counted, and yet the ladder of perfection has no summit.

The gospel, so merciful to sinners, vents all its wrath on the Scribes and Pharisees. All its charity is for external enemies ; all its severity for interior enemies. Jesus Christ used the whip once in his life to show men in what direction his indignation was turned. We have Magdalen and the woman taken in adultery on the one hand ; the money-changers of the Temple, the Scribes and Pharisees on the other. *There is a line of fire separating sinners from the accursed.* All Catholic doctrine, all ascetical tradition, is but the echo of Christ's mercy and Christ's anger. Tauler teaches like all the great doctors, in this respect.

He reprobates exterior practices which are devoid of charity, as the works of hell, most hateful to the Holy Spirit. The fixedness of his ideas gives a singular solemnity to his repetitions. On every page his hatred of works done without interior life

shows itself. Such works are his abomination. In all his meditations, prayers, experiences, and contemplations, he condemns them. "This doctrine," says he, "ought to be attentively meditated by those who torment and mortify their poor flesh, plucking out the bad roots which lie hidden around the core of man's heart. My brother, what has thy body done that thou shouldst scourge it in that fashion? Those men are fools who act as if they wanted to beat their heads against the wall. Extirpate thy vices and thy bad habits, instead of tormenting thyself as thou dost." . . . "There are men in the cloister and in solitude whose soul and heart are always distracted by a multiplicity of external things. There are men, on the contrary, who in public places, in the midst of a market, and surrounded by countless distractions, know so well how to keep their heart and senses recollected, that nothing can trouble their interior peace or injure their soul. These deserve the name of religious far more than the former." (*Sermons.*)

Tauler goes farther. When those men who place God in external acts remain apparently virtuous, "the Lord," says he, "turns away from them. But when, in his mercy, he allows them to fall into grievous exterior faults, then he returns to them and offers them forgiveness." Tauler

is always in the sky. He never stays long on earth. "God," says he, "can unite himself to the soul simply, immediately, and without image. He acts in the soul by an immediate operation; he operates in the depths of the mind where no image ever penetrates, and which are accessible only to him. But no creature can do this. God, the Father, begets his Son in the soul, not by means of an image, but by a process similar to the eternal generation. Do you want to know how divine generation takes place? God the Father knows himself, and comprehends himself perfectly. He sees down to the very source of his being; and contemplates himself, not by aid of an image, but in his own essence. Thus he engenders his Son in the unity of divine nature. In this manner also the Father produces him in the essence of the soul, and unites himself to her." (*Sermons.*)

All the discourses of Tauler end by a refrain. The chorus of his song is ever divine unity. Tauler is hardly a man; he is a voice speaking in the wilderness, calling men to descend into the depths of their souls. All his doctrine may be resumed in this word, to which we must give its etymological signification: *Adieu, à Dieu*.*

* The point of these words is untranslatable. The sense is *adieu* to creatures; and turn to God—*à Dieu*. —[TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.]

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN THE FIFTH CENTURY. Translated, by permission, from the French of A. Frederick Ozanam, late Professor of Foreign Literature to the Faculty of Letters at Paris. By Ashley C. Glyn, B.A., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-

at-Law. London: W. H. Allen & Co. For sale by The Catholic Publication House, 126 Nassau street New York.

A work like this furnishes the best antidote to the poison contained in the

writings of such sophists and falsifiers of history as Buckle and Draper. It substitutes genuine philosophy and history for the base metal of counterfeits. It exhibits truthfully what Christianity—that is, the Catholic Church, which is concrete, real Christianity—has done in creating the civilization whose benefits we are now enjoying. The translator's preface furnishes so interesting a sketch of M. Ozanam's life and literary career, that we are sure of giving a great gratification to our readers by transferring the greater portion of it to our pages.

"A few words may be said as to the career of the author, Frederic Ozanam, whose name has not yet become widely known in this country. He was born August 23d, 1813, at Milan, where his father, who had fallen into poverty, was residing and studying medicine. His mother, whose maiden name had been Marie Nantas, was daughter to a rich Lyonsese merchant, and it was to that city that his parents returned in 1816. The father obtained there a considerable reputation as a doctor, and died from the effects of an accident in 1837. His son pursued his studies at Paris with great success, and was destined for the bar. He took a prominent place in the thoughtful and religious party among the students, and his published letters show how he became identified with the movement set on foot by Lacordaire and others. He was especially distinguished, however, by the foundation of an association of benevolence, called the Society of St. Vincent of Paul, which from its small beginnings in Paris spread over France, and has at the present time its conferences, composed of laymen, in all the larger towns of Europe. M. Ozanam showed, even during his student life, a leaning toward literary pursuits, and a distaste for the profession of the bar, to which he was destined; but he joined the bar of Lyons, obtained some success as an advocate, and was chosen in 1839 as the first occupant of the professional chair of Commercial Law, which had just been established in that city. The courses of lectures given by him were well attended, the lectures themselves were eloquent and learned, and M. Ozanam seems to have preferred inculcating the science of jurisprudence to practicing in the courts. But in the course of the following year, 1840, he obtained an appointment which was still more suitable to his talent, the Professorship of Foreign Literature at Paris, and which gave him a perfect opportunity for the cultivation of his

favorite pursuit, the philosophy of history. Shortly after his appointment, M. Ozanam married, and the remaining years of his life were spent in the duties of his calling; in travelling, partly for the sake of health and pleasure, partly to gain information which might be woven into his lectures; and in visits to his many friends, chiefly those who had taken an active part with him in upholding the interests of religion in France. He never entered upon active political life, though he offered himself upon a requisition of his fellow-townsmen as representative of Lyons in the National Assembly of 1848. In politics M. Ozanam was a decided liberal, in religion a fervent Catholic. His letters show a great dislike of any alliance between the church and absolutism, and a conviction that religion and an enlightened democracy might flourish together. He wrote in the *Correspondant*, which embodied the newer ideas, and was frequently animadverted upon by the *Univers*, which represented the more conservative party in church and state. His more important works were developed from lectures delivered at the Sorbonne; and his scheme was to embrace the history of civilization from the fall of the Roman Empire to the time of Dante. But failing health, although much was completed, did not allow him entirely to achieve the great object which he had originally conceived when a mere boy; and the touching words in which he expressed his resignation to an early death, when his already brilliant life promised an increase of success, and his cup of domestic happiness was entirely full, may be found among his published writings. M. Ozanam seems to have continued his literary labors as long as rapidly increasing weakness would permit, but after a stay in Italy, which did not avail to restore his broken health, he reached his native country only to die, September 8th, 1853, in the fortieth year of his age, and the heyday of a bright and useful career. He was lamented by troops of friends, old and young, rich and poor—the latter indeed being under especial obligations to his memory. His friend, M. Ampère, became his literary executor, and undertook the task of giving his complete works to the public, for which end a subscription was quickly raised among those who had known and respected him at Lyons and elsewhere. From the lectures which he had completed and revised, from reports of others, and his own manuscript notes, an edition of his complete works was formed in nine volumes, comprising *La Civilisation au Cinquième Siècle*, *Etudes Germaniques*, *Les Poètes Franciscains*, *Dante et la Philosophie*

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

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A PLEA FOR LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE.

FORESEEING that we shall be obliged, in this present article, to present some very unpalatable truths to a portion of our readers, we assure them in the outset that we do not wish unnecessarily to revive unpleasant recollections.

Facts are facts, however, history is history, and truth is truth; and so long as we do not cherish a malevolent spirit, or seek to embitter and envenom the minds of our fellow-men against each other, there is no reason why we should not have liberty to speak plainly, even about very ugly and very discreditable things. On the present occasion, we use this liberty in defence of the weak and defenceless against tyranny and oppression, in defence of the rights of conscience and religious freedom in the case of a considerable number of persons grossly disregarded and violated. The right which we undertake to defend is the right to embrace, profess, and practise the Catholic religion; and the wrong which we wish to contend against is the system of domestic and social tyranny by which this right is impeded. It may

appear to some a very curious statement, yet we venture to make it boldly, that in every part of the world where the English race is dominant, Catholics have been engaged, ever since the era of Protestant ascendancy, in a struggle for liberty of conscience against spiritual tyranny, either political, social, or both combined. We do not propose to go back to the period of penal laws, civil disabilities, and legal persecution in Great Britain and America, just at present. This is a chapter in history already tolerably well elucidated and likely to be still further commented upon in the future. We will let it pass, however, for the present, and confine our view to a more recent period, during which, theoretically speaking, in England Catholics have enjoyed full toleration, and in the United States equal liberty with other citizens.

Notwithstanding this theoretical liberty, Catholics have been exposed, as every one knows, to outbreaks of popular violence, in which their blood has been shed, their churches and other property burned and destroyed, and their religion made the

object of denunciation, vituperation, and ridicule in a wholesale manner. The primary cause of this state of things is to be found in the representation which Protestant preachers and writers have made of the Catholic religion. On this head we will content ourselves with quoting the language of a Protestant clergyman, the Rev. Leonard W. Bacon, of Williamsburg, L. I., which we have just seen in a report of one of his sermons published in the *Brooklyn Times* for March 17th, 1868:

"The duty of considering the question now submitted to us has required me to stand before shelves filled with volumes of antipapal literature, and to glance from page to page of its contents. The character of much of that literature is a shame and a scandal to the cause in which it is uttered. It is full of evil and uncharitable talk against Romanists and their clergy, and deformed with bad temper and bad logic and reckless assertion." A few sentences further on he designates a certain class of writers against the Catholic religion as the "scurrilous crew of antipapery-mongers, who make a trade of the prejudices and passions of the American public, feeding them with vituperation and invective."

This description applies to a class of writers in England and Ireland equally as well as to the class designated among ourselves. We pass over all that the general body of the Catholic clergy and people have had to suffer from the general prejudice against them created and excited by the calumnies and invectives of these writers and declaimers against their religion. We fix our attention upon one point only, what those persons have had and still have to suffer from this prejudice who have become Catholics from conviction and choice, or who have wished to do so, and

would have done so, had they not been deterred by the violent opposition they have encountered.

In England, a little stream of conversion began to set back the ancient church during the cruel and despotic reign of Elizabeth, but continued to run during succeeding reigns, but at last was dried up totally or almost dried up, and source received a new supply through the influence of the French who were refugees in England. At length the current began to flow more fully and strongly than ever. Within the last twenty-five years the movement of return to Catholic unity has been steadily progressing until it has become so considerable as to attract universal attention and awaken general anxiety concerning its probable results. In the United States, a few rare and isolated instances of conversion occurred from time to time during the early part of the present century, which have become much more numerous in the past twenty-five years, from various causes which we need not specify. At present, there are probably fifty thousand converts to the fold of the Catholic Church in this Republic, a great many more would gladly become Catholics if there were no sacrifices to be made in order to do so, and an immense number of persons who are more or less favorably predisposed toward the Catholic religion or partially convinced of its truth. From the day on which these strayed from the path of the holy Mother Church back to retrace their steps to her bosom, to the present moment, there has been essentially the same story to tell of the disregard and violation of that liberty of conscience and of religious freedom which the Catholics have been so loudly protesting ever since they have had

tence. In the earlier period of this disastrous epoch, some have suffered a literal martyrdom, and all along, down to the present time, many others have endured a moral martyrdom which is perhaps harder to bear as well as more lingering in its agony. Very many have needed a virtue and constancy truly heroic or bordering on the heroic, in order to nerve themselves to the sacrifices and to push through the opposition which they have been forced to encounter as the condition of becoming members of the Catholic Church and following the voice of their reason and conscience.

Those whose memory goes back over the last twenty or twenty-five years, can recall the storm of indignation and obloquy evoked by the first remarkable conversions which took place as the sequel of the Catholicizing movement originating at Oxford. As a general rule, the converts in England, even though belonging to the highest classes in society, including the nobility, and well known for their exemplary moral character, found themselves ostracized from the circles in which they had been wont to move, shunned by their most intimate friends, in many instances excluded from intercourse wholly or in great measure with the members of their own families. Some persons of high rank were obliged to go abroad, in order to find the society of persons of their own class which they needed for themselves and their families. It was the same in our own country. A convert to the Catholic Church found himself treated as an individual who had abjured Christianity, engaged in a conspiracy against his country and the human race, or as if he had been detected in perjury or forging notes. Every one was speculating upon the motives and cause of his strange

conduct, as they have been recently in England upon the Rev. Mr. Speke's sudden disappearance and mysterious rambles. Insanity was the most frequent and the most charitable reason assigned for an act generally considered as utterly unreasonable and disreputable. Some were excluded from the bosoms of their own families; some were disinherited by those whose heirs of blood they would have been; and others, who were helpless, dependent persons, were thrown upon the world by near and rich relations, who had hitherto supported them, and would gladly have continued to do so had they consented to smother their consciences. Some have been thrown out of business and employment, reduced to straits in order to gain a living, or even to extreme poverty and suffering. We do not allude now to those Protestant clergymen with families who have resigned their benefices in the Church of England, or given up their salaried offices in the Protestant Churches of the United States. The sacrifices made by these individuals, although very great, were unavoidably necessary, and cannot be attributed to any injustice or illiberality in the Protestant community. But we refer to those cases where persons have been deserted and abandoned by those on whose previous good-will, patronage, or custom they had been dependent for the means of gaining their living, for no other reason than the simple fact of their becoming Catholics. We may add to these more serious matters the infinitude of petty grievances and annoyances to which many persons are subjected by their relatives and friends. Their religion is attacked and ridiculed, without regard to the proprieties of polite intercourse, as if a Catholic were out of the category of persons

whose convictions and sentiments are entitled to respect. Obstacles are placed in the way of their fulfilling the duties of their religion. Their children are enticed to eat meat on days of abstinence, to attend Protestant churches, to read anticatholic books, to shun the society of Catholics, without regard to the conscience of the child or the authority of the parent. Every possible influence is brought to bear upon them to make them feel that their religion places them at a social disadvantage, and that Protestantism is more genteel and respectable. In short, if we try to imagine the state of things which converts to Christianity had to struggle with in Rome and the gentile world after the laws had ceased to persecute, but before the Christian religion had ceased to be a despised and unpopular religion, we shall have a very good counterpart of the present condition of Catholic converts in England and the United States.

The trials and difficulties of those who are on the way to the Catholic Church are even greater than those which have to be encountered afterward. Not to speak of the interior trials which are necessarily involved in the process of conversion, even for those who are perfectly free and independent, or even placed under influences which facilitate the transition to Catholicity, there are exterior difficulties in the case of most persons of the gravest and most distressing nature. Besides the opposition of relatives and friends, in the shape of argument, entreaty, expostulation, sorrowful disapprobation, which is the more painful and the harder to be overcome the more kind and affectionate it is in manner and spirit, the dread of wounding and grieving those who are dearest and most respected, disappointing their hopes and incurring their displeasure,

there is often to be encountered the might of spiritual tyranny, the influence of a parent's or husband's potent will, and, in short, a *persuasive* worse to be borne than would summary trial and execution. Happily, these trials are often great for the courage of those who have received the inward vocation to the Catholic faith, and who are required to undergo so much if they would follow it. Some are afraid of losing caste, some of being shut out of doors, some of losing their livelihood; others are afraid of countering the anger and reproaches of their friends, or the scorn and umny of the world, or the loss of popularity. There are those who are deterred by their dainty and fastidious dislike of mingling with the vulgar, and who cannot bring themselves to go to a church which is humble and mean in its appearance, to receive the sacraments from a priest of polished exterior. But these have themselves only to blame, though we may commiserate their weakness, and lay the chief blame on the false maxims prevalent in the community at large.

It would be easy to cite numerous instances in illustration of all that we have just said upon this subject, from personal knowledge or the testimony of others; and if it were possible to compile the complete history of the conversions to the Catholic Church which have occurred during the last quarter of a century to be written and published, it would be, for the most part, only an extensive commentary on the statements we have made. It is then the saddest part of the story which must remain untold, unless all those who have been deterred from publishing the voice of conscience could be induced to publish their confessions to the world, and those who have died in perplexity and distress

the want of those sacraments which their own cowardice or the refusal of their friends prevented them from receiving, could come back from the grave to add their testimony to that of the living.

The writer of these pages was acquainted with a gentleman of eminent position in the world, who was for a long time a Catholic at heart, and who on his death-bed desired to see a priest with whom he was intimately acquainted, that he might receive the last sacraments from his hands. This priest, who was a man of the greatest dignity of character and universally venerated in the community, called at the house several times, was politely received, but never permitted to see the dying man. When the poor old man perceived his last hour drawing near, he called his faithful Irish nurse to his bedside, as the only true friend to whom he could open his grief, and confided to her the sorrow that was darkening his dying moments. He told her that he desired to see a priest, to make his confession and to receive the last sacraments, but that his request was denied, so that he had given up all hope of his salvation, and believed himself doomed to die in despair. The good girl comforted and soothed him, assured him that he need not distrust the mercy of God, and explained to him that in his case a perfect contrition for his sins would suffice for their full remission. He begged of her to teach him how to make the acts of faith, hope, charity, and contrition, to recite prayers by his side, and to help him to prepare for death. She did so, and through her holy ministrations his soul was tranquillized, so that he died in peace.

The writer was once sent for by a man of unusual intelligence and plain, respectable standing, who was in reduced circumstances, and dying of a

slow consumption. He learned from the lips of this man that he had been for some time perfectly convinced of the truth of the Catholic religion, and was satisfied that it was his duty to be received into the church. Nevertheless, it was impossible to persuade him to act on his convictions, because he was sure that the assistance of certain societies, upon which his family depended, would be withdrawn. He hoped to recover, and promised that, if he did, he would profess his faith openly; but we never heard anything more from him, and have never heard the conclusion of his sad history.

It is but a few months since a young widow lady, a convert, was turned out of house and home, not very far from our own city, after the decease of her father, with whom she had been residing, by her own brother, for the sole reason that he did not wish to live in the same house with a papist. We will not multiply instances; but they will rise up in abundance before the memories of many who will read these pages; and if a recording angel could take down what will be remembered, thought, and felt by all whose eyes will peruse these lines, they would be transformed from a brief and tame summary into a whole volume of living and pathetic interest far surpassing the most thrilling tales of fiction. Tears will be shed, sad memories will throng upon many minds, many hearts will ache, we are assured, over the words we are writing in perfect calmness and composure, and without any direct intention of awakening emotion. Some will think of trials past, some of trials present, and others will recall to mind their own weakness and timidity in the hour when they were tried and found wanting. There are many others, however, and will be many more hereafter, to whom this plea for the liberty of conscience will

be, as we cordially trust, not merely a subject of personal interest, but also a practical help in surmounting their difficulties. We allude to those who are now turning or who will hereafter turn their faces wistfully toward the Catholic Church, but have first to overcome the obstacles we have described above before they can enter its portal. For this class of persons we have the most profound sentiment of pity and sympathy. The rich and independent, the able-minded and able-bodied, who can take care of themselves, men who can assert their own rights, and those generous youths to whom a glorious career is open in the priesthood, do not claim our sympathy, for they do not need it. But we pity the helpless and dependent; those who struggle with poverty and live on the bounty of others, delicate, gentle women, and all the weak, feeble children of God who would fain follow their conscience if they were let alone and not interfered with, but who shrink back appalled when it is a question of nerving themselves to meet opposition and push their way through trials. It seems to us that there is something hard and cruel beyond all other forms of tyranny in that usurped, unjust despotism which is exercised over these tender consciences. What can be a more odious or flagrant violation of all right and justice than to attempt to crush a conscience by force, to quell it by threats, to wear it out by opposition, to stifle it by fear, or to lure it by selfish, temporal interests? All will answer this question alike, and admit, at least in theory, the wrong that lies in the attempt of any person to violate the rights of any other person's conscience. The only point really open to discussion is, What constitutes a violation of just and rightful liberty of conscience? The question respecting the right or expediency of en-

forcing obedience to the dictates of conscience and the fulfilment of its moral obligations is quite a different one, though closely related to the antecedent question. We are, in arguing with non-Catholics on these points, assume the truth of Catholic principles, or urge any consideration which necessarily presupposes the Catholic religion to be the true one. Of course, in the last analysis, must come back upon the fundamental principle that the law of God is supreme and must be obeyed, at all hazards, let come what will. Neither what human laws, what private interests, what dreadful penalties stand in the way, God must be obeyed, conscience must be followed, and its dictates must be done. The authority of the state must be braved, human institutions must be disregarded, life must be sacrificed, when loyalty to the truth and to the will of God require it. Those who reject the authority of the Catholic Church, however, must not admit that the Catholic Church is the law of God; and we must therefore either make our sole issue with them on this precise point of the truth of the Catholic doctrine, which is the same thing as a declaration of eternal war, or we must find some middle term common to both, upon which the peace of social relations can be settled and the mutual rights and liberties of conscience be secured. Catholics are obliged, therefore, to waive their claim of right and liberty to promote the Catholic religion, which is based on its positive truth, so far as an argument is concerned, and to present only such claims as a fair-minded person, whether Protestant, Jew, or infidel, may admit as just and reasonable, without changing in his own particular opinions. It is not to be expected that all our arguments will be equally applicable to every class of persons, whatever

religious opinions may be ; but we will endeavor to furnish at least one or two for each of the principal classes into which the non-Catholic community is divided. If some of our Catholic readers are offended by our seeming to take a tone too apologetic and defensive, we beg them to remember that the early Christian apologists were not ashamed to do the like. They vindicated the Christians of their own time from such accusations as worshipping an ass's head and drinking the blood of infants. It is painful and humiliating to be obliged to vindicate ourselves from gross calumnies ; but it is an act of charity toward those who are deceived by these calumnies, and still more toward these helpless and defenceless persons who must suffer from them.

We begin on the lowest possible ground by affirming that a person in becoming a Catholic commits no offence against the laws of morality or against the civil and social laws commonly recognized among non-Catholics. There is no treason against society, no offence against domestic rights, no repudiation of any moral duties or obligations, nothing to make a person a bad citizen, a bad neighbor, a bad husband, wife, or child. There is no disobedience against any lawful external authority which has any right to inflict any penalties affecting a person's social or civil rights. There is no reason, therefore, why a person who embraces the Catholic religion should be treated by his acquaintances or society in general as a criminal, and made to suffer in his social and domestic relations. In our heterogeneous society, everything is tolerated which is not *contra bonos mores*. That which strikes at the order and peace of the natural relations binding us together in society cannot be tolerated even on the pretext of

liberty of conscience or opinion. Therefore, Mormonism has no rights under our laws, and ought not to be tolerated, and Mohammedanism could not be tolerated. If the Catholic Church were really what it has been represented to be by many, it could not claim liberty or even toleration in non-Catholic states. But it is not what its enemies have represented it to be. A person who becomes a consistent Catholic will be a good citizen and respect the laws. He will be faithful to his social and domestic duties, and strictly observant of all moral obligations. It is not the spirit of the Catholic religion to introduce discord or trouble into families or societies, or to interfere with any just and lawful rights. The only annoyance which can arise will be the annoyance which persons wishing to violate the natural laws will meet with from the conscientious observance of morality by the Catholic party. Suppose a Catholic lady wishes to go to Mass, to confession, to devote a part of her time to meditation or charitable works? Does that necessarily interfere with the perfect fulfilment of all her duties toward her family and society? Is it any greater liberty than that which women generally expect to be conceded to them, and which they take at any rate, whether it is granted with a good or a bad grace? Let the question be decided by the actual conduct of those who have become Catholics in their relations with others who are not of their faith, and we are not afraid of the judgment which candid and fair judges will render. Certainly, then, they ought to enjoy the same liberty which is conceded to those who profess any other form of religion not contrary to the received standard of good morals, and to those who profess none at all. Those who profess the latitudinarian

opinion that all religions are alike, and who claim unbounded liberty of opinion for all, ought to be the first to give to Catholics the full benefit of this privilege.

With those who are more strongly attached to their own form of religion and hold it to be the only true one, the case is somewhat more difficult. Such persons may say that a person brought up in what they call the true, Evangelical, reformed faith, or in the pure, apostolical, Protestant Episcopal Church, especially if he has been a communicant, and most of all if he has been a minister, is an apostate from his faith as a Christian, a renouncer of his baptism, and therefore a criminal before God and the church, if he, to use their language, becomes a Romanist. Let it be so. When argument and persuasion have been tried and have failed, let the church pronounce her spiritual censures on the disobedient member. We cannot complain of that. Let him be canonically deposed if he is a minister. We cannot complain of that, either. But is there any reason why our Evangelical or High-Church friends should think it necessary or expedient to proceed any further? Suppose they do regard the person in question as a delinquent and as an unfortunate dupe of error and delusion. Will our Evangelical friends affirm the principle that none but the elect are entitled to the rights and privileges arising out of natural and social relations? Will our High-Church friends affirm the same, substituting for the elect, consistent members of their own communion? If not, we cannot see why they may not allow Catholics the same indulgence which they concede to sinners, heretics, and infidels. We put them the plain question, whether they have any right to interfere with the conscience and the religion of an-

other, or to use any kind of coercion or persecution against any one who ever may be the relation in which they stand toward them. Some of our friends may perhaps deny that a person is a member of that which he deems to be the true church, and that he can come a Catholic conscientiously and sincerely. But suppose it is so. Where is the authority to compel him to fulfil his conscientious obligations of a purely spiritual nature? If we are not now speaking of young converts who have not attained to years of discretion, over whom parents certainly have an authority which must be respected. But, apart from this exception, what authority is claimed for enforcing any religious obligation by any other means than an appeal to the conscience? If there are any who really believe there is a right of excommunication in their church which extends as far as to exclude a person from the privileges as a member of society, and to reduce him to the state of one who is *vitandus*, or an outcast to be avoided by all, we only desire that they will act out their doctrine impartially and universally. Is it not, at all times, *inexpedient* to appeal to it in the present state of society, while no one of disability is contracted by those who profess the principles of Colenso or Herbert Spencer?

The case may be supposed to be one of persons, influenced by no ill feelings, who would desire to withdraw from all intimacy with relatives and acquaintances who have joined the Catholic Church, on the ground of their conversation and influence being dangerous to young persons in the family. Such a motive is one we can respect, for we can and ought to respect fidelity to conscience when it is an erroneous conscience which is followed. Moreover, a person is bound to keep up any intim-

lations which transcend the bounds of ordinary courtesy with any persons outside the immediate family circle, unless it is agreeable to himself to do so. But what is to be said of those who, on a plea of conscience, sunder the closest bonds of nature, or threaten to do so? We can easily understand that a Jew, a Puritan, an old-fashioned Lutheran, a Presbyterian, or an English Churchman might be so thoroughly absorbed in his religion, and so intense in his attachment to it, that the conversion of a wife or child to the Catholic Church would be a far worse blow to his affections, and a more blighting disappointment to his hopes, than would be the sudden death of either one, however tenderly loved. An intelligent Jewish gentleman once told the writer of this article that he was deterred from receiving Christian baptism by the fear of causing the death of his aged father; and this is not an unusual instance either among the descendants of the ancient Pharisees or the adherents of the "straitest sects" of Protestant Christians. In such cases, where no softening of the temper and no modification of the mental condition takes place, there is no room for argument. The word of our Lord must be fulfilled—that he came not to bring peace, but a sword. One who has to choose between submission to the will of another and the disruption of the most sacred human ties, must choose the latter when the former involves the violation of a certain and known law of God. There is, therefore, no other course open to a Catholic in such a case except the one of professing and practising the Catholic religion openly, without regard to consequences. If they are excluded from their homes and abandoned by their friends, they must try to bear it patiently. We would scorn to appeal to the

mere sentiment of human pity or to the maxims of indifferentism, in arguing with any man who should say that his religious principles require him to banish a wife, a son, or a daughter out of his house. It is our opinion, however, that in most instances, after persons have had time for cool reflection, they will not deliberately affirm that their religious principles do require these harsh measures. No one will pretend that they require or authorize any kind of tyrannical or vexatious persecution, or an abandonment of those who have a natural claim to protection to poverty and suffering. We are disposed to think that prejudice, passion, wounded pride, and similar causes have a great deal to do with the line of conduct alluded to. And one good reason for thinking so is the fact that so many firm and consistent Protestants, and even bishops or other clergymen of standing, have acted differently, and have treated Catholic converts even of their own families with kindness and courtesy.

We have supposed hitherto that we were arguing with a person who would not admit that a convert from the religion he himself professes can be sincere and conscientious. It is impossible, however, to sustain such a position on any ground which the majority of intelligent non-Catholics will admit to be reasonable; for it can be sustained only by one of three arguments. First, that the illumination of the Holy Spirit gives to the individual reason an infallible certainty of the truth of some one form of anticatholic belief. Or, second, that some such form is at least made morally certain by rational evidence of such a kind as to exclude all probability that the Catholic religion may be true. Or, third, that some certain and unerring authority, to which one is bound to submit his private judg-

ment, exists in one of the several communions calling itself the true church of God. The first argument cannot be brought into the forum of discussion, because there is no certain, external test by which it can be proved that such an illumination exists, or by whom among various claimants it is possessed. The second is refuted by the simple fact that so many intelligent and learned persons are convinced by the Catholic arguments. The third is refuted by the fact that no one of the churches claims infallibility. High-Churchmen claim a teaching authority for their communion, but it is not claimed by their church itself in any such sense as to exclude the right and duty of testing its claims and doctrines by private judgment on the Scriptures. Those who make the claim of authority in behalf of this church do not pretend that it is more than a portion of the universal church, and therefore, by the very claim they put forth, directly suggest and provoke an examination of the question what the universal church really teaches. The most learned and eminent theologians among them distinctly assert that the doctrines of the Church of England must be interpreted in conformity with the teaching of the Catholic Church. Will any reasonable person, then, pretend that one may not examine all the evidence that can be adduced to prove what that teaching is; or that he may not conscientiously and sincerely adopt the conclusion that this teaching is really identical with the doctrine of the Roman Church? We may cite here the judgment of Dr. Johnson, who was a staunch Episcopalian, upon this point. Boswell relates it in these words: "Sir William Scott informs me that he heard Johnson say, 'A man who is converted from Protestantism to popery may be sincere. He parts with no-

thing: he is only superadding to he already had. But a convert from popery to Protestantism gives up much of what he has held as sacred as anything he retains; there is much *laceration of mind* in such a conversion that it can hardly be sincere and lasting.'"^{*} In truth, every man of dogmatic and positive Protestantism presents its lines of fracture to the great mass of Christendom conspicuously to the eye, that it is absurd to pretend that its relation to that mass is not a thing to be examined and judged of by every one who is capable of judging for himself. It is, by every one who is responsible to his conscience and to God for his belief upon those doctrines affirmed by the Catholic Church and denied by his own detached body. An unchristian, fashioned, strict Israelite can make a far more plausible claim for authority over the conscience in behalf of the synagogue, than any Protestant can make for his church. The Jewish hierarchy had once authority from God, and has only been superseded by the sovereign authority of Jesus Christ. We cannot argue with them, therefore, that a Jew who renounces Judaism violates no obligation of conscience toward a lawful authority except by adducing the evidence that Jesus is the Messiah foretold by the prophets. Upon his own premises must regard such a person as an impostor and a rebel. The only reason which could have any weight against him, why he should continue to do the same kindness to a member of his family who had been baptized before, would be, that it is better to leave such a case to the judgment of God, and refrain from an exercise of severity which could do no good but rather aggravate the difficulty. The majority of Jews at present are,

^{*} Boswell's *Johnson*. Edit. Balt., Bond, 1836.

ever, rationalists. They place the essence of religion in mere Theism and natural morality, regarding the peculiarities of Judaism as accidents. On their own ground, therefore, they can have no excuse for obtruding any claim of Judaism over the reason, conscience, or private judgment of any of their number. Take away a divinely appointed, infallible authority, and in all matters of purely religious belief and practice each individual is in possession of full liberty, for the right use of which he is responsible only to God. Moreover, in matters of positive, dogmatic doctrine, the majority of non-Catholics acknowledge that only probability is attainable. Logic and good sense have brought them to this conclusion as contained in the premises with which they started. But in questions of probability and matters of opinion, persons of equal sincerity and conscientiousness may differ. We are certain that this will be admitted as an axiom by our non-Catholic readers. But if this be so, those who profess to be convinced of the truth of Catholic doctrines ought to be regarded as sincere and conscientious, which we think most of our non-Catholic friends will also admit.

Every one must see, then, how contrary to every right and honorable principle it is to attempt to act on the minds of those who desire to become Catholics by any other means than argument and persuasion. How dangerous, how unjust, how mean it is to strive to terrify or wheedle them into a forced acquiescence in the will of others through human and worldly motives! It would be almost an insult to our readers to argue this point gravely. Those who follow the principles of Demas in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and are in favor of religion only when she walks in silver slippers, will not publicly avow and de-

fend any such base maxims, or maintain seriously that their great objection to the Catholic religion is, that it is not sufficiently genteel. Even the *New York Herald* flouts scornfully the religion of velvet cushions, which makes the *elect* to consist solely of the *élite* of society.

But at last we come at what is the real *gravamen* of the complaint against Catholics on the part of those who are disposed to be fair and kindly. It is not that we hold certain doctrines as opinions, or adopt certain modes of worship as suited to our taste. This could be allowed without difficulty as our undoubted right, provided we would admit that the Catholic Church is only the best and most perfect among several forms of religion. But we maintain its exclusive truth and legitimacy, and proclaim it to be the only way of salvation. It is unpleasant for one to have his wife, or children, or near friends, look upon him as a person excluded from communion with them in spiritual things and out of the way of salvation. Very true! But what does this prove? It proves that the ideal of society is only actualized in religious unity. It makes no difference what your ideal is, whether it is something purely natural, or, under some form, supernatural. There must be unity either in some negative or some positive form. That is, there must be something to give those who are closely connected on the earth the same idea of the tendency and end of this earthly life, and of the future life which is to succeed it. Yet we find that society is not in this ideal state among us. It is impossible for Catholics to sacrifice their convictions and violate the dictates of their conscience, for the sake of a unity which they believe to be chimerical. We believe that it is only the

Catholic religion which can bring society to its ideal perfection, and therefore we shall, for this reason, as well as for higher ones, do all in our power to make it universal. Probably our Evangelical friends await the millennium, and other classes of the religious community await the universal triumph of some kind of church of the future, while the sceptics look for a millennium of science and common sense. Meanwhile, it is probable that some time must elapse before any such epoch shall arrive, and we must live together in all manner of political and social relations. It is only by a jealous regard for the personal religious liberty of every individual that we can live together in peace and harmony. Is it not, then, better that, if we cannot immediately heal all the wounds of society, we should at least alleviate them as much as possible, awaiting a more radical cure at a future time?

We have already, in a former article, expressed our views upon this

point sufficiently, so that we need not dwell upon it any longer; sent. Happily, these are the principles which are practically carried out in a great number of cases, and are gaining ground more and more. The state of things we have described is becoming ameliorated even in our country. If the just, honorable and rational temper of the best of non-Catholic Americans toward Catholic religion and its mission were universal, and all persons proposed to become Catholics were treated with the same delicacy and respect for their liberty of conscience which some have experienced, there would be no occasion for this communication in behalf of that religion. Those of our readers who categorize themselves under this category should understand, therefore, that with us we have no controversy; but are regarding an enemy as hostile to our own domestic and social peace and well-being as to our own.

BENEDICTION.

"We go so far, and with so much trouble, to obtain the blessings of certain holy persons, and of father the pope; yet here is the Lord of saints, and the God of whom Pius IX. is only the viceroy, cannot intermit our socialities or forego our ease to receive his blessing!"

THE INVITATION.

THE balmy May is breathing on the air,
The rich, red sun sinks slowly down the west.
Come forth, dear soul, and be an honored guest:
One doth invite thee to his house all fair;
One great and good, this eve, doth wait thee there.
Nay, nay, not that dear friend whose hand hath prest
So oft thy own; not any ruler blest,
Of happiest clime: a nobler friendship share.
Ah! no; no poet doth such kindness move;
No wise, nor good, nor grand, nor holy, whom
The race reveres: a better friend would prove
His love; a greater asks thee to his home.
Within the tabernacle of his love,
The Lord of heaven awaits thee: wilt thou come?

NELLIE NETTERVILLE ; OR, ONE OF THE TRANSPLANTED.

CHAPTER IX.

To this proposition Nellie joyfully assented, and he led the way accordingly up a rocky path winding westward toward the cliffs. Once or twice he turned as if to give her aid, but Nellie skipped like a young kid from rock to rock, exulting in her independence ; and, finding that she declined assistance, he went on in silence until they reached a point among the cliffs, high enough to give them a full sea view toward the west.

The Atlantic lay beneath them, rolling in its mighty volume of deep waters, and dashing them against the cliffs below with the strength and calmness of a sleepy giant. Nellie had often seen the *sea*, that narrow strip of water, namely, which separated her own birth-home from the birth-place of her kindred ; but of the mighty ocean, with its thousand voices coming up from the deep caves below, its murmurings and whisperings, its infinite variety of tints and aspects, its lights and shadows, its clear green depths and crystal purity, such as no smaller sheet of water can ever boast of, she had never even dreamed before ; and as her eye roamed over the smooth expanse until it reached that uttermost point where sea and sky seem to blend together, a sense of vastness and power fell upon her soul which almost oppressed her. For a few minutes Roger watched her as she stood there in hushed and breathless admiration, but just as the silence was beginning to be oppressive he broke in by saying, softly, "Yes, yes ! it is all bright, and smooth, and shining now ; but I have stood here

on an autumn evening, and watched it when it was black and swollen, brimful beneath the coming storm—when the wind seemed almost a living power—a thing to be seen as well as felt—as it swept over that mighty mass of waters, mingling its hoarse voice with theirs, and forcing on their waves, as a general forces on his troops, until it dashed them in a very frenzy of fruitless valor against the beetling cliffs beneath us. And, in truth, I almost prefer it in those moods," he added, like one thinking his own thoughts aloud ; "for then it looks simply like what it is, a huge monster ever greedy for its prey, whereas, now, in this lazy sunshine, it seems to me nothing more or less than a great smiling treachery, wooing its victims toward it, only that it may afterward the more thoroughly engulf them."

"It is a great, beautiful terror, even as it is to-day," said Nellie breathlessly. "What a height we are above it ! It makes me giddy only to look down ?"

"Do not look, then," said Roger anxiously, "but rather turn inward toward yonder isle, which is only separated from the mainland by a narrow strip of water. There are cliffs upon that island which look westward over the ocean and rise eighteen hundred feet above it, and the inhabitants will tell you that, when the weather is calm enough, you can see from thence, at the setting of the sun, the 'Hy Brysail'—the enchanted isle, the 'Tir-na-n'oge,' or land of eternal youth and beauty, to which death and sorrow never come, and where (so the old legend tells us) a hundred years of this mortal life pass

swiftly as a single day. Few, as you may well suppose, are the favored mortals who have ever reached it, and fewer still, if any, who have ever come back to tell the tale of their adventures."

"It is a pretty legend," said Nellie, straining her eyes over the ocean as earnestly as though she seriously expected to discover the fairy island of which he spoke floating on its bosom. "Have you ever really seen anything like land in that direction?"

"If you choose, we can go some of these days on a voyage of discovery," said Roger, smiling at her seriousness; "only, if we do find 'Hy-Bry-sail,' I warn you that we shall have to stay there. Such is the law by which adventurers to its shores are bound. It does not seem a hard law either, does it? Would you object to it, Mistress Netterville? to be young and beautiful for ever! Sorrow forgotten as if it had never been, beneath the spells of that magic land!"

Nellie drew a long breath, and her blue eyes grew well-nigh black with suppressed feeling as she looked westward toward the ocean. But she did not answer.

"Well," he said, finding she would not speak, "will you try the adventure with me, or do you still prefer earth and its passing showers to this land of eternal sunshine?"

Nellie sighed—it almost seemed as if she were making a real choice; and when he playfully repeated, "Have you decided? which shall it be—this old kingdom of Grana Uaille or Tir-na-n'oge?" she quite seriously replied:

"Not Tir-na-n'oge, certainly; though a year ago, perhaps, I might have chosen otherwise. But youth and its sunshine is not real happiness, after all, although sometimes it looks very like it; and even if it

were, there is something to me in the life of happiness, simple and untried, less noble, and less likely to be a choice of a soul predestined to sorrow than in one of sorrow borne."

"Sorrow has done its worst for you, at all events," said Roger, moved to a higher feeling of sympathy than, two minutes before, he would have thought it possible to have entertained for a creature so young and still so childish."

"Woe to the soul upon which it does it not, once that soul has been delivered to its guidance," Nellie answered softly, and almost as if beneath her breath.

Roger gazed upon her silent face, and seemed as if she were changing beneath his very eyes from a thoughtless impulsive child into a woman, with earnest feeling—a woman, every fibre of her fine, strong nature—and yet still in the untriedness of her sixteen years as in the confidence of a child.

"Then you prefer a happiness which would bring with it the contrast?" he added, as if to her further.

"I would prefer, at all events, happiness founded upon duty," he answered gravely; and then, half-ashamed of her own earnestness, she asked him lightly:

"Is it not strange to find a land of peace and plenty among a people completely bereft of both as poor creatures, by their very position as a conquered race, must miserably be?"

"For that very reason!" he answered quickly; "for that very reason! Men despised as savages, treated as wild beasts, will brood over schemes of revenge or soothe themselves with dreams of unreal bliss. Is

derful, therefore, that these poor people, with their dreamy and imaginative natures, should sometimes look wistfully over the broad ocean, and fancy they see a land where (if once only it could be reached) flowers, and joy, and eternal sunshine, would console them for the misery endured among these barren rocks, in which they have been forced by their enemies to seek—I was going to say, a home—it would have been far more correct to have said—a prison?”

“Nay, but now it is you that are unjust,” said Nellie, smiling—“unjust to this fair land you live in. The kingdom of Grana Uaille can in no sense of the word be called a prison; and even were it ten times less beautiful than it is, to me it would still remain the one bright memory left me to look back to in this great year of sorrow.”

Roger turned quickly round, but Nellie met his eye with such a look of frank candor and unconsciousness as to the possibility of any hidden meaning being attachable to her words, that he felt tacitly rebuked beneath it, and merely said:

“Ay; but, Mistress Netterville, I was talking of a home.”

“Home!” said Nellie softly—“home, after all, is but the place where the heart garners up its treasures. These were almost the last words my dear mother said to me, and now I feel their truth; for if she were but once more at my side, the barrenest island in Clew Bay would become to me, I think, at once as home-like almost and dear as Netterville itself.”

Again Roger seemed on the point of saying *something*, but again he checked himself and was silent.

Nellie saw the flush upon his brow, and interpreted it her own way.

“You are not angry, Colonel O’More,” she said, with the simpli-

city of a child; “surely you do not fancy, because I spoke of Netterville, that I am ungrateful for the kindness which has made this island like a second home to me.”

“No, indeed,” he answered, with a smile so bright that it must have reassured her even if he had not said a word in answer. “No, indeed. I was, or at all events I *am*, only thinking how I can best persuade you and Lord Netterville to consider this island as your home, even in the absence of its lawful owner.”

“Absence,” said Nellie; “are you going then, and wherefore?”

“Wherefore?” said O’More quickly. “I marvel that you cannot guess. Because, Mistress Netterville, though I live upon this island, and though its inhabitants acknowledge me as their chieftain, it is yet a sorry fact that I am poor, poorer in proportion than the poorest of the number; an outlaw besides, with every man’s hand and sword against me, and nothing but the traditions of past greatness to soothe, or, which much oftener is the case, to add bitterness to the meanness of my present station.”

“Why call it meanness?” said Nellie, flashing up. “You have fought and lost for your king and country, as we all have fought and lost; and your enemies may take your lands indeed, but they cannot rob you of the glory of the cause for which you have contended, nor can they make you other than you are, a descendant of brave old Grana Uaille and the inheritor of her kingdom.”

“Kingdom!” said Roger, with a little bitter laugh. “Turn your eyes inland, Mistress Netterville, and look from the northern point of Clew Bay southward toward the spot where Croagh Patrick casts its shade upon the bright waters. That was the old kingdom of Grana Uaille, and my

inheritance upon the day that I was born. My earliest recollections therefore are connected with this wild land, and every rock and cave in its fair winding coast-line was as familiar to me in my childish days as the toys in their nursery are to more tenderly nurtured children. But they sent me at last to Spain for that education which would have been denied me here, and I only came back (while still a mere raw boy) to fight under the banner of my kinsman. I will not trouble you with a history of that war; you know it, alas, too well already! But when Preston took refuge in Galway, and the other chiefs of the confederation dispersed in different directions, I made the best of my way hither, hoping, amid the wilds and fastnesses of my own country, to be permitted to remain at peace. Rumors reached me on the way of the great scheme of the transplantation, and of the numbers flocking from the eastern counties to usurp, against their will, the possessions of their poorer brethren in the west. Soon after that, came tidings that the enemy had reserved the coast-line for themselves, then that they had swarmed over into some of the Clew Bay islands, and then, at last, that they had taken possession of and fortified Carrig-a-hooly, the old castle of Grana and the spot where I was born. Still I pressed unhesitatingly forward; for I remembered the 'Rath,' and knowing that it was, or used to be, almost a ruin, I hoped it would have escaped them, and that I might find there a refuge and concealment for the moment. Mistress Netterville, you can guess at the result. I went as you went, and found as you found, that it was occupied already. Major Hewitson—"

"What of Major Hewitson?" a voice asked impatiently at his elbow.

Roger turned, and found himself face to face with Henrietta, who had glided so quietly up the mountain path that neither he nor Nellie had an idea of her presence until she announced it by this question.

Remembering her kindness of the day before, Nellie's first impulse had been to greet her eagerly; her next was to retreat a step behind O'More, with an uncomfortable though only half acknowledged consciousness that she herself would be considered by Henrietta as one too many in the coming conversation. There was, in truth, a flush on the young lady's brow and a sparkle in her eye, by no means inviting to familiarity, and without seeming conscious even of Nellie's presence, she repeated the question angrily to O'More:

"What of Major Hewitson? What of the owner of yonder castle?"

Roger looked at her steadily, then removing his cap, and speaking in his most courtly tones, he answered quietly:

"Nothing, Mistress Hewitson, nothing at least, unfit to be said in the presence of his daughter."

"That won't do!" cried Henrietta passionately, "that won't do. I heard his name as I came up, and I *will* know what you were saying of him."

Roger laughed a bright, merry laugh, which Nellie thought no ill-humor could have resisted, and he answered frankly:

"Nay, for that matter, Mistress Hewitson, if you insist upon it, you are quite welcome to hear not only all that I did say, but all likewise that I was about to say on the subject of your father. I had just observed to Mistress Netterville (whose person you seem somehow to have forgotten since yesterday) that I found Major Hewitson in possession of my last refuge on the mainland, and I was going to add that, as he

had thus made *his* fortune at my expense, I trusted he would not endeavor to prevent me seeking mine, where in these days Irishmen most often find them, under the golden flag of Spain."

Spain! Nellie's heart leaped up suddenly, and then grew very still. This, then, was the meaning of that word "absence" which had already startled and, even against her will, disturbed her. This was his meaning. He was about to leave Ireland for ever, and make a home for himself in his mother's land. Nellie's heart leaped up, and then grew very still!

When she returned to a consciousness of the outward world around her, Henrietta was saying eagerly:

"Do not wait to know what he may think upon the subject; but go at once. Remember you are an outlaw, and that an outlaw is one whom the law permits to be hunted like a wild beast, and slain whenever or however he may be taken."

"And this, then, is the fate which your worthy father is preparing for me?" Roger asked in a tone of bantering politeness, which, considering the circumstances and Henrietta's evident excitement, Nellie could not help thinking almost unkind. "It is thus, like a wild beast, as you rightly term it, that he is about to set upon me and slay me unawares."

"I do not say it! I do not know it!" said Henrietta, almost sobbing.

"I only say—only know that there are fresh troops of soldiers coming in to-day; that there have been for at least a week past prayer-meetings and preachings and waitings on the Lord, things which all portend a coming danger, and one that probably will point toward you. Colonel O'More, be merciful; take my warning for what it may be worth, and ask no further questions. Re-

member, that if I think not with my father in these matters, I am still, at all events, his daughter. And now I must begone, for with all my skill at the oar, and little Paudeen's to boot, I shall have hard work to get back in time for the mid-day meal, and the long and weary homily by which it is seasoned and made pleasant to unbelievers like myself."

Henrietta turned as if to depart, but yet she did not. She seemed to be struggling hard with some hidden feeling, and at last, with an effort so violent that it was visible, at least to Roger's eyes, she flung her arms round Nellie's neck.

"I know nothing of you but your name, young mistress," she said in a smothered voice; "but I know, at least, that I and mine have wrought you a great injustice. That injustice unhappily I have no power to repair; but yet, if ever you have need of any help that I can give, and will come and ask me for it, believe me, instead of heaping coals of fire on my head, you will be giving me the only real happiness I can feel, so long as I know that, by my residence in these lands, I am usurping the rights of others."

Henrietta almost flung Nellie from her as she finished speaking, and then, without another word, either to her or Roger, she took the down path of the cliff, and was out of sight in a moment.

The two whom she left behind her continued silent, until they saw the "corragh," or small boat, in which she had come, and which had been waiting for her beneath the cliffs, gliding once more out into the open bay; then they also turned their steps homeward, and Roger, with no small dash of enthusiasm in his manner, exclaimed:

"Brave girl! would you believe it, this is the second time she has given

me notice of a snare? only the first times," he added, with perhaps some intuitive guess at the sort of questioning that might be going on in Nellie's mind, "only the first time it was by Paudeen, who sails her boat, and who, she well knows, may be trusted in all that regards the safety of his chieftain. But what is the old white-haired gospeller up to now, I wonder? I own I am fairly puzzled!"

"We are not, I trust, the cause of this fresh trouble to you?" said Nellie timidly.

"Oh! no. I think not; for your sake I trust not," he answered thoughtfully. "It seemed to me to be altogether personal to myself; for if it had been about the priest, I think she would have said so."

"The priest! where is he?" Nellie asked. "I did not even know that there was one upon the island."

"Not upon this island, but on another, as you shall see to-morrow if you choose to make one of his Sunday congregation. But yonder is your grandfather watching for you: had we not better go and join him?"

Nellie assented, and quickening her pace almost to a run, she was in her grandfather's arms ere Roger, who came on more leisurely, had time to join them.

Lord Netterville gazed lovingly into Nellie's face, and smiled as he saw the bright color which exercise had called into her pale cheeks. Then he turned courteously toward his host. Perhaps he had some vague idea in his old head that the fate of his grandchild was to be henceforth, in some way or other, connected with that of Roger; perhaps he was not himself aware of the significance of his action; but this at all events is certain, that, instead of relinquishing Nellie's hand, he kept it tightly in his own, and when the young chief-

tain approached to greet him, laid it silently in that of Roger.

There was enough in the action itself, and still more in the way in which it was done, to send the blood scarlet to Nellie's brow, and she struggled to release her hand. For one moment, however, Roger held it, gently but firmly, he even made a movement as if he were about to raise it to his lips; instead of doing so, however, he dropped it quietly, and said in a low voice:

"Not now, not yet; but when you are once more at your mother's side, will you permit me to remind you of this moment, and to ask for the treasure which I now relinquish, at the hands of her who is your only lawful guardian?"

CHAPTER X.

EARLY the next morning, Nellie found herself gliding over the waters of Clew Bay in one of the native corraghs of the country, under the protection of her host. He was captain and crew all in one, and she was his only passenger; for it had been decided on the previous evening that Lord Netterville was not in a fit state to endure the fatigue of such a voyage, and with old Nora to look after his creature comforts, and Maida to guard him in his lonely fortress, Roger assured his granddaughter that she need have no scruple in leaving him during the two or three hours required for their enterprise. And Nellie had readily obeyed; for, if the truth must be told, she had begun to rely implicitly upon his judgment, and to submit to it as unquestioningly as if she had been a child. The little shyness produced by Lord Netterville's thoughtless action of the day before had entirely worn off, partly because she herself had striven

womanfully against the feeling, but chiefly because Roger, thoroughly comprehending how needful it was to her comfort that, during her residence in his lonely kingdom, she should be entirely at her ease in his society, had adopted, as if by instinct, precisely the affectionate, brotherly sort of manner which was of all others the best calculated to produce this result. Nellie therefore gave herself up without a thought to the pleasant novelty of a brotherly sort of petting and protection which seemed to call for nothing more than quiet acceptance on her part, and she listened to Roger with the keen and unsated interest of a child as he told her the names, one after another, of many of the clustered islands and rugged rocklets, glittering like jewels in the deep bosom of the bay, almost always contriving to add some little legend or stray scrap of history, which gave each for the moment an especial, and (if the expression may be allowed toward inanimate objects) an almost personal interest in her eyes. At last he turned her attention toward the mainland, pointing out the graceful windings of Clew's varied shore, its wave-worn caverns and rocky arches, its cliffs with their mantles of many-colored lichens which made them look at that distance as if nature had stained them into an imitation of most curiously-colored marble; and beyond these again, its broad tracts of uncultivated bog-land, purple with heath in autumn, but now yellow with gorse or dark with waving fern, its hills rising one above another in lonely, savage grandeur, with Croagh Patrick, the monarch of them all, standing up on the south side of the bay, and looking down in haughty, cold indifference upon its waters as they flowed beneath him. Nellie followed his eye and finger eagerly as

he pointed out each individual feature in the scene before her; but observing that he lingered for a moment on Croagh Patrick, she turned toward him for explanation.

"It is Croagh Patrick," he said; then perceiving that she was not much the wiser for the information, he added in some surprise, "Do you not know the legend, that it was from the cone of yonder hill St. Patrick pronounced the curse which banished all venomous hurtful things from Ireland? Had the saint lived in these days," Roger added, in that undertone which Nellie had by this time discovered to be natural to him in moments of deep feeling, "it is not, I think, against toads and snakes that he would have directed his miracle-working powers, but against the men who, coming to a land which is not their own, make war in God's name against God's creatures, hunting them down with horn and hound, and snaring and slaying them with as little compunction as they would have snared or slain a wolf."

"Would he then have expelled me also?" asked Nellie, with a wicked smile. "You know that I, too, (and more's the pity!) have blood of the hated Saxon in my veins."

"Certainly not," said Roger promptly, "with your blue-black eyes and blue-black hair, he would without a doubt (saint and prophet though he was) have been deluded into believing you a Celt."

"And so I am almost," said Nellie, with childish eagerness; "only consider, Colonel O'More, we have been in the country almost three hundred years, and in all that time, until my dear father's marriage with my mother, (who is unfortunately an Englishwoman,) it has been the boast and tradition of our race that its sons and daughters have never wed-

ded save with the sons and daughters of their adopted land."

"Remember, then, that it will be for you to renew the tradition," said Roger suddenly, and without reflection. He repented himself bitterly a moment afterward, as he caught a glimpse of the flush upon Nellie's half-averted face, and in order to undo the evil which he had done he added hastily, "Yonder is our destination, that bare, black rock jutting out from the mainland far into the deep waters."

"It is not then an island?" said Nellie a little disappointed. "I fancied you said yesterday that it was one."

"Perhaps I did, for it juts out so far and so boldly into deep water that, from many parts of the bay, it looks almost like an island. You cannot see the hermitage from this, but yonder is the church, perched right upon the cliffs above."

"Perched!" repeated Nellie, with a sort of shudder. "I should hardly say even that it *was perched*, for to me it looks as if it were actually toppling over."

"And so it is," said Roger; "the tower is out of the perpendicular already, and I never hear a winter storm without picturing it to myself as going (as go most certainly it will some day) crash over the cliff. It is safe enough, however, in this calm weather," he added, for he saw that Nellie was beginning to look nervous, "or I never should have thought of it as a refuge for its present occupant, though, for that matter, it was but a choice of evils, his life being in jeopardy whichever way he turned."

"Is he then especially obnoxious?" Nellie asked; "or is it only that, like all our other priests, he is forced to do his mission secretly?"

"Especially obnoxious? I should

think, indeed he was," said Roger; "for he was chaplain to the brave old bishop whom they hanged at the siege of Clonmel, and was present at his death. How he managed to escape himself, has always been a marvel to me; but escape he did, and came hither for a refuge. I stowed him away in the ruined hermitage overhead, with a few other poor fellows who are outlawed like myself, and in greater danger, and his presence has never been even suspected by the enemy; so that he might, if he had been so minded, have escaped long ago by sea. But when he found us here, without sacraments or sacrifice, (for our priests have been long since driven into banishment,) he elected to remain, and now, at the peril of his life, he does duty as a parish priest among us."

"Brave priest! brave priest!" cried Nellie, clapping her hands. "He must feel very near to heaven, I think, engaged in such a mission, and living like a real hermit up there on that barren rock."

"And so in fact he is; or at least he lives in a real hermit's cell," said Roger. "It was built in the time of Grana Uaille by a holy man, in whose memory the rock is sometimes called 'the hermit,' though more generally known as 'the chieftain's rock.'"

"But why the change of names?" asked Nellie.

"Because," he answered, with the least possible shade of bitterness in his manner, "because, as often happens in this wicked world, persons who have been made heroes in the eyes of men are made more account of than those who are heroes only in the sight of God. This hermit had lived here for many years in peace and quiet, when the chief of a tribe of Creaghts, at enmity with Grana Uaille, having been beaten by her

in a battle, took refuge with him among these rocks. The hermit hid him in the church, which, being an acknowledged sanctuary, even Grana Uaille, stout and unscrupulous as she was in most things, did not dare invade in order to drag him from its shelter. But she swore—our good old Grana could swear upon occasion as lustily as her rival sovereign your own Queen Bess—Grana swore that neither the sanctity of his hermit friend or of his place of refuge should avail him aught, and that, sooner or later, she would starve him into submission. She landed accordingly with her men, and surrounded church and hermitage upon the land side, that toward the sea being left unguarded and unwatched because, owing to the height and steepness of the cliff itself, and the position of the church tower, built almost immediately upon its edge, there seemed no human possibility of evasion that way. The chief, however, and his hermit proved too many for her after all; for by dint of working day and night, they succeeded, before their store of provisions was entirely exhausted, in cutting through the floor and outer wall of the church, and so making a passage which gave them instant access to the cliffs outside. This was by no means so difficult a task as at first sight it seems; for the floor of the building is only hardened earth, and its walls a mere mixture of mud and rubble, the very tower itself being only partially built of stone. I have often, when a boy, crept through the aperture, but it is nearly filled up with rubbish now, and almost, or I think quite forgotten among the people, who have been using the church for the last twenty years as a storehouse for peat and driftwood for their winter firing. Useful enough, however, the poor chieftain

found it; for one fine moonlight night he walked quietly through it into the open air, swung himself down the cliffs as unconcernedly as if he had been merely searching for puffins' nests, and finally escaped in a boat left there by his friends for that very purpose. Next day, the hermit threw the church gates open, and sent word to Queen Grana that her intended victim had escaped her. You may imagine what a rage the virago chieftainness was in at finding herself thus outwitted; but I have not time to tell you now, for here we are close into shore, and it is time to think of landing."

Roger had lowered the sail while speaking, and he now began sculling the boat round a low sandy point which hid the harbor from their view. While he was occupied in this manner, Nellie, chancing to turn her head in the direction of Clare Island, perceived another corragh fast following in their track, and rowed by a boy, who was evidently working might and main in order to overtake them. She mentioned the matter to Roger, who instantly ceased his toil, and turned round to reconnoitre.

"It is Paudeen," he said at once. "What, in Heaven's name, has sent him to us here?"

The boy saw that he was observed, and without stopping a moment in his onward course, made signs to them to await his coming.

Roger did as he was desired; and in a few minutes more the two corraghs were lying together side by side, and so close that their respective occupants could have conversed easily in a whisper.

"What is it, Paudeen?" asked O'More; "have you any message for me, or is there anything the matter that you have followed us so far?"

"It's Mistress Hewitson who is wanting to see you," said the boy.

"She was prevented leaving as soon as she intended, and she sent me on before to ask you not to quit the island until she had spoken to you. You were gone, however, before I could get there; so, guessing well enough where you would most likely be upon Sunday morning, I followed you down here."

"But if you came straight from the mainland, how is it that I did not meet you in the way?" asked O'More suddenly, a strange suspicion of even Paudeen's simple faith passing rapidly through his mind.

"Because I didn't come from it at all, at all," the boy answered curtly. "It is yonder they're staying now," he added, pointing to Achill Island; "and they do say in the house that Clare Isle will be the next to follow."

"And is it to tell me this that Mistress Hewitson is about to honor me with a visit?" Roger answered bitterly. "The formality, methinks, was hardly needed, considering all that her father has robbed me of already."

"Sorrow know, I know what she will be wanting; but this at all events I know for certain, that it is for nothing but what is good and kind," said Paudeen; adding immediately afterward in a musing tone, "though how she *can* be what she *is*, considering the black blood that is running in her veins, it needs greater wits than I can boast of to be able to discover."

"Well, well," said Roger, "I believe you are about right there, Paudeen. So now go back at once, and say to Mistress Hewitson that she shall be obeyed, and that I will return to Clare Island in time to receive her at the landing-place."

"Let me go back also," said Nellie, in a smothered voice. "If I and my grandfather have brought this danger to your door, it is only just that we should share it with you."

"Share it, Mistress N. Nay, but you would do cried O'More vehemently. face of anything like real danger, I should infallibly live in anxiety for yours. In fact, however, he added, she still looked distressed; in point of fact, it (whatever it is) cannot elude, since it is evident Mistress Hewitson expects the intended visit to give me information as may enable me to do it. Possibly she has heard details concerning those poor old man, her father, at which day she obscurely hinted. even be, as Paudeen seems that they intend to put a garrison on the island, and hope to soften matters for me this previous notice. In any way, I entreat you not to be anxious; for though I admit that we live in perilous places, yet still, and if only for one very reason, it behoves us to keep our common sense intact, and not allow it to be scared by every passing cloud that seems to threaten with storm."

After such words as these, Roger felt there was nothing for him to do but land the moment the boat touched shore, and Roger helped her up with a sort of graceful tenderness which seemed intended to ask forgiveness for the conduct he had been compelled to put to his inclinations.

Then he pointed to a scarcely discernible path among the bushes, and said hastily:

"That path will take you to the church. If any one asks you any questions, the water is 'God, our Lady, and Roger's Farewell! Get as near to the church as you can; tell them not to

me, but I will be back in time to fetch you."

He waited one moment, to make sure that she understood him, then pushed the boat out into deep water, and without even venturing to look back, pursued his way diligently homeward.

The breeze had died away, so that he would, he knew, be infinitely longer in returning to Clare Island than he had been in coming from it. As he passed Paudeen, he had half a mind to hail him, but reflecting that he would probably lose more time by the stoppage than he could gain by the boy's assistance, he changed his mind and went on his way alone. It was hot and weary work, but he put all his strength and will to it, and did it in a shorter time than he had expected. Not, however, before his presence was apparently sorely needed; for just as he neared the harbor, the deep, angry bay of the wolf-dog Maida reached his ear. This was followed by a woman's voice, endeavoring probably to soothe the dog, and this again by a long, shrill whistle which came like a cry for aid across the waters. Thus urged, O'More pulled with redoubled energy, and next moment was in the harbor. A corragh, ownerless and empty, was lying loose beside the pier, and a few yards from the landing-place he saw a girl standing motionless as a statue, one hand raised in an attitude of defence, confronting Maida, who, with head erect and bristling hair, seemed to bid her advance further at her peril. Had she attempted to retreat, had she shown even a shadow of timidity or of yielding, the dog would undoubtedly have torn her into pieces; but, with wonderful nerve and courage, she had so far stood her ground, and, rebuked by her stillness and unyielding attitude, Maida, up to that moment, had fortunately contented her

sense of duty by keeping a close watch upon her proceedings. Horrified at the sight, and dreading lest Maida might mistake even the sound of his voice for a signal of attack, Roger hastily leaped on shore. Henrietta heard him, and without even daring to turn her head in his direction, whispered softly:

"Call off your dog—for God's dear sake, call her off at once!"

Roger made no reply, (for, in fact, he did not dare to speak,) but he made one bound forward and placed himself between her and her foe. Maida instantly abandoned her threatening look to greet her master, and for one half-moment he employed himself in caressing and calming down her fury. Then he turned eagerly to Henrietta:

"How is this, Mistress Hewitson? For God's sake, speak! The dog has not injured you, I trust?"

Henrietta did not at first reply. She was as white as ashes, and her eyes glittered with a strange mingling of courage and of desperate fear. "Send away the dog," she cried at last; "send away the dog. I cannot bear to see her," and then burst into tears.

Roger said one word, and Maida instantly flew toward the castle. He was about to follow in the same direction in order to procure some water, but the girl caught him by the arm, and held him so that he could not move.

"Calm yourself, I entreat you," he said, fancying she was still under the influence of terror. "No wonder that even your high courage has given way. Let me call Nora. She will help you to compose yourself."

"Call no one," Henrietta gasped. "Call no one; but tell me, is there not a priest and some other outlaws in hiding on the chieftain's rock?"

"What then?" he asked, the blood:

suddenly rushing to his heart as he thought of Nellie.

"What then?" she repeated fiercely; "because, (oh! that I had known it but an hour ago,) because death is there, and treachery and woe! But whither are you going?" she cried, following him as he broke suddenly from her grasp, and began to retrace his way toward the pier.

"Whither? whither?" he answered, like one speaking in his sleep. "There, of course. Where else? My God, that I should have left Nellie there!"

"The girl!" cried Henrietta; "and you have been there already, and have had time to row all this way back? My God, then it will be too late to save her. The church must be in flames ere now."

O'More made no reply, but leaped at once into the boat. "What do you want?" he asked, almost savagely, as Henrietta followed him. "What do you want here—you, the child of her assassin?"

"I want to save her, and, still more, to save my father, if I can, from this most fearful guilt," she answered promptly. Roger made no further opposition. Once fairly out of harbor, he rowed with all the energy of despair, and Henrietta helped him nobly. They were obliged to trust entirely to their oars, and the delay was maddening. Roger never cast a single glance toward the spot where all his soul was centred, but Henrietta could not resist a look once or twice in that direction.

Suddenly she cried out.

"What is it?" he asked nervously; "what is it?"

"They have fired the church," she said, in smothered tones. "There is a cloud of smoke; and now—my God!—a jet of flame going through it to the sky!"

He made no reply, but he bent to the oar until the bead-drops of min-

gled agony and toil stood thick on his brow.

"God help them! They may be trying to escape," she muttered again, as something like a shot of musketry reached her ear.

Faster he rowed, and faster. The boat leaped like a living thing over the waters. They were close to the cliff at last. Overhead, the sky was hidden by a canopy of heavy clouds; with here and there a streak of lightning flashing like forked lightning across it. Underneath, the water lay as black as ink, in the reflection of the dark heavens, as the boat rushed toward it. One more effort, and they were in the cove—another, and the boat was flung high and dry upon the shore. Roger jumped out without a moment's delay. Was he in time? or was he not? His whole soul was engrossed in this fearful question.

"What are you going to do?" Henrietta, uncertain as to what her own share in the enterprise was, asked. He had been searching in the boat for something; but he came up then with a kindling eye and said:

"Will you be true to the end?"

"So help me God, I will!" she answered in that quiet tone which was all the more of steady courage, for it has no touch of bluster in it. He found what he wanted now—a coil of rope—and answered promptly:

"Take the boat out of this and wait beneath the cliffs. When I come, or until yonder tower falls, fall it must, and soon. After that you may go home in peace. For happen what may, my soul, at any rate, will be guiltless of this day's murder."

He shoved the boat back into the water as he finished speaking, then, without even looking back, he saw if Henrietta followed him.

reactions, strode rapidly up the cliffs.

CHAPTER XI.

HAPPILY unconscious of the peril by which her own life was so speedily to be placed in jeopardy, Nellie stood for a few minutes after Roger left her, watching his progress through the water, and speculating anxiously enough upon the nature of the summons which had been delivered to him by Pauden. In spite of his apparent coolness, there had been something in the way in which he had almost forced her to leave him—something in the haste with which he had given her his last directions—something (if it must be confessed) in the very fact of his having rushed off without even a parting word or look, which made her suspect the danger to be more real and immediate than he wished her to suppose it. And now, as she watched him bending to the oar as if his very life depended on his speed, suspicion seemed all at once to grow up into certainty, and she bitterly regretted the shyness which had prevented her insisting on returning with him to the island. Regrets, however, were now in vain, and remembering that, if she delayed much longer, she would in all probability be too late for Mass, and so lose the only object for which she had remained behind, she turned her face resolutely toward the path pointed out by Roger. It was less a path indeed than a mere narrow space left by the natural receding of the rocks and loose boulders, which lay scattered about in all directions. Such as it was, it led Nellie in a zigzag fashion upward toward the cliffs, turning and twisting so suddenly and so often, that she could hardly ever see more than a yard or two before her, while the boulders on either side, being ge-

nerally higher than her head, and the intervals between them filled up with tall heather and scrubby brushwood, she might as well, for all that she could have seen beyond, have been walking between a couple of stone walls. The congregation had in all probability already reached the church, or else they were coming to it by another path; for not the sound of a voice or of a footstep either before or behind her could she hear, though she paused occasionally to listen. Once indeed, but only once, at a sudden opening among the boulders, she fancied she saw something like the glistening of a spear in the brushwood underneath, and a minute or two afterward the air seemed tremulous with a low sighing sound, as if some one were whispering within a few yards of her ear. Nevertheless, when she paused again in some trepidation to reconnoitre, everything seemed so lonely and so still around her, that she was obliged to confess that her imagination must have been playing her sad tricks. The light which she had seen was, in all probability, a mere effect of sunshine on some of the more polished rocks, while the sigh and sigh of the waters, as they lapped quietly on the beach below, might easily have assumed, in that distance and in the calm summer air, the semblance of a human whisper. Once she had satisfied herself upon this point, she resolved not to be frightened from her purpose by any nervous fancies; and stimulating her courage by the reflection that, if an enemy really were lurking near, her best chance of safety would be the church, in which her countrymen and women were already gathered, she toiled steadily upward until she reached the platform upon which it was erected. A sudden turn in the path brought her face to face with it almost before she fancied that

she had just entered, and so that there was a considerable space between it and the wall be-

hind this desolate-looking building twenty or thirty people were gathered, most of them women and girls, with a sprinkling of old and half-a-dozen younger ones, among them Nellie fancied she recognized outlawed soldiers of the rebellion. Two or three of these cast a curious glance upon her, and then moved onward toward the altar, where the greater part of the congregation were so absorbed in earnest and loudly-uttered prayer, that they seemed absolutely unconscious of the entrance of a stranger. Passively, so as not to disturb their devout devotions, Nellie made her way to a spot from whence she had a full view of the priest as he sat, and on one side, engaged in hearing the confessions of those who were confessing themselves for that purpose.

He was in truth a hero in the eyes of the people—the best of all heroic Christian heroes. He had stood for a brave old bishop who had died for an act of patriotism, in the old heroic days of chivalry, would have set him as a demon upon the pagan altars. Quiet and unobtrusive, he had knelt, amid the dangers of the battle-field, to hear the confessions of the wounded.

He had plunged into the spheres of plague and fever, death in its worst and most terrible forms in the exercise of his ministerial functions. He had been a dead man—he had consoled the dying and orphan, made such his the less cruelty of man; and when he had exhausted all the heroic forms of service to his country he had come hither, like that good Shepherd himself—like the good Shepherd of the Gospel—to gather up the

young lambs into his arms, and to comfort a conquered and stricken people; to pour the consolations of religion upon hearts wrung and disconsolate in human sorrow; to preach of heaven to men forsaken of the earth, and to teach them, houseless and hapless as they were, to lift up those eyes and hands, which had been lifted in vain to their brother man for mercy, higher and higher still, even to that Almighty Father to whose paternal heart the life of the very least of his little ones was of such unspeakable and unthought-of value that not a hair might fall from one of their heads without his express permission. Thoughts like these passed rapidly through Nellie's mind as she watched the old man bending reverently and compassionately to receive, in the exercise of his ministerial functions, each new tale of sin or sorrow which, one after another, the poor people round him came to pour into his sympathizing ear.

We have called him "old," for his hair was white and his face was ploughed into many wrinkles; yet Nellie could not help suspecting that the look of wearied, patient age upon his features was less the effect of years, than of the toil and suffering by which those years had been utilized and made fruitful in the service of his Master. Altogether she felt drawn toward him by a feeling of reverent admiration, which would probably have found vent in words, if he had not been so completely occupied in his ministerial duties as to make it simply impossible to interrupt him. For in a congregation deprived, as this had been, of a pastor for many months, there was of course much to be done ere the commencement of the Sunday service. There were confessions to be heard, and infants to be baptized,

and more than one young couple—who had patiently awaited the coming of a lawful minister for the reception of that sacrament—to be united in holy wedlock. At last, however, all this was over, and Nellie had just made up her mind to go and speak to him in her turn, when, to her infinite annoyance, he rose from his place and commenced robing himself at the altar. Kneeling down again, therefore, she endeavored to withdraw her thoughts from all outward things, in order to fix them entirely upon the coming service. In spite, however, of her most earnest efforts, she felt nervous and unhappy at the prolonged absence of O'More, and she could not help envying the people round her, as with all the natural fervor of the Celtic temperament, they abandoned themselves to prayer; prostrating, groaning, beating their breasts, and praying up aloud with as much naive indifference to the vicinity of their neighbor, as if each individual in presence there imagined that he and his God were the sole occupants of the church. Poor Nellie could obtain no such blessed absorption from her cares. Her eyes would glance toward the door for the coming of Roger, and her ears would listen for his footsteps; once or twice, indeed, she felt quite certain that she heard him moving quietly behind the screen of matting, which shut in the church from the porch outside, and became, in consequence, nervously anxious to see him lift it and take his promised place beside her. He never came, however, yet the sounds continued, accompanied at times by a slight waving of the screen, as if a hand had accidentally touched it; and this occurred so often that Nellie began at last to be seriously alarmed. She thought of Paudeen's mysterious message to his chieftain, and her

own half-extinguished fancy of having seen a spear among the birch-wood recurred vividly to her mind. What if she had seen rightly, all? What if an enemy were lurking in the neighborhood; worse still, crouching behind that terrible screen, ready to mass the congregation as they passed through it to the open air after service? The thought was too terrible for solitary endurance, and she was just about to lessen the burden by imparting it to her nearest neighbor when she found herself forestalled by a heavy, stifling cloud of smoke which rolled suddenly through the church and roused every creature present to a sense of coming danger. There was a rustle and a stir, then they all stood up, men and women and little children, gazing with wild eyes and whitened faces at each other, uncertain of the "where" or from whence" of the threatened peril.

The priest alone seemed to pay no attention to the circumstance; nevertheless he felt and comprehended better than they did the nature of the fate awaiting them, and hurried to the conclusion of the Mass, which was by this time, fortunately, nearly over.

He had hardly finished the communion prayer before the heat and suffocation had become unbearable. In an agony of terror, the people made a rush to the gates, and tore away the screen of matting which separated the church from the porch beyond.

Then arose a wild cry of despair, filling the church from floor to ceiling—the cry of human beings caught in a snare from whence, except by cruel death, there was no escape. The porch was already a blazing furnace, filled almost to the top with fagots burning in all the directions, that pitch and tar, and other

ustibles flung liberally among them, ere calculated to produce. These, then, were the sounds which had disturbed Nellie during Mass. The enemy had profited by the rapt devotion of these poor people to build up, unheard and unsuspected, their death-pile in the porch, after which a mighty deed they had retired, closing the gates behind them, and trusting the rest to the terrible nature of the ally they had so recklessly invoked.

To attempt a passage through that sea of fire in its first wild fury would have been instant death; and amid the cries of women and children, many of whom were well-nigh trampled to death beneath the feet of their fellow-victims, the crowd swayed backward.

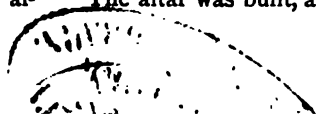
Then came another horror. An unhappy girl, one of the foremost of the throng, in her eagerness to escape, had rushed so far into the porch that her garments caught fire, and, mad with pain and fear, she flung herself face downward upon a heap of driftwood near her. It was all that was needed to complete the work of destruction. The wood, dry and combustible as tinder, ignited instantly, and in two minutes more was a mass of flame. In vain some

of the men, with the priest at their head, leaped on it in a wild effort to smother it out before it could spread further. As fast as it was stifled in one place it broke out in another, the subtle element gliding along the walls and seizing upon stack after stack of wood with an ease and speed that mocked at all their efforts to extinguish it. No words can paint the horrors of the scene that followed! Heavy volumes of black smoke, ever and anon rolling upward from some new spot upon which the fire had fastened, at times shut out the light of day, and made the darkness al-

most palpable to the senses. Fire, bright and angry, flashing at first here and there at intervals, like forked lightning, through the gloom; then coming thicker and quicker, as it grew with what it fed on, hurrying and leaping in its exultant fury, licking up and devouring with hungry tongues all that opposed its progress—now spreading itself in sheets of molten flame, now contracting into red, hissing streams, bearing a terrible resemblance to fiery serpents, but never for a moment slackening in its work of woe, winding hither and thither, and in and out, and fastening with all the malice and tenacity of a conscious creature upon everything combustible within its reach, until the very rafters overhead were wreathed in flame—and underneath that awful canopy the panting, shrieking crowd, struggling in that sulphurous atmosphere of smoke and fire, rushing backward and forward, they knew not whither, in search of a safety they knew too well they could never find; for even while obeying the animal instinct to fly from danger, there was not a creature there who did not feel to the very inmost marrow of his being, that unless a miracle were interposed to save him, he was doomed then and there to die.

Nellie was the only person in the church, perhaps, with the sole exception of the pastor, who made no vain effort at escaping. Driven by the swaying of the others, after their first rush to the door, backward toward the altar, she had remained there quietly ever since, praying, or trying to pray, and shutting eyes and ears as much as might be to the terrible sights and sounds around her. Accident had, in fact, brought her to the only spot in the building where safety was for the moment feasible.

The altar was built, as we have al-



ready said, of stone, and being placed at some distance from any of the walls, the space in front, though stifling from heat and smoke, was clear of fire, and consequently of immediate danger.

Hither, therefore, the priest, who, having done all that man could do toward the stifling of the flames, now felt that another and a higher duty—the duty of his priestly office—must needs be exercised, endeavored to collect his flock, and hither, at his bidding, one by one they came, every hope of rescue extinguished in their bosoms, and scorched, and bruised, and half-suffocated as they were, lay down at his feet to die. There was no loud shrieking now—the silence of utter exhaustion had fallen upon them all, and only a low wail of pain broke now and then from the white, parched lips of some poor dying creature, as if in human expostulation with the sputtering and hissing of the flames that scorched him. Once, and only once, a less fitting sound was heard—a curse, deep but loud, on the foe that had so ruthlessly contrived their ruin.

It reached the ear of the priest as he stood before the altar, sometimes praying up aloud, sometimes with look and voice endeavoring to calm his people, waiting and watching with wise, heroic patience for the precise moment when, all hopes of human life abandoned, he might lead them to thoughts of that which is eternal.

But that muttered curse seemed to rouse another and a different spirit in his bosom, and filled with holy and apostolic anger, he turned at once upon the man who spoke it.

"Sinner!" he cried, "be silent! Dare you to go to God with a curse upon your lips? What if he curse you in return? What if he plunge you, for that very word, from this fire,

which will pass with time, into that which is eternal and endures for ever? O my children, my children!" cried the good old man, opening wide his arms, as if he would fain have embraced his weeping flock and sheltered them all from pain and sorrow on his paternal bosom, "see you not, indeed, that you must die!—with foes outside, with devouring flames within, all hope of life is simple folly. Die you must. So man decrees; but God, more merciful, still leaves a choice—not as to death, but as to the spirit in which you meet it. You may die angry and reviling, as the blaspheming thief, or you may die (O blessed thought!) as Jesus died—peace in your hearts and a prayer for your very foes upon your lips. Have pity on yourselves, my children; have pity on me, who, as your pastor, will have to answer for your souls, as for my own, to God—and choose with Jesus. Put aside all rancor from your hearts. Remember that what our foes have done to us, we, each in our measure, have done by our sins to Jesus. Pray for them as he did. Weep, as he did for *your* sins (not *his*) upon the cross, and kneel at once, that while there yet is time I may give you, in his name and by his power, that pardon which will send you safe and hopeful to the judgment-seat of God."

Clear, calm, and quiet, amid the confusion round him, rose the voice of that good shepherd, sent hither, as it seemed, for no other purpose than to perish with his flock; and like a message of mercy from on high his words fell upon their failing hearts. They obeyed him to the letter. Hushed was every murmur, stifled every cry of pain, and, prostrate on their faces, they waited with solemn silence the word which they knew would follow. And it was said at last. With streaming eyes, and hands uplifted toward that heaven to which he and

his poor children all were speeding, the priest pronounced that *Ego te absolvo*, which speaking to each individual soul as if meant for it alone, yet brought pardon, peace, and healing to them all. Something like a low "Amen," something like a thrill of relief from overlaid bosoms, followed; and then, almost at the same instant, came a loud cry from the outside of the church—a crashing of doors—a rush—a struggle—a scattering of brands from the half-burned-out fagots in the porch—and, blackened with smoke and scorched with fire, O'More leaped like an apparition into the midst of the people. A shout almost of triumph greeted his appearance, for they felt as if he *must* have brought safety with him. It seemed, in fact, as if only by a miracle he could have been there at all. Unarmed as he was, he had rushed through the English soldiers, and they, having all along imagined him to be in the church with their less noble victims, were taken so completely by surprise that they suffered him to pass at first almost without a blow. By the time they had recovered themselves, their leaders had staid their hands. It was better for all their purposes that he should rush to death of his own accord than that they should have any ostensible share in the business. No further opposition, therefore, being offered to his progress, he easily undid the gates, which were only slightly barricaded on the outside, and having cleared the porch at the risk of instant suffocation to himself, he now stood calling upon Nellie, and vainly endeavoring to discover her in the blinding atmosphere of smoke around him. She was still where she had been from the beginning—at the foot of the altar, faint and half-dead with heat and fear. But the sound of his voice seemed to call her back to life, and, with a cry like

a frightened child, she half-rose from her recumbent posture. Faint as was that cry, he heard it, and catching a glimpse of her white face, rushed toward her. In another moment he had her in his arms, wrapped carefully in his heavy cloak, and shouting to all to follow and keep close, he rushed behind the altar.

Half an hour before this had been the hottest and most dangerous position in the church, but O'More had well calculated his chances. The real danger now was from the roof, which, having been burning for some time, might fall at any moment. Below, the fire, having rapidly exhausted the light material upon which it had fed its fury, was gradually dying out, and boldly scattering the fagots upon either side as he moved on, Roger made his way good to the only spot in the building from whence escape was possible. Here the floor sank considerably below the general surface, and dashing down a heap of brushwood which still lay smouldering near, he lay bare an aperture effected in the wall itself, and going right through it to the cliffs beyond.

Through this he passed at once, carrying Nellie as easily as if she had been a baby, and landing her safely on the other side. The people saw, and with a wild cry of hope rushed forward. Even as they did so the roof began to totter. They knew it, and maddened by the near approach of death, pressed one upon another, blocking up the way and destroying every chance of safety by their wild efforts to attain it.

In the midst of this confusion, a shower as of red-hot fire poured down from the yielding rafters. Then came another cry (oh! so different from the last)—a cry of grief and terror mingled—then a crashing sound and a heavy fall—and then a silence more terrible even than that

cry of terror—a ghastly, death-like silence, only broken by the hissing and crackling of the flames above, and the deep sough of the sea below—and all was over.

TO BE CONTINUED.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. VITET.

SCIENCE AND FAITH.

MEDITATIONS ON THE ESSENCE OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION, BY M. GUIZOT.

CONCLUSION.

III.

THE way is found. Man has the gift of believing not only the things he sees and knows by his own intellect, but also those he does not see and which he learns through tradition. He admits, he affirms with confidence the facts which are asserted by others, when the witnesses seem competent and reliable, even in cases where he cannot verify their truth or submit them to a rigid criticism. Thus in the authority of witnesses we have that which constitutes faith; faith properly so called, which is the belief in the divine truths, as well as purely human faith, which is confidence in the knowledge of another. Both require the same act of intelligence; but, if it concerns the affairs of this world, the authority of the witness is easily established, for he has only to prove his competence and his veracity; while for superhuman things it is necessary that he himself should be superhuman, that he should prove it to us, that we should feel by the way he speaks that he knows and has dwelt in the heaven of which he is speaking, and that he has descended from it. If he is only a man, he is without a claim upon us. Manifest signs of his mission and authority are necessary; such signs must be unusual

and incomprehensible; they must command respect and force conviction; they must be miraculous facts entirely beyond mere human power.

Such is the supreme and necessary condition for every solution of these natural problems, or, what amounts to the same, for any great and true religion. The appearance of a being eminently divine is necessary, who will show the character of his mission and his right to claim obedience by miracles. Miracles and religion are then, two correlative terms, two *inseparable* expressions. Do not try to preserve one and get rid of the other; the attempt will fail. If you could effect this divorce, both would disappear. Religion without miracles is only a human doctrine; it is simple philosophy, which has no right to penetrate the mysteries of the infinite and which can only speak in hypotheses, without force and without authority.

There is no way, then, to help if miracles must be admitted. This is the great stumbling-block.

It is said: "That would be allowed when the world was young, and when man himself, ignorant and a novice, had not demonstrated for so many centuries the stability of nature's laws. Then he could suppose that there was some hidden power, which at certain

and for certain ends played these laws and suspended them ; but to-day, in this advanced state as we are, how can we be expected to bend our enlightened reason to these uncertainties? how can the science these injurious conditions?"

"You believe yourselves to be easily learned. You think that you thoroughly understand the laws of nature, because from time to time you have wrested some of her secrets from her; and these being always more or less marvellous, you immediately conclude that she has spoken the last word! Strange assumption! Behind, and you are right, you have accomplished an immense dis-

Look ahead, and the end is as in the days of your fathers, the distance to be overcome remains the same, you have not added a single step. Far from adding your presumption, the progress of knowledge should rather make you feel more keenly your ignorance. The more conquests you make, the more your radical impotence is shown. You presume to say that the laws of the world allow or do not allow that, as if you completely understood them, while at every moment new and unexpected facts, which are invented by yourselves, defeat your expectations, mock your predictions, derogate from laws which you deem absolute and eternal!

One doubts that a general and permanent order reigns in this world; at this order is inexorably decreed in its trifling details, that God can alter it, that it will remain the same for ever, you cannot say more than can we; or rather, as well as we, are living witnesses of an unbending mechanism that governs all things here below.

And what do you do, you, a feeble, an imperceptible creature,

when you forbid the Sovereign Master the great ordainer of things, the least deviation, the slightest infraction, of the laws he has made? Do you not violate these laws so far as you are able every day, every hour, and in every way? The plant that the natural order would cause to bloom in summer, you cover with flowers in winter; you change the flavor and the form of the fruit, and the color of the flowers; you bend the twigs and branches, and make them grow against their nature. And it is not only over vegetation and inanimate objects that you exercise your caprices. How many living beings have you transformed, and completely altered their natural mode of life! What unexpected missions and what strange destinies has your fancy made them undergo!

It may be said that these are only little miracles; but after all, how do the greatest ones differ from them? They are both infractions upon the apparent order of nature. Is the real order subverted by this? Is the relation of cause and effect broken because our gardeners derive and propagate from a graft new and innumerable varieties? No; and since this is true, there can be no good reason for refusing to admit a series of deviations above these of every-day experience. The miraculous cures, the wonderful transitions from extreme feebleness to health, and the intuitive power of a saint, which enables him to read the very thoughts of men, can all be effected without compromising or menacing the universal order. Everything depends upon the degree of power you grant the Author of these acts, to him who, holding all things in his hand, can make the exception as easily as the rule.

There is but one way to deny absolutely the possibility of miracles, which has been in all times by instinct and

by nature affirmed by the human race, and that is to suppress God and profess atheism, either atheism simply in its gross crudity, or that more delicate and better disguised form which finds favor in our times, and which honors God by pronouncing his name, but gives him no other care than the servile protection and the dull supervision of the worlds he has created, but which he does not govern. If this is the way in which God must be considered, if fatalism is the law of the world, let us speak no more of miracles or of the supernatural; for this is already decided, and there can be no discussion about it. If, on the contrary, entering into yourselves, you feel that you are intelligent and free, ask yourself, Where did I get these wonderful gifts, liberty and intelligence? Do you get them from yourself? Are they born in you and only for you? Do you possess them completely? Do they not emanate from a higher, more perfect, and more abundant source, in a word, from God himself? Then, if God, if the Omnipotent, is also the sovereign intelligence and the sovereign freedom, how do you dare to forbid him to mingle with affairs here below, to follow with attention the beings he has created, to watch over their destiny, and to declare his wishes to them by striking manifestations of his power? He can most certainly do this, for he is free and all-powerful. With the idea of God thus presented to the mind, a complete and living God, the question is completely transformed. And it must be acknowledged that we have no longer to demonstrate the possibility of miracles: it is for our opponents to prove their impossibility.

But the great critics of to-day, at least those who have the most ability, have carefully refrained from attempting this task. They attack supernatural facts in a different way, not as

being impossible in themselves, but as lacking proof: in the place of openly denying them, they try to weaken the authority of those who attest them. What testimony would then be destroyed by them? Let it be noted that in the historical statement of natural facts, even those which are extraordinary and more or less uncertain, the testimony of men, sustained and strengthened by constant tradition, is allowed to be sufficient; and, indeed, to what, in most cases, would our historical knowledge amount, if this sort of proof were not admissible? But for supernatural facts they are far less accommodating. Many other guarantees are demanded. They require ocular proof, which must be made in a proper way and duly announced by them to be certain. This is the condition upon which they offer to yield; without it, there is to be no belief. Whence it would follow, that, whenever the Divinity proposed to do anything beyond the ordinary laws of nature, it would be bound to give these opponents notice, so that they could produce their witnesses. The work would then proceed in their presence, and, when the miracle was accomplished, they would immediately begin their statement. Perhaps our readers may think that we are trying to excite a laugh at their expense, or, at least, that we are exaggerating. Such is not the case; we are only echoing their own words, and we could quote from the very page where this system is set forth as the sole method of establishing the truth of miracles. However, it is useless to dwell upon this way of asking for impossible proofs and proclaiming a readiness to believe, but placing one's belief upon unheard-of conditions. This is only a subterfuge, an attempt to evade what they dare not solve, and an effort to destroy in practice that which they seem theoretically to concede.

There are others more frank, less diplomatic, and perhaps also less learned, who call things by their right name, and who loudly declare a new dogma as the great principle of reformed criticism, and this is the complete denial of supernatural facts. The manner, the air, and the lofty disdain with which they look down upon those simple souls, who are credulous enough to believe that the Almighty is also intelligent and free, should be seen. They announce that all intercourse between them and us is broken, that we have nothing to do with their books; they do not care for our praise or for our censure, since they do not write for us. One is almost tempted to repay their disdain with interest; but there is something better to be done. We have just shown that man, with his limited power and liberty, can modify the laws of nature. Let us see, now, if God in his infinite sphere has not the same power, and if there is not some well-known and striking example of it.

There is one instance which both in time and by its evidence is the most convincing of all. It is not one of those facts which we have learned by narration or by testimony, whether written or traditional. All narratives can be contested and every witness can be suspected; but here the fact is its own witness, it is clear and irrefutable. It is the history of our first parents, of the commencement of the human race; for our race has had a commencement, of this there can be no question. No sophist would dare to say of man, as they have said of the universe, that he has existed from all eternity. On this point science confirms tradition, and determines by certain signs the *époque* when this earth became habitable. Upon a certain day, then, man was born; and he was born, as

it is hardly necessary for us to say, in an entirely different manner from that in which one is born to-day. He was the first of his kind: he was without father or mother. The laws of nature, on this occasion at least, did not have their effect. A superior power, working in his own way, has accomplished something beyond these laws, and in a more simple and prompt manner, and the world has seen an event take place which is evidently supernatural.

This is the reason why some *savants* have taken so much pains to find a plausible way to explain scientifically, as a natural fact, this birth of the first man. Some would persuade us that this enigma is explained by the transformation of species—a singular way of avoiding a miracle, only to fall into a chimera. Indeed, if anything is proved at all and becomes more certain as the world grows older, it is that the preservation of species is an essential principle of all living beings. You may try, but you cannot succeed in infringing upon this law. The crossings between closely allied species, and the varieties produced by them, are smitten after a certain time with sterility. Are not these impotent attempts, these phantoms of quickly disappearing creations, the manifest sign that the creation of a really new species is forbidden to man? Yet would they try to convince us that in the earliest ages, in times of ignorance, these kinds of transformations were accomplished without any effort; while to-day, notwithstanding the perfection of instruments and of methods, notwithstanding the aid of every sort that we draw from science, they are radically impossible! Try, then, to make a man. But, we are answered, this is a matter of time. It may be so. But only begin, let us see you at work, and you can have

as much time as you please. Take thousands of centuries, and yet you can never transform the most intelligent baboon into a man, even of the most ignorant and degraded type.

This dream having disappeared, another is invented. The absurdity of the transformation of species is admitted, and another theory is adopted, that of spontaneous generation. The intention is to establish that man can be born either with or without parents; that nature is induced by various circumstances to choose one of these two ways, and that one is not miraculous more than the other. It is well known what vigorous demonstrations and what irrefutable evidence science brings against this theory; yet, in spite of its absurdity, it has been often reproduced and considered worthy of refutation. But supposing that doubt was yet possible, and that we could believe in the birth of little beings, without a germ, without a Creator; now could this mode of production aid us in solving the question of the birth of the first man? What is the highest pretension of the defenders of spontaneous generation? In what state would they put man in the world? As an embryo, a foetus, or as one newly born? For no one is permitted to believe in the sudden birth of an adult, in possession of a body, of physical power, and of mental faculties. Yet this is exactly the way in which the new inhabitant of the earth must have been created. He must have been born a man, or else he could not have protected himself, he could not have found food to prolong his life, and he could not have perpetuated his race as the father of the human family. If he had been born in the state of infancy, without a mother to protect and nourish him, he would have perished in a single day of cold or hunger. If

this theory, then, had been able to answer the tests to which it has succumbed, it would yet be of no service in clearing up the question we are discussing. The only way to solve it satisfactorily is to admit frankly that it must have been something superior and unknown to the laws of nature. In order to explain the appearance of the first man upon this earth, the man of Genesis is necessary, made by the hand of the Creator.

This is not a *jeu d'esprit*, an artifice, or a paradox. It is the undeniable truth. It must be admitted by every one who will reflect. Every sound mind, which is in good faith and which carefully considers this question, is invincibly compelled to solve it in the way that it is solved in the book of Genesis. There may be doubts about the complete exactness of certain words and details; but the principal fact, the supernatural fact, the intervention of a Creator, reason must accept as the best and most sensible explanation, or rather as the only possible explanation of that other necessary fact, the birth of an adolescent or an adult man.

Here, then, we have a miracle well and duly proved. If this were the only one, it would be sufficient to justify belief in the supernatural, to destroy every system of absolute fatalism, to demonstrate the freedom of the Divinity, and to assert his true position. But it may be well for us to say, if since the existence of the human race it had received no proof of the care of its Creator other than this miraculous act in which it was created, if no intelligence, no help, or no light had come from above, what would it know now of the mysteries of its destiny, of all these great problems which beset it and occupy its attention? The creation of man does not give us the reason why he was created. This is not one of

those miracles from which the light bursts forth to flood the world. It is a manifestation of divine power: it does not teach us the divine will. We shall see another fact, on the contrary, which, though not less mysterious, will speak far more clearly. This did not happen amid the fleeting shadows of chaos upon the scarcely hardened earth; but in a completely civilized world, and at a historical period which can be fully investigated, this new miracle took place. The clouds will disappear, and the broad day will gladden all hearts. Blessed Light! Long promised and awaited, the complement of man's creation, or, rather, a true and new creation, bringing to humanity, with love and heavenly pardon, the solution of every question, the answer to every doubt!

During the long series of centuries which separates these two great mysteries, these two great supernatural facts, the creation and the redemption of man, the human race, guided by its own light, has not for a moment ceased to search after divine truths and the secret of its destiny. But it has sought ignorantly, it has groped in the dark, and it has wandered astray. In every part of the world the people solved the enigma in their own fashion, each making its own idol. It is a sad, an incoherent spectacle; and of all these curious and imperfect forms of worship, which sometimes become impure and disgusting, there is not one which gives a complete and satisfactory answer to the moral problems with which one is harassed. Their pretended answers really answer nothing, and are but a collection of errors and contradictions.

Has man been created for such ends as these? Has not his Creator, in forming him with his hands, in teaching him by an intimate communication the use of his faculties, made

him to see, to love, and to follow the truth? Yes; and this explains the instinctive gleams of truth that are found in every portion of the race; but man has received liberty at the same time that he received intelligence, and it is this supreme gift which assimilates him to his Author, and imposes, together with the honor of personality, the burden of responsibility. He was tried, he had the power to choose, and he chose the bad; he has failed, he has fallen. Clearly the fault was followed by the greatest disorder and distress, and the offended Father withdrew his grace from the disobedient son. They are separated: the erring one, because he fears his Judge; the Judge, from his horror of the sin; but the father lies hid beneath the judge. Will the exile, then, be eternal? No; for the promise is made to the very ones whose fault is punished, and the time of mercy is announced in advance, even at the moment of chastisement.

Every tie is not yet broken between the Creator and this unfaithful race. A single bond is maintained, a handful of worthy servants preserve the benefit of his paternal intercourse. Who can doubt this? For several thousand years the entire human race, in all places and in every zone, bows before the works of nature, deifies them, and adores them. How, then, can it be explained that one little group of men, and only one, remained faithful to the idea of a single God? It may be answered that this is something peculiar to one race; that it embraces more people than is generally supposed; that it is true of all the Semitic tribes as well as of the Hebrews. A truly impartial and exceedingly learned philology, recently published, affirms the contrary. It is demonstrated that the Jews alone were monotheists. Reason certainly cannot forbid us to believe that this unique

and isolated fact was providential, since it was at least most extraordinary and marvellous. Thus, while the ancient alliance between man and his Creator continued in a single part of the globe, a part scarcely perceptible in the immense human family, while the divine truth, as yet veiled and incomplete, though without any impure mixture, is revealed as in confidence, and, so to speak, *privately* to the modest settlement chosen for the designs of God, all the rest of the world is abandoned to chance and wanders at random in religious matters.

Why, then, only in religious matters? Because it was in this that the fault took place. Man has foolishly wished to make himself equal to God in the knowledge of the divine, of the infinite, of those mysteries which no mind can fathom without God's assistance. It is another thing in regard to the knowledge of the finite, to purely human science. God is not jealous of this. What does he say in exiling and chastising the rebel? Work, that is to say, use not only your arms, but your mind; become skilful, powerful, ingenious; make masterpieces; become Homer, Pindar, Æschylus, or Phidias, Ictinus, or Plato. I allow you to do all, save attaining to divine things without my aid. There thou wilt stumble, until I send thee the help I have promised to show thee the way. Thy reason, thy science, and even thy good sense will not prevent thee from becoming an idolater.

Indeed, is it not remarkable that religion in the world of antiquity should be so inferior to the other branches of human understanding? Think of the arts, literature, philosophy; humanity cannot excel them. They were at the summit of civilization. All that youth and experience combined could bring forth of the perfect and the beautiful, you see here. These first attempts are the

works of a master, and will live to the latest ages, always inimitable. But return for a moment, consider the various religions, question the priests. What an astonishing disparity! You would believe yourself to be among uncultivated people. Never were such dissimilar productions seen to spring from the same evil at the same time and in the same society. On one side, reason, prudence, justice, and the love of truth; on the other, a degrading excess of falsehood and credulity. It is true that, here and there, under these puerile fables, great truths shine forth; these are the remnants of the primitive alliance between God and his creature; but they are only scattered, and are lost in a torrent of errors. The great fault, the infirmity of these ancient religions, was not the symbolism which surrounded them, but their essential obscurity and sterility. These were not capable of saying a single clear and definite word in regard to the problems of our destiny. Far from making them clear to the great mass of men, they seemed rather to try to conceal them under a thick cloud of enigmas and superstitions.

This was, however, the only moral culture that the human race, evidently punished and separated from God, received for thousands of years. In the place of his priests it had philosophical sects, schools, and books to tell man his duty. But how many profited by this help? Who understood the best, the purest, and the greatest philosophers? How far could their warnings reach? Outside the limits of Athens, the words of Socrates himself could not penetrate to relieve a soul, to break a chain, or to make a virtue take root. Do we say his words? Why, even his death, a wonderful death, the death of a just man, remained unfruitful and ignored!

The time became critical; pagan

society was entering upon its last phase and made its last effort ; the empire was just born, and, although it may be said that it could boast, during its long career, of many days of repose and even of greatness, it was not without its revolting scenes ; and one can say, without any exaggeration or partisan feeling, that from the reign of Tiberius it was shown by experience that all purely human means to elevate the race were visibly at an end. Then it was that, not far from the region where primitive traditions located the creation of man, under this sky of the Orient which witnessed the first miracle, a second was to be accomplished. A sweet, humble, modest, and at the same time sovereign voice speaks to the people of Judea in language before unknown ; speaks words of peace, of love, of sacrifice, and of merciful pardon. Whence does this voice come ? Who is this man who says to the unhappy, "Come to me, I will relieve you, I will carry your burdens with you" ? He touches the sick with his hand, and they are cured ; he gives speech to the mute ; he makes the blind see and the deaf hear. As yet there is nothing excepting these things ; but this man knows the enigma of this world completely ; he knows the real end of life and the true means of attaining it. All these natural problems, the vexation of human reason, he resolves, he explains without an effort and without hesitation. He tells us of the invisible world ; he has not imagined it, his eyes have seen it, and he speaks of it as a witness who had but lately left it. What he tells us is unassuming, intelligible to every one, to women, to children, as well as to the learned. How does he come by this marvellous knowledge ? Who were his masters and what were his lessons ? In his early childhood, before lessons and masters, he knew already more

than the synagogue. Studies he never made. He worked with his hands, gaining his daily bread. Do not seek for his master upon this earth : his Master is in the highest of the heavens.

Is not this the witness of whom we have spoken above, the superhuman, the necessary witness for the solution of natural problems and the establishment of true religious dogmas ? To say that such a man is more than a man, that he is a being apart from and superior to humanity, is not saying enough. We must learn what he really is. Let us open the candid narratives which preserve the story of his public mission, of his preaching though Judea ; open the gospels, where the least incident of his acts, his words, his works, his sufferings, and his bitter agony are written. Let us see what he says of himself. Does he declare himself simply a prophet ? Does he believe himself to be only inspired ? No ; he calls himself the Son of God, not as every other man, remembering Adam, could have been able to say it. No ; he meant the Son of God in the exact and literal interpretation of the word, son born directly of the father, the son begotten of the same substance.

Try to force the meaning and distort the texts to make them say less than this, but you cannot succeed. The texts are plain, they are numerous, and without ambiguity. There are only two ways in which the divinity of this man can be denied : either his own testimony must be attacked, if the gospels are admitted to be true ; or the gospels themselves must be rejected.

In order to attack his own evidence, it must be supposed that, by a lack of sagacity, he in good faith formed a wrong judgment about his own origin, or perhaps better, by a

deceitful intention, he knowingly attributed to himself a false character. This being, whose incomparable intelligence forces you to place him above humanity, this is he who is not capable of discerning his father. And on the other side, this inimitable moralist, this chaste and beautiful model of all virtues, this is he whom you suspect of a disgraceful artifice. There is no middle course: either this mortal must be the Son of God, as he has declared, or you must put him in the last rank of humanity, among the innocent dupes or the cunning charlatans.

Or, on the contrary, do you wish to attack the gospels? Nothing is less difficult, if you remain at the surface. Arm yourself with irony, provoke the smile, treat everything in a superficial manner, and you will certainly gain the sympathy of the scoffers. But if you wish to investigate the things, and to take, in the name of science, an impartial view, you will be compelled to acknowledge that most of the facts in the gospels are historically established; that they are neither myths nor legends; that the place, the time, and the persons are absolutely put beyond all doubt. What right, then, has any one to refuse credence to this series of facts, where another series, which is admitted, is sustained by no better witnesses, nor more direct proofs, nor any other superiority, except a pretended probability which is determined by each for himself? Nothing can be more arbitrary and less scientific than this way of making a choice, deciding that this evangelist should be implicitly believed when he is mentioning such a speech, but that, when he tells us what he saw himself, he is no longer trustworthy; and that this one, on the contrary, falsifies the discourses that he reports, but that he announces certain facts

with the certitude of an ocular witness. All this is only pure caprice. But it is certain that the gospels, however closely they may be examined, bear the criticism successfully, and ever remain imperishable. What book of Herodotus or of Titus Livius carries such an intrinsic evidence of good faith and veracity as the recitals of St. Matthew or of St. John? Are you not charmed with these two apostles, who frankly tell us what they have seen with their eyes and heard with their ears? If you, who were not there and who saw nothing of these things, believe that you can give them a lesson, and tell them, in virtue of your scientific laws, how all these things happened without their understanding them, and by what subterfuges their adorable Master deceived them, it will not be only the orthodox and faithful who will resent and controvert your boldness—voices that you dread more, from the midst of your own ranks, will openly proclaim your falsehoods.*

After all, suppose they were deceived, that the hero of this great drama was only a skilful impostor, what do you really gain by it? The miracles cannot be thrown aside. On the contrary, you have one miracle more, and one which is more difficult than all the others to explain. It is necessary to account for this most wonderful fact, that cannot be suppressed by any critic, the establishment of

* "The human soul, as some one has said, is great enough to enclose every contrast. There is room in it for a Mohammed or a Cromwell, for fanaticism together with duplicity, for sincerity and hypocrisy. It remains for us to ascertain if this analogy should be extended to the Founder of Christianity. *I do not hesitate to deny it.* His character, when impartially considered, opposes every supposition of this kind. There is in the simplicity of Jesus, in his artlessness, in his candor, in the religious feeling which possessed him so completely, in the absence of all mere personal designs, of every egotistic end, and of all cunning; in a word, there is in all that we know concerning him something which entirely repels the historical comparisons by which M. Renan has allowed himself to be governed."—M. Edmond Scherer, *Alliances d'Histoire Religieuse*, pp. 93, 94.

Christianity in the Roman Empire. Take every sentence of the gospels, accept these supernatural facts without reservation, the cures, the exorcisms, the elements stilled, the laws of nature violated or suspended: all these things are not too much, rather they had hardly enough to make us understand the triumphant progress of such a doctrine, in such a time, and among such a people. Nothing less than miracles could transform the world in this manner, changing all the opinions commonly received, completely altering the moral and social state of the people, and not only giving them purer and more enlightened views, but truths which were entirely unknown to them. If, then, you tell the truth, if this stupendous revolution rests upon a comedy, if we must consider the partial miracles false which surround and explain the principal miracle, which precede and seem to prepare and open the way for the great miracle, what will be the result? You have not destroyed, and cannot destroy, the principal miracle: it has become still more miraculous.

IV.

LET us not lose sight of our argument. We were seeking a practical and popular way to solve the great problems of our destiny, and we have proven that human science alone is unequal to this task. We have seen that there is only one way for man to attain this end, that satisfactory solutions can only be derived from faith, that wonderful gift which under the authority of a superhuman witness makes us believe with certitude things which neither the eyes of the body nor the eyes of the mind could immediately comprehend. Has the witness which lies at the foundation of Christian convictions the wished-

for authority? In other words, is it truly divine? We believe that we have established it, and the most hasty reading of a single page of the Bible will demonstrate it far more clearly than we have done. See also the admirable harmony of the Christian system, and the responses, as clear as they are sublime, it gives to questions so long unanswerable. It is by its capacity to penetrate mysteries, to read the invisible, to explain the obscure, not less than by its miraculous victory, that Christianity demonstrates both the true character of its origin and the sincerity of its divine Founder.

We remember on this subject some moving sentences that we will be permitted to quote. They are from an author who recently received an eloquent tribute of regrets and praises, and who, for the past twenty years, has been remembered with grief by all the friends of sound philosophy. In a well-known lecture, when considering these same problems of human destiny, M. Jouffroy spoke thus: "There is a little book that is taught to children, and upon which they are questioned in the church. Read this little book, which is the catechism. You will find in it a solution of all the questions I have asked—of all, without an exception. Ask a Christian the origin of the human race, what is its destiny, and how it can attain it, and he can answer you. Ask that poor child, who has scarcely thought of life and its duties, why he is here below, what will become of him after death, and he will make a sublime answer which he may not fully comprehend, but which is not the less admirable. Ask him how the world was created and for what end; why God has put animals and plants upon it; how the world was peopled, if by one family or by several; why men speak dif-

ferent languages, why they suffer, why they combat, and how all these things will end; and he knows it all. Origin of the world, origin of man, questions about the different races, destiny of man in this life and in the other, relation of man to God, duties of man toward his fellow-men, rights of man over creation, he is ignorant of none of these things; and as he becomes matured, he will not hesitate to take advantage of his natural and political rights, for he knows the rights of the people, for these come, or, as it were, flow of themselves, from Christianity. This is what I call a great religion. I recognize by this sign that it leaves none of the questions which interest humanity without an answer."*

We love to read again these words of a master and a friend, who in his youth was nourished with Christian truths, and who, perhaps, would have tasted them again if the trials of life had been prolonged for him. Without doubt, it is necessary to avoid indorsing opinions which are no longer our own sentiments; but certainly it can be permitted to preserve a faithful and complete remembrance of their spirit. Even at the time when M. Jouffroy doubted, when he left his pen and told us with assurance how Christian dogmas would die, there would have been but very little necessary to teach him to his cost how they perpetuate themselves! Faith has its evil days; its ranks seem decimated and its army dissolved, but it can never perish. In order to replace deserters, to recruit its strength unceasingly, has it not the sorrows and miseries of this world, the need of prayer, and the thirst of hope?

Let us leave this sweet and profound thinker whose brilliant career

we love to trace; let us return to that great and firm soul who now engages our attention, and to whom we are attached by so many friendly ties and remembrances. Without having followed him step by step, we have not lost sight of him. We have taken a hasty glance at his work in trying to express its spirit. We must now return to each of these meditations in detail. What things have escaped us! What brilliant passages, what keen observations, what profound thoughts! At most, we have only taken account of that part of the book where the limits of science, the belief in the supernatural, and especially the marvellous harmony between Christian dogmas and religious problems, that are innate to man, are treated with so much wisdom and authority. That which M. Jouffroy, in the remarks we have quoted, indicates in a single glance, M. Guizot establishes with convincing arguments by comparing each dogma with the natural problem to which it corresponds. No one has yet so accurately explained the harmonious relation of these questions and these answers. There are two *morceaux* which demand particular attention: they are the two *meditations* on the revelation and inspiration of the holy books. There are here ideas and distinctions of rare sagacity which point out what justly belongs to human ignorance, without allowing the reality of inspiration of the Bible to suffer the slightest suspicion. But the chief triumph of this work, that which gives it at once its most charming color and its sweetest perfume, are the last two meditations, *God according to the Bible*, *Jesus Christ according to the Gospels*.

These two pictures are in as different styles as the subjects they contrast. Nothing could be bolder, more striking, more truly Biblical,

* *Mélanges Philosophiques*, par M. Th. Jouffroy. Vol. i. 1833, p. 470.

than the portrait of the God of the Hebrews ; of that God "who has no biography, no personal events," to whom nothing happens, with whom nothing changes, always and invariably the same, immutable in the midst of diversity and of universal movement. "I am he who is." He has nothing else to say of himself ; it is his definition, his history. No one can know more of him, even as no one can see him. And if he were visible, what a misfortune ! His glance is death. Between him and man what an abyss !

It is a long distance to traverse between such a God and the God of the New Testament—from Jehovah to Jesus Christ. What novelty, what a transformation ! The solitary God goes out from his unity ; he completes everything, yet remains himself ; the provoked God lays aside his anger, he is affected, he is pacified, he becomes gentle, he gives man his love, he loves him enough to redeem his fault with his Son's blood, that is, with his own blood. It is this victim, this Son, obedient even unto death, that M. Guizot endeavors to paint for us. Sublime portrait, attempted many times, but always in vain ! Shall we say that he has succeeded in this impossible task ? No ; but he has made a most happy effort. He makes us pass successively before his divine model, by showing the attitudes, if we may be allowed the expression, which enable us to see the most touching aspects of this incomparable figure. Sometimes he places him amid his disciples only, that chosen and well-loved flock ; sometimes in the Jewish crowd in the Temple, at the foot of the mountain, or on the border of the lake ; sometimes among the fishermen or the sedate matrons ; sometimes with artless children. In each of these pictures, he gathers,

he brings together, he animates by reuniting them, the scattered characteristics of Jesus Christ. His sober and guarded style, powerful in its reasoning, brilliant in its contests, seems to be enriched with new chords by the contact with so much sympathy and tender love. It is not only the impassioned eloquence, but it is a kind of emotion, more sweet and more penetrating, that you feel while reading his thoroughly Christian pages.

We understand the happy effect that this book has already produced upon certain souls. Its influence, however, cannot descend to the masses. Its tone, its style, its thoughts, have not aspired to popular success ; but from the middling classes and the higher circles of society, how many drifting souls there are to whom this unexpected guide will lend a timely aid ! Such a Christian as he is must work this kind of cure. He is not the man of the workmen ; he has neither gown nor cassock. It is a spontaneous tribute to the faith, and more than this, for it declares that he too has known and vanquished the anxieties of doubt. Every one, then, can do as he has done. No one fears to follow the steps of a man who occupies such a position in the empire of thought, who has given such proofs of liberty of spirit and of deep wisdom. It is not a slight rebuke to certain intelligent but careless Catholics to see such an example of submission and faith come from a Protestant.

There is yet a greater and more general service that these *Meditations* seem to have fulfilled. During the eight or ten months since they were published, the tone of antichristian polemics has been much depressed. One would have expected a manifestation of rage, but there has been nothing of the kind. The most ve-

hement critics are reserved, and their attacks have principally consisted in silence. Hence a sort of momentary lull. Many causes, without doubt, contributed in advance to this result, if it were only the excess of the attack and the impertinence of certain assailants; but the book, or to speak more properly, the action of M. Guizot, has, in our opinion, its own good part in this work. So clear and vigorous a profession of faith could not be lightly attacked. In order to answer a man who frankly calls himself a Christian, it would be necessary to have resolved and to declare openly that one is antichristian;

but those who are, no longer care to acknowledge it. It is well known that our day is pleased with half-tints; it has a taste for shadows, and is always ready to strike its flag when it sees an opponent's colors. Christianity itself gathers some profit from the little noise that is made about these *Meditations*. It is not the least reward of their author. May he continue in the same tone, compelling his adversaries to persevere in their silence. He will embarrass them more and more, while he will always add fresh courage and power to those who are sustaining the good cause.

SAINT MARY MAGDALEN.

FROM THE LATIN OF PETRARCH.

THE following lines were written by the great Italian poet, Petrarch, on the occasion of a visit to Sainte-Baume, near Marseilles, where tradition points out the tomb of Saint Mary Magdalen. He inscribed them on the grotto, in which she is said to have passed the last thirty years of her life.

DULCIS amica Dei, lacrymis inflectere nostris,
 Atque meas attende preces, nostræque saluti
 Consule: namque potes. Neque enim tibi tangere frustra
 Permissum, gemituque pedes perfundere sacros,
 Et nitidis siccare comis, ferre oscula plantis,
 Inque caput Domini pretiosos spargere odores.
 Nec tibi congressus primos a morte resurgens
 Et voces audire suas et membra videre,
 Immortale decus lumenque habitura per ævum,
 Nequicquam dedit ætherei rex Christus Olympi.
 Viderat ille cruci hærentem, nec dira paventem
 Judaicæ tormenta manus, turbæque furentis
 Jurgia et insultus, æquantes verbera linguas;
 Sed mæstam intrepidamque simul, digitisque cruentos
 Tractantem clavos, implentem vulnera fletu,
 Pectora tundentem violentis candida pugnīs,
 Vellentem flavos manibus sine more capillos.
 Viderat hæc, inquam, dum pectora fida suorum
 Diffugerent pellente metu. Memor ergo revisit

Te primam ante alios ; tibi se prius obtulit uni.
Te quoque, digressus terris ad astra reversus,
Bis tria lustra, cibi nunquam mortalis egentem
Rupe sub hâc aluit, tam longo tempore solis
Divinis contenta epulis et rore salubri
Hæc domus antra tibi stillantibus humida saxis,
Horridico tenebrosa situ, tecta aurea regum,
Delicias omnes ac ditia vicerat arva.
Hic inclusa libens, longis vestita capillis,
Veste carens aliâ, ter denos passa decembres
Diceris, hic non fracta gelu nec victa pavore.
Namque famem, frigus, durum quoque saxa cubile
Dulcia fecit amor spesque alto pectore fixa.
Hic hominum non visa oculis, stipata catervis
Angelicis, septemque die subvecta per horas,
Cœlestes audire choros alterna canentes
Carmina, corporeo de carcere digna fuisti.

TRANSLATION.

Sweet friend of God ! my tears attend,
Hark to me suppliant and defend—
O thou, all-potent to befriend !

Not vain that care thou didst accord—
Thy hands, uplifted o'er thy Lord,
Upon his head sweet odors poured,

And touched his feet with unguents rare—
The kiss of love imprinted there—
And wiped them with thy beauteous hair.

Not vain, when he in majesty
Rose up from death, 'twas given to thee
The first to meet, to hear, to see.

This glory did the Lord divine,
The Christ august, to thee assign,
Made this unending splendor thine.

Unto his cross he saw thee cling,
Unawed by threat and buffeting—
The taunts the furious rabble fling ;

For him he saw thee lashed with scorn,
Yet clasping, faithful and forlorn,
Those feet with nails now pierced and torn.

Saint Mary Magdalen.

He watched thy tear-drenched face below—
Thy bosom stricken in thy woe—
Thy long fair hair's dishevelled flow.

All this he saw, while from his side
His other loved ones scattered wide,
And left alone their Crucified.

'Twas therefore, mindful of those sighs,
He, deigning from the tomb to rise,
Sought his first welcome from thine eyes.

And heavenward when from earth he sped,
Through thrice ten years for thee here spread
A feast by angels ministered.

This rugged cave obscure and lone,
Black rock-dews dripping down the stone,
For thee a regal palace shone.

No fields with harvest wealth besprent
Accord such manna as was sent ;
Thy needs did heavenly gifts content.

Here through December's frost and sleet,
Thy long hair, falling to thy feet,
Enrobed thee in a robe complete.

No fear appalled ; love made thee bold ;
Love sweetened sufferings manifold,
The rock, the hunger, and the cold.

Here, hid from mortal eyes, to be
Cheered with celestial company,
Angelic bands encompassed thee.

And still a dweller in our sphere,
Seven hours each day rapt hence, thine ear
The alternate choirs of heaven could hear.

C. E. B.

GLIMPSES OF TUSCANY.

SANTA MARIA DEL FIORE—THE DUOMO.

I.

WE are approaching Florence by rail from Pisa, a dismal, dripping February morning. It is twelve years since I first saw that famous Duomo of Santa Maria del Fiore. I came suddenly upon it, as I was trying to find my way alone to the opera at the Pergola, the first night I got to Florence. I shall never forget the impression it made on me—an honest, original impression, for I had never read or heard of the Piazza and its wonders. I only knew Giotto by his "O." Orgagna, Arnolfo, Brunelleschi, were names utterly unknown. But the beauty and immensity of that mighty square, asleep in the starlight, overwhelmed me. It was like a step, unawares, from time into eternity. No Pergola that night for me. I crept back to the hotel, bewildered and awed into something like earnestness; for the Lord seemed enthroned in that consecrated place, and I was afraid of him as he sat there, stern, conscious, omnipotent.

But I was younger then; disposed to go into raptures over everything artistic, especially Italian art. The decade between thirty and forty diminishes one's enthusiasm dreadfully. I am almost afraid to meet my old favorite now, lest the spell of a fine remembrance should be broken for ever. But the train is rushing on, the road curves, and there's the same Duomo, looking as if Our Lady of Flowers herself had settled down on the city, with Giotto's campanile, like an archangel, standing

guard beside her. There she sits in her gray mantle, grayer through the mist and snow, queen of all the landscape—grander, lighter, lovelier than ever.

Here we are at the station, and now driving past the baptistery; but, far or near, that cupola ever full in view like a guardian presence. You do not wonder here, as before Saint Peter's, what has become of the cupola; you are not obliged to fall back a league to see what is nearly overhead. Nave, transept, and tribune go swelling up, with buttress and demi-cupola diminishing as they ascend, and all converging into one enormous drum from which springs the central dome. Dante could see it from his chair in its very shadow. Arnolfo and Brunelleschi may see it from their seats of marble scarce twenty yards from the foundation-stone. Angelo may see it from his home in Santa Croce. The masons of Fiesole can see it from their hills, the peasants of San Casciano from their vineyards; and, far down the Arno, the boatmen from Pisa look up to it as they plod wearily along.

I am domesticated in Florence; the slow Tuscan spring is passing into summer; and, from being simply a joy, this great cathedral has become a study. Arnolfo, son of Lapo, or Cambio, was the great stone-poet who traced that ground-plan, itself an epic. He was commissioned by those wonderful republicans to construct a church, as worthy as man could make it of the glory of God and the dignity of the city of Flo-

rence. The inclination of Arnolfo's genius was toward the Gothic; but he was a many-sided and myriad-minded man. His walls of Florence suggest the Egyptian, his court of the Bargello the Saracenic, his Palazzo Vecchio a perfectly new idea. He has all the versatility of Shakespeare. Arnolfo's first conception of Santa Maria del Fiore may still be seen in fresco, copied from the last wooden model, in the Spanish Cloister of Santa Maria Novella. Up to the first cornice, the cathedral, as it now stands, is almost as purely Gothic as the campanile; and, by reference to the fresco, you will perceive that Arnolfo's original idea was to carry this Gothic treatment up to the very cross that crowns the lantern. For instance, the lantern in the fresco is without either ball or scroll, the clerestory buttressed, and with pointed instead of circular lights, the windows of the cupola pointed. Yet, as it is certain that Arnolfo lived to finish the clerestory, and to unite (*serrare*) the smaller cupolas and tribunes, it is clear these variations in his plan, these departures from the pointed, these approximations to the round, were deliberately made by Arnolfo himself, or by his direction. As the work advanced, he felt that something more must be conceded to the coming cupola. It was not enough to have it octagonal instead of spherical, and enrich its eight marble ribs with Gothic tracery; the antagonism between the two styles must be met and softened from the start. See how gradually this is done, and at what an early stage these concessions begin. In the fresco, the blind arches, both over the lower tribunal windows and just under the lower tribunal cornice, are slightly pointed; in the building itself they are round; the niches above the cornice, also,

are pointed in the picture and round-topped in the stone. It is more than probable that these concessions were dictated by the greater prominence which the cupola was assuming in Arnolfo's new vision of his temple. Now is it impossible, that he might have nearly anticipated the exact plan of the heir of his inspiration and partner of his glory? The tendency is that way. But, with the completion of the clerestory and the unification of the smaller cupolas, Arnolfo departs, and, after an interval of a century and a quarter, Brunelleschi enters.

There they are, seated side by side in marble, close to the stone that marks where Dante, too, sat gazing at their Duomo. Arnolfo looks more like a dreamer than a doer, although he was both; in Ser Brunelleschi's face there is more of the mathematician than the poet. He could never have traced that ground-plan, never have dreamed that shining archangel called the campanile; but he did what neither the pupil of Cimabue nor the son of Cambio could perhaps have managed as well, he built that matchless cupola. Brunelleschi had his one great dream, the solution of a vast and novel architectural difficulty. What Arnolfo had hinted became his grand ideal. He nursed his dream for years at Rome, communing with the spirit of classic art; at last he told his dream in Florence, and with infinite difficulty got leave to act it out. Since that noble *carte blanche* to Arnolfo, Florence had declined; she was no longer up to the proud standard of that earlier day. The superintendents are slippery and slow in engaging Filippo; and Filippo himself must *finesse* more than a little to secure the engagement. There is this difference, to be sure, that the Duomo was the culmination of Arnolfo's professional

career and but the beginning of his successor's ; that the latter, like all gallant adventurers, had to win his spurs before he could be fully trusted. Still, the two inseparable elements of self and gain are more conspicuous here than in the purer Christian ages, whose architects disdained or forbore to register their names ; whose works preserve no personal memorial of their masters ; "so that," says Vasari, "I cannot but marvel at the simplicity and indifference to glory exhibited by the men of that period." There is, unfortunately, no such simplicity to marvel at now.

As early as 1407, Filippo submitted an opinion to the superintendents of the works of Santa Maria del Fiore, and to the syndics of the guild of wool-workers, (powerful gentlemen in those days,) that the edifice above the roof must be constructed, not after the design of Arnolfo ; but that a frieze, thirty feet high, must be erected with a large window in each of its sides. This suggestion, together with the additional thirty feet for the gallery, comprised the single, sublime conception to which the *Duomo* owes its crowning beauty ; the rest of the task is chiefly mechanical. But such immense mechanics require immense genius. Filippo had supplied the idea, but there was no one found wise enough to execute it. The wardens and syndics were much perplexed ; and Filippo, after laughing at them in his sleeve, returned to Rome. He had hardly gone before they wrote him to return. He came ; and after patiently listening to the long array of difficulties which mediocrity always opposes to the inspiration of genius, admitted that the most enormous dome of ancient or modern times must present certain difficulties in its erection, like other great enterprises ; that he was confounded no less by the breadth

than by the height of the edifice ; that if the tribune could be vaulted in a circular form, one might pursue the method adopted by the Romans in erecting the Pantheon ; but that following up the eight sides of the building to a convergence, thus dove-tailing, and, so to speak, enchainning the stones, would be a most difficult and novel undertaking. "Yet"—and this touch is worthy of Arnolfo's age or any other—"yet, remembering that this is a temple consecrated to God and the Virgin, I confidently trust that, for a work executed in their honor, they will not fail to infuse knowledge where it is now wanting, and bestow strength, wisdom, and genius on him who shall be the author of such a project." Nothing can shake Filippo's joyous trust in himself ; he acts as if he carries a divine commission in his pocket to finish what Arnolfo began, and can therefore afford to laugh at all human appointments or interference. With amazing confidence and magnanimity, he concludes his interview with their worships by exhorting them to assemble, on a fixed day within a year, as many architects as they can get together ; not Tuscans and Italians only, but Germans, French, and all other nations, "to the end that the work may be commenced and intrusted to him who shall give the best evidence of capacity." The syndics and wardens liked Filippo's advice, and would also have liked him to prepare a model for their edification. But with all his piety and self-reliance, Ser Brunelleschi was a Florentine like their worships, and therefore keen enough to keep his model to himself. It then suddenly occurred to these grave gentlemen that money might be an object to Filippo, as it occasionally is to other men ; and so they voted him a sum, not stated by Vasari, but not large enough to justify

his remaining in Florence. So back to Rome once more marches the Ser Brunelleschi.

Meanwhile that noble city of Florence has ordered her merchants resident abroad to send her at any cost the best foreign masters. In the year 1420, these best foreign masters, and best Italian masters besides, and the syndics and superintendents, and a select number of distinguished citizens, and little Filippo himself, just returned from Rome, are all assembled in the hall of the wardens of Santa Maria del Fiore. After listening to a hundred absurd plans, Brunelleschi unfolds his own at full length. Whereupon the assembled syndics, superintendents, and citizens, instead of being at all edified by his remarks, proceeded to call him a simpleton, an ass, a madman, and bade him discourse of something else. Which he, instead of doing, stuck to his point, and finally lost his temper and flew in their faces. Whereupon they called him a fool and a babbler; and considering him absolutely mad, arose against him as one man, and incontinently turned him out of doors by the head and heels. Imagine the rage of Arnolfo the Goth, after such treatment; or Angelo the mighty, stalking down the Via Romana; or Dante, wandering ghost-like into eternal exile! The indomitable, practical Filippo did none of these things, but prudently shut himself up at home lest people in the streets should call out, "See where goes that fool!" "It was not the fault of these men," says the sympathetic Vasari, "that Filippo did not break in pieces the models, set fire to the designs, and in one half-hour destroy all the labors so long endured, and ruin the hopes of so many years." But Filippo was less a poet, enamoured of an inward vision of beauty, than an architect determined to solve an architectural problem. Plainly

enough, since Arnolfo had set the example in the clerestory, the windows of the cupola were also to be circular instead of pointed. His inventive faculties were therefore restricted to the organization of that vast dream, to the determination of the ascending curves and the conception of the lantern. It was not the offspring of his soul, but of his mind, that Filippo had offered the syndics and superintendents; and the inventor of new combinations and possibilities of matter is apt to possess a more elastic temperament than the creator of new forms of beauty. Instead of fretting himself to death or cultivating the princely revenge of silence, Filippo, strong in his mission and calculating on the proverbial caprice of his native Florence, began to experiment on individuals instead of assemblies; so successfully, too, that another session was soon convened. Profiting by discomfiture, Filippo modified his tactics. He salutes the superintendents as "*magnificent* signors and wardens," and condescends to be more explicit about his still hidden model. He even goes so far as to prove the dome-within-a-dome, which had so enraged their excellencies, a possibility. He spoke with such emphasis and confidence, that "he had all the appearance of having vaulted ten such cupolas." In a word, they surrendered at discretion; and, rather in despair than hope, made him principal master of the works. The man of talents was victorious where a mere man of genius would have been badly beaten.

But—in these artistic complications there is always a but—Lorenzo Ghiberti, just famous for his doors of Paradise, was a favorite in Florence; so Florence resolved to associate Lorenzo with Filippo. This was a bitter pill to Ser Brunelleschi, but he swallowed it; and for two years they worked together at the

the braccia to which their labors were limited by the wardens. But—was also a 'but' on the right—when the closing in of the cut toward the top commenced, and masons and other masters were sitting in expectation of directions in the manner in which the chains were to be applied and the scaffold erected, it chanced on one fine day that Filippo did not appear at the works. On inquiry, it came out that he had tied up his leg, called for hot plates and towels, and lay one to bed complaining bitterly of an attack of pleurisy. Most inopportunely; for at this most critical moment in the enterprise the whole enterprise fell on Lorenzo. Lorenzo was besieged by practical questions; he was persecuted with a thousand interrogatories; Lorenzo waded completely out of his depth into a sea of troubles; the masons and cutters came to a stand, and the work stood still. At this time, the syndics and wardens refused to pay the sick man a visit. They consoled with him in his illness, but also lamented the disorder which had attacked the building. "Is not Lorenzo there?" asked the sufferer. "He will not do anything without me," replied the wardens. "*But I do well enough without him,*" cried the invalid. The wardens refused, and sent Filippo a premonition in the shape of an announcement of their intention to remove Lorenzo. Filippo instantly refused, but only to find his rival in place and power. Whereupon he made one more prayer to the gods, namely, to divide the work as they divided the salary, and to give each his own separate sphere of action. This was granted: the work assigned to Lorenzo, the scaffolding to Filippo. The scaffolding proved a miracle of success,

the chain-work a monument of failure. The wardens, and syndics, and superintendents, and influential citizens, fairly driven to the wall, made Filippo chief superintendent of the whole fabric *for life*, commanding that nothing should be done in the work save by his direction. How much richer the world would now be in every department of art, had half its men of genius but possessed a tithe of Brunelleschi's elasticity and determination.

Left to himself, Filippo worked with so much zeal and minute attention, that not a stone was placed in the building which he had not examined. The very bricks, fresh from the oven, are said to have been set apart with his own hands. So conscientious were the builders of those days when art was supreme and religion a practical inspiration. The energy and resources of this model architect are inexhaustible. Nothing escapes him. Outlets and apertures are provided, both in security against the force of the winds, and against the vapors and vibrations of the earth. Wine-shops and eating-houses are opened in the cupola. High over Florence, Filippo is undisputed lord and master of a small town of his own.

And so, for twenty-six years, they wrought under his eyes at this architectural miracle. He lived to see the lantern carried to the height of several braccia: it was not finished till fifteen years after his death. He left plans for the gallery, which were either lost, stolen, or destroyed. That great, broad belt of dingy brick and mortar clamoring to earth and heaven for completion, ruins the effect of the dome and gives the whole edifice a shabby appearance. Only one of the eight sides is finished. This was done in Carrara marble by Baccio d'Agnolo, and would have been car-

ried all around the dome but for the interference of Michael Angelo, then omnipotent in Italy, who denounced it as a mere cage for crickets; adding that he himself would show Baccio what he *ought* to do. The old art-dictator made a model accordingly, which, after long debate, was rejected. So our Lady of Flowers still lacks her girdle. It is much to be regretted, since Michael could suggest nothing better, that he did not hold his peace. The present model may not be faultless, but it is infinitely better than nothing; and no one else has suggested anything as good. It was condemned, not as defective in itself, but unequal to the magnificence of the building; and, also, because it seemed to violate some secret purpose of Brunelleschi's in cutting off, as it did, the line of stones which he had left projecting. Be this as it may, Filippo's purpose has never been divined and never can be; all the plans of the great masters are lost; and there seems to be small use in continuing the interdict of a much over-estimated authority till doomsday. That cestus of alternate head and garland just under the colonnade is abominable, but it is difficult to see how the present design could otherwise be improved. It harmonizes with all the windows, and niches, and arches in the tribune; it relieves the blankness of the perforations, and is in sympathy both with the windows of the lantern and the upper window of the campanile. It is the sub-dominant without which the blended Gothic and classic is a discord. Arnolfo might have done it better, but no one else. It is a poem which Baccio was as well qualified to trace as any of the rest of them.

Apart from his glorious consummation of the Duomo, I do not like Brunelleschi. He did more than any

other man to repel the Gothic influences, which, under Arnolfo and others, were penetrating Tuscany; he insured the triumph of the round arch over the pointed, and paved the way to the monstrosities of the Renaissance. But his cupola of Santa Maria del Fiore is the supreme miracle of architecture. It exceeds the cupola of the Vatican, both in height and circumference, by eight feet; and although supported by eight ribs only, which renders it lighter than that of Saint Peter's, which has sixteen flanked buttresses, is nevertheless more solid and firm. Unlike the Roman dome, it has stood unassisted and unstrengthened from the first; so firmly grounded by the forethought of Arnolfo, so closely knit by the energies of Filippo, that it has not sunk or swerved an inch in four centuries. The noblest speech that Buonamitti ever made was, that he would not copy, but could not surpass it; the finest compliment ever paid by one man of genius to another was his dying wish to be buried where he might arise, not in sight of his own Pantheon in the air, but in full view of the vaulted tribune of Santa Maria del Fiore.

Another name, however, is associated with the growth of the Duomo—a name not inferior to either Arnolfo or Filippo. Just beside the vast cathedral is the wondrous bell-tower Giotto reared—his solitary, or only conspicuous architectural feat. Before Giotto's time, the modern painters copied nature about as closely as most actors and orators now do; that is, their men and women bore only a weak, conventional resemblance to humanity. The son of Bondone inaugurated the naturalistic movement which culminated in Da Vinci and Raphael; unquestionably a most honorable distinction. But what can all he ever painted, judged as a living fact, amount to what weighed against

the startling splendor of this divine campanile? I have seen something of Giotto, far from all, but enough to know that, save as undeveloped germs and hints, his pictures are little more than crudities belonging to the infancy of art, amazing at his time, but not more than curious at ours. But this campanile, into which he suddenly ascended without an effort, is the transfiguration of architecture—the product of an art at its best and highest. Architecture never had advanced, never has advanced a step beyond it. It might be added, never can advance; for beyond a certain recognized point in the realization of beauty, human genius is not permitted to push its way. Vasari devotes thirty pages to the consideration of Giotto's pictures, and but one to the campanile. Yet these pictures are mouldering in convents, or shrouded in chapels, or buried in dim galleries, scattered far and wide over the world; and, save over some ambitious student or patient virtuoso, they no longer exist as a spell or a power. But this lofty campanile is a perpetual influence; an influence as indestructible as the Iliad—a joy as unceasing as the joy of sunrise—the joy of a work that is perfection of its kind. So fair, so frail, and yet so firm! It does not need the glass case suggested by imperial condescension. It knows how to take the lightning and the storm. It knows how to bear the weight and thunder of its mellow bells. Its beautiful head is at home in the skies, and seems to belong to heaven as much as the flowers belong to earth.

Giotto's plan would have crowned it with a spire of a hundred feet; but, whether for true artistic considerations, or because it was Gothic, or because it was too expensive, succeeding architects have always advised its omission.

Besides its own independent love-

liness, this bell-tower exercises an important influence over the group to which it belongs, not only by the development of form, but also by the subtler qualification of style. But for the pure Gothic of Giotto, the predominance of the round in the tribunes and cupola would overwhelm Arnolfo's pointed witchery beneath the clerestory. As it is, the supremacy of the classic at one end of the stately pile is balanced by the ascendancy of the Gothic at the other. High up in air the pious rivalry between the two great styles is continued, each lifting its choicest offering to the very footstool of the Padre Eterno, each doing its best in honor of our Lady of Flowers.

The façade of Santa Maria is wanting, like her girdle. Giotto is said to have finished two thirds of it, subsequently torn down *to be restored in a more modern style!* The fresco in the cloister of San Marco gives only part of it, and I could make but little of that. As I remember the fresco of Arnolfo's façade, it was meant to be composed of statues, niches, and pillars—something as deep and rich as the façade at Pisa. Whoever may finish it, let us trust that the shallow mosaic of Santa Croce will be avoided. The baptistery completes this memorable group; faded, unattractive without, sombre and majestic within.

The interior of Santa Maria is a disappointment. Glorious stained glass, splendid arches, but none of the light, the joy, the shining paradise of Saint Peter's. If we may believe Vasari, the interior, like the exterior, was to have been crusted with Florentine mosaic, even to the minutest corners of the edifice. But the days are dead when such a deed was practicable. Instead of colored marbles, we have a pale olive overspreading all the edifice; instead of the mo-

said for which Filippo had provided iron supports, the lack-lustre frescoes of Vasari and his successors, which Florence ought to have summarily whitewashed, as suggested in Lasca's madrigal. Fortunately, these frescoes are the only pictures. Pictures in large churches are distracting and insignificant; and moreover, you can rarely more than half see them, try your best. Least of all, has a picture any business in a Gothic church. For my own part I would as soon see the pyramid of Cheops hung with pictures as the Duomo. In a church, you want all the superhuman you can get—nothing human but human souls. Angels and dragons and effigies are more in keeping there than the best statues; those ghostly groups and faces in the old stained glass look better than if they were a thousand times more natural. The old mosaics harmonize because they are not only typical, but imperishable as the structure itself. The decisive objection to a picture in a church is its apparent fragility.

The outer robes of our Lady of Flowers are dull with the dust and wear of five centuries. See how those new bits of marble which the workmen are inserting, green, white, and red, flash and sparkle in the sun! What a celestial vision it must have been when all that world of mosaic

was fresh and stainless! But even as she is, faded and unfinished, what an invaluable possession! What would Florence be without it? It is a central magnet that holds together her present, past, and future; that unites all her children in one vast family, making her, in the truest sense of the word, a community. It stands before her everlastingly, a memorial of her youthful wealth and power; a monument of present greatness, a protest against decrepitude to come. It binds her fast to her renown, her honor, and her faith; it is the solemn, visible bond between her and God. The Duomo belongs not only to Florence, but to all the hills and valleys around, to the villas of Morello, to the cloisters of Fiesole, to the huts on the Apennines. Every peasant within sight of its cupola, within sound of its campanile, has a share in its daily benediction. For four centuries, the generations that people that fair amphitheatre have found it the most unchanging feature in their landscape. It is as much the portion of their lives as the stars, their river, or their own vineyards. In the first blush of every morning, it rises before the sun; and when the stars and moon are shining, the lantern of Santa Maria del Fiore takes its place amongst them as part of the pageantry of the skies.

THE CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF CATHOLICS IN ENGLAND.

BY AN ENGLISH CATHOLIC.

SURROUNDED as we are on all sides by apostles of progress, ever ready to taunt and ridicule those who linger in the shadows of the past, it would be distressing indeed to Catholics in general, and especially to English Catholics, if they could with justice be reproached as stationary or retrograde. Happily they are of all men least open to the charge. They advance on a double line. They share in the common march of society; they adopt every latest improvement; they fully accept and reciprocate the blessings of civilization; but their religion also, which is in itself progress, increases and multiplies throughout the globe, and particularly in the British empire. It has derived strength from the world's social and political changes; it is inspired more than ever with the breath of freedom; and the very means which accelerate science and commerce supply it with wings and coat it with mail. It not only advances on a double line, but it has likewise a twofold nature and a duplex power. This wonderful religion is both old and new; it unites the weight and authority of age with the freshness and vigor of youth. To the English it is both ancient and modern. It *was* the venerable faith of their ancestors, and it *is*, by a gracious revolution in the moral world, the old religion revived, with all the charms of novelty—a second spring revisiting the long desolate and wintry land. It comes back to us with all its time-honored appliances; with its sacred symbols and

solemn rites; its orders, congregations, and retreats; its colleges, institutions, poor schools, homes, orphanages, almshouses, hospitals, and libraries—but it comes, moreover, with means and advantages proportioned to its difficulties, and such as in old times it could not boast. It has now in its hands the mighty machinery of the press, with the Scriptures, the Missal and Church Offices in the vulgar tongue. It flourishes amid liberal institutions, and acquires no little vigor from free discussion, persuading where once it ruled. It affiliates to itself all physical truths, all discoveries in science, as affording fresh evidence of the power and wisdom of God. It engages in historical research with impartiality formerly unknown, relying on documentary proofs, and scrutinizing all that is legendary. It joyfully accepts and utilizes the steamship, the railroad, and the telegraph. It finds in them fresh instruments of good, new links to knit nations together in a common faith, swift convoys of Christian missions, and electric tongues of flame to spread the gospel of Christ.

During the last forty years the Catholic *renaissance* in England has been rapid beyond all that could have been expected or was even hoped. It is not to the emancipation act of 1829, to the increase of the episcopate in 1840, nor to the creation of the hierarchy in 1850, that this surprising growth is mainly to be ascribed. The removal of political disabilities gave Catholics in:

England, no doubt, a respectability and courage which they had not before; but they would still have continued, on the whole, a despised and scattered remnant—mere “pebbles and detritus,” as Newman says,* “of the great deluge”—if there had not arisen in the very heart of the Established Church a little band of learned and pious men, who, strong in genius and in prayer, valiantly defended many distinctively Catholic doctrines, and ended by professing openly or virtually their adhesion to our entire system of faith and morals. This it was which caused English Catholics, when they emerged, as it were, from the catacombs,† to lift up their heads, to challenge a new investigation of the grounds of their belief, and to submit them confidently to every test that history, Scripture, reason, and experience could apply. The Tractarian movement infused fresh blood into the church’s veins, and it has, during a period of thirty years, swollen our waters with a confluent stream.

The tide thus set in a right direction does not cease to flow, and it is fed by sources external to ourselves. Scarcely a week passes but some persons knock at the gates of the church for admittance, who have learned the elements of Catholicism from alien teachers. Several high-church periodicals, widely circulated, such as the *Union Review* and the *Church News*, lay down, with extraordinary boldness and precision, doctrines which the so-called reformers labored to explode. Rumors are ever afloat of important conversions about to take place, and thus Catholics in England are constantly encouraged, while Anglicans are proportionally

unsettled and alarmed. The Establishment is dying by the hands of its own pastors. Three hundred of them have quitted its pale, forfeited their position in society, forsaken a thousand comforts, prospects, and endearments, to follow the church in the wilderness and the pillar of fire. The largest-minded and the largest-hearted man Anglicanism ever produced, has long since taken his seat among the doctors in the true temple, and one whom Anglicans esteemed for his piety from boyhood upward, is now the primate of the English Catholic Church, and regarded among its bishops as *facile princeps* for learning and ability, both as a speaker and writer. The talents which were employed in promoting schism are thus turned into a healthier channel; and a multitude of able and ingenious converts in every literary guise operate beneficially on the public mind. The loud demand for unity of doctrine, a fixed standard of belief and morals, authority in matters of faith, primitive antiquity, asceticism, symbols, sacraments, and æsthetics, is being supplied. Catholic missionaries are covering the face of the land, and they are welcomed wherever they pitch their tent. Thirsting souls, weary of broken cisterns, gather round them, and ask eagerly for living water from deeper wells. Abbeys are raised on ancient sites; convent-walls crown the hills; church-bells tinkle in secluded vales; and in the towns and cities, fanes richly adorned and well served invite with open doors the docile to be taught and the penitent to be shriven. The genius of the two Pugins, the father and the son, has revived the love of mediæval architecture; and the new churches vie with each other in majestic structure and ornate detail. The winter is now past, the rain is over and gone. The

* *Sermons on Various Occasions*, p. 232.

† Card. Wiseman’s *Address to the Congress of Malines*, p. 9.

flowers have appeared in our land ; the voice of the turtle is heard. The fig-tree hath put forth her green figs ; the vines in flower yield their sweet smell.*

What a contrast within forty years ! then the heavenly dove flying over England scarcely found where her foot might rest. The waters were abroad on the whole land, and she returned into the ark. In 1830 only 434 priests ministered through the entire country ; and these were attached, for the most part, to obscure chapels in low quarters of the town, or to gloomy, old-fashioned houses in the country. Four hundred and ten unsightly buildings were then called churches ; and England (which in the olden time, before the Reformation, owned 56 convents of the Dominican order alone†) could not at that date claim a single religious house consisting of men. Sixteen scanty communities of nuns there were, who sighed and prayed in secret, being but the skirts of the garment of the Lamb's Bride. A change has come over the scene ; and how great that change is, the following table will in some degree show :

	In 1854.	1864.	1867.
Catholic clergy in England.....	922	1267	1438
" " " Scotland.....	134	178	201
Churches, chapels, and stations in England.....	678	907	1082
Churches, chapels, and stations in Scotland.....	134	191	201
Communities of men in England	17	56	67
Convents in England.....	84	173	210
" " Scotland.....	0	13	17‡

In the Diocese of Westminster alone there are more than twice as many religious communities of women as there were in the whole kingdom (Ireland excluded) forty years ago. The population, it is true, multiplies rapidly and in an ever increasing

ratio, but the spread of Catholicism does far more than keep pace with this advance. It outstrips it in a striking degree, and gives continual promise of further increase. The distance between churches lessens ; the means of grace are more copiously supplied ; the discipline of the church is more fully carried out ; the prejudices of our foes are partly dispelled ; their attacks become less violent ; the press is more civil ; the state more conciliating. In many localities, such as Bayswater, Notting-Hill, Kensington, Brompton, and Hammersmith, in the West of London, the number of Catholic churches, convents, and charitable institutions is greater than would be found over an equal area in many countries where the church is supreme. The number of persons attached to the congregation of the Oratory in Brompton exceeds 8000, and upwards of 13,000 attend the services of St. George's Cathedral in Southwark. The English "Reformation," happily, did only half its work, and the tap-roots of Catholicism have never been thoroughly eradicated from the popular mind. New suckers are ever springing up, and persistent culture soon obtains its reward.

The vast metropolis is not all included in one diocese. The Archbishop of Westminster and the Bishop of Southwark both reside in London, and divide the pastoral care of the great city between them. One hundred and sixty priests, secular, regular, and unattached, minister under Dr. Grant, while 221, including Oratorians and Oblates of St. Charles Borromeo, serve under the primate. The average attendance of children at the poor schools of the Diocese of Westminster was, in the year 1857-8, 8648 ; and nine years later, in 1866-7, it amounted to 12,056. This increase sufficiently proves that great

* Canticles, ii, 11-13.

† *Fr. Palmer's Life of Cardinal Howard*. Introd. 41-58.

‡ *Statesman's Year-Book for 1867*, p. 238. *Catholic Directory*, p. 267.

efforts are made to instruct the Catholic poor children in London. Many of them, especially those of Irish extraction, pass their days in rags, filth, and beggary, living like little "Arabs," as they are familiarly called. In 1866 it was estimated that from 7000 to 12,000 Catholic children were thus wandering through the streets of the capital; but the exertions of Cardinal Wiseman and Archbishop Manning have produced the happiest results, and diminished the evils which want of funds and the difficulties of the case leave for the present without adequate remedy. It is certain that the poor children of Catholics have in the English bishops most able and tender-hearted advocates, and that numerous monastic bodies of men and women are ready to second their efforts with devotion truly heroic. It is on the lambs of the flock that the hopes of Catholic England depend, and just in proportion as they are educated or uneducated, will they be ornaments or disgraces to the religion they profess. Nothing but superstition and vice can be built on ignorance; and the clergy in England are everywhere earnest in promoting the culture of the mind. It is almost as vain to teach religion without secular knowledge, as it would be presumptuous and profane to impart secular knowledge without religion. Nature and grace alike ordain that they should go together, and on this principle the Poor School Committee, or Council of Catholic Education, invariably acts.

There is in England, at the present moment, a strong tendency to compulsory education. The leading thinkers of the day incline to this plan, and press on the legislature the expediency of providing a state system of education, of which all the poor, Catholics as well as Protestants, should

avail themselves. The secular instruction would, in this case, be common to all the children, while the religious instruction would be in the hands of the ministers of the several religions which the parents might profess. The Catholic bishops and clergy look with fear and suspicion on such a project, believing it impossible safely to separate secular and religious instruction. They are of opinion that the system would work badly, and prove a failure; that non-Catholic teachers would insensibly instil false doctrine and wrong views into the pupils' minds, and that the denominational system, which provides separate schools for each section of professing Christians, is the best, and, indeed, the only good one for Catholic interests. They point to Ireland, where the "national" education is regarded as a national grievance. They bid you remark how, in that valley of tears, both Catholics and Protestants separate their children if they can. They prove to you that, in national schools with Presbyterian masters, thousands of Catholic children are taught the Protestant religion from the lips of Protestant teachers.* They complain that while the English receive from the state important help toward denominational education, to the Irish all such help is persistently refused.

It remains to be seen how far their remonstrances will be attended to, and how far the national education in Great Britain can be made to harmonize with Catholic. Happily, there is no disposition on the part of the state to force on any portion of the people a measure obnoxious to them; and the scheme of national education introduced into Ireland under the auspices of the Catholic and Protestant Archbishops of Dublin, (Drs.

* Archb. Manning's *Letter to Earl Grey*, 1868, p. 22.

Murray and Whately,) having proved abortive, it is the less likely that Catholics in England will be obliged to accept any conditions to which they may be decidedly adverse.

There is, however, great difficulty in adjusting state concessions to Catholic wants and demands. It is almost impossible for Protestant rulers to understand our feelings, and they often run counter to them, even when they are trying to satisfy them with the best intentions. Thus, for instance, though the government has thrown open the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge to Catholics, allowing them to matriculate and proceed to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, difficulties have recently been raised by ecclesiastical authority respecting their availing themselves of this opening. The Catholic bishops, in fact, have recommended parents and guardians not to send their sons and wards to Oxford and Cambridge; and though their advice does not amount to a prohibition, it has, nevertheless, a deterrent effect. Catholic noblemen and gentlemen of large property have, at present, no other means of giving their sons an education suited to their rank, and such as will form their minds and manners for parliamentary and diplomatic service, except by sending them to these universities, where science is, so far as they are concerned, entirely divorced from religion, and their personal faith is in great danger of being compromised. The Catholic colleges at Oscott, Ushaw, Stonyhurst, and the like, though admirable for ordinary purposes, do not meet these exceptional cases. They have not, they do not, and they cannot produce men equal to the times—men who carefully get up subjects, read much and study deeply, write and speak in public with authority, and leave deep “footprints

on the sands of time.”* Such laborious and efficient servants of their country are not likely to be formed by any *régime* less strict and comprehensive than that of our universities; and the consequence is that, at this moment, there are about a dozen Catholic young men studying at Oxford (not to mention Cambridge) in spite of episcopal discouragement.

The principle of mixed education being absolutely condemned by the church, the want of a Catholic university in England is felt more and more. But it can only be the result of time, since the cost of endowments and professorships, not to speak of buildings, would, as yet, be out of proportion to the number of Catholics in England and the means they possess. The matter, however, is now under consideration at Rome, and it is expected that means will be devised shortly to meet the existing want. Before the Reformation, sixty-six universities covered Europe, and most of them sprang from small beginnings, and were built amid difficulties quite as great as any we shall have to encounter.†

In the mean time, the government of Mr. D’Israeli favors, to a certain extent, the denominational system, and proposes‡ to charter the Dublin Catholic University, to endow it from the public treasury, and to grant it the right of conferring degrees. This plan, if carried into effect, will materially aid the Irish portion of the church, but will not supply the want of university education which is felt in England. Already the benefits resulting from the state endowment of Maynooth College for priests are clearly manifest, and the present race of ecclesiastics in Ireland differs en-

* *Dublin Review*, October, 1867, p. 398.

† See *Christian Schools and Scholars*, vol. ii. chap. i. and ii.

‡ March, 1868.

tirely, in several important particulars, from that of the past generation. They are less Gallican than they were when educated in France, less disposed to accept of state pensions, improved in manners and appearance, more priestly, and perhaps more firmly attached to the Holy See. The old-fashioned "hedge-priest" has disappeared, and if one of our bishops now dines at the Castle in Dublin, he has not, as was sometimes the case in days of yore, to borrow a pair of episcopal small-clothes for the occasion.

The system of mixed education has not taken root in Ireland, though backed by all the influence of the state. The following table will prove that neither Catholics nor Protestants there approve it, and that, though they sometimes submit to it as a kind of necessity, they avail themselves of it as little as possible. The table exhibits the entire number of schools in Ireland under the control of the National Board, and it ought to be remembered that in these it is not allowable to teach the Catholic religion, to use Catholic emblems, to talk of the holy father, use the sign of the cross, or set up a crucifix or an image of Our Lady.* The schools are, in fact, secular, so far as Catholic children are concerned, and their religious instruction is left to the zeal and labor of their own pastors.

Schools.	Catholic Children.	Protestant Children.
2,454 with Catholic teachers...	373,756	none.
2,483 with Catholic teachers...	321,641	24,381
1,106 with Protestant teachers only.....	29,722	114,726
184 with Protestant teachers only.....	none.	18,702
131 with mixed teachers....	13,690	13,305†

In England, grants are made from time to time by the Privy Council of

the Queen toward defraying the expenses of Catholic poor-schools, for it is only in a hobbling way that public opinion in this country moves toward religious and political equality. The oppression of minorities by majorities has been in vogue so many centuries, that the Houses of Parliament can with difficulty be induced to administer even-handed justice to all. The Poor-School Committee, composed entirely of Catholic noblemen and gentlemen, conducts the affairs of Catholic poor-schools with the concurrence of the bishops and clergy. The schools which are subsidized by government are subject also to government inspection. But this causes no inconvenience, because the inspectors are Catholics, approved by the bishops, and comfortably salaried by the state.

The reformatory schools are most useful and interesting institutions. They date from 1854, when a law was passed to the effect that juvenile offenders should, after a few weeks of imprisonment, complete their term of punishment in a reformatory approved by the secretary of state for the Home Department. By the exertions of Cardinal Wiseman and others, reformatories were established for Catholic children, in order that they might be kept separate from those of other religions, and be duly instructed by Brothers of Mercy, or other pious and charitable persons, under the direction of a priest. Reformatory schools have been followed by schools of industry, to which magistrates send vagrant children, found by the police in the streets without shelter or home. These schools also are recognized by the secretary of state, and the members of the Conferences of St. Vincent of Paul watch over the children's interests and provide, as far as may be, for their welfare.

* Speech of Card. Cullen.

† *Report of National Board of Education, 1866. Report of Meeting of Clergy of Dublin, 18th Dec. 1867, p. 14.*

Allied to these are such schools as St. Vincent's Home for destitute boys, at Hammersmith,* where eighty poor boys are boarded, clothed, and educated for four shillings a week each, with thirty shillings on entrance for outfit, etc. The Catholics of England do not wait till they become a rich and powerful body before they engage in extensive works of charity. On the contrary, the number of their charitable institutions is immense, considered in proportion to their means.

During the Crimean war the want of Catholic chaplains in the army was felt painfully. Soldiers and sailors are, of all men, most careless about their souls, and Catholic soldiers were doubly abandoned in the hour of sickness and death, having no minister but a Protestant one to attend them, while in his ministrations they had no faith. A few volunteer chaplains were therefore allowed to accompany the troops, and this has led to their being regularly appointed, and to such chaplains being placed on an equality with the Protestant in rank, salary, and retiring pensions. Vessels, also, are moored in the great harbors and prepared for Catholic worship. A chaplain is specially appointed to the service of such ships, and to provide for the Catholic sailors' spiritual wants. The spirit of the Irish tar is no longer vexed with the thought that he must live, fight, and perhaps die for a government which abhors his religion, and deprives him of its consolations. The captains of men of war in the neighborhood of the floating churches just spoken of, are obliged to see that the Catholic seamen attend Mass, and are not now, as formerly, compelled to assist at the Church of England prayers. The field of labor of Catholic army chap-

lains gradually extends; besides being attached to many home stations, such as Aldershot, Chatham, Portsea, Woolwich, etc., they are found in foreign stations also, such as Bermuda, Halifax, Mauritius, New-Zealand, St. Helena, and Malta. The Catholic chaplains, it may be added, live on the best terms with the officers and with the Protestant clergymen in the same barracks. "We never interfere with each other," said one of the former a few days since to the writer; "indeed, for my part, I would not think of trying to convert the Protestants; I would rather spend all my time in striving to convert the Catholics. I am sure that, out of every hundred of our own men, there are eighty that need to be converted."

The prisons and union workhouses also, which used to be the scenes of so much injustice toward Catholic prisoners, paupers, and children,* have now assumed a more liberal and Christian aspect. Chaplains are appointed to the larger houses of correction to minister to Catholic inmates, and Catholic children in the workhouses enjoy the benefits of instruction in the religion of their parents. There is in the *Catholic Directory*, which appears annually, a list of the charitable institutions in each diocese, and nothing can be more cheering and hopeful than the view it presents. Thus, in the *Directory* for 1866, we find in the Diocese of Westminster alone 3 Almshouses; 1 Asylum for Aged Poor; 1 Home for Aged Females; 1 Hospital served by Sisters of Mercy; 1 House of Mercy for Servants out of Place; 1 Night Refuge; 1 St. Vincent of Paul's Shoe-Black Brigade; 2 Refuges for Penitents; 1 Reformatory School for Boys; 7 Industrial Schools

* Now removed to Fulham.

* *The Workhouse Question.* *Lamp*, Aug. 19, 1865.

for Boys, and 11 for Girls. The impression made on society by these admirable institutions is very great. They receive much countenance and support from non-Catholics; they instruct and console the ignorant and afflicted members of our own body; they call forth an abundance of self-denying labor and charity on the part of our own people, and tend more powerfully than any arguments to propagate the ancient faith. They prove that our religion emanates from a God of love, that we are not mere political schemers nor superstitious devotees, but sober-minded, practical Christians, battling with sin, and relieving misery in every shape.

The English public is peculiarly alive to the services of Sisters devoted to works of Charity. You cannot walk through the streets now, or travel by railway, without meeting them, and everywhere they are respected. Their costume provokes no ridicule, their youth and good looks (if such they have) are secure from insult. Their crucifix and beads are badges of which all know the import, and involuntary blessings attend their steps. They are, in their way, the apostles of England. Their devotion to the sick and wounded in the Crimea won for them the favor even of their foes. Few will refuse them alms when they ask it for the poor. They are types of self-sacrifice, daughters of consolation, angel visitants. They impersonate the Gospel. Many of them come from abroad, from France, Italy, and Belgium, impelled by an invincible desire for the conversion of England. Their looks bespeak their mission no less than their garb. They are calm, collected, gentle. Children yearn toward them with instinctive fondness, and vice itself is shamed by their silent purity. The names of their several

orders tell plainly on what their hearts are fixed. They belong to the "Good Shepherd;" they are the "Faithful Companions of Jesus;" they are handmaids of the "Holy Child Jesus," of "Notre Dame de Sion," of "Jesus in the Temple," of "Marie Reparatrice." They are "Sisters of Mercy," of "Providence," of "the Poor," of "Nazareth," of "Penance," of the "Holy Family," of "St. Joseph," of "St. Paul," of "the Cross." They address themselves to the heart rather than to the understanding, but they are not on that account less powerful instruments in the work of social improvement. They have broken down many of the barriers which prejudice had raised against the Catholic religion, and helped more than any logical triumph to subdue the hostility and soften the language of the press.

That mighty engine is, on the whole, an auxiliary to the Catholic cause in England. If it promulgates many falsehoods respecting us, it is almost always ready to publish their confutation also. It reproduces our primate's pastorals and all other documents of public interest that emanate from our bishops. It helps us, in the main, in the battle we are fighting for the attainment of equal political privileges, and employs the pens of many Catholic writers. No respectable periodical taboos a contributor because he is a Catholic, nor excludes him from its staff if his writing be up to the required mark, and his conduct in reference to controversial matters be discreet. Many non-Catholic journals are edited or sub-edited by Catholics, and this accounts in part for the altered tone of the press toward us of late.

Our own literature has recently been marked by fewer controversial books and pamphlets than it was some twenty years ago. Then, every

convert of distinction, when admitted into the church, thought it incumbent on him to publish those reasons which had influenced him most powerfully in so momentous a change. The library tables in Catholic families were covered by the writings of Wiseman, Newman, Faber, Renouf, Lewis, Dodsworth, Northcote, Allies, Ward, and Thompson. Each presented his plea for Catholicism from a different point of view, and each added something to the aggregate of arguments derived from Scripture and antiquity. The controversy is now taking another turn. The church's historical ground is less violently contested, and she is drawing from her inexhaustible armory weapons to meet subtler foes. She faces the sceptic; she probes liberalism with Ithuriel's spear; she establishes from the very nature of things the necessity of an infallible standard of faith and morals. She draws up her line of arguments with a more compact front and extended wings. She appears at the same time more unbending and more liberal. She recognizes more freely and joyfully than ever the workings of the Holy Spirit in communions external to her pale, while she insists with extraordinary earnestness on her exclusive possession of the entire and incorrupt deposit of the faith. Such was the purport of a remarkable letter addressed to the Rev. Dr. Pusey by Dr. Manning, now Archbishop of Westminster, in 1864. Never were orthodoxy and liberality more happily united than in this pamphlet. Never did a Catholic prelate and divine make larger admissions without sacrificing a particle of Catholic theology. It is marked by the charity of an apostle and the accuracy of a logician. The same remarks apply to the archbishop's work on *England and Christendom*. "We will venture to say that there is no one Roman

Catholic writer of eminence in the world who has spoken more emphatically than he—we doubt if there is one who has spoken with equal emphasis—on the piety and salvability of persons external to the visible church."*

The life of Catholicism in England is evinced by its numerous associations. In every place where it has taken root, Catholics enrol themselves in societies, confraternities, or institutes for social, intellectual, and religious purposes. In no diocese do these flourish more than in that of Westminster. The Archbishop personally promotes social intercourse by throwing open his drawing-rooms every Tuesday evening, during the London season, to such gentlemen as may think proper to attend his receptions. There, may be met, from time to time, prelates from distant countries, ambassadors, members of parliament, noblemen, heads of colleges, artists, men of science, converts, and old Catholics, with now and then a non-Catholic guest, whom curiosity, respect for the primate, or yearning toward a calumniated church, draws into company to which he is little used. The Stafford Club is another centre of union, comprising about 300 members, and including among them a large part of the titled and moneyed Catholics of England, Wales, and Scotland. The archbishops and bishops of England and Ireland are *ex-officio* honorary members, and they frequently avail themselves of the privilege. A middle class club has lately been opened in the city under the primate's patronage, and at this lectures are delivered, to which, as well as to all other advantages, non-Catholic members are admissible. The only con-

* *Dublin Review*, July, 1867, p. 110.

dition required of such members is, that they shall observe the rules of courtesy, and abstain (together with Catholic members) from unbecoming controversy on religious and political questions. Lecturing is not so popular a form of instruction in England as in the United States, yet it is much more generally in vogue than it was, and it is destined, we believe, to exert a wide influence hereafter in propagating anew the Catholic faith through the British empire.

What we need and hope for is the reaction of Catholic Ireland on Catholic England. Centuries of cruel misgovernment have retarded the civilization of that unhappy country, and the loss which it sustains is not its only, but also ours. In knowledge, education, manners, commerce, industry, liberty, in all that constitutes national maturity, it is behind England. Reading, lecturing, mental activity, in Ireland are all in the back ground; and consequently the church, which there keeps alive the faith in the heart of a peasant and small farmer population, does not act indirectly on English Catholic society with that force which would belong to it under more favorable circumstances. "The centuries which have ripened England and Scotland with flower and fruit, have swept over Ireland in withering and desolation;"* she has therefore little to give us, much to receive from us. If England had been bountiful to her, she would, in return, have been bountiful to England. If we had shared with Ireland our material prosperity, she would now be imparting to us more spiritual blessings, communication between the two churches would be more brisk, and their relations would be marked by

more complete unity of feeling and purpose.

The time is probably drawing near when this healthy and reciprocal action of the Irish and English Catholic Church will be fully restored. If England is to retain Ireland at all as a part of the empire, it must be by establishing equal laws, repealing all penal enactments against Catholics and their religion, resolving the national system of education into denominational schools, disestablishing and disendowing the Protestant Church, and placing on Irish landlords such restrictions in the tenure of land as will secure the tenant from misery and hopeless serfdom. She must stanch the bleeding wounds of emigration, and wipe away the tears of ages. Then, and then only, can we hope to see Ireland a prosperous nation, her people thrifty and happy, her civilization raised to a level with other Christian countries of Europe, and her church putting forth all its native might to console and instruct its own congregations, and to aid in the work of recovering England to the faith of the Apostles. Political and social degradation, such as that which afflicts Ireland, is incompatible with a free and flourishing church, with a high moral tone, religious zeal, and exemplary lives on the part of its victims. Cottiers, and "tenants at will" of absentee landlords, having no security that their outlay is their own, and that they will ever reap the advantage of it; barely earning their potatoes and buttermilk by the sweat of their brow, and looking wistfully across the Atlantic to the comparative wealth and luxury enjoyed by five millions of their fellow-countrymen in America; liable at any moment to be evicted for political motives, or that their rent may be raised; galled and maddened by the remembrance of 50,000 evictions in one

* Archbishop Manning's Letter to Earl Grey. p. 17.

The Condition and Prospects of Catholics in England. 1849

year,* such persons, we say, deprived of the protection of the law, must be more than human if they do not in many instances prove themselves lawless. But the day of redress is at hand, we trust. May the day of retribution be averted!

It is, perhaps, matter for regret that English Catholics have now no political leader. Since the voice of Daniel O'Connell was hushed by death, no representative of their interests in parliament has appeared gifted with genius and eloquence of a commanding order. Mr. Pope Hennessy has been excluded from the House of Commons by his Irish constituents in consequence of his conservative principles, which are not popular among them, and has accepted the governorship of Labuan. His talents are thus almost lost to the Catholic cause; and though there are more than thirty Catholic members in the Commons, their influence is not what it should be. It is neutralized by the many Irish Protestant members who represent landed interests; and valuable as are the services of Mr. Maguire, Mr. Monsell, Mr. Blake, and Major O'Reilly, it is to Protestant rather than to Catholic champions that we look now for advocacy of Irish tenant claims, and the redress of Irish wrongs. In the House of Lords we are most feebly represented. Out of twenty-six Catholic peers, seventeen only have seats, and none of these are distinguished as debaters.† In the time of Charles II. the Catholic peerage was more numerous than it is now in proportion to the commoners. Long after that period, also, the lords and gentry held a higher position than was in harmony with the scanty number of their poorer

co-religionists. Indeed, we have not yet recovered the blow which was inflicted on us by the expulsion of the peers* under the rule of a sovereign who was even then a Catholic by conviction, and avowed himself such on the bed of death. But though the heads of old Catholic families in England do not, as a rule, shine as public characters, they have a title to respect which none others can claim. They represent those who suffered a long period of banishment for conscience' sake, treasuring in their hearts a faith more precious than courtly splendor. For this they were outcasts and pariahs, bowed beneath invidious disabilities and penal laws, deprived of all the material advantages which spring from good education, brilliant careers, and fine prospects. Despair of this world had become a part of their inheritance, and it is no wonder that their successors to this day are somewhat rustic and unskilled in the ways of cabinets and courts.

The Catholic revival, in short, in England—a revival of whose reality and strength we daily see the proofs—is not to be ascribed to external causes. No zealous autocrat, no lordly oligarchy, no foreign invasion, no laws, no concordats, have brought it about. Everything was against it, and everything seems now to favor it. Penal statutes, as decided and almost as deadly as those of the Cæsars, forbade it; the Revolution of 1688 excluded from the throne any sovereign professing it; George III. fought against it as stoutly and more successfully than he did against the American Colonies; Pitt succumbed in his efforts to obtain for it some measure of justice; Fox abandoned its cause politically as hopeless;†

* 1849. *Butt's Land Tenure in Ireland*, p. 34.

† See *Lord Mahon's Hist. of England*, vol. i. p. 16.

* *Flanagan's English and Irish History*, p. 665.

† *Pellew. Life of Lord Sidmouth*, ii. 435. See also *George III.* iii. 476.

and the Grenville cabinet, with all the talents, was dismissed, because it planned a trifling concession to Catholic officers in the army and navy. George IV., like his father, frowned on Catholic emancipation, and yielded to it only under the pressure of a threatened rebellion. But though political privileges were granted to Catholics, it was deemed impossible that their dark, decrepit superstition should ever regain its footing in England. The book of common prayer witnessed against it; the preface to the Protestant Scriptures called its head antichrist; a thousand and ten thousand pulpits thundered against it Sunday after Sunday; dissenters scorned and trampled on it as the worn-out garments of the Babylonish harlot; millions of tracts and volumes pointed out its supposed errors, and cart-loads and ship-loads of Bibles were dispersed through the land as antidotes to its poison. Yet it spread. It triumphed over obloquy. It appealed in its defence to that very Bible which was believed to condemn it. It courted inquiry. It asserted its own divinity. It baffled the law, bent the will of kings and parliaments, scattered the arguments of its enemies like chaff, and advanced steadily as the tide, sapping every dam, and levelling every breakwater that opposed its flow. In the bosom of the adverse church it found advocates, and in almost every family it made converts. New concessions are made to it in every session of parliament; higher and higher offices in the state and in the magistracy are entrusted to its members; the paltry restrictions which yet remain in force will soon be swept away, and having once obtained social and political equality, we have not the remotest doubt that it will obtain, also, superiority approaching as near to supremacy as

will be consistent with the liberty of every other portion of society.

There is an increasing disposition among sectarians in England to make common cause with Catholics on a variety of grounds. One of these grounds has already been mentioned. They would willingly see national education everywhere made purely denominational, and many of those among them who are strongly attached to their own particular form of belief would concur with the Catholic primate in asking that the schools endowed by the state may, in each place, be given over to the majority, whether Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian, or Dissenting, and that schools required by the minority may be supported on the voluntary system.* There is, however, a difficulty in this proposal which would give rise to endless jangling. In some places there is no majority, religious persuasions are equally divided. In others the majority is small and fluctuating. What is the majority this month may be the minority in the next. How could their rival claims to endowment be adjusted in such cases?

But again, there is a growing disposition among religious men of all denominations to make common cause with the Catholic Church in her warfare against infidelity and social crime, particularly drunkenness. Their ministers now are constantly coming in contact with our priests, sitting with them on committees, and speaking side by side with them on platforms on subjects affecting the general weal. They are beginning to recognize the great fact that our war with infidelity is not of yesterday, that we have from age to age maintained the fundamental truths of revelation in the face of a world of scoffers, and that if the banner of the cross could fall from our hands, it

* Letter to Earl Grey, p. 20.

would lie in the dust. Ritualists imitate our solemn rites; sedate churchmen have a friendly feeling toward us because we hold the apostolic succession; Biblical scholars in all sects defer to us as the mediæval guardians and copyists of the Bible; Low-Churchmen endorse our doctrines of grace; Dissenters hold out to us "the right hand of fellowship," because we also are non-conformists as regards the Established Church; and even Quakers* see in us some hopeful features when they hear us declare that we are affiliated in spirit to all who desire to know and obey the truth, and who err only through invincible ignorance. As time goes on, they will give us more credit for spiritual acumen. They will see how justly we have estimated the claims of each successive pretender to religious inspiration and knowledge of divine mysteries. They will ratify our decision on the *isms* of this as of former centuries. They will admit, for example, that we have divined the true nature of animal magnetism, with all those extraordinary phenomena which perplex so many minds in England and elsewhere. To some persons these manifestations appear wholly impostures, to others they seem real and useful, and to others again, indifferent, absurd, and unworthy of attention. The church, on the contrary, after sifting the evidence adduced concerning them, pronounces them real in many instances, useless, unlawful, and satanic. Theologians like Perrone and Ballerini have devoted long attention to them, and laid bare their wickedness in its most deadly aspects. Under a mask of mingled absurdity and terror, they reveal just so much of the invisible world as may deceive and ruin souls. They are horrible mimicries of the angelic and spiri-

tual economy of the church. In all these phases of mesmerism, somnambulism, clairvoyance, table-turning, table-rapping, and evocation of spirits, they testify to the truth of divine revelation in respect to the spiritual world. So far they are of some advantage, for the evil one is always rendering involuntary homage to the Gospel which he seeks to pervert. But in exchange for this, they draw deluded multitudes away from the true and lawful way of holding communion with the dead, piercing the mysteries of the world unseen, obtaining divine guidance, mental illumination, cure of bodily infirmities, signal answers to prayer, visions, ecstasies, and knowledge of future events. From none of these things are the faithful debarred in the church, but in spiritism, or demon-worship, they are attracted to them in ways which are generally fatal to their morals and their faith. We have heard from an intimate ally of Mr. Home, now a convert to the Catholic Church, that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred those who put themselves in communication with spirits by means of table-speaking, lose their belief in the Christian religion and adopt a loose mode of life.

The political grievances of which English and Irish Catholics have still to complain, are of old not of recent origin. They belong to a system now virtually exploded, and if our statute-book were a *tabula rasa* they could not be written in it again. There is full proof of this in the fact that Great Britain legislates for her colonies more justly than for Ireland, or even for England. In Sydney and Melbourne, in Australia, there are Catholic colleges endowed by the government, and in Canada there is an endowed Catholic University. Yet Ireland, with 4,500,000 Catholics, has hitherto asked in vain for the like favors.

* See speech of Mr. Bright in the House of Commons, March 13th, 1868.

The colonies, moreover, are not burdened with a Protestant establishment, but lie open to the exertions of Catholic and Protestant missionaries alike, who receive from the state equal encouragement and occasional subsidies. The consequence is, that in almost every colonial dependency of Great Britain the true church is in full activity, and gives ample proof of her divine mission. The following table of our episcopate will show how wide is the field of action afforded to it by the tolerant system which England has pursued of late years. If she had not at the Reformation fallen from the faith, there would not perhaps at this moment be an idol temple in the world. If she should ever return as a nation to the fold of Christ, her mighty influence may, with the help of other Christian people, suffice to break in pieces every fetish and exorcise the races possessed by demons. The figures here given are of the year 1867; and it may be observed that in all the twenty vicariates of India, Burma, and Siam there was an increase of the Catholic population over the preceding year, with the exception only of those which are under the Portuguese Archbishop of Goa. In his province there was a small decrease.*

	Arch- bishops.	Bishops.	Vicars Apostolic.
England.....	1	12	..
Ireland.....	4	24	..
Scotland.....	..	..	3
Malta.....	..	..	..
Gozo.....	..	2	1
Gibraltar.....	..	..	..
Quebec.....	..	..	..
Halifax.....	..	..	..
Oregon.....	..	..	..
British Columbia.....	2	17	2
Harbor Grace.....	..	..	..
St. John's, New- foundland.....	..	..	..
West-Indies.....	1	1	2
Africa.....	..	1	4
India, Burma, & Siam.....	..	..	20
Australia.....	1	10	..
New Zealand.....	..	2	..
	9	63	32

* *Catholic Directory* 1868, p. 13 to 26.

From this it appears that there are now 110 Catholics in the British empire invested with the episcopal office. The number is little short of that of the Anglican Bishops, with all the power and influence of the state, and a vast Protestant population to give effect to their exertions. Yet, poor and comparatively unaided as our bishops are, the results of their labors in the colonies and among the heathen far exceed anything which rival missionaries can boast. As to the Russian clergy, their torpor in regard to idolatrous nations has often been commented on, and they are strictly forbidden by imperial edicts to endeavor to make converts among them.* It is therefore with Protestant missionaries only that we have to vie, and these, through their disunion, lose, in great measure, the fruits of their zeal. The two millions sterling *per annum*, which their societies in the British isles alone expend,† do not enable them to make head against the rapid extension of the Catholic faith. In China, India, Ceylon, the Antipodes, Oceanica, Africa, the Levant, Syria, Armenia, and America, they have signally failed in converting the heathen, and in rivalling the happy results of Catholic missions.‡ Every Catholic nation is a vast missionary society, and if England had been such to this day, her Indian possessions would be basking in the full light of the gospel. But, alas! how awfully has she betrayed her trust. The speeches of Burke, the lives of Clive and Hastings, bear witness against her. Rapine and cruelty marked the earlier stages of her Indian government. During long years she left the Indians to their idols, and then recruited her treasury by a tax laid

* Wagner's *Travels in Persia*, vol. ii. 204.† *The Times*, April 19, 1860.‡ Marshall's *Christian Missions*, vol. i. 9-15.

upon them, and commanded her troops to pay homage to the demons of the land. Her efforts for their conversion, if they can be called hers, are feeble and unsystematic, while Catholic missions in every part of British India are steadily conducted on a uniform plan. Eleven years ago there were about a million Catholics in the wide territory, and the spirit which guided S. François Xavier, Robert de' Nobili, John de Bretto, and Laynez, prospered the work of their hands. Since that time the Madras Catholic Directories show that constant progress has been made. In some dioceses from 500 to 1000 souls are reclaimed annually from Hindooism, Mohammedanism, and Armenian sects. The lives of the converts are often most edifying, and though much ignorance and superstition has to be weeded out of them, they show forth on the whole the glory of Him who has called them out of darkness into marvellous light.

Registries of adult baptisms being kept at each of the stations, it is easy to ascertain the progress made. In 1859, 2614 adults in the province of Madura were received into the church, and the native college of Negapatam, frequented by young men of high caste only, had produced seven priests, eight theological students, a large number of catechists and school-masters, with several government officers. The Jesuit fathers had founded five orphanages and three hospitals, beside convents of Carmelite and Franciscan nuns, where Hindoo women, under the constraining influence of divine grace, led devout and austere lives.* It has hitherto been the policy of our rulers to avoid interfering with the religion of the na-

tives,* but the time, we may hope, is at hand when more righteous and merciful principles will prevail in the councils of state. By promoting schism, England delays the conversion of the heathen. Friends and foes alike testify to the inefficacy of English Protestant missions. They can destroy faith, but never inspire it; and those who desire to read the true records of the triumph of the cross in heathen lands, and especially in the dominions of Great Britain, must seek them, not in the publications of London Missionary Societies, but in the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, and the writings of Mr. Marshall and Father Strickland.†

The present Earl Grey, though an Anglican, once said to a gentleman from whom we heard it, that he wished, for his part, that Catholic bishops only were supported in the colonies by the English government; for that they alone, in his opinion, were actuated by pure motives and self-sacrificing zeal. Earl Grey does not stand alone in his truly liberal sentiments. Indeed, it is wonderful how generous and enlightened many of our statesmen have become suddenly, since the Fenlans have threatened their English homes. Impossible as it is for us to defend their conspiracy, it seems to bear out the assertion that no people ever obtained their rights by mere remonstrance and petition. The injustice of maintaining a Protestant establishment in Catholic Ireland now flashes upon our rulers like light from heaven, though they have been told of it before a thousand times. Now they are as eager for its destruction as they were for its support. Now they see the matter as all Europe, all the civilized world except themselves, saw it long ago. Now they quote with approval

* *Mission de Maduré*, par L. Saint Cyr, S. J. (1859.)

* Marshall's *Christian Missions*, vol. i. 412-419.
† *Catholic Missions in Southern India* to 1865.

the question proposed by Sir Robert Peel: "This missionary church of yours, with all that wealth and power could do for her, can she in two hundred years show a balance of two hundred converts?" Now they endorse the opinion of Goldwin Smith, that "No Roman Catholic mission has ever done so much for Roman Catholicism in any nation as the Protestant establishment has done for it in Ireland."* It has, to use Mr. Bright's words, "made Roman Catholicism in Ireland not only a faith, but absolutely a patriotism." It has made the Irish "more intensely Roman than the members of their church are found to be in almost any other kingdom in Europe."† "Don't talk to me of its being a church!" exclaimed Burke. "It is a wholesale robbery." "It is an anomaly of so gross a kind," said Lord Brougham, just thirty years ago, "that it outrages every principle of common sense. . . . It cannot be upheld unless the tide of knowledge should turn back." "Irish Toryism," wrote John Sterling, in 1842, "is the downright proclamation of brutal injustice, and that in the name of God and the Bible!" All this English statesmen, who long obstinately resisted truth and justice, now see and acknowledge from a conviction too prompt to have been inspired by anything but fear. Terror has been known to turn the hair gray in a night, and to fill the mind with wisdom in a day. In saying this, however, we do not mean to express any approval of Fenianism, knowing it, as we do, to be a detestable conspiracy, secret, unlawful, and condemned by the church.

The disestablishment of the Irish Protestant Church will directly affect the condition of the Catholics in Eng-

land. It will place their Irish brethren on a social level with Protestants, and thus add to the respectability of the entire body of Catholics in the three kingdoms. It will diminish the number and influence of those Irish Protestant clergymen who cross the channel year by year to declaim on the platforms of our halls and assemblies against the supposed corruption of the Church of Rome. It will remove ten thousand heart-burnings from the people of Ireland, and enable them, though differing in religion in some districts, to live together in peace and harmony. It will increase self-respect in both sections of the community—in the Protestant, because they will no longer be grasping oppressors; in the Catholic, because they will no longer be fleeced and oppressed. The relative merits of their creeds will then have to be discussed on even ground, and no weapons but those of the sanctuary will avail in the fight. The voluntary system by which their ministers will be supported will throw them entirely upon their moral resources, and every adscititious aid in propagating their belief will be happily rescinded. The settlement of the Irish Church question will soon be followed by legal improvement in the condition of tenants as regards their landlords; and thus the two crying evils of our Irish administration being redressed, speculation will be encouraged, commerce will thrive, fortunes will be made, emigration will be arrested, and emigrants recalled. The church of Catholics will share in the general prosperity, and chapels now little better than mud hovels will be razed to the ground to make room for buildings stately and fair as the collegiate churches of Windsor, Middleham, and Brecon, in the olden time, or as the Priory of Stone, the Orphanage of Norwood, and the Col-

* Letter in *Morning Star*, March 30, 1868.

† Speech in the House of Commons, March 31.

lege of St. Cuthbert, near Durham, at the present day.

There is at this moment a concurrence of events favorable to the Catholic religion in the British empire, such as never was seen before since the Reformation. No fires of Smithfield, no renegade queen like Elizabeth, no Spanish Armada, no Gunpowder Plot, no Puritan ascendancy, no despotic house of Stuart, no Pretender, no Titus Oates, no French or other foreign invasion, no Lord George Gordon, no rebellion like that of Robert Emmett and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, is looming in the distance, marring the prospect, and nearing us to turn hope into despair. Even Fenian outbreaks are, we believe, anticipated and virtually undone. Every sun that shines is ripening the harvest, and were it not that the enemy is more busy than ever in sowing tares, we might expect that within a century the whole, or at least the larger part, of the population of the three kingdoms would be included in the domain of the church.

What we have most to dread is the spread of unbelief in its subtlest and most engaging form. It comes among us with stealthy tread, and with the smile of hypocrisy on its face. It professes respect for the Christian religion, but with homage on its lips carries contempt in its heart. It regards all religions as superstitious, and the Christian as the best among bad ones. It pervades every branch of our non-Catholic literature, and offers fruit slightly poisoned to every lip. It combats dogma and the supernatural in every shape, appeals in all things to the senses, sets up humanity as its idol, and studiously confounds the distinction between right and wrong. It maintains the authority of Scripture, provided all that is supernatural

and miraculous be eliminated. It reveres Jesus Christ when placed by the side of "the mild and honest Aurelius, Cakya Mouni,* and the sweet and humble Spinoza."† It cites as examples of men "most filled with the spirit of God," Moses, Christ, Mohammed, Vincent of Paul, and *Voltaire*.‡ It inscribes the name of Christ on volutes in tapestried drawing-rooms,§ together with those of Socrates, Columbus, Luther, and Washington. It affirms that "*we can never be sure that the opinion we are endeavoring to stifle is a false opinion,*"|| and that "no one can be a great thinker who does not recognize that, as a thinker, it is *his first duty to follow his intellect to whatever conclusions it may lead.*"¶ It approves of "hearty good-will evinced toward all persistence of endeavor, whether the object of that persistence be *good or evil* according to moral or religious standards," and it is drawn strongly into sympathy with such poets as Robert Browning in their "keen love for humanity as such, a love which is displayed toward *weakness and evil* as much as toward strength and goodness, provided only the attribute be human."¶¶ Such sympathy with all that is human it accounts "divine." It worships, in short, the creature more than the Creator; it feels no need of grace, and still less of atonement. It relapses, consciously or unconsciously, into the frozen zone where Comte reigns supreme master of a system of icy negatives called philosophy—negatives the more specious because veiled under the term positivism—where all but facts attested by the senses must be renounced,

* The fourth Buddha.

† Renan. *Vie de Jesus*.

‡ *Autobiography of Garibaldi*. Edited by Alexandre Dumas.

§ In Victor Hugo's House in Guernsey. See his *William Shakespeare*, p. 568.

|| John Stuart Mill on *Liberty*, p. 19.

¶ John T. Netteship's *Essays on Robert Browning*. Preface.

and all final causes, all supernatural intervention, scattered to the wind.* Toward this the Protestant mind in England is daily tending with increasing proneness, that portion only excepted which looks upward toward Catholic ritual and dogma. Its presence is more and more apparent among educated men, in Parliament, the universities, the learned professions, the reviews and journals of the day. It is an enemy that meets us in every walk, and is more difficult to grapple with than any definite form of error. It objects not merely to this or that part of our Creed, as Lutherans and Calvinists did on their first appearing, but it meets us *in limine* with doubts which pagans would have been ashamed to profess. Even writers on the whole Christian, like Samuel Taylor Coleridge, have aided in forming it; but Neology, Strauss, Comte, Mill, Carlyle, Sterling, Hugo, have brought it in like a flood. Mazzini propounds it openly in *Macmillan's Magazine*, while the *Saturday Review* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* adapt it weekly and daily to the palate of the million. Not that the free-thinkers are agreed together; they often jeer at each other. "Singular what gospels men will believe," cries Carlyle,† "even gospels according to Jean Jacques." But *this* is the language of each, "Adieu, O church; thy road is that way, mine is this. What we are going to is abundantly obscure; but what all men are going from is very plain."‡

These, then, are the two great antagonists, the Catholic Church and Infidelity in its last and most popular shape of Positivism. People in England are choosing their sides, and drawing nearer and nearer to one or

the other of these champions. Minor differences are merging into the broad features which distinguish the two. To the positivism of Comte there stands opposed the positivism of the Church. She alone speaks positively, authoritatively, uniformly, and permanently, respecting the invisible world, the First Cause, the revelation of God in Christ, in the Gospel, the Scriptures, and the Church. She bears witness at the same time of God and of herself, and even those who cannot accept her testimony admit that of all the enemies of infidelity her presence is the most imposing, and her language the most unwavering and distinct. None can accuse her of hostility to science, for the Holy See in this, as in all past ages, has repeatedly declared with what favor it looks on really scientific labors. "It is *impudently* bruited abroad," wrote Pius IX. to M. Mahon de Monaghan,* "that the Catholic religion and the Roman pontificate are adverse to civilization and progress, and therefore to the happiness which may thence be expected." "Rome," says the *Dublin Review*,† "does not aim directly at material well-being; she does not teach astronomy or dynamics; she propounds no system of induction — she invents neither printing-press steam-engines, nor telegraphs; but she so raises man above the brute curbs his passions, improves his understanding, instils into him principles of duty and a sense of responsibility, so hallows his ambition and kindles his desire for the good of his kind and the progress of humanity that, under her influence, he acquires insensibly an aptitude for the successful pursuit even of physical science, such as no other teacher could impart. It is manifest to all whose thoughts reach below the surface of

* *Cours de Philosophie Positive*, 1839. *Politique Positive*, 1851-2.

† Thomas Carlyle's *French Revolution*, ii. 70.

‡ Carlyle's *Life of Sterling*, p. 286.

* See *Rome et la Civilisation*. Paris, 1862.

† April, 1866, pp. 272, 301.

s, that the services which Lord rendered to philosophy, and on to science, were indirectly to the Catholic Church."

the Catholic Church is ever to built among us in anything like ancient power and splendor, it be raised on a broad basis. do not mean that its real foun-

ns admit of change or extension. They are the same from age to age. But they must, to meet wants of the age, be made to be as comprehensive as they really are. Happily, tolerant maxims prevail in religion, and liberal in politics. The divine right of hereditary kings is exploded, persecution is no longer held to be a sacred duty. The Catholic Church, rightly understood, is the liberal of all institutions. Its source and security of true freedom and it is only when perverted that it can serve the cause of despotism.

It has everything to gain from liberty, and everything to lose by clinging to tyrannical principles. Its friends in England are those who wish to develop and exhibit its alliance with all that is true in science and good in mankind, and who rely upon its heavenly powers of consolation rather than on any excommunications and anathemas, who condescend to the utmost without compromise, and relax rules without breaking or warping them. Catholic writers have labored to prove that our religion is the enemy of progress, and it is therefore our duty and interest to show where and deed how utterly false assertions on this subject are. It is a greater triumph for the church to have demonstrated her superiority after fair discussion, than it would have been to suppress that discussion or to shirk it. We have nothing to fear. Catholicism

lies at the root of all sciences, and it alone makes progress possible.

Such are the views of the wisest and best of those English Catholics who work in the literary hive. They heartily adopt the words of M. Cochin, in his speech at Malines. "Christianity is the father of all progress, of all discoveries." "Every science is one of God's arguments, and every progress one of God's instruments." Modern science is but an offshoot of the Gospel, a result of the Incarnation. It redeems our bodies from a thousand disabilities and discomforts, as the Cross has redeemed our souls. The discovery of America, the art of printing, the telescope, the microscope, the clock, the mariner's needle, the steam-engine, superseding the slaves who were once the machinery of the world, gas, telegraphic wires, what are they but minor gospels and temporary redemptions for the toiling and weary sons of men? The Church views such improvements with delight, and sees in them the means, when rightly employed, of restoring the broken alliance between earthly and heavenly blessings. Is this what you call material progress? No, no; it is all moral improvement. You might as well call the press a material improvement as the railroad and the telegraph. As the one brings thought into immortal life, so the others redeem man from the sorrows of intervening distance. The Church affiliates them gladly to herself, and traces a moral advance in every material gain, a development of redemption by Christ in the progress of agriculture, improved machinery, in chloroform, in short-hand, lithography, photography, the respirator, and every implement and utensil which makes labor less irksome and pain less poignant.

In the science of political economy especially, English Catholics are anx-

ious to rectify prevalent mistakes, and place that delightful study on its proper basis. The writings of Ricardo and Adam Smith, of McCulloch, Senior, and Mill, have familiarized persons' minds with the subject, but they have failed to show how every principle and statement of sound political economy rests on some maxim of the Gospel or of the church.

The Utilitarian doctrines of Jeremy Bentham were as bald and selfish as those of Malthus on Population were immoral and absurd. Self-restraint and self renunciation are the soul of thrift, the source of wealth, the element of labor, the main-spring of exertion, the corner-stone of the social edifice, the health of the community, the rectifying principle which keeps the whole machinery of society in active and harmonious operation. It would make the rich poor in spirit, and the poor comparatively rich. It would place a happy limit to the extremes of wealth and indigence. It is, or should be, the fundamental principle of the production and distribution of wealth. If duly carried out, it would promote solidarity in all its branches to a wonderful extent, and secure liberty as the condition requisite for the very existence of property and the only possible sphere of mutual exertion. M. Perin* has shown with admirable force and precision how Catholicism establishes self-renunciation as "the corner-stone of all social relations," and guarantees "the greatest freedom to man, and the greatest security to property." The *Dublin Review*† also has done good service in popularizing M. Perin's arguments and supplying an antidote to the defective teaching of John Stuart Mill, and other non-Catholic political economists.

The Academia of the Catholic Re-

ligion, founded by Cardinal Wiseman in 1861, continues to be productive of happy results. Its main design was to exhibit, in the lectures delivered at its meetings and published afterward, the alliance between sacred and secular science. It is affiliated to the Academia in Rome, and two volumes of essays read before it have already appeared in print.* The rich and varied learning of Cardinal Wiseman, the clear, incisive style of Dr. Manning, the minute mediæval lore of Dr. Rock, the calm and affectionate tone of Mr. Oakeley, the acumen and exhaustive faculties of Dr. Ward, render these publications very attractive to Catholics who are fond of argumentative writing. They keep up active thought and speculation in a highly influential circle, and are valuable landmarks in the history of the Catholic revival in England. The meetings of the Academia are held at the Archbishop's residence in York Place, London.

It is a remarkable fact that at this moment † there are two political parties in the state, each of which is bent on advancing Catholic interests, though in different ways. Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone, the heads respectively of the Conservative and Liberal parties, are seeking to redress one of the great evils of Ireland, the former by *levelling up* and the latter by *levelling down*. The government would, if it were able, raise the Catholic church in Ireland to a footing with the Establishment by endowing a Catholic University and the Catholic priesthood, while the opposition proposes simply the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Protestant church. In both cases the result would be reli-

* *De la Richesse dans les Sociétés Chrétiennes*.
† April, 1866. *Christian Political Economy*.

* First Series, 1865. Second Series, 1868. Longmans.
† April, 1868.

equality in Ireland, though can be no doubt that the plan sted by the Liberals is the rational and feasible one. It one, moreover, which is sanc- by the Cardinal Archbishop of lin and by the Archbishop of inster. On Sunday, the 12th ril, the faithful in London a petition in favor of Mr. one's resolutions by the Arch- 's express recommendation. It isant to see the Catholic Pri- and the future Prime Minister gland thus coöperating in the ts of the Catholic religion, es- y when we remember that they d friends and were at college er.

Easter of 1868 has been d by great increase of spirit- ivity in the churches of large

Numbers of Catholics who eglected the sacraments have estored to the use of them, rotestants come Sunday after y to hear the sermons deliver- our churches.* The public s stirred on the subject of our 1, and curiosity in very nume- stances ends in conversion. nt clerical convert has placed in the hands of a prelate for d of his diocese, and a whole

Weekly Register, April 11, 1868.

community of Anglican Sisters of Mercy have yielded to the direction of clergymen who are priests indeed. The Ritualist parsons are busy fraying the way for Roman missionaries. Their altars are draped in colors according to the season, acolytes bend before them and serve, water is mingled with their sacramental wine, lights are burning at their communions, the host is elevated, their robes are gorgeously embroidered, and dense clouds of incense mount before their shrines, as if they were dedicated to the God of unity under the patronage of Catholic saints. Many of their flock are deluded by this empty pomp, but many also are led by it to the true springs of faith and the observance of a better ceremonial. During the first half of the present century 260 religious houses and colleges have been raised in England to repair the loss of 681 monasteries of men and women uprooted at the time of the Reformation. If we continue and end the century with equal exertions—and it is probable we shall exceed rather than fall short of them—we shall by that time have nearly as many religious institutions as our forefathers could boast after the sway of the church in England had lasted 800 years under royal protection.

SKETCHES DRAWN FROM THE ABBÉ LAGRANGE'S LIFE OF ST. PAULA.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

GOD had given great compensation to Paula in the rare natures of her children. The eldest, and perhaps the most gifted, Blesilla, combined with delicate health an ardent soul, quick wit, and a charming mind. Her penetration astonished even St. Jerome. She was full of those characteristics that make one hope everything and fear everything. She was but fifteen when she lost her father, and seventeen when St. Jerome first knew her, in the first bloom of her youth and beauty. She spoke Greek and Latin with perfect purity, and the elegance of her language was remarkable, as well as the quickness of her intellect.

Paula, full of anxiety for such a nature, sought to give her the counterpoise of solid piety. But Blesilla, though capable of exalted virtues, was intoxicated by the splendors of the sphere in which she was born and educated. Like all young girls of her rank, she loved dress, luxury, and entertainments, and neither the death of her father nor her mother's example had detached her heart from the world, neither did her early widowhood; for Paula had given her in marriage to a young and rich patrician of the race of Camillus, who died in a short time after, leaving Blesilla a widow and without children. But even this blow did not suffice, and, after the usual time given to mourning, the worldly and frivolous tastes of the young widow again

rose to the surface. She passed many hours before her glass, busy in adorning herself, surrounded by her slaves occupied in dressing her hair and waiting on her, and entertainments of all sorts were her delight.

Paulina, the second daughter of Paula, was, as we have already said, a great contrast to her sister. Less brilliant, but not less agreeable, great good sense was her chief attribute, with sweetness of disposition. Less captivated by the world than Blesilla, she was more inclined to be pious. The equilibrium in her nature was excellent. But there was nothing in any way uncommon about her. She seemed born for the ordinary destiny of woman. She was now sixteen, and Paula, with an instinct truly maternal, felt that what she had to do for her child was to give her a protector worthy of her, in a husband of sound character and amiable disposition.

But the pearl of Paula's children was her third daughter, Eustochium, who was sweetness and candor itself, and all innocence and piety. Her distinguishing feature was her love for her mother, whom she never for a moment quitted. Marcella kept her with her for some time, and when the child returned to Paula, she clung more than ever to her mother, like a young vine. Her only wish was to follow in the footsteps of Paula and to be like her, and to consecrate herself also to the service of God with her young virginal heart. Soft and silent, but hiding under this veil of

ty a remarkable mind, Eustochium was formed for high purposes. He was not fourteen when St. Jerome came to Rome.

Paulina was then only eleven or twelve years of age, and the time had not yet come for anxiety about her. She was, however, different with Toxothius who was younger still, but had received baptism, his father's having assumed his guardianship, and they were pagans, which distressed Paula, who hoped to make her a fervent Christian.

It was the family of Paula. Many duties to them had excited the interest of the austere monk, who, together with Marcella, tried to do everything possible to assist Paula in her cares. Blesilla at once filled the mind of St. Jerome with the ardent wish to save her from the career of worldliness on which she seemed bent; but in vain did he try to bring her to grave thoughts. It was easier to guide, for Proculus aided the pious efforts of friends in the husband chosen for her by her mother, who was Pamphilus, of whom St. Jerome has said that he was "the most Christian of noble Romans, and the most noble of the Christians." He was an old and tried friend of St. Jerome, to whom this marriage gave happiness, as well as to Paula and Marcella.

For Eustochium, she continued to grow and bloom under the influence of her mother. In vain were the rich dresses of her sisters and the shining jewels spread out before her. Her taste for religious life was becoming more and more decided every day. Notwithstanding her youth, none of the maidens of the Aventine surpassed her in piety, or in following St. Jerome in his laborious studies of the Scriptures. She had learnt Hebrew, and,

like her mother, had inspired St. Jerome with singular devotion and interest. The increasing vocation of Eustochium aroused opposition in her father's family; for it was not possible that the progress of monastic tendencies among the patrician women should be allowed to take root without resistance in Rome, where opposition was made by law to anything like celibacy for men, with open advocacy of matrimony and the honors of maternity for women.

St. Jerome undertook to modify these ideas with his powerful pen, and, in his answer to the attack of one named Helvidius, came off the field completely victorious.

It was about this time, 384 A.D., that Blesilla fell ill of a pernicious fever, which for a month threatened her life. This illness brought her wisdom. The following is the story of her conversion, from St. Jerome: "During thirty days," he says, "we saw our Blesilla burning with a devouring fever. She lay almost bereft of life, panting under the struggle with death, and trembling at the thought of the judgments of God. Where then was the help of those who gave her worldly counsels? of those who prevented her from living for Christ? Could they save her from death? No. But our Lord himself, seeing that she was only carried away by the intoxication of youth and the errors of her century, came to her, touched her hand, and cried out to her, as to Lazarus, 'Arise, come forth and walk!' She understood this call, and she arose and knew that she owed the boon of life to him who had given it back to her." She was then but twenty years of age, when she shone in her new-born beauty of holiness. She, who formerly passed long hours at her toilet, now sought only to find

God ; and, instead of the ornaments in which she had liked to appear, she now covered her fair head with the veil most becoming for a Christian woman. All the money that had been spent for adorning herself now went to the poor. And this ardent soul, once consecrated to God, gave itself up entirely, and, passing with a great slight beyond ordinary natures, at once reached the summit of human virtue and perfection.

Eustochium and Paula had not more ardor. Jerome was admirable in his manner of seconding this generous enthusiasm. He now instructed her in the Scriptures, and she studied first Ecclesiastes, then the gospels, and Isaiah. She learned Hebrew to read the Psalms. Her energy was wonderful, for her steps still tottered from illness, and her delicate neck drooped under the weight of her young head. But the divine book was never out of her hands.

How shall we paint the joy of Paula at this change in her beloved child ! Her dearest wishes had been granted. This, too, was a fruitful conversion ; others imitated such an example ; and Paula's house soon became a sort of monastery, which Jerome would call the *fireside church*. He gives a most beautiful description of Paula and her children at this period, when the blessing of God was so visibly on her household. Her fervor increased. She determined on a complete sacrifice of her worldly goods, and, in the words of St. Jerome, "being already dead to the world, though still living, she distributed all her fortune among her children," thereby entirely initiating herself into the holy poverty of Christ. Notwithstanding all the consolations God had sent her, she was still uneasy and dissatisfied ; her life was not yet all that she sighed for. A great disgust toward Rome filled

her mind, and the descriptions Epiphanius had given her of the East rose up for ever in her, making her soul long for the monastic life of the desert. The example of Melanie was then to increase this longing, for Melanie had now been for some years realizing her dreams in her convent on the Mount of Olives.

There was now nothing to prevent Paula from going. Blesilla, as well as Eustochium, wished to follow their mother in her pilgrimage, and many of their friends desired to join them. St. Jerome, the veteran pilgrim, was to be their pilot to holy places. He had strengthened them all in the love of God and nourished them with the Holy Scriptures. His letters to Eustochium at this time were exquisite. What could be more touching than the friendship uniting the austere old monk and this sweet young maiden ? "O my Eustochium ! O my daughter ! O my sister !" he wrote to her, "since my age and charity alike permit me to give you these names, if you are by birth the noblest of Roman virgins, I beseech you guard zealously your own heart and keep it from evil. Imitate our Lord Jesus Christ, be obedient to your parents, go out rarely, and honor the martyrs in the solitude of your chamber. Read often and you will learn much. Let sleep surprise you with the holy book in your hands, and, if your head drop down with fatigue, let it be on the sacred pages."

Eustochium was grateful to him for his wise counsels, and, wishing to express her appreciation of his letters to her, she gathered courage to send him a little offering of a basket of cherries, with several of those bracelets called *armille* and some doves. The whole was accompanied by a sweet, girlish letter, full of affection. The cherries, she said, were a symbol of purity, to remind him of

his letters ; the bracelets were such as were given to reward brilliant deeds, and were to put him in mind of his own victories in controversy ; and, lastly, the doves were emblematic of his tenderness to her from her childhood.

St. Jerome received with great kindness the little offerings of his spiritual daughter, and thanked her for them in a letter full of affection, mingled with the grave counsels which ever flowed from his pen.

The time was approaching for the departure of Paula for the East. It was in the autumn of 384 A.D., when Blesilla suddenly fell ill of the same fever which had once before laid her so low. The news of her illness filled her friends with consternation, for Blesilla was tenderly loved by them. She sank so rapidly that there was soon no hope left of her recovery. This was but four months after her conversion, and God already judged her ready for a better life, and called her to himself.

She was but twenty, and was going to die. Her mother, her sisters, her relations, her friends, Marcella and St. Jerome, all gathered around her death-bed in tears. Blesilla alone did not weep. Though the fever was consuming her, a ray of celestial light illuminated her countenance with a beauty not of earth, and transfigured her. Her only regret was, that her repentance had been so short. She turned to those who were around her : "Oh ! pray for me," she cried, "to our Lord Jesus Christ, to have mercy on my soul, since I die before I have been able to accomplish what I had in my heart to do for him." These were her last words ; every one present was moved to tears by them. Jerome eagerly offered consolation. "Trust in the Lord, dear Blesilla," said he ; "your soul is as pure as the white robes you have

worn since your consecration to God, which though but recent was so generous and complete that it came not too late." These words filled her soul with peace. And shortly afterward, to use the words of St. Jerome, "freeing herself from the pains of the body, this white dove flew off to heaven !"

Her obsequies were magnificent, followed by all the Roman nobles. Such was the custom of the patri-cians. A peculiar interest and sympathy were felt in the fate of this brilliant young woman, as well as universal compassion for the sorrow of her venerable mother. The long procession walked through the streets, followed by the coffin covered with a veil of gold. St. Jerome, though not approving of this display, dared not interfere to prevent it, as it seemed a sad consolation to Paula to see the honors paid to the child so tenderly loved. She undertook to accompany Blesilla to her last resting-place ; but her strength failed, and, having taken but a few steps, she fainted away and was brought back to her house insensible.

The days that followed the funeral only increased her grief. She was crushed by it. In vain did she try to submit to the divine will, her heart failed her, and Jerome felt that he must make an effort to give her strength, or else she would succumb to the pressure. The effort was great on his part, for Blesilla was his beloved pupil, and this death annihilated all his own cherished hopes of her. He never found the courage to conclude a commentary, begun expressly for her, on Ecclesiastes. But feeling it a duty to help Paula, he wrote to her a letter filled with true delicacy of feeling and Christian faith. He commenced by weeping with her over the lost Blesilla, for he said : "While wishing to dry her mother's tears, am I not weeping my-

self?" He continued this noble letter in these words, alike reproachful and sympathizing: "When I reflect that you are a mother, I do not blame you for weeping; but when I reflect also that you are a Christian, then, O Paula! I wish that the Christian would console the mother a little."

He reminded her of the children she had left, and with all the authority of his holy office bid her take care lest, "in loving her children so much, she did not love God enough." "Listen," he says, "to Jesus, and trust in him: 'Your daughter is not dead, but sleepeth.'"

Then Jerome would picture to Paula her daughter in all her celestial glory. He would suppose Blesilla calling upon her mother in these words: "If you have ever loved me, O my mother! if you have ever nourished me from your bosom, and trained my soul with your words of wisdom and virtue, oh! I conjure you, do not lament that I have such glory and happiness as is mine here! What prayers does Blesilla not now offer up for you to God!" And St. Jerome adds, "She is praying for me also, for you know, O Paula! how devoted I was to her soul, and what I did not fear to brave, that she might be saved."

St. Jerome's letter awoke new Christian strength and resignation in the broken spirit of Paula. The tears ceased to flow, but the wound bled inwardly and never healed. The void left by Blesilla in her mother's heart must ever make it desolate. Rome became insupportable to her, and the pilgrimage to the East, so long thought of, seemed now the only thing that could interest her. About this time Pope Damasus died. He was a great loss to St. Jerome, for his successor had not the same moral courage, and dared not sustain the old monk in advocating

monastic life, which so enraged the patricians.

Finally, worn out by persecution, and perhaps longing to return to that solitude he had never ceased to regret, Jerome determined to leave Rome. This was in the year 385 A.D. His friends were only waiting for his signal to accompany him in numbers, and many were the tears shed by his gentle pupils in Rome at his departure. His farewell letter to them all was addressed to the venerable Asella, through whom he sent his last greetings to Paula, Eustochium, Albina, Marcella, Marcellina, and Felicity, "his sisters in Jesus Christ." Many of these he was destined to see no more. But the decision of Paula was irrevocable. She had no longer any earthly tie to detain her. Her son, moved by the example of his mother and sisters, had received Christian baptism, and was soon to marry a young Christian maiden, the cousin of Marcella. Rufina was to remain during her mother's absence with her sister Paulina and Pammachius, and also with Marcella, her second mother.

Eustochium was to accompany her mother, as well as a large number of the pious community of the Aventine. They left Rome in the autumn of 385 A.D. Paula courageously bid farewell to her children, and the friends who had followed in troops to see her embark. Leaning on the arm of Eustochium, she was seen on the deck of the vessel, her eyes averted, that her strength might not fail her as she witnessed the sorrow of her loved ones whom she was leaving. For St. Jerome tells us, "Paula loved her children more than any other woman."

The voyage was favorable, the vessel touching at many places of classic interest. When they finally reached Salamines in the Island of

us, what was her joy on finding her venerable friend, St. Epiphanius, lying on the shore to receive her, and in being able to return the hospitality he had enjoyed under her in Rome three years before.

The Island of Cyprus was filled with monasteries and convents, ruled and protected by Epiphanius, which were a great attraction to Paula. Hymns were sung where Venus had lately reigned supreme; and the grave of the holy patriarch Hilarion stood near the ruins of the ancient temple of the heathen goddess. After leaving Cyprus, Paula went to Antioch. There Jerome and the priests and monks who had accompanied him from Rome were awaiting her with Paulinus, the bishop, who wished to detain her; but since her feet had touched land her ardor for Jerusalem had so increased that nothing could stop her. To follow the footsteps of Christ, to the place where his precious blood was shed, then to visit the anachorites of the desert, such was Paula's thought. Paulinus and her companions shared this desire. No time was lost. A caravan was organized, Jerome and his friends on dromedaries, Paula and her suite on asses, and they began their journey together. The road from Antioch to Jerusalem was long and fatiguing for women so delicately educated. A journey in those days was full of perils of which we now have no knowledge.

But Paula was indefatigable, deterred by no dangers and complaining of no inconveniences, as she crossed the icy plains at this most rigorous season of the year. St. Jerome of the cities that she saw, and of the emotions that she felt as her knowledge of Scripture and of holy history brought up recollections and associations either of Jewish or of Christian history wherever she went. Besides, Jerome was there, with his

prodigious memory and knowledge, to throw light on every step.

As Paula approached Jerusalem, her soul was more deeply moved than it had yet been. The view of the landscape around the city was desolate, even as early as the fourth century. She entered by the Gate of Jaffa, also called the Gate of David and the Gate of the Pilgrims. The proconsul of Palestine had sent an escort to meet her, to receive her with honor; but with that sentiment which later made Godefroi de Bouillon refuse to wear a golden crown where God had worn one of thorns, Paula refused to lodge in the palace offered for her convenience, and she and her whole suite staid at a modest dwelling not far from Calvary; then she started at once to visit the Holy Places. Who can describe her feelings as she entered the church of the Holy Sepulchre? In the fourth century, the stone which closed the entrance to the tomb of our Lord was still to be seen by the faithful pilgrims. To-day it is covered by a monument of marble. As soon as Paula saw it, with great emotion she embraced it; but when she entered into the sepulchre itself, and went up to the rock on which had laid the body of our Lord, she could no longer restrain her tears, and, falling on her knees, sobbed and wept abundantly. All Jerusalem saw these tears, and were edified at the great piety of this noble Roman lady, the daughter of the Scipios.

St. Jerome tells us that, while she was in Jerusalem, "she would see everything," and that "she was only dragged away from one holy place that she might be taken to another."

After having visited Jerusalem, the pilgrims travelled all over the Holy Land, commencing with Bethlehem and Judea, then visiting Jericho and the Jordan, Samaria and Galilee as

far as Nazareth, and finally, reorganizing the caravan, they set out for Egypt; not, however, before paying a visit to Melanie, in her convent on the Mount of Olives, whence they returned to Jerusalem.

Paula would now have fixed herself at Bethlehem but for this longing to visit the fathers of the desert. They started on this, the longest and most fatiguing part of their journey, and were sixteen days in going from Jerusalem to Alexandria. This city was the Athens of the East. In such an atmosphere of learning, there had been great intellectual development among the Christians, and the school of Christian philosophers of Alexandria was renowned throughout the world. This was what detained Paula and Eustochium, and particularly Jerome, some time at Alexandria, where they were received with great hospitality by the bishop, Theophilus. But even the most interesting studies could not make Paula forget the principal object of her voyage to Egypt, and her desire to see and to know the ascetics, that wonderful class of men, who voluntarily exiled themselves from the world and from all human ties, and astonished mankind by incredible austerities, and by consecrating their lives entirely to spiritual things and to a future existence. At this time the number of these anachorites had so multiplied, that it was said that in Egypt the deserts had as many inhabitants as the cities. Monastic life was then in all its glory. The great anachorites, Paul, Antony, Hilarion, and Pacomius, were dead; but their disciples lived, as celebrated as themselves. A great work of organization had been accomplished among them. The first men who came to the desert lived alone in caves or cells, each following his individual inspiration. Paul had lived forty years in a grotto, at the entrance of which

was a spring and a palm-tree, drinking the water of the spring and eating the fruit of the tree, being his only nourishment. Antony's life had been more extraordinary still. But when the number of the hermits increased, they felt the necessity of community life being established, and the cenobites began to take the place of the anachorites, though there remained many of the latter, dividing, as it were, the hermits into two kinds, the Anachorites and the Cenobites. Large convents spread out along the banks of the Nile to the furthest extremity of Egypt.

It was not easy to visit these establishments. In going there, many years before, Melanie and her companions had been lost for five days, and their provisions being exhausted they had nearly died of hunger and thirst in the desert. Crocodiles, basking in the sun, had awaited with open jaws to devour them, and numberless other dangers had beset them.

But this did not discourage Paula, and her route being happily chosen, she accomplished her journey safely to the mountain of Nitria, where five thousand cenobites lived in fifty different convents, under the rule of one abbot. The news of her coming had preceded her, and the Bishop of Heliopolis had come to welcome the noble lady. He was surrounded by a great crowd of cenobites and anachorites. As soon as they perceived the caravan, they came forward singing hymns. Paula was soon surrounded. She declared herself most unworthy of the honors accorded her, and at the same time glorified God, who worked such marvels in the desert. The bishop first conducted the pious band to the church situated on the summit of the mountain, and there, with that hospitality for which the monks of the East were ever remarkable, the travellers were given

the best rooms attached to the convent and intended for the use and convenience of strangers. Fresh water was brought to them to wash their feet, and linen to dry them, and the fruits of the desert to refresh their palates; after which they were allowed to visit the convents and the hermits, whose life was very simple and very free, at the same time holy and austere. Ambitious of reducing the body to servitude, and to penetrate the secrets of things divine, they united action with contemplation. Their days were passed between work and prayer. Some were to be seen digging the earth, cutting trees, fishing in the Nile, or perhaps plaiting the mats on which they were to die. Others were absorbed by the reading of, or meditation on, the Holy Scriptures. The monasteries swarmed like bee-hives.

After having witnessed the cenobitical life, Paula went to the desert of cells to see the anachorite life, which there was carried out in all its austerity and all its poetry. These monks had no walls built by man, but had retired to the mountains as to the most inaccessible asylums. Caverns and rocks were their dwellings, the earth their table, their food roots and wild plants, and water from the springs their refreshment. Their prayers were continual, and all the mountain hollows rang with God's praises. These grottoes did not communicate with each other, and the isolation of the anachorites was complete. Once a week, on Sunday only, they left their cells, and, dressed in robes made of palm-leaves or of sheepskin, they went to the church of Nitria, where they saw one another, and also met the cenobites. Paula wished to know and listen to these pious men. She therefore visited all the grottoes, one by one, talking always of the things of God to their inmates.

Paula's next visit was through a

still more savage country to see those called by St. Jerome "the columns of the desert." She cared not for dangers nor fatigue, so that she could contemplate such men as *Macarius*—the disciple of Antony and *Pacomius*—a man so austere that he had astonished *Pacomius* himself, who had watched him during the whole of one Lent plaiting mats in his cell, without speaking to any one, all absorbed in God, and only eating once a week, on Sunday, a few raw vegetables. None could surpass this great ascetic. He permitted the pilgrims to penetrate into his grotto, and delighted Paula with his holy conversation and instruction.

Jerome admired likewise the prodigies of this pure and austere life; but more occupied than Paula with the doctrines he heard discussed, he had perceived that some of the monks were less enlightened than others. It seems, as it afterward was proved, that the theories of Origen were already beginning to trouble the inhabitants of the desert.

There remained now, to complete Paula's insight into the life of the hermits, but to visit the convents founded by *Pacomius*, which she hesitated not to do. There were six thousand monks living in them, governed by the venerable *Serapion*. Their rule divided each monastery into a certain number of families. Their frugal lives enabled them to extend their charities far and wide. Their fasting and abstinence lasted all the year round, becoming only more strict in Lent. Paula enjoyed their hospitality greatly, learning much from *Serapion* that delighted her about this well-organized monastic life which realized her ideal.

She thought for a moment of establishing herself in the desert, and of requesting *Serapion* to admit her colony under the rule of *Pacomius*; but the

love of the Holy Places prevented her from carrying out this plan. She said "her resting-place was not in these deserts, it was in Bethlehem." Already had she lingered too long! She had now learned all that she wished to learn, enough for her own guidance. She therefore embarked with her entire caravan for Maioma, a sea-port of Gaza; and from there, without stopping on her way, she returned to Jerusalem, and thence to Bethlehem, with as much rapidity, says St. Jerome, as if she had had wings.

Here the news awaited her of the death of her daughter Rufina. The blow was terrible to Paula, but her

mind was strengthened by all she had seen, and the voice of God reached her heart and comforted her, and gave her stronger hope than she had ever had in reunion hereafter with her beloved children. She sought to make herself worthy of immortality, and her faith and her good works brought her consolation and peace. She resolved to found two monasteries: one for herself, Eustochium, and her friends from the Aventine; the other for Jerome and his followers. This was done without delay, and they at once began the life which they longed for—a life of labor, of study, and of prayer.

TO BE CONTINUED.

TO THE COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT, WITH A COPY OF
"INISFAIL."*

Your spirit walks in halls of light:
On earth you breathe its sunnier climes:
How can an Irish muse invite
Your fancy thus to sorrowing rhymes?

But you have fought the church's fight!
My country's cause and hers are one:
And every cause that rests on Right
Invokes Religion's bravest son.

* From a forthcoming volume of Poems, by AUBREY DE VERE, now in press by the Catholic Publication Society.

THE LEGEND OF GLASTONBURY.—A.D. 62.

in the pleasant west of Eng-
ver—the copious Brue—fol-
course to Bridgewater Bay,
the Sedgemoors and other
unds. Somersetshire farm-
rive their ploughs and graze
le where I am going to de-
ter: thanks to those Bene-
onks whom they have so
gotten. But at Christmas-
a sixty years after the first
s the world ever saw, there
monks at Glastonbury; for
le reason, there were no
s there. No one had banked
aters of the Bristol Channel,
verted a brackish and un-
e swamp into fine arable or
nd. The Brue had it all its
to make islands, pools, and
as bogs with its unrestrain-
; until it had got so far west
gle with the advancing tide
r.
bury has the holiest memo-
place in England; and they
the first moment when the
planted there. The sacred
ur Lord was brought to this
istrict in a far-off heathen
one of his own disciples,
eph of Arimathea.
is not heard of the Glaston-
? A history of Somerset
incomplete which did not
is blossoming every Christ-
comes round. It was fair
unt for fifteen hundred win-
all around was sapless and
eople try to account for this
miracle by something pecu-
soil, as they would explain
freedom of Ireland from
d toads, or the healing vir-
t. Winifred's Well. There

were probably Sadducees in Jerusa-
lem who thought the Pool of Bethesda
was all nonsense, or a mere chalybeate.
Anything you like about the powers
of nature, but nothing of the marvels
of grace. Chemistry to any extent,
but of miracle not one jot. Thorns
blooming at Christmas? It is all a
question of earth, soil, stratum, and
the lay of the ground, with those
who are "of the earth, earthy."

But we are now on our way to Glas-
tonbury as Christian pilgrims, staff
in hand. And it is very fit that we
should regard the old thorn (or such
suckers and cuttings of it as may
be found) with reverence. For that
thorn is a Christian tree, planted by
Christian hands. More than this: it
was planted by the hands whose un-
utterable privilege it was to unfasten
and take down from the cross, and
bear with adoring reverence to the
tomb, the body of God, separated
from his soul, united ever with his
divinity.

We are accustomed, in our medita-
tions on the passion, to contemplate
the emaciated, agonized form of our
Lord stretched and racked upon the
cross; or, after the *Consummatum est*,
when eventide was come, laid stark
and bloodless in the arms of the
Queen of martyrs, his most desolate
Mother. Naturally we lose out of
sight, by comparison, other agents
and events in what followed his ex-
piring cry. Yet look again. In the
growing dusk of that first Good Fri-
day, at the foot of the cross, and in
the group of five or six persons to
whom the eternal Father seems to
commit the lifeless body of his Son,
there is the saint of Glastonbury.
With the dolorous Mother, and the

beloved disciple, and the saintly, penitent Magdalene, and the other holy women, and Nicodemus, St. Joseph of Arimathea also bears his part.

To come back to Glastonbury; we must pass over some thirty years from that sacred paschal eve. Pentecost soon followed it, with its fiery tongues on the apostles' brows. They were illuminated and strengthened to preach the faith over the earth lying in darkness. So they separated on this world-wide mission, each on the path whereon the guidance of God's Spirit led him. "Their sound went over all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the whole world." St. Philip went into Phrygia, and, by some accounts, was martyred there. Others make him to have preached the gospel in what is now France, and that St. Joseph was one of his companions. A better supported tradition has it that St. Joseph, with St. Lazarus and his two holy sisters, Martha and Mary, landed at Marseilles from Judea. Anyhow, here comes St. Joseph of Arimathea to Britain, with a faithful band of eleven disciples. He has reached the distant region of tin-mines which the old Phenicians had discovered and worked in Cornwall, Scilly, and, perhaps, the Mendip Hills. He is come not for precious metals, but to bring the priceless word of life.

So, rather more than sixty years after the Incarnation, and while Saints Peter and Paul are still alive in Rome, though the day of their martyrdom draws near, we find ourselves on the brow of Weary-All Hill, a mile or so south-west of the spot where Glastonbury Abbey will be built.

Weary-All Hill! the name it has been known by for generations back. But not a likely name to be given it by St. Joseph and his eleven companions, as they stood on it for the first time, eighteen centuries ago; as they looked on the marshy plain,

dotted with islands, in and out of which the glassy stream is winding. Weariness, at least lassitude of spirit, was unknown to those apostolic men. Had they not come all this way to bring the everlasting gospel? Had not their feet been "beautiful upon the mountains" as they crossed them, bearing this message of heavenly love?—mountains deep in snow, yawning with frightful clefts and precipices, gloomy with impenetrable forests, to which this Weary-All is scarcely a mole-hill?

"At length, then," said St. Joseph, when the twelve had paused on the brow of it to recover breath; for few of them were young, and it *was* rather a pull for a Somersetshire hill—"at length we have reached the end of our pilgrimage."

As he spoke, he pointed with his long staff to the little group of islands already noticed. A cheery December sun lingered on the scene, and, though it was evening, still cast a gleam upon the wide-spread water. The Brue was winding along, noiseless and limpid, sprinkled with its dark islets, as the shining coils of a snake are variegated with the spots upon its skin. There was no ice yet, though it was already the Christmas season. Perhaps the sea-water that mingled with the marsh from the Bristol Channel prevented its formation. The leafless thickets that fringed the slopes of West Sedgemoor, and clothed both islands and marshland in irregular clumps, allowed a more distinct view of the mirror of waters than when shaded with summer foliage. There was a kind of grave and sober animation over the whole scene.

A short distance further off, to the east, rose a solitary peaked hill, perhaps even *then* called the *Tor*. It has several scarped lines, or passes, drawn around it, denoting that the

ans had fortified it as a strong-
which they occupied from time
ne. Years after, a little chapel
nor of St. Michael the archangel
be built on its summit. Years
again, that little chapel will be
ged into a stately church, the
r of which still remains. And
y fifteen centuries after St. Jo-
first stood on Weary-All, the last
t of the stately Benedictine mo-
ry, as Glastonbury had become,
martyred there with two of his
cs. His crime was, that he
ered to Cæsar *only* those things
were Cæsar's, and refused to ac-
ledge the tyrant Henry VIII.
ad of God's church in England.
orthward of where we stand, at
istance of five miles and more,
brupt range of the Mendip Hills
at at that moment almost the
eams of the declining sun, as it
fiery red, toward the western
1.

"The end of our pilgrimage," said
oseph again, slowly, and gazed
on the peaceful spot. "These
e islands of which the heathen
spoke:—how are we to name
"

Arviragus," answered one of his
anions, nay, it was the saint's
nephew, called Helaius.

Permitting us to set up there a
stian altar, and to proclaim the
s and the praises of Jesus and
."

"May the kindness be returned a
red-fold into his own bosom,"
lated Theotimus.

"Amen," answered St. Joseph fer-
y. And Joseph his son, and Si-
s, and Avitus, and the rest, re-
ded.

en all knelt there on the brow
e hill; all but Hoel, their poor
a guide to the spot. And with
stian psalms, and the Gloria Pa-
nd invocations to the court of

heaven to assist them in their praises,
they poured out thanksgivings to him
who had permitted their long wander-
ings to cease, and their missionary
life in this heathen land to begin.

Hoel stood near, leaning on his
shepherd's crook. He guessed in
general what it was about; but he
understood neither Hebrew nor
Greek.

He is a true Briton of that date, is
Hoel; and he might literally be call-
ed "true blue," for he is painted
all over in blue patterns with the
juice of the woad, like his northern
cousins, the Picts. His scanty gar-
ments are dyed the same hue with
the same plant, which yields its juice
plentifully in this part of Britain.

He looks at the saint, and thinks
he is inquiring the name of that
principal island in the group to
which his staff points.

"Iniswytryn," cries Hoel, in expla-
nation. "You're Latin scholars,
gentlemen; so I suppose you know
what that means—*Glassy Island*."*

Glass, in those days, imported by
the Romans into Britain, sorry stuff
as the best of it would now be reck-
oned in the Birmingham or St. He-
len's foundries, was thought a won-
der of rarity and beauty. So Glassy
Island was a name equivalent to our
calling *another* island that we love
very dearly the

"First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea."

Hoel now spoke again in the same
strange jargon as before, composed
of British, or what we should call
Welsh, and a little Latin. It was

* *Insula Vitrea*, the Roman and therefore the
British name (by a slight corruption) of what was af-
terward called Glastonbury. *Glas* is the Celtic word
for grayish blue, (*γλαυκός*), and enters into nume-
rous local names in Ireland, Wales, and the High-
lands. Its affinity with our word *glass* is probably
more than a coincidence of sound, the ancient glass
being mostly of the same neutral tint. Others derive
the name of the place from the woad-plant, *glaius*,
which grows abundantly in this watered district.

the dialect of those parts of Britain where the Romans had established their colonies and introduced their tongue. Be it noted, we are at this moment near the Roman colonies of Uxella, or Bridgewater, Ad Aquas, or Wells, and Ischalis, or Ilchester.

"So you are going to settle down there," remarked Hoel. "Won't you offer some sacrifice on first sighting the place?"

"We have no means of sacrificing this evening, friend," answered St. Joseph calmly, "nor to-morrow morning, I fear, unless we obtain materials, which at present we lack."

"Means!—materials!" said Hoel, musing with himself. "Well, every nation, I take it, has its own customs. But I know those who would not be long without providing the materials."

St. Joseph wished to ascertain what was passing in the man's mind. The zeal which urged St. Paul to become all things to all men, that he might save all, burned in the holy missionary's bosom. It made him seek out all that might serve the purpose of his coming. He had everything to learn: language, habits of thought, customs of social life, and the very observances of British heathenism.

"And how," he asked, "would you offer a sacrifice, good friend, when you had nothing to offer it with?"

"I? Nay, I could not. What good would a sacrifice be from a peasant like me?"

"To pray is to make an offering, is it not?"

"Yes; but I don't mean that. You know I mean something more; why, something really sacrificed—consumed, to make the gods favorable. Have you no such sacrifice in your religion? Then it can't be the true one, I'm sure!"

"Certainly," said St. Joseph, "we

have the one true and adorable Sacrifice, of which all others are mere shadows, and some of them very dark, distorted shadows. Every morning we offer to the true and living God that spotless Lamb who alone can take away sin, or be a worthy thank-offering to his majesty and his mercy."

"A lamb?" said Hoel, still musing; "why, that's not to be had at this season. But would nothing else do instead? For example, now, I've a nice—"

"Do not concern yourself," answered St. Joseph, and smiled again, kindly. "We shall be able to provide ourselves in a few days, when we have made acquaintance with the neighborhood. I suppose they grow wine in these parts?"

"Wine?" repeated the peasant, opening his eyes. "Oh! yes, to be sure." Then, after a pause: "You're fond of wine, then, after all, like our own Druids? Well, I should hardly have thought—"

Helaius could hardly repress a smile at his mistake.

Hoel looked at him; then, as if he had hit on the cause of his amusement, laughed his loud clownish laugh, too.

"Wine? Ah! the very best, if you can buy it of those gray-bearded gentlemen; and old mead, and metheglin; or cider from our apples hereabout. We grew a mortal sight of 'em."*

Then he broke out into singing, and a kind of war-dance, to please his companions, as he deemed:

"All under yon oaks, and the mistletoe sprouting,
When victims have bled in the circle of stones,
We drink down the sunset with sword-play and shouting,
And he that refuses, we'll rattle his bones:
His bones!
And he that refuses, we'll rattle his bones!"

* Glastonbury was afterward called by the Saxons *Avalon*, or the Island of Apples.

was difficult not to smile at his avagant tones and gestures.

Gently, gently," said St. Joseph to his companions, "or we shall be eading him, and doing harm."

Oh! never mind, ancient sir," reked Hoel encouragingly, though had not understood what was

. "All quite right—why shouldn't ? Only, it strikes me, you've no e to lay in a stock of it at pre-

. Now, our Druids burrow out is, 'tis thought, somewhere under r cromlechs—"

Listen!" interrupted St. Joseph, ng his hand on the other's arm.

looked into Hoel's face, and ed his attention in a moment. sten, while I say a thing to you.

ad and wine, the ordinary food an in our native land, have been

ainted by him whom we serve, as rmaterials of that true sacrifice

h he will accept. He requires, will admit, no other. Animals

sacrificed to him of old, before ppointed this new and better ; but now—"

"You spoke of a lamb," interrupte peasant, growing rather sulky, I just took the liberty of inform-you as we'd none at your ser-

was not the moment to pursue high and mysterious truths with any further. But Hoel himself

ed not be let off, nor would he off St. Joseph. Something seemed e working in his mind.

A lamb is a lamb," persisted he gedly, though he seemed to mean isrespect; "and a sacrifice is a

ifice; and bread is bread, I e; and wine, I'm sure, is wine."

All things are what they have created by God," answered St.

ph very gently, "until it is his will and pleasure to change

in any way, or even to change into other things."

Hoel looked at him, but said nothing. His look, though, meant inquiry, and this St. Joseph perceived.

"Is not a tree changed into something very different from what it was before," he went on, "when the warm air of spring breathes upon it, and the sap rises into it, and it puts forth green buds, and they swell, and burst, and afterward come leaves and fruit?"

"True," answered he; and then was silent, thinking.

"Did you ever see one of the trees down yonder blossom at this season?"

For all answer, Hoel laughed, and pointed to the leafless boughs on the island, and the shores around them.

"Could the gods whom you worship cause them to do so?"

"Not one of 'em all," answered he, with a somewhat scornful gesture.

"Then, *who* makes winter pass and spring return; the bud burst forth, and the fruit ripen?"

A pause. The poor pagan was not prepared to answer.

"Now," continued St. Joseph, "*my* God, the one living and true, not only has appointed the laws by

which seasons come round with their produce, and the sun rises and sets. He sometimes, moreover,

changes these things, according to his own all-perfect will, so that the sun stays motionless in the heavens

above, and the tree blooms in mid-winter on the earth below."

Hoel mused, and mused again, while his eyes wandered from the speaker to the rest, in whose looks

he read confirmation of the words. Then he turned to take a sweep

over the wintry scene that lay beneath and around. Woods and thickets skirting the slopes of Sedge-

moor, the osiers lining the banks of

the Brue, the few apple-trees that were even then on Iniswytryn—all without sign of a leaf.

He bent his eyes to the ground, knit his brows, seemed determined to hear no more, and to believe nothing of what he *had* heard.

Still the gentle, persuasive voice of the saint sounded in his ears:

"What is that, friend, you have in your hand?"

"My shepherd's crook," was the brief and surly answer.

"And see, my pilgrim-staff, that has aided my steps so far. Yours was cut from a British sapling, out of your moist soil, I dare say, no longer ago than last autumn. Mine, under a burning sky, long years since, in Judea, a land you never heard of. It came from a thorn-brake that had furnished thorns for a crown of which you know nothing. Which of these two staves would bud the quickest, if they were planted side by side?"

Hoel looked up, pleased to find something he understood. "Mine would, of course," he grinned out. "'Tis a right slip of mountain-ash, and would have leaves next spring, if I struck it into the ground."

"And what if mine now budded before you could count ten?"

"You jest with me where I see no jest," exclaimed the countryman, disposed now to be angry, "or you speak as one of the unwise."

"There is no jest here," answered St. Joseph with unruffled look. "You say truly. By no power of mine could the seasons alter, or the effects of them. My Master has said: 'All the days of the earth, seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, night and day, shall not cease!' But what if his power and his will unite to make some wonderful change in all this?"

"His power is great in the summer," answered Hoel, casting a look

at the declining sun; "but in the winter time he seems further off, or feebler. He cannot melt the ice, nor draw up the dew, nor warm my fingers while I stand watching my sheep."

It was plain he was speaking of his deity, then sinking in the west, lower every moment.

"Ah!" said Avitus, "is it even such darkness as this into which the land is plunged? Would we had pushed on sooner from Gaul!"

"Courage, brother," whispered Simeon in answer. "There has been no time lost. Man can do but little, except pray and obey. If he does these well, he does good all around him. What says the holy text? 'Well done, good and faithful servant; because thou hast been *faithful in a little*.'"

Meanwhile St. Joseph had been in silent prayer. By some inspiration he felt moved to ask for power to work the first miracle ever wrought in Britain. Our Lord had promised: "These signs shall follow them that believe. In my name they shall cast out devils, they shall speak with new tongues, they shall take up serpents, and if they shall drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them: they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." "Amen, amen, I say to you, he that believeth in me, the works that I do, he shall do also; and greater than these shall he do, because I go to the Father. And whatsoever you shall ask the Father in my name, that will I do; that the Father may be glorified in the Son."

And even while St. Joseph prayed, it seemed as if witnesses of the miracle, and disciples of the truth, were being given him; for, stealing up the ascent from various directions, knots of the wild Britons, in threes and fours, converged on the summit of Weary-All Hill. I do not suspect

Hoel of treachery, or that he had meant to lead the foreigners into a snare. It is likely the rude inhabitants had perceived them from afar as they stood there, their forms traced on the hill-top against the red sunset sky. But these new-comers seemed to have no friendly intention. Most of them held in their hands the rude weapons of ancient British warfare. The bare arms of some were stained blue with the juice of the woad; others were tattooed; they had the wild and savage look we have seen in prints of the Sandwich Islanders. So, with threatening aspect and gestures, on they came, brandishing their lances and *celts*, or bronze hatchets, and beginning a sort of war-cry.

Yes; the moment was come, and the sovereignty of the true Lord both over nature and grace was to be manifested in one and the same moment.

St. Joseph told his companions how strongly the thought had come into his mind. It had, indeed, guided much that he had already said to Hoel. As by one impulse, they all knelt again, and besought our Lord to remember now his promise; so that the soul that had remained impervious to his word might see his work.

St. Joseph then approached the peasant, who by this time was surrounded by his countrymen. In a mild voice, yet with an authority not to be resisted, he said:

"Plant your staff here, upright in the ground."

Hoel was startled, looked at him, then slowly obeyed.

The multitude still gathered, their gestures more threatening every moment.

"Call now, if you will, on your gods, that the staff may bud and blossom."

The peasant turned by a kind of instinct to the setting sun; clouds were mantling round it; its form was veiled; nothing seen but a dull and rusty stain of sunset fast paling into twilight. Hoel shook his head.

"You will not call on it to hear, to help you?"

He was answered by a gesture which implied that the power of Hoel's god was set for that night.

Then St. Joseph, with another ejaculation of prayer, struck his thorny staff into the ground beside the other. He made over it the sign of the cross, saying:

"By the grace of him who for us men hung on the tree on Calvary, wearing the thorny crown, I bid thee be as thou wert wont to be in the bloom of spring!"

There was still light enough to see how, here and there on the length of the staff, the shrivelled rind began to swell and to break, how the green buds shot forth and lengthened into twigs; how these ramified out again, branch from branch, sucker after sucker; how the old staff expanded into a shapely trunk of thorn-tree, crowned with a pollard head of rustling leaves.

And then through the keen wintry air was wafted such a fragrance as had never saluted the senses of shepherd, or of dreaming bard, wandering through the brakes and thickets of leafy May. The seasons had been reversed at the strong prayer of the just. He who enabled Josue to command the greater and lesser light in the firmament, "Move not, O sun, toward Gabaon, nor thou, O moon, toward the valley of Ajalon," now honored the name of the true Josue, the Captain of salvation, by the "things that spring up in the earth,"* which obey their Lord as

* *Benedicite omnia germinantia in terra Domino.*
—Dan. iii. 76.

perfectly as sun, and moon, and stars.

What cries of astonishment broke from the rude men who crowded round! How they came trembling to the feet of St. Joseph; how they kissed the hem of his robe, and adored him as a god! They thought he was Baal himself; they shrieked out that the sun had set in clouds because Baal had come in person to take the place of his representative. And though St. Joseph and his companions testified by signs of abhorrence and earnest words how much the rude impiety disturbed them, yet, "Speaking these things, they scarce restrained the people from sacrificing to them."*

But this reverence, misguided and idolatrous at first, soon found its true channel, and was directed to the Giver of every best gift. And so the gospel was preached in Glastonbury, and grew, and flourished, and breathed out its fragrance like the thorn itself.

* Acts xiv. 17.

Then, after nearly fifteen hundred years, came a winter more killing than any Christmas during which the thorn had bloomed; and "a famine, not of bread, nor a thirst of water, but of hearing the word of the Lord." The decree of spoliation went forth; the royal commissioners, with a warrant from Henry VIII., thundered at the gates. The choir of Glastonbury, as of numerous other shrines in England, was desecrated; treasures of literature in the library and scriptorium were torn in shreds and scattered to the winds, with the relics of innumerable saints. The abbot, and two of his brethren, were drawn on a hurdle to the Tor, and martyred on its summit; the community dispersed, and the ruins, covering many acres, were given over to strangers, as a stable for their cattle.

But this was long after St. Joseph and his companions had been gathered to the saints.

THE SUN.*

GENTLEMEN: From the beginning of my stay in Paris, I was invited by

* This lecture was delivered by M. Secchi to the scholars of the school of Saint Genevieve, on the 28th of July last, at a scientific *soirée*, presided over by Mgr. Chigi. It occupied two hours in the delivery, during the whole of which time the lecturer held captive the attention of his distinguished audience, who testified their appreciation of its scientific and literary merits by warm applause. The lecture will speak for itself. But in publishing it, there is one thing which cannot be reproduced; that is, the deep interest which necessarily attaches to the hearing a learned man himself explain his experiments and his discoveries. A number of figures were necessary for the illustration of certain parts of the lecture; and these, prepared from M. Secchi's designs by M. Duboscq, optician, were projected on a screen, by the aid of the electric light, thus enabling the spectators to follow the learned astronomer with greater ease. Of these designs, etc., only the most essential have been given in the published lecture.

persons to whom I owe great deference to lecture to you on some of the subjects which are studied at the Observatory of the Roman College. This invitation I felt to be in the nature of a command, which I would readily have obeyed long before, had I not been prevented by numerous and incessant cares. I cannot, however, leave France without discharging the debt; and it is for this purpose that we have met together, on the present occasion. I propose to speak to you of the sun, and to show you what science teaches us of its physical constitution. For eighteen

I have studied the sun, and observed all that passes over its surface. I wish, also, to interest you in observing you not only with the fruit of my own labors, but also with the series of my learned contemporaries.

What is the sun? Such is the question which has been frequently asked of me. I confess it has always puzzled me to reply to it. I should be pardoned, perhaps, if I should know nothing of the matter; nevertheless, it is impossible for me to give a complete and satisfactory answer. You yourselves have addressed this question to me with an interest which I appreciate as a great honor; and, in responding to your desire, I am going to place before you the very interesting results we have obtained in the study of this luminary, to which, after God, we owe all the physical pleasures we enjoy here below. I shall deal with this vast subject in something like an orderly form, and I shall speak first of the new means of observation with which modern astronomy has furnished us; after which you will see what advantage we have derived from them, and in what way we have served to make us better acquainted with the sun.

Men, gentlemen, are not ordinary beings. Like simple mortals, they are dazzled by the sun. From sharing the penetrating light which poets accord to the eagle, they cannot fix their gaze on the orb of day without exposing their eyes to the greatest danger; this danger becomes more serious when they employ their instruments of observation for the purpose without taking proper precautions. Until recently, two methods have been employed to protect the eyes of the observer: first, the reduction of the objective aperture of the glasses; and second, pro-

viding strongly-colored glasses. These two expedients present the most serious inconveniences. The first deprives the observer of the advantages which he would gain from the large apertures, and the confusion of the image is greatly augmented by the diffraction which the small diaphragms cause the light to undergo; while the second will not permit of our distinguishing the different colors which may meet in the sun; and on this account the observer is liable to fall into very grievous errors. The means now in use effectually obviate this double inconvenience, inasmuch as they allow of the use of the entire aperture of the glasses, and leave to the different parts of the sun their natural color. The first means consists of the employment of the reflective glass. A rectangular prism of crystal is disposed in such a manner as that its hypotenuse has an inclination of 45 degrees on the axis of the glass. The light, on reaching the surface, divides itself into two very unequal parts. The reflected rays are rather feeble, but of sufficient brightness to make them pass through a glass faintly colored, falling perpendicularly on one of the faces of the prism, without reaching the eye of the observer. The colored glass, not having to sustain so high a temperature, is not so liable to break, as often happened in the old method.

If the colored glass is completely done away with, we shall succeed by adopting a method which rests on the properties of polarized light. When the light is reflected by a glass mirror under an angle of 35 degrees 25 minutes, it undergoes a modification which is called polarization. If the rays thus polarized are received on a second glass mirror under the same inclination of 35 degrees 25 minutes, they will divide into two parts, one

part of which will traverse the glass, and the other will undergo a second reflection. The quantity of light reflected by the second mirror will depend on the relative position of the two surfaces of reflection. It will be at the maximum if these surfaces are parallel, but otherwise if they are perpendicular; so that, by varying the relative position of the two mirrors to each other, we may either augment or diminish gradually the intensity of the reflected rays. Such is the property of the polarized light, which is utilized for making observations of the sun. To the eye-glass of the instrument are fixed two smooth mirrors, so adjusted as to make to the direction which the light follows an angle equal to the angle of polarization. One of these mirrors can turn round to the reflected rays. Then, by putting the surface of the second almost perpendicular to that of the first, we can observe the sun as easily as we can the moon, seeing it in its natural color, and we can regulate at will the intensity of the light. It is to this new arrangement of the eye-glasses that we owe the greater part of the discoveries of which I am about to speak to you. I ought to add, however, that in the astronomical glasses we employ not only two, but three and even four, of these reflections.

But to come to the consideration of the sun. Everybody knows that it has spots; that these spots, relatively very small, are of a black color, and also, that they adhere to the body of the sun. They move in a manner leading us to the conclusion that this luminary turns on its own axis in the space of twenty-five and a quarter days, and that its equator has an inclination of seven degrees and a half on the ecliptic. These spots are far from being constant. They undergo, on the contrary, the greatest changes

both of form and size. They show themselves particularly in some zones, and appear and disappear at very irregular periods. The maximum and the minimum are reproduced at intervals of about eleven years. One of the most curious discoveries of our times is, that this periodicity of the solar spots has some correspondence with terrestrial magnetism. It is impossible to discover the point at which the two classes of phenomena unite, but the existence of the fact is incontestable. Thus, we have just seen the spots pass through the minimum. From September, 1866, to March, 1867, there were scarcely any of them; and during the same period the magnetic perturbations have been very feeble. As soon as the existence of these spots had been fully ascertained, the questions naturally arose, What is the cause of them, and what their nature? On these points there have been numerous opinions, all as diverse as possible. This is not to be wondered at; for hitherto there has been no correct observation from which could be learned the character and the particulars of the phenomena we desire to explain. So, without stopping to discuss ancient theories, I am about to bring before you the latest observations, and the conclusions at which we have arrived. The drawings of the first observers represent the spots as formed with a black centre surrounded by a gray tint of a uniform figure, which is called penumbra. It is not surprising that, with such imperfect means of observation, the theory of the spots should remain so long uncertain, and that these phenomena should have been taken for simple clouds floating in the solar atmosphere. This theory, which was put forth by Galileo, has been revived in our day. The solar spots have an aspect completely different from that which we see in the ancient

cuts. I am going to show the drawing of several of them as observed at the Roman College. I designed them myself, by a very rapid process, such a process being very important for objects essentially variable, and which change their form with great rapidity, and in a short space of time. Here is, first, one of the most common forms. (Figure 1.) It is a round spot,

The penumbra is not always composed exclusively of threads like those you see. The centre is often surrounded by a uniform pale color, over which the currents are disseminated. These currents are not always continuous, and their different parts present an appearance which may be compared to elongated grains.

In spite of the increased power of



FIG. 1.

consisting of a black centre, around which is a penumbra all ragged. The first thing you will observe is, that the figure of the penumbra is far from being uniform. It is composed of filaments, very long and very thin, which converge toward the centre. These have been called wisps of straw, willow-leaves, etc. I prefer to call them currents, being aware, at the same time, that it is impossible to compare them to any known thing. They are more scattered near the outline of the penumbra, and they become condensed near the centre, where the light is stronger and brighter. These luminous threads start from the outline of the spot, traverse the penumbra, and often run into the black space that forms the centre, where we see them floating singly, gradually becoming smaller, and disappearing after a while.

the instruments we employ to observe the sun, the detached parts of the spots often appear to us as microscopic objects. In order to form an exact idea of their real dimensions, we must always remember that, at this distance, four fifths of a second is equal to 140 kilometres, and consequently these apparent threads, whose seeming width is at most not more than one or two seconds, are in reality immense currents, being, about the middle, of 600 or 700 kilometres in width, while their length is at least equal to the diameter of the terrestrial globe.

The drawings which you have just seen represent some of these spots in their complete form and exactly defined. But they present themselves oftener under fantastic and irregular forms. They are sometimes accompanied by a kind of tail, itself formed of black spots, and which seems to

follow the centre in its motion. We have here a curious example. The centre is not quite black; we meet with shadows there—some gray, and others red; the filaments on all sides fall toward the centre, and their edges are turned back and bent, as if they had experienced some resistance, or as if they had encountered a whirlwind. Here is a spot of this kind, (Figure 2,) the details of which

multiply themselves; one of them develops itself, absorbing the others, and the process ends in the formation of a black spot in the centre. In this first phase the movements of the spots are very irregular, and their advance is always to the front, by reason of the solar rotation.

The drawing which is now before you represents the first appearance of



FIG. 2.

are most instructive, and most important in a theoretical point of view. We find the centre divided in several parts by the luminous threads. This appearance was remarked by the ancient astronomers, who explained it by supposing that on the surface of the sun solid crusts were formed, which broke into shivers like glass under a blow from a stone. Modern observations, however, do not admit of this explanation. They show us clearly that these divisions are produced by currents which, leaving opposite edges, meet in the middle of the centre, and thus divide the spot into several parts.

The formation of a spot is never instantaneous. It is ordinarily announced by the appearance of several black points, and by a kind of diminution in the thickness of the lu-

a great spot which was formed almost suddenly on the 30th of July, 1865. The day preceding that of its appearance, in observing the sun as usual, we had remarked only three little cavities, of which we noted the position. On the 30th of July, at mid-day, we found in the place of these cavities an enormous spot, the surface of which was equal to at least ten times the size of our globe. It was so mobile, and its form changed so constantly, that we could scarcely draw it. We could discover in it four principal centres, where the movement of the matter was visible in the form of a whirlwind. In an interval of 24 hours it had undergone some considerable changes. On the 31st of July, the four centres were completely distinct, and the matter which separated them seemed as if it were stretched out.

During the days which followed, this form became more and more marked. Soon there were four spots clearly defined, which ultimately assumed the form of four independent craters or cavities. In the interior of these craters we perceived some light shadows, whose form reminded us of that of the clouds we call cirrus. Their color was different from that of the other part of the sun which presented itself to view. As the polariscopic eyeglass does not change the color of objects, we are enabled to see that these clouds are often of a very decided red; and, as this tint is clear

it precipitate itself in the obscure space, and there dissolve in much the same way as we see the vapor which forms the mist dissolve into thin air. All that we are required to believe is, that these apparently black masses are but rents made in the luminous veil which covers the solar body, and to which we give the name of photosphere. It is this bed which transmits light and heat to us. It is suspended in the solar atmosphere, just as clouds in the terrestrial atmosphere. What appear to us as spots in the sun is simply the effect of the rents which take place in it. We are



FIG. 3.

and well marked, it is impossible to confound it with the effects due to the achromatism of the instruments. You see here a great number of spots presenting this appearance, and especially in Figure 2, where the red shadows seem intertwined with the white shadows. I have more than once seen these luminous tongues, so to speak, transform themselves into red veils.

This hasty view is, however, so complete as to convince us that the spots cannot be compared to clouds, their aspect not warranting such a comparison. If any part of them may be compared to clouds, it is more the luminous matter; for we see

confirmed in this view by the well-ascertained fact that the spots are depressions in the solar body, and that they have the form of a funnel. This form becomes very perceptible when the spots are drawn by the rotary movement toward the solar disk. When we examine a spot situated toward the centre of the sun, we find that the shape of the penumbra is more regular. But when the spot moves toward the edge, we see the penumbra diminish on the side of the centre, and increase on the opposite side, in which case it presents the appearance of a cavity in the form of a funnel looked at obliquely. This effect is very clearly indica-

ted in the drawing (Figure 3) which you have now before you, and for which we are indebted to M. Tacchini, the astronomer, of Palermo. We have observed this same spot at Rome, and we have made a drawing of it similar to that you now see; but I would rather exhibit that of M. Tacchini, because it cannot be objected that it was made under the influence of a preconceived idea. You see that in this spot the edge of the aperture is raised much in the same way as in the craters of the moon, and around these apertures are elevations, clearer and more luminous, which we call *faculæ*.

The conclusions which I have just presented to you are also those to which M. Faye arrived, in studying the apparent perturbations in the movements of the spots. In short, what settles the question definitively is the study of the spots of exceptional grandeur when they reach the edge of the solar disk. It is then very easy to prove that the centre is lower than that part of the outline from which radiates the *facule*. Both M. Tacchini and I proved this at Rome, in studying the grand spot of July, 1865, at the moment in which it disappeared behind the disk of the sun.

The spots, then, are apertures, rents made in the photosphere. But how is it that these spaces do not fill up immediately? This is a serious difficulty, and it leads us to study the structure of the photosphere. If the photosphere was solid, all the movements which take place in it would be impossible. It is, then, fluid. But, on the other hand, a fluid would naturally spread itself until all points of the surface were on the same level, and it would require very little time to fill a gap having the dimensions of even the largest of the spots. The celebrated William Herschel saw this difficulty, and he met it by a so-

lution which we still adopt, because it has been confirmed by observations and discoveries; so that what to Herschel was but a conjecture has become to us a demonstrated truth. The photospheric matter is like our clouds, gauze-like and transparent as ours. We often see among the clouds differences of level—disruptions which enable us to perceive the blue of the sky in the space which separates them. The same thing happens in the sun; and this hypothesis, which is so useful in explaining the phenomena I have just set before you, accords perfectly with all the particulars observed.

We have seen, in effect, the luminous matter remain suspended and floating in the midst of the centre, and the photospheric currents melt in obscure parts, just as our clouds dissolve, apparently dispersing themselves in a space completely deprived of vapor, when the temperature is sufficiently elevated. The little white veil in Figure 1 is a cloud about to be dissolved. Without this dissolving force, the matter which radiates from the circumference to the centre would not be long in filling up this gap. As I told you just now, we have been able to seize the fact of this dissolution of the solar atmospheric matter, and to see these cloud-like forms change into red veils occupying a large surface in the centre.

One thing alone remains to be proved—the existence of a transparent atmosphere. We have for a long time presumed its presence and its action to explain a well-established fact, namely, that the edges of the sun impart to us less of heat and light than the centre. This fact, inexplicable by any known laws of radiation, is easily explained by the action of an absorbing atmosphere; for the rays part at the edge before passing through a thicker atmosphere.

stratum, proving necessarily an option more considerable than which flows to the centre. The existence of a solar atmosphere, which was formerly regarded as probable, has been reduced to certainty by the observation of eclipses, and it has been shown that veritable clouds exist in this gauze-like bed.

Everybody has heard of the magnificent aureola which surrounds the sun during the total eclipse of the

It is a truly solemn moment when the last rays having just disappeared, we see the shadow of the sun projected on a sky of leaden blue with a perfectly black disk surrounded by a magnificent luminous aureole like that which we see represented around the heads of the saints.

The aureola, at least the part nearest the disk, is owing to the atmosphere of the sun. This spectacle is magnificent, but it becomes much more instructive when we examine it through a good telescope.

We then move around the disk of the moon and see the solar flames, of a lively red, the height of which is incomparably greater than the diameter of the sun.

Some are suspended without support, and others take a horizontal direction, like the smoke that issues out of our chimneys. These were designated protuberances, but we knew not how to explain

It was even doubted whether they were real; and we were quite disposed to attribute them to an optical illusion. These doubts have disappeared since the observations made in Spain during the eclipse of 1850. On that occasion we were stationed at Desertio de las Palmas, on the coast of the Mediterranean, M. De la Rue took up his post at Santa Bellosa, at a short distance from the ocean. We succeeded at these stations in photographing the sun at the period of the total

eclipse, and a comparison of the two photographs has proved that the protuberances have a real existence, that they have a form so fixed as to give identical images at two points distant from each other by several hundreds of kilometres. The perfect resemblance of the two photographs is the more remarkable, from their not having been executed at the same moment. Between the two operations an interval of ten minutes elapsed. These protuberances, considering their distance and their bent forms, can be nothing but clouds suspended in the solar atmosphere, and it is these which form the red veils that we have seen in the centre. The observation of eclipses proves to us conclusively that the sun is really surrounded by a stratum of this red matter, which we ordinarily see only on the most elevated summits.

In the photograph taken at Desertio de las Palmas during the total eclipse, the exterior form of the atmosphere is perfectly visible. We see that it is more extended at the equator than at the polar regions, which is a natural effect arising from the movement of rotation which the sun possesses. We see, in short, that this atmosphere is livelier in its action in the two zones on each side of the equator, in which the spots ordinarily show themselves. The existence of a solar atmosphere being perfectly in accordance with all known principles and with all ascertained facts, there is no longer any room for calling it in question. We describe the sun, then, as surrounded by a dense atmosphere in which floats the photospheric matter. The surface of the photosphere is far from being uniform and regular. It is, on the contrary, wrinkled all over, and again covered with granulations. These granulations, first perceived

by Herschel, have been carefully studied in later times.

When our atmosphere is calm and the observation very precise, the whole bottom of the solar disk appears covered with small luminous grains, separated by a very fine and very dark net-work, resembling in appearance partially desiccated milk, examined through a microscope. These points, or white grains, are of different sizes. Where there are openings, we see around each of them some lines of grains in the form of leaves, more or less oval. Their mean dimension is about the third of a second. These grains are only the upper part of the flame which inclines toward the openings, thus proving that there is a very sensible power of attraction in the apertures. We may even say that these granulations resemble the appearance which the clouds known as cumuli present when, from the summit of a mountain, their upper part is examined. The largest spots would be, then, but an exaggeration of this net-work, ordinarily so fine, produced by the force which caused the flame, or rather, the stratum of the cumulus.

But what is it that produces these spots in the sun? Here the difficulty is singularly complicated. To reply satisfactorily to this question, it would be necessary to become acquainted with what passes in the interior of the solar globe. But let us, without hesitation, and without attempting to delude ourselves, confess that our study of the sun is confined to its external stratum, and to the most striking phenomena of which it is the seat; whereas, with regard to the interior mass, it is only by the process of induction that we are enabled to arrive at any knowledge.

Observations which we have just made lead us to the conclusion that

the spots are owing to emanations issuing from the solar body, almost similar to the way in which matter is ejected by our volcanoes. This is proved both by the form of the craters, which you have just seen, and by the columns of clouds, analogous to those arising out of volcanoes, or out of chimneys, observed during eclipses. Here, then, is how we explain the constitution of the photosphere and the formation of the spots. The exterior stratum cools itself constantly by radiation, passes into the gauze-like state, or state of vapor, and ends by precipitating itself in the liquid state, or even in the solid, remaining, however, suspended in the solar atmosphere, as clouds do in ours. It is this condensed matter that forms the photosphere, and it is from that principally we receive light and heat. From some cause or other, a movement from below takes place in the gauze-like mass which is situated underneath. By this movement the photospheric stratum, raised at first, spreads itself on all sides, forming a sort of cushion, and ends by separating itself, leaving a wide opening in the form of a crater. While the volcanic emission lasts, the spot remains open, and it disappears only at the moment when the equilibrium is re-established, by the luminous matter filling up the void which was formed.

If this theory is correct, the circumference of the spots ought to form the mountains above the exterior surface. Now, we have just seen that the outline of the spots is always surrounded by faculae, which constitute prominent elevations. Supposing it is true that the interior mass is the seat of violent action, this conclusion has nothing surprising in it, and we are led to it by a certain number of other phenomena equally remarkable. Thus,

every time that a spot is produced, we remark that it is visibly projected with a quickness greater than that of the solar rotation. The projecting mass is then animated with a quickness greater than the surface of the photosphere; and, in order to explain this fact, we must admit that the matter of the interior stratum possesses a quickness greater than the superficial part.

This novel conclusion is supported by another fact. We know now that the rotation of the spots has not the same angular quickness under all the parallels. The quickness is sensibly greater in the equatorial zone than in the higher latitudes. This circumstance forces us to the conclusion that the sun is not a solid globe, but that its structure admits of the different strata of which it is formed having a movement of rotation independent of each other as regards velocity. In fact, the only explanation we can give of this difference of quickness is, that the interior mass is fluid, and that it is moved by a rotary process, more rapid than that of the external surface. We cannot, however, undertake the formal demonstration of this point on the present occasion.

This fluidity of the sun is calculated to surprise you; but you will cease to regard it as incredible when I remind you of certain ascertained facts about this luminary. The gravity of its surface is twenty-eight times greater than that of the surface of our globe, from which results an enormous pressure capable of condensing a large number of substances, or, at least, of singularly diminishing their volume. Looking simply at this fact, the mean density of the sun ought to be much greater than that of the earth. It is nothing of the kind, however, but just the contrary; for the specific gravity of

the terrestrial globe is four times greater than that of the solar mass. We must admit the existence of a repulsive force capable of overcoming the molecular attraction, and of rarefying the substances which the weight tends to condense. This repulsive force is probably owing to the heat, and, in fact, the temperature of the sun is estimated at not less than five millions of degrees. At this temperature no matter could remain solid, even in spite of the enormous pressure of which we have already spoken. It is, then, impossible for us to admit the existence of a solid mass, and much more that of a cold centre in the interior of the sun.

And here an objection presents itself to which I ought to reply. If the interior mass of the sun is at a temperature so very elevated, how is it that, when the photosphere opens, a black spot is presented to our eyes? In examining this opening, we perceive a substance of which the temperature is extremely elevated, and which ought, consequently, to be very luminous. How is it, then, that, on the contrary, it presents to us the appearance of a very deep black? My reply is, that the black color of the spots is a purely relative matter; that it is owing to the contrast of the brilliant light which comes to us from the photosphere. If we could see those apparently dark parts away from the glittering mass of the sun, they would appear not only luminous, but dazzling with light.

But you will say to me, it still remains true that the interior mass of the sun is less luminous than the photosphere; but since the superficial part constantly cools by radiation, it follows that there ought to be less heat, and, consequently, less brilliancy in the photosphere than in the interior mass. With your per-

mission, I will make a reply to this which might, at the first blush, appear paradoxical, but which is, nevertheless, the expression of truth. It is precisely because it is of so very high a temperature that the interior mass of the sun sends us a less degree of light and heat; it is precisely because it is cooled at the point of condensation, to precipitate itself in the liquid or solid state, that the photospheric matter becomes hotter and more luminous. To make this plain, we have only to recall certain well-known principles of physics. Two bodies equally hot may not emit the same quantity of heat. One of them may cool itself rapidly in heating the bodies which surround it; while the other may let its heat escape only very slowly, and heat but feebly the neighboring bodies. In this case, we say that the first has a more considerable radiating power. Now, philosophers know that gas has a very feeble radiating power, and that it may be consequently at a very high temperature without emitting around it a great quantity of light and heat. You have an illustration now before your eyes. This lamp, fed by lighted gas, gives a very brilliant flame, because the carbon remains there some time in suspension before burning. Let us throw into the flame a little oxygen; immediately the flame pales, becomes bluish, and ceases to be luminous. Its temperature, notwithstanding, has greatly increased, and it is now the celebrated gas by the aid of which M. Sainte-Claire Deville melts his platina so rapidly. The change results from the very rapid combustion of the carbon by the oxygen. As soon as this takes place, the flame, no longer containing any solid body, loses almost all power of emission, and ceases, in spite of its high temperature, to have the brilliancy which

it possessed at a lower temperature. To convince you perfectly, let us put a solid body in this flame, now so pale, and you will see it become more brilliant than ever. We introduce, for example, a piece of lime, and the apartment is at once illuminated by the Drummond light, one of the most brilliant of our artificial lights.

But, leaving the earth, let us now return to the sun. The interior mass is undoubtedly at a very high temperature—so high, indeed, that all the substances composing it must be in the state of gas, possessing only a feeble radiating power; while the photosphere is composed of matter precipitated in a liquid or solid state, of which the radiating power must be considerable. Here is the explanation of what seemed paradoxical in my answer. The hottest part of the sun is not the part which warms and lights us most, because, being in the state of gas, it produces only a feeble radiation.

Two questions now present themselves. How is it that the sun preserves indefinitely so elevated a temperature in spite of the enormous amount of heat which it loses daily? Of what kind of matter is this luminary composed? And what the nature of the radiation which sends to us daily the light and heat which we need? It is undoubtedly impossible to give a complete and satisfactory answer to these questions. We may yet be able, however, to do so; and we are persuaded that science in its progress will only confirm and develop the explanations which we give to-day of first principles. In the first place, it is impossible to admit that the sun is simply a luminous globe, not possessing any means of renewing the heat which it loses at every moment; for, in that case, at the end of a few years its tempera-

ture would be lowered in a very appreciable manner ; and it would not require an age to effect a complete change in the phenomena which are dependent on it. There must be, then, a source of heat in the sun.

We are in the habit of comparing things we do not know with those with which we are familiar. Thus we have been led to think of the solar globe as the seat of a combustion similar to that we witness on our hearths. This idea is deceptive.

We know the quantity of heat which each substance throws off in a state of combustion ; we know, too, what a vast body the sun is ; and we are able to calculate with a rough but sufficient approximation the quantity of heat which the body of the sun would produce in burning. The result of this calculation is, that, at the elevated temperature which the sun possesses, the combustion of the solar mass could not be kept up during many ages. Since the historic period this temperature would have been so lowered as to produce a change in the seasons that has not taken place. We are compelled, then, to abandon the idea of a mass in combustion, as well as that of a luminous globe, and to acknowledge that there is a secret which has escaped us.

This secret, gentlemen, chemistry is charged to unveil to us. Astronomers profit eagerly by all the discoveries which physical science makes, and it is by this means alone that they arrive first at conjecture, and afterward at a knowledge of what is taking place at prodigious distances. It is thus that the phenomenon of dissociation recently discovered by M. Sainte-Claire Deville, puts us in the way of explaining the permanence of the solar temperature. We know that no combination can resist heat. Whatever may be the stability of the combination,

whatever energy the affinitive force may possess, if the temperature is raised to the proper degree, the elements separate, and remain together simply in a mixed state, wanting to combine anew when the temperature is lowered. This is what we call dissociation ; and this is just the state, for example, in which we find oxygen and hydrogen gas, exposed to a temperature of 2500 degrees. At such a temperature they remain in a mixed state, without being able to form water, which ought to result from the combination of these two elements. But the phenomenon of dissociation cannot take place without the intervention of an enormous amount of heat. To illustrate this, let us suppose a kilogram of ice at zero. In liquefying it would absorb 79 degrees of heat ; to make it warm, 100 degrees would be required ; in evaporation it would absorb 640 ; and to dissociate it, 3955, or nearly 4000 degrees would be necessary. What we say of water is equally true of all the combinations ; all that is required being to change the numerical degrees of the latent heat, for fusion, for volatilization, and for dissociation. This being so, we arrive at the conclusion that even the least considerable quantity of matter in a state of dissociation may be regarded as a magazine of latent heat continually tending toward sensible development.

The temperature of dissociation of water is almost 2500 degrees. The temperature of the sun being at least five millions of degrees, the whole mass of which it is composed ought to be in a state of dissociation, and to contain consequently an enormous quantity of latent heat independent of the sensible heat ; to which is owing this prodigiously elevated temperature. What, then, is

the effect which the solar matter ought to produce on the radiation of which it is the seat? Almost the same effect that radiation produces on a liquid body which has reached a temperature of solidification. The heat necessary to keep up the radiation is borrowed from that part of the liquid which solidifies, so that the temperature, instead of decreasing, remains constantly at the point at which solidification ceases. This is really what passes on the surface of the sun. This brilliant mass, raised to a temperature of five millions of degrees, has a tendency to cool itself rapidly. The radiation produces, in fact, a coolness in the superficial stratum. By reason of this coolness, part of the gas which composes the atmosphere is lowered below the temperature of dissociation; it yields then an enormous quantity of heat, which from latent becomes sensible, and prevents also an ulterior lowering of temperature. It is sufficient to repair the continual loss of heat that a mass of several kilograms passes daily from a state of dissociation to one of combination; and it is evident, considering the enormous size of the solar globe, that things may remain in this state during millions of ages without the temperature of the sun changing in a manner which may be felt by us. I say, by us, for our knowledge of this temperature is obtained at no less a distance than several hundred thousands of degrees.

It appears, then, from the very nature of the sun, that it does not possess an inexhaustible quantity of latent heat. A day will come when it will no more be able to lose heat without being cooled in a sensible manner, but that cooling will not take place before a very distant period, and long after we have disappeared from this world.

By way of recapitulation of the several views we have set forth, let us endeavor to give you a precise idea of the sun, as regards both its interior and its surface. The reasonings which we have just advanced, founded partly on astronomical observations and partly on known principles of science, lead us to regard the sun as composed of a fluid or gauze-like mass, surrounded with a photospheric stratum, the matter of which has passed through the first stage of condensation. According to the views held by Laplace, the sun proceeded from the hands of its creator in a nebulous state. We are led to believe that the interior mass is still in this state. A change has taken place only on the surface, because there only could the loss of heat owing to radiation produce a partial cooling. The result of this cooling is the condensation of a relatively small quantity of matter, which, possessing a very considerable power of emission, forms the photosphere. It is in the presence of this photosphere that the only difference exists between the sun and a nebula, between the myriads of stars which people the heavens, and the nebulae with whose existence the telescope makes us acquainted.

We come, at length, to the last with which we proposed to deal: What is the constituent matter of the sun? What are the elements which enter into the composition of its atmosphere and of the photospheric bed? Some years ago, to put a question like this would have been regarded as rashness; to attempt to answer it, the height of folly. We only knew, from the analysis of meteoric stones, that cosmical matter did not contain any other elements besides those of which our globe is composed. But to-day we can go further, thanks to the discoveries of the German Kirchhoff.

We all know the solar phantom, and

the brilliant colors which result from the decomposition of the white light. This phantom seems continuous if we make the observations in a rough manner ; but if we employ delicate means, we see that it is formed of a multitude of black streaks and of brilliant rays perfectly distinct from each other. It is impossible to imitate this appearance artificially. All that we are able to do is to project on a screen the figure of a solar appearance taken from a drawing. You see that it is furrowed over with a considerable number of black streaks, of which the principal ones are, according to Fraunhofer, who discovered them, indicated by the letters of the alphabet, A, B, C, etc. These streaks are extremely numerous : we have counted no fewer than 45,000 of them.

I have said that it is impossible for us to imitate this appearance with our artificial lights, and it is precisely here that we are able to discern the nature of the different sources of light. In fact, each source has an appearance peculiar to itself, and by which it is characterized. The brilliant line of the Drummond light gives a continuous appearance, and it is the same with all the simple incandescents. But when we analyze the light of a body in combustion, we arrive at an entirely different result. The appearance obtained in this case is crossed by rays which, instead of being black, are, on the contrary, more brilliant than the colors in the midst of which they are formed. The same thing happens when we make the rays emanating from the electric light pass through a prism, because in this case there is combustion, that is to say, a combination of the oxygen in charcoals, mixed with foreign matter, from which is produced the voltaic bow. If we are content to restore these burning coals, they will give a continuous appearance just as lime.

The brilliant spectral rays are not always the same. They depend on the nature of the metal which is found in the flame, and which takes part in the combustion. You see at this moment the appearance which silver presents : it is characterized by a magnificent green ray. Here is now the appearance of copper, which, we know, has a yellow ray, accompanied by a fine group of green rays, different from those which silver produces. We now burn some zinc, which gives a magnificent group of blue rays, a fine red ray, and another of violet. Finally, we shall close these experiments with burning brass, which is, as you are aware, a mixture of copper and zinc. You will recognize in the appearance which is produced the characteristic rays of those metals, each of them producing its proper effect, as if it were alone.

We learn but little, however, from these experiments, of the nature of the substances of which the sun is composed ; for the rays which we have produced are all brilliant, while those of the solar appearance are black. Let us see, then, in pursuing this subject, if it would not be possible for us to obtain these black lines with our artificial lights. Let us produce, in analyzing the Drummond light, a perfectly continuous appearance. Now, let us make this appearance, before reaching the screen, pass through a deep layer of hypoazotic acid. Immediately you see it discontinued. It is, like the solar appearance, crossed over by a multitude of black lines. The hypoazotic acid is not the only gas that produces this result. The vapor from brome, that of iodine, will give equally the black lines in the same circumstances, only these lines are different from those we have just seen in the experiment made with the hypoazotic acid. Thus, the gases, the vapors, possessing the property of

absorbing certain luminous rays, certain colors, these rays, found no longer in the appearance, are necessarily replaced by the black lines we have just observed. All the gases, all the vapors, could not, I am convinced, produce this result; for it is clear that their power of absorption, being less considerable, could not make itself felt, unless by means of a stratum the thickness of which should be greater than that which we are able to use in our experiments. We find a proof of this in what passes in the atmospheric air. Under a feeble thickness no sensible absorption is produced; but it is certain that the atmospheric mass absorbs a great number of rays, and consequently gives birth to many black lines; for in the solar appearance we observe new and very marked lines, when the sun being near the horizon, his rays pass through a bed of air of very considerable thickness. These rays are principally owing to the vapor of water. We can equally affirm the absorbent power of the atmosphere which surrounds the planets Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars. Their appearances contain lines very different from the solar appearance. Yet, as the light which they transmit to us comes to them from the sun, we are forced to conclude that that light undergoes some modification in travelling over its transparent path. It is the atmosphere of the planets which produces this result.

The sun also possesses an atmosphere, as we have seen, and this atmosphere ought necessarily to exercise an influence on the rays which traverse it. Such is, in fact, the origin of the rays which we notice in the solar appearance. They are owing to the atmospheric absorption, and the bed of transparent but absorbent vapor which surrounds the atmosphere, and which the rays pass through before they spread themselves in space.

But how are we to ascertain the nature of the vapors which produce the black lines we observe? Here physical science comes again to our aid, and the question we have just put finds its answer in a recent discovery. We have seen that a certain substance in burning gives birth to certain luminous rays which characterize it. We have also seen that this same substance, in a state of vapor, absorbs, on the contrary, certain rays, and produces in consequence certain black lines which are equally characteristic. Now, by a singular coincidence, these two powers, emissive and absorbent, are identically the same. Each substance, in a state of vapor, absorbs precisely the rays which it is capable of producing in combustion, so that the black streaks produced in the first case occupy identically the same place as the brilliant lines observed in the second. We may demonstrate this interesting theory by the following experiment, due to M. Toucault. We know that sodium produces in burning a beautiful yellow light. Well, let us burn some sodium in the coals, and between these two substances the electric light is produced. The metal while it is burning volatilizes largely; the vapors which are produced absorb precisely the rays which they should have emitted in their combustion; and you see that in the yellow, instead of a brilliant line, we have a very dark line. What we have just seen take place with the sodium has been equally proved by experiments on a great number of metals, and, by induction, we may extend the application to all those on which it has been impossible to make experiments.

Let us apply this principle to what concerns the light of the sun. The photosphere is composed of condensed substances, precipitated in a solid or a liquid state, floating in a transparent

orbent atmosphere. This being simply incandescent, present to us a continuous light, and this continuity can be explained only by the absorption of the solar atmosphere. From this it follows, that to ascertain the chemical nature of the substances which form this atmosphere, it will be necessary to compare the black lines of the sun with the bright lines of the stellar lights. This has been done by M. Kirchhoff first discovered that the sun contains sodium ; for the Fraunhofer line D coincides perfectly with the brilliant lines of this element. It is equally well known that the sun is composed of hydrogen, oxygen, and twenty other substances which exist upon the earth in a solid state, would, at a temperature of five millions of degrees, be in a state of vapor. Having thus made a chemical analysis of the sun, astronomers have gone further ; they have sought to determine equally the composition of the stars. We have been led by this to a very remarkable consequence ; we have been able to make a classification of these stars, to determine the group to which they belong. It remains, then, now to apply the spectral analysis to the myriads of stars which fill the heavens, to those far distant stars of which a greater part of which, perhaps, surpass in grandeur and size that which is the centre of our stellar system. It remains for us to interrogate these scarcely perceptible bodies, sparkling at such an immense distance, and to demand from them the secret of their chemical composition. This is a daring task, but it is not without difficulties ; the difficulties are alarming ; but men are not discouraged, they are accustomed to see difficulties disappear before strenuous and persevering labor.

We commenced our study of the stars with the complicated instruments which we employ for the sun ; but we soon found out that this complication was useless. We have been able to reduce our instruments to the number of two, a cylindrical glass and a prism. And M. Wolff, of the Paris Observatory, has succeeded recently in suppressing the cylinder, keeping only the essential element, that is, the prism intended to produce the appearance.

We have examined a great number of stars, and I am going to submit to you some of the results at which we have arrived. You see at this moment the appearance which the star Orion presents. This star is of a yellow color ; the appearance which it produces is deeply streaked ; and it is one of the most beautiful in the heavens. You will find there the line D of sodium, and the line b of magnesium. These are two fundamental lines which have served as marked points to compare this appearance with that of the sun. Besides sodium and magnesium, the star Orion contains iron, copper, and several other known metals ; but it is singular that hydrogen is not found there in the free state, as in the sun. There is, then, some essential difference between the stars, of which you will be more convinced as we go further into the subject. Here is the appearance of Sirius. You see it is not nearly so fine. You will find two large bands in blue, in the place of the streak F of the sun ; two others in violet ; and one, very faint, in yellow. The two first are attributable to hydrogen, and the last to sodium ; but we know not to what substance the violet is owing. In the green there are also some very fine lines, but very difficult to seize.

What is most remarkable is, that all the white stars present the same

appearances, and half the stars that are visible belong to this type. Thus the fine stars of the Lyre, of the Eagle, of the Bear, Castor, etc., ought to be ranged by the side of Sirius. There is, however, an exception in ζ of the Bear, which is a yellow star. The magnificent stars of Arcturus, of the Goat, of Procyon, belong, on the contrary, to the class of which our sun is a type, except that the iron line E is much more marked. Their color, of light yellow, led to the inference that they were analogous to the sun, and the supposition has been confirmed by spectral analysis.

All known substances have an appearance which is peculiar to them, and which characterizes them. Can we say as much of the stars? Do they also present marked differences in their appearance? This has been the subject of very interesting researches. The task has been undertaken at the observatory of the Roman College, and it has led to a result altogether unforeseen, namely, that the stellar appearances appertain to only a very limited number of types. We may classify them in three groups. The first group is that of the white stars like Sirius; the second that of the yellow stars, of which Arcturus and the second are members; and Orion may be regarded as a type of the third, in which we ought to place α of Hercules, and β of Pegasus. These two last-named stars have very remarkable appearances. They seem formed of a multitude of channels, which are divided by large black bands. This form of appearance shows us that the stars which belong to this type are surrounded with atmospheres heavily charged with vapor. In this group enters also the red stars, and in particular *Omicron* of the Whale, that celebrated star which has been called *The Wonderful*. Several small stars

of a blood-red color have appearances resembling each other. It is remarkable that in all the appearances belonging to stars of this type, the black lines occupy the same place, which proves that in general they are all made alike.

I have observed further that certain types abound in certain parts of the heavens, and that the stars of the same kind are generally grouped together. Thus the white stars are found in the Pleiades, the Bear, the Lyre, etc.; the yellow in the Whale, Eridan, etc. The constellation of Orion deserves particular attention; it abounds in stars of a green color, reminding us of the nebula which is found in the same region of the sky. This small number of types, and the grouping of which I have spoken, constitute an unforeseen fact, the importance of which is considerable from a cosmological point of view. We should not, however, be hasty in drawing conclusions from it.

A curious fact has been established with regard to one of the white stars in Cassiopeia. Its appearance is directly the opposite of that which is presented by stars of the same color, for, in place of black lines, it shows some brilliant lines. This phenomenon has appeared to me so extraordinary, that I am anxious whether it is an isolated fact. I have observed more than five hundred stars, selecting some of the largest, and I have found only one, β of the Lyre, which possesses the same peculiarity. M. Wolff says that among the small stars of the Swan he has found some examples of the same kind. A most remarkable fact is, that these brilliant lines were found in a transient star which glittered for a time in the Crown in May, 1866.

These observations upset the theories which had been prematurely built upon facts formerly known.

here is nothing inexplicable. You have seen that sodium gives a line of a very lively yellow, while the line becomes black as sodium is increased to a considerable quantity. Might not the same thing happen with the hydrogen which produces the brilliant lines which I have spoken to you? Might not a small quantity act by absorption, while the action would be reversed if absorption should the mass matter?

After having examined the stars, it is impossible to resist the temptation of observing the nebulae. You know that we designate by this name a mass of white clouds which are spread in the heavens, and of which the nature is not perfectly understood.

Herschel has assured us that many of them, by means of the telescope, may be resolved into a multitude of small stars approaching very close to each other. We infer from this that the greater part are composed of the same matter, and that the weakness of our instruments is the principal thing that prevents us from proving it.

It is, however, admitted that many of these nebulae are formed of gaseous matter in a state of vapor and condensed. Everybody knows that the nebulae which compose the Milky Way.

But besides those which are visible to the naked eye, there is a number whose existence the telescope has revealed to us. One of the most celebrated is that which is found in the magnificent constellation of Orion: we have carefully examined it at the Roman College, and I present at this moment a sketch of it on the screen. The nebulae possess a very feeble light, and we had doubts of success in seeking to apply the spectral analysis to them. We have, however, succeeded beyond our expectations. The appearances observed in these observations are very

singular. They reduce themselves constantly to luminous streaks, all the other colors failing; it is, in another way, that which happens when we burn an alcoholic solution with marine salt; the flame, analyzed by the spectroscopic method, gives simply a yellow streak. In the nebulae we find two green lines and a blue one. Such is the result which we obtained in examining the large nebulae of Orion, and that of the Milky Way in Sagittarius. Such is that, also, which furnishes the little nebulae called planetaries, on account of their form, which resembles that of the planets. These facts have been established for the first time by M. Huggins.

As I have just told you, the nebulae present generally but three lines; one belongs to azote, another to hydrogen, and the third is unknown. This result, which was not known before, is of the highest importance; for it teaches us that the nebulae are composed of gas and of vapors far removed from their point of saturation and condensation. These appearances, with luminous lines, distinctly isolated and separated from one another, appertain essentially to gas, and, we ought to add, to gas raised to a very high temperature. Thus we have made a discovery by the aid of the prism, for which the most powerful glasses had failed us.

The nebulae, notwithstanding their shining points, are not in general a collection of stars, but masses of cosmical matter in a state of dissociation under the action of an extremely elevated temperature. The collections of stars are perfectly distinguishable by the continuity of their appearances, as we see in the nebulae of Andromeda, and in some others which are well known. The discovery opens a vast field of investigation, and will be an epoch in science.

We have wandered far into the depths of space, very far from the point from which we started. This is of no consequence, however, for between the sun, the stars, and the nebulae there is a close relation. The sun is simply a star approaching nearer to us than others. According to a bold hypothesis, its entire mass was at one period in a state of dissociation, which a great part of it still actually preserves. The only thing that makes it differ from the nebulae, and causes us to rank it among the stars, is its superficial stratum of inconsiderable thickness.

What mysteries do we not discover in nature, when we investigate it by the aid of those principles and instruments with which modern science has furnished us! And in the presence of the wonders, what an exalted idea ought we to form of the splendors of the universe and the power of its Creator!

Permit me, gentlemen, in closing this lecture, to quote an admirable thought of Saint Gregory of Nazianzus. The sun, says that father, is the most perfect image of the Deity. You see the effects which it produces; you enjoy its benefits; but you cannot contemplate it directly, nor sound its depths. The loss of life, the greatest of the earthly blessings we enjoy, would be the punishment of the madman who would dare to invade its mysteries. It is the same with the Deity; it is impossible for us to see in himself; and we ought to content ourselves with admiring here below those traces of his infinite perfections which shine in his works.

We have succeeded, by the means with which science has furnished us, in examining this dazzling star, and in doing so we have seen some unexpected wonders; but how many other wonders have escaped us, which will doubtless be discovered at some future time!

If we can thus speak of the material sun and its splendors, what shall we not say of its prototype, when, freed from this material covering of sense, and reduced to a state of pure intelligence, we contemplate him with the eyes of our soul? Science and Faith are two rays issuing from the same focus, the one direct, the other reflected. As long as we are upon this earth we should be content with the second, our vision not being strong enough to support the brightness of the first. But a day will come when we shall see the Divinity face to face; and, in the meantime, the man who denies his unfathomable mysteries, under the pretence that our feeble powers are not equal to their comprehension, is as foolish as the rude peasant who should deny the wonders with which I have entertained you, under the pretext that his eyes are dazzled by the light of the sun. A day will come when the direct rays of the Science of Divinity will no longer dazzle our intelligence: the high destinies which awaits humanity will permit of our contemplating the unclouded essence of the Deity, as the reward of the persevering but not blind fidelity with which we shall have here below, without pride as without baseness, believed in his existence and admired his greatness.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

AN ITALIAN GIRL OF OUR DAY.*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 372.

I HERE interrupt, for a moment, the order of these *Letters*, to introduce a fragment from one of the writings of Signorina Ferrucci, in which is found, eloquently developed, the idea with which the last letter closes. Need we wonder that, to so pure a soul, Christianity was all mercy and all love? Certainly not. The passions of men have so often disfigured the sweet countenance of the gospel that those outside the household of faith form a false idea of it, and, in their inability to distinguish what is divine from what is human, they reject all. But, if they would only learn to leave men and draw near to God, to flee vain disputes and go to the centre where all is calm, they would soon know that the genius of Christianity is indeed love. Pure souls, whom anger and dispute have not marred, know this well. The young author whom I am about to cite understood it, and it is with a feeling of respect that I transcribe these beautiful pages, which breathe so strong a perfume of the gospel:

The love of God, which inflames the heart of man and infuses into it a holy zeal, has assuredly nothing in common with that implacable fanaticism with which infidelity so unjustly charges the religion of Jesus Christ. And yet it is but too true that the sons of one Heavenly Father, the inhabitants of a world watered by the Redeemer's blood, have more than once, while waging cruel war upon each other, ranged themselves under the standard of the cross. But be-

cause such horrors darken the page of history, are we to conclude that the love of God banishes all toleration from the human heart, or can we deny that the Catholic religion is all love? And shall the blind fury of men make the world forget the numberless benefits which, for nineteen centuries, the gospel has bestowed upon all nations and upon its most cruel enemies?

O church of the Redeemer! who dost pray for thine enemies, and dost show thyself ever ready to succor them, even as our Heavenly Father maketh his sun to shine upon the most ungrateful of mankind, who was it that filled thy heart with that holy and ever active love of all the virtues? Who gave thee the strength to oppose at all times a tranquil front to the masters of the world? Whence have thy martyrs derived that courage which made them joyfully bend their heads under the axe of the executioner? Who taught thee to confound the subtle contradictions of the philosophers, and, with the same hands, to break the chains of the slave? How is it that, ever firm and immovable, thou alone hast survived the vicissitudes of all things and the overthrow of so many thrones? Who has given thee such power of persuasion that by its prodigies "from the very stones are raised up children to Abraham"? In fine, whence hast thou received that inviolable authority which resolves all doubts, dissipates our errors, humbles the mighty, sustains the weak, enlightens the world, pardons all faults, and consoles in every affliction and in every distress?

* *Rosa Ferrucci: her Life, her Letters, and her Death.* By the Abbé H. Perreye.

Ah! who does not see that so many miracles have been wrought by the sole power of that divine love kindled in thee by Jesus Christ? For just as thou lovest Jesus in fatigue and in repose, in tears and in joy, in persecution and in peace, in combat and in victory, so also thou lovest in him and for him the humble and the great, the faithful and the unbelieving, the poor and the rich. There is not on this earth a human being for whom thou dost not pray, and whom thou wouldst not, at any price, bring back to the bosom of him who suffered for all men because he loved all. Oh! may thy desires soon be fulfilled, holy church of the living God!

How, then, can that man call himself the friend of God and the true son of the church of Jesus Christ, who would oppose arms to arms, violence to violence, forgetting these words of Christ, "Love your enemies," "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"? The blind apostles of intolerance show well that they have never penetrated in its true sense the life of the Redeemer, who, suffering every injury, and even the death of the cross, drew the whole world to himself by the irresistible power of pardon and of love. He who would be willing to forget his prejudices, and, retiring into the solitude of his own heart, would plant there the sweet image of Jesus Christ, such a one would soon learn how far the power of Christian meekness transcends that of the sword, and he would shudder at the thought of pursuing with fire and steel them whom the cross alone may vanquish. Ah! if Jesus crucified entered truly into our hearts, how many things would he not make them understand!*

* *Della Carità Cristiana.*

Again, I find, in the same this beautiful sentiment:

I believe that charity consists solely in compassionating the ings of the poor and relieving. Its character is more general: it be the soul of all our sentiments. In my part, I see charity in patience, in humility, in faith, in docile submission to superiors, in justice, in courage, in fortitude, in contempt of the world, in the desire of heaven. Charity is the deed, the light of God, in himself. Whoever has received his heart a ray of this divine light, bound, if I may so speak, to communicate its warmth to the whole.

We return to the letters.

Sweet were the impressions, tano, which our walk yesterday that beautiful garden left on my mind. Is it not true that the flowers, the trees, the blue sky, the soft air, the song of the birds, the hum of the insects—all conspire to speak to our hearts of God? It is too, that all these beautiful things seemed more joyous to me because you were there, for to me the world seemed to reflect the feelings of my heart. Then those beautiful memories of my mother's which Uncle C. read to us affected me powerfully. Earth and heaven, flowers and all borrowed a new charm from the harmony of those beautiful stars.

I do not know the places you mean, unless you mean Romito and tignano. I went as far as L. on foot, one beautiful August day, without suffering much from heat, which was tempered by the breeze. After having traversed a long, steep road, which became every step more solitary and closely shut in between the hills.

I went up to the top of the dross, and thence for a long gazed on the neighboring island the vast horizon where sea seemed to unite, and I even saw some of the lands of the na. Another time, with the the Gabrini, and other friends, as far as Romito. The sun had sunk below the horizon. The moment the last glimmering of was becoming more faint, the moon rose behind the Her pale rays were reflected sea, where nothing was seen solitary fishing-boat; and the murmur of the waves, as they slowly to die on the rocky shore, only sound that broke the of the night. We crossed me to time the dry bed of one torrents which fall from the ins into the sea; and thus, now now silent, gazing, admiring, sed the two little towers, and, at the limits of the two we stopped and turned back, had reached the Columns of es. There is a comparison that please my good friend Louisa

Would you believe it, in her ter she gravely compares me a gigator steering toward a new "Yet no," she says, "love is as old as the earth." That my good Louisa; but to me w, all new, Gaetano, and I be- ven, that it will never grow old, anything that comes directly od, who is endless duration in youth! On this is grounded hope that, after having united on earth, he will unite us again life to come; and this thought rises me from earth to heaven!

was not the first time that had visited Antignano. That ad lovely shore had witnessed orts of her childhood. Three

or four years before the date of the last letter we have given, she wrote from that place to one of her young friends the following pretty letter:

ANTIGNANO, July, 1853.

In spite of our joy at being here, believe me, my dear Maria, we feel your absence sadly. It turns to melancholy the joyous memories of last year. This is from my heart, Maria; how happy I should be to have you at this moment by my side! Come back to us then, dear friend, come back! The little wood where we spent so many happy hours, the great shady trees, the smiling country, and the sea—all call you back. Why, it is but two days since I heard a wave which came bounding over the sea say to you, "Come down, young girl, from the flowery bank into this calm sea, and yield to the invitation of the sun, who with his brilliant rays is brightening air and earth and water." But this pretty song of the naiad was suddenly interrupted, for my poor wave broke and expired on a rock. All its sister wavelets murmured the same prayer to you, but all, like the first, soon broke upon the shore; and I grew pensive at the sight, for those poor waves, vanishing so quickly, seemed to me a true image of our shattered hopes, which cause us so many tears. Meanwhile a little interior voice remained with me, and murmured sweetly in my ear, "Courage, courage! Why are you sad? Cannot Maria come back? I am your good friend Hope, listen to me and believe me: I promise you that next year Maria shall be here." This consoled me a little, for I always believe what my good friend Hope tells me. Courage, then, and patience, and I am sure of having you yet at Antignano. Dear Maria, pardon this letter, which is as long as it is foolish, and, if you do not understand it, seek in it only

a new proof of my tender affection for you. Meanwhile, let us leave the world of dreams and enter that of news. . . .

TO GAETANO.

July 28.

This day brings to us a mournful anniversary. Poor Charles Albert! on this day, and at the very hour in which I write, he yielded up to God his soul, oppressed with grief, but still full of an unshaken confidence in the justice of his cause and the imprescriptibility of his rights. Doubtless the saints have welcomed into heaven him who on earth loved God and suffered for justice' sake. It is with feelings of compassion that I think of the king, his son, surviving all his family, who have, one after the other, gone before him to the grave.

This enthusiastic remembrance of the house of Savoy is not the only one to be found in the letters of Rosa Ferrucci. The misfortunes of the king, Charles Albert; the death of the Duke of Genoa, his son; the ruin of so many hopes, for a moment triumphant—all these often call forth in her correspondence complaints and regrets. I like to see this love of national independence in so pure a soul. She says somewhere: "In considering the history of nations, we discover at every step new and infallible proofs of the wisdom and omnipotence of him who directs the affairs of the world; of that mysterious justice which surpasses all human understanding as the heavens surpass the earth. Hope, then, in the Lord, ye victims of oppression! Acknowledge the hand which alone can give you deliverance! And you, usurpers of the rights of the vanquished, triumph not without trembling at the tears which you have caused to flow. He lives, he will live

for ever, who will never remain deaf to the lamentations of his people Israel. If he defers his justice, are you to cease to believe in him? Because he can wait, will your presumption know no bounds? Do you forget that God is patient because he is eternal?"*

Patriotism was, however, a family tradition with Rosa Ferrucci. At the time of the memorable events which, in 1848, threatened the speedy overthrow of Austrian rule in Italy, Signor Ferrucci, with his colleagues in the University of Pisa, quitted his chair, and, at the head of the students, who had formed themselves into a body, set out for the army, accompanied by his young son. They took part in all the battles of that unfortunate campaign—at first in its victories, then in its reverses—and returned to Pisa only after the ruin of the last hope. These are facts too little known in the contemporary history of that unhappy Italy whose faults are the theme of every tongue, while few know how many noble hearts she can still produce.

We resume the correspondence:

August 4.

May I tell you, Gaetano, what I have been thinking about our future life? We must first, as we have so often said, have continually present to our minds the will of God, endeavor to accomplish it in all things, and be ever submissive to it from our inmost hearts. Then we must have but one heart and one soul in serving God, and I hope that we shall have but one heart also in loving our dear parents. What ingratitude would be ours if in our happiness we forgot them to whom we owe so much, and who loved us before we knew what love was!† Let us endeavor so to regulate the affections of our hearts

* Della Carità Cristiana.

† "Prima che noi potessimo sapere che fosse amore."

one shall not be stifled by the
but that all, forming a sweet
ony, may rise toward him who
ed us, and for whom alone we
live. May he alone be the end of
r actions and of all our thoughts!
fatigue will never overcome our
ge, our duties will never seem
heavy, our life will be calm, our in-
ns pure, and we shall taste even
below that interior peace,

Which no one knows but he who feels it."

is the plan of our life. I have
ightly sketched it, fearing that I
seem to be giving counsels and
ibing rules to you. All this is
le only by the grace of God.
s beg it through the intercession
Blessed Virgin at the approach-
stival of the Assumption; we
so great need of her protection
uidance.

*"We pray for grace and it obtain
From her who is its mother."*

September 15.

day I am as sad as I was joy-
esterday. Your departure, the
ht of an inevitable separation
my father and mother, a thou-
conflicting feelings in my heart,
inable to myself, have made me

Alas for us women! we are
r than the leaves which are
ed from the trees and scattered
e first wind of autumn; and,
ood scarce passed, our hearts,
le only of loving and suffering,
rn by a thousand contrary emo-
of joy and sadness. Pardon me
murmurs, O my God! No, I
not to weep, but ought rather
r out my soul in thanksgiving.
xen my whole heart to you, Gae-
because it is you who are to be
upport of my life; to share all
oughts, dispel my fears, and be
unseller and guide. Singular
! my new hopes have made all

my feelings more keen and ardent.
Hence those alternations of joy and
sadness, to whose deepest emotions
I was till lately a stranger. As it is,
I do not know how I am to tear my-
self from the arms of those who watch-
ed over my childhood and who love
me so much. But let us forget all
this to-day. I can no longer speak
of my mother without my eyes filling
with tears. It is drawing near that
dear October. If I cannot enjoy your
ruralizing, I can, at least, be happy in
thinking of the pleasure you will find
in it. You are going to see your
mountains again, and those pine-
groves, which from my childhood I
have ever loved and admired. In the
midst of the flowers, the plants, the
trees, you will think often of him who
created us with souls capable of lov-
ing the beautiful and good; of him
who this year has opened to you the
horizon of a new life, in which I hope
you will never find either regrets or
thorns. Oh! how easy, as it seems to
me, does the beauty of the country
make the love of God. How sweet
it is to think that the same God who
gives the dews and the fertilizing rains
to the earth, foliage to the trees, flow-
ers and harvests to the fields, is also
that loving Father who supports us in
all our trials and so sweetly invites
our souls to repose in himself! Let
me speak to you of the good God,
Gaetano; I love so much to think of
him.

September 25.

I cannot express the pleasure it is
to me to gaze into the deep azure of
the beautiful mornings of which

"The air is sweet and changeless,"

and of the lovely evenings when the
stars seem to speak, and tell in a sa-
cred language the wisdom of God.
The country does good to our souls.
In admiring its beauties and its trea-
sures ever new, we are led more easily

to think that, if earth was made for man, man was created to love God. I often say to myself, What, then, will heaven be, if there is so much of beauty on this poor earth, where we are not so much dwellers as pilgrims? . . . On the eve of St. John's day, all Florence was illuminated. There was nothing to be heard but games and noisy laughter among the people. Every one was gazing eagerly at the fireworks and the illuminations; but no one thought of admiring the most beautiful ornament of the feast—I mean the moon, whose tremulous rays were reflected in the Arno, lengthening the shadows of the trees.

September 28.

Next year we will go to the country together. If you knew how I love your mountains, with their tall pines, their flowers, their streams, and their green summits. I still remember the moment I left them. It was a November morning. The faint rays of a cloud-veiled sun shed a pale light on the horizon, the leaves were falling from the trees, and the snow of the day before still covered the summits. All nature was solitary and sad. Who could have told me then, that to this melancholy spot which I was leaving as a child, I should return with you a happy bride?

October 23.

Enjoy well your ruralizing; its pleasures are a thousand times sweeter than those of our towns. How pleasant it is of an evening to climb the heights, and thence behold the vast expanse of heaven still purpled by the sun's last rays; to see at one's feet the fields, the pine groves, the pale olives, the elms, yellow-tinted by autumn, the little, scattered cottages of the peasants, with the smoke of the evening fire rising from the roof, and the village

church, which seems by the tolling of its bell "to mourn the dying day,"

"Il giorno pianger che si muore!"

I am far from all this now, but I often think of it. Again I see our happy day at Cuccigliana, our mountain walk, and that beautiful horizon, with its luminous depths, which promised me a joyous future. How many things nature can say! How she can speak to the heart! How, above all, she can speak to it of God! Flowers, hills, forests, earth, and sky—all are more beautiful when we have learned to discern in them the beauty of God. How many times already, Gaetano, have I gone over again our walk on the Serchio, where the rustling of the leaves was the only accompaniment to our long conversations! Ah! may God bless thee, may he render thee happy, and all my desires will be satisfied.

Eve of All Saints' Day.

Oh! if the feast of to-morrow should one day be our feast! Do not suppose, however, that I am presumptuous enough to hope that we shall ever be like the saints of our altars. No; but I believe that not only those great saints, but also all the souls of the just who are admitted to the beatific vision of God, are invoked on this great day by the church. This it is that emboldens my desires. . . .

If you are sad, recollect that it has pleased God thus to alternate in this world our joys and sorrows, in order to implant more deeply in our souls the desire of that life in which weeping shall be no more. Then shall we be united. I hope, in the love and blissful contemplation of that God whom we now adore under the veil of faith.

Meanwhile it is sweet to say to one's self: God loves me infinitely more than I can love myself. He

thinks of me and watches over me with a tenderness surpassing all the tenderness of a mother. What, then, should I fear? And besides, how be Christians and not be willing to suffer for love of a God who has suffered so much for us? I would share these thoughts with you, Gaetano, because I find in them my strength and consolation every day. Treasure them in your heart, call them often to mind, and your sadness will disappear as

"La neve al sol si disigilla."^{*}

I do not think we shall lose by the exchange when, having finished Milton, we read Virgil together. That great man seems to me indeed

"The light and honor of the other poets,"

as our Dante says. We shall reap from this reading the great advantage of being able to compare the principal episodes of the *Æneid* with the best passages of other poems. I assure you I do not regret the time I give to my little studies; if I had to commence them again, I should apply myself only with more diligence and attention. I owe to them the best pleasures that I have known; above all, I owe to them community of intellectual life with you.[†]

Now that I do not take lessons, and that, consequently, I have no more leisure, I know no more lively pleasure than to shut myself up in my little room with my books and my pen; and even during those hours which I ought and which I am determined to devote to needlework, I love still to think of what I have read and to beguile the time by these pleasant memories. Having

^{*} "The snow dissolves before the sun."

[†] I would for a moment call the reader's attention to this sentiment. Such should, indeed, be the chief end of the studies of every Christian woman—community of intellectual life with her husband, community of intellectual life with her sons.

had some time for study to-day, I resumed the reading of Muratori, taking the history of the wars of Odoacer and Theodoric. The subject is a familiar one, but I return to it always willingly, because I think the history of the middle ages even more important for us to know than ancient history. And then what joy of soul to see the church, in all places and in the most barbarous ages, the mother and guardian of civilization, the friend and consoler of the vanquished, the last bulwark of the oppressed against the unbri-dled pretensions of power!

Poor Italy! how she has suffered! What carnage! How much blood shed in vain! How many tears!

January 1, 1857.

Let us pray God, let us pray him with our whole heart to-day, Gaetano, to bless our union, our souls, our actions, our thoughts, our life. May he deign to preserve long those who are dear to us, to shield us from great misfortunes, and, above all, never to withdraw his grace from us! Such are the prayers that we will offer together, united in heart, though separated by distance. God will see the sincerity of our desires, and he will grant them.

The serenity of the heavens gladdens all nature, and rejoices also our souls, which in the light of the sun seem, as it were, a reflection of the In-created Light. I do not think I am superstitious, Gaetano; and if the new year had commenced in the midst of lightning, thunder, and dismal rains, I should certainly not, on that account, have augured ill for our future. But now, contemplating the calmness and pureness of the sky and of the whole horizon, I ask of God to give us a life like to this beautiful day, that is to say, such a life that nothing may ever be able to dis-

turb in our souls that peace whose source is in God, its eternal fount.

January 4.

After some cold days, the weather has again become very mild, and the air is balmy as with the first perfumes of spring. How brightly the sun shines to-day! Its warm beams inundate my little room. Seated at my table, at some distance from the window, my eye wanders involuntarily to what I can see of the sky. I fancy I see a great blue eye looking down lovingly on me. Ah Gaetano! how good is God!

I have just learned the death of a very dear friend. Young, beautiful, brought up in opulence, the only daughter of a mother who idolized her, she wished to become a Sister of Charity in order to serve God in his poor. For ten years she has been a tender mother to the orphan, and she has just died in the bloom of her days. Dear and good Sister Maria! how happy I should have been to see her again! I do not cease thinking of her! Schiller would say here: "Cease to weep: tears do not resuscitate the dead." Ah! with what a far different power do the words addressed by the Redeemer to the afflicted come home to our hearts: "Blessed are they that weep, for they shall be comforted!" The more I meditate on these words, and then look on earth in its renewal, the pure light and deep azure of the sky, the more I am impressed, death notwithstanding, with the infinite goodness of God and the ineffable bliss of a future life. I hear sometimes of the good being oppressed by the wicked; I often see virtuous persons in misfortune; will not, then, the just also have their day and their recompense? Ah! often, when at night I raise my eyes toward the twinkling stars, I

think of those happy souls who are there on high, higher than the stars, in the eternal enjoyment of the beatific vision, of adoration and love without end. If man would only fix his soul on such thoughts, what is there on earth that could discourage him?

I received your dear letter this morning, Gaetano, and lest you should suppose I thought it too gloomy, I must tell you that I, too, have been thinking of death the whole day, and that I even offered a special prayer to our Lord to be merciful to me when the hour shall have come for me to pass from time to eternity, and, as I hope, "from the human to the divine." We have need of abandoning ourselves with a child-like confidence into the arms of God, if we wish to keep alive in our hearts the hope of seeing in heaven him whom we adore on earth. For my part, if, instead of thinking of him alone, I turned to think of myself, I really know not whither my reflections might lead me. But hope, which is a Christian virtue, is a firm expectation of future glory. I will, then, forget my fears and believe that, despite our imperfections, we may one day taste in the bosom of God a happiness even of the shadow of which we cannot catch a glimpse on this earth. We shall then know in what overflowing measure the Lord rewards even the feeblest efforts of his friends. We shall know how everything here below was inevitably passing away with ourselves, how this earthly life vanished more lightly than a dream, and that there remains nothing to man after death but love, that ethereal part of the soul which God claims all for himself. Yet more: I believe that the love which shall unite and commingle our souls on high will not be absorbed in the

contemplation of the divine essence in such a manner that the sweetness of loving each other still shall escape our perception. I believe, on the contrary, that it will be the triumph of love to exist and to endure in God, and to unite in one canticle of praise the souls which God made to love one another.

More sorrow—Matilda is dead! * Oh! how we loved her. She was an angel! It is we only who suffer, for to her it is pure happiness to have quitted earth. Not a murmur was ever heard from her lips. She found all peace and all strength in the love of God. Her soul so easily opened itself to joy. The day before her death, seeing some flowers, "What beautiful things our God has made!" she exclaimed. Her friends wished to inform her father of her imminent danger. This she constantly opposed, wishing to spare that poor father the agony of a last farewell. Here are examples.

I do not know the introduction you speak of; but my mother has read to me the admirable verses of Manzoni which are prefixed to it. How many things these verses recall to me. They have affected me powerfully. Returning in memory to the times that are past, I fancied as I listened to them that I heard the sweet voice of my poor Matilda, who, in reciting this beautiful poetry, evinced so tender an admiration for her father's genius. We were at Viareggio. It was a beautiful summer evening, and the peace of a starlit sky penetrated deep into our souls. Matilda said to me: "Rosa, if you could only tell me the first verse of those stanzas, I am sure I could recite the whole." For some time I

* Matilda Manzoni, daughter of the celebrated author of *I Promessi Sposi*.

ransacked my poor memory in vain. Suddenly came the word, "Pause awhile." That word was enough. Matilda recited without failing in a word—and oh! with what feeling—the whole piece of poetry. Dear friend! she is with us no longer, and we shall see her no more on earth. When I parted with her last, I said to her: "Farewell till we meet again." I ought to have said: "Farewell till we meet in heaven."

When the storm came upon us,* two terrific peals of thunder were heard at once. I confess, Gaetano, I did not expect to reach Pisa. And oh! how terrible is the thought of death, when all around reminds one of the almighty power of God. I trembled as I thought of eternity. I saw my own nothingness, and that my only refuge was in the bosom of God. There did I cast myself with all the confidence of my soul. Unperceived by any one, I drew from my bosom my crucifix, and, concealing it in my hand, I pressed it to my lips. I felt then what help religion will give us in our last moments, for I immediately regained courage, and all my fears vanished.

TO SIGNORINA LOUISA B——.

I received your sad and tender letter yesterday, my dear Louisa, and I answer it without delay, to prove to you that your sorrows are mine. Poor Antonietta! Yet, why weep for her? Her soul has winged its flight to the celestial regions, where, as she said in her delirium, all was ready to receive her. It is not to her, then—it is to you, to your family, to ourselves, that our tears belong. As soon as I heard the sad tidings, I raised my heart to God,

* Signorina Ferrucci was, with her parents, returning from Leghorn to Pisa, when they were surprised by a violent storm, which is the subject of this letter

and offered him a fervent prayer for your mother and yourself. As to Antonietta, I could not pray for her, because I saw her truly in the midst of the angelic choirs.

Dear friend, would that I could console you; but I feel with sadness my utter inability. It is God alone who has the secret of true consolation. Is not he our good Father? Does not he await us in that blessed abode where there are neither sorrows nor tears, but where reign eternal peace and happiness? And then, my poor Louisa, if life seemed to promise your dear sister happiness and joy, has not death put her in possession of joys more pure, happiness more profound, than she could ever have desired? Oh! how enviable is her lot. She will never know the troubles, the disappointments, the disenchantments of this life. She will be spared all the suffering which is inseparable from a long existence. Death has been to her a beautiful angel, come from heaven to crown her with flowers. Dry your tears, Louisa: your sister is happier than we.

TO GAETANO.

Each day is bringing you nearer the mournful anniversary you spoke of in your last letter. I beg, I conjure you, Gaetano, to allow to your heart no sentiment but that of resignation. Remember that we shall see in heaven those who are taken from us on earth; and that the sufferings of this life are the means by which we are to attain endless beatitude. I speak thus, not to preach

patience to you, which it would ill become me to do, but to give you a word of consolation; for I know all that you have suffered, all that you still suffer in secret. The cares of business and the multiplicity of exterior duties will not prevent sorrowful memories from taking possession of your soul. You can, then, but offer your sufferings as a sacrifice, believing that they will render us more worthy of the divine love. If I already shared your life, I would do everything in my power to console and encourage you on these sad days. Meanwhile let us both strive each day to lessen our imperfections, and to let the love of God have fuller scope in our hearts. Thus shall we, if not without fear, at least without remorse, reach that solemn moment of our life, the one that will end it. May God, who, we hope, will one day unite us on earth by holy ties, deign to unite us also in heaven!

January 21.

(Three days before the commencement of her illness.)

Truly we must be always ready to die when and as God wills, and to love him infinitely more than all the things of this world which are passing away with our frail lives. Our immortal soul is not made for this world, where all is fleeting, dissolving, changing. By the very nature of its being, it yearns for heaven. For me, living or dead, in this world or the next, I will be ever thine, my Gaetano, in the love that God knows and blesses.

This letter is the last that Rosa Ferrucci wrote.

CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.

SANITARY AND MORAL CONDITION OF NEW YORK CITY.

ANCE at New York City, embracing the entire of Manhattan Island show that its geographical position, its advantages for sewerage and drainage, in fact for everything which could make it salubrious and healthy, cannot be surpassed by any other city in this or any other country. And with its bountiful supply of natural resources and choicest gifts, many of our readers will be surprised to hear that the death-rate is higher than that of any other city on this continent, or any of the great cities of Europe. We are capable of showing the relative per capita mortality in various cities :

	Death.	Population.
New York.....	1	in 35
London.....	1	in 45
Berlin.....	1	in 40
Vienna.....	1	in 36
Copenhagen.....	1	in 40
Stockholm.....	1	in 44
Philadelphia.....	1	in 48
San Francisco.....	1	in 41
San Antonio, N. J.....	1	in 44
San Diego.....	1	in 45
San Jose.....	1	in 54
San Pedro.....	1	in 44*

We first examine the conditions which favor and cause this excessive death-rate, and then attempt as nearly as possible what percentage of mortality should be, under good hygienic regulations. The primary cause of the present high death-rate is, evidently, in the packing of the tenant-houses ; and how the most unfortunate exist in the fetid dirt of these dens, it is impossible to imagine. The name tenement-house is applied to all buildings which contain three or more families. There are at present in our city about 100,000 of these residences. In these

live over a half-million of people, or more than half of our entire population. These houses vary in condition, from the apartments over stores on our prominent thoroughfares, which often contain all the comforts and conveniences of more aristocratic and imposing structures, through many gradations to the cellar, garrets, and model tenant-houses, occupied by the most miserable of our inhabitants. Such an economy of space was never known to be displayed in sheltering cattle as is here shown in the houses, if they can be so called, of the laboring classes. We give a description of one of these establishments, for the benefit of those who have never examined a "model tenant-house." On a lot 25 by 100 feet two buildings are erected, one in the front, the second in the rear. Between the houses is a yard or open space, in which are located rows of stalls to be used as water-closets. The buildings are frequently seven and eight stories high, including basement. Through the middle of each house runs a hall three to four feet wide. On each side of the hall are the apartments, as they are termed, more properly coops or dens. There are sometimes three or four sets of these coops to each half, making six or eight families to the floor ; and so they are packed, from the cellar to the roof of the establishment. As the term "suites of apartments" is rather deceptive to the uninitiated, we will state this means simply two—one, the common room, where all the cooking, washing, and other family work is performed, and in some instances used additionally for manufacturing purposes, as shoe-making,

tailoring, etc.; the other is the sleeping-room. The first is generally 8 feet by 10, and the second 7 by 8, with an average height of 7 feet. "Not unfrequently two families—yea, four families—live in one of these small sets of dens; and in this manner as many as 126 families, numbering over 800 souls, have been packed into one such building, and some of the families taking boarders and lodgers at that. And worse yet, all around such tenements, or in close proximity to them, stand slaughter-houses, stables, tanneries, soap factories, and bone-boiling establishments, emitting life-destroying exhalations."*

Imagine rows of such houses, so close to each other as to shut out the air and sunlight from their inmates, and you have a picture of the condition of some portions of the lower wards of New York City. Of the 18,582 tenant-houses, Dr. E. B. Dalton, the Sanitary Superintendent, reports "52 per cent in bad sanitary condition, that is, in a condition detrimental to the health and dangerous to the lives of the occupants, and sources of infection to the neighborhood generally; 32 per cent are in this condition purely from overcrowding, accumulations of filth, want of water-supply, and other results of neglect." Dr. E. Harris, the efficient Register of Vital Statistics for the Board of Health, informs us that, although the Fourth ward has given up nearly one half its space for mercantile purposes, it still retains the population it had in 1864. This is effected by driving the poor tenants into smaller space and more miserable dens, which they are obliged to accommodate themselves to, as there is no rapid transportation at their command by which they could reach homes in more salubrious districts, and still retain their employ-

ment in this section. The result is, that in some locations the people are packed at the rate of nearly 300,000 to the square mile. Here are congregated the vilest brothels, the lowest dance-houses, and other dens of infamy. It is doubtful if throughout Europe, and certainly in no other part of America, in the same amount of space, so much vice, immorality, pauperism, disease, and fearful depravity could be found, as some of the worst of these locations present daily for our consideration. Our readers must not suppose, from our frequent references to the Fourth ward, that it contains all of this character of trouble existing in New York. This is not the case. In portions of all the wards in the lower part of the island, as well as up-town by either river-side as high as Fiftieth street, will the same condition be found, but not in so concentrated a form as in the Fourth Ward and its immediate surroundings, which has for a long time held the unenviable reputation of being the worst locality on the island.

Practical hygienists give 1000 cubic feet as the standard amount of air-space for each individual. Dr. W. F. Thoms, in his pamphlet on *Tenant-Houses*, thinking that quantity impracticable in this character of building, gives 700 cubic feet as the minimum in which a person can live and not be injured by the carbonic acid he constantly expires. With many of the 'fever-nests' not more than 300 to 400 feet to the individual are given; and Captain Lord's report shows that in 289 houses the quantity allowed each inmate is only between 100 and 300 cubic feet.

The zymotic or foul-air diseases, as they are termed by some, formed 29.36 per cent of our total mortality during last year.* Belonging to this

* Mr. Dyer's Report on the Condition of the Destitute and Outcast Children of this city.

* Dr. Harris's Report.

class are the diarrhœal maladies, Asiatic cholera, cholera-morbus, typhoid and typhus fevers, small-pox, measles, scarlet fever, and others of this kind ; also the dietetic disorders, inanition, scurvy, etc. It will be readily seen that, in such locations as are above described, a very large proportion of the mortality from this class must arise. Consumption also, which might properly be termed the constant scourge of the human family, assists largely in running up our death-table. The late Archbishop Hughes, in speaking of this disease, said "it was the natural death of the Irish emigrant in this country." This remark is equally true of persons coming from all other countries, partially on account of foreigners not being acclimated to the vicissitudes of our climate, but more particularly because so many of them dwell in damp, leaky shanties, or in cellars which are frequently below the level of high water. Here the seeds of the disease are planted by which the miserable victims of hectic fever, night-sweats, and other attendant evils are hurried to their untimely graves. In the fifteen months ending December 31st, 1867, 4123 persons died in our city of this disease. The largest number of these were between the ages of 25 and 40. One thousand seven hundred and sixty-five were natives of Ireland, 1430 were Americans, 600 Germans, and 328 from other foreign countries.

Upon the infants, however, of these polluted districts death fastens his relentless grasp, and from their ranks under the age of five years he claimed last year over one half the entire mortality of the city. The blood of these innocents is poisoned from birth by the noxious influences of bad air and adulterated food ; consequently their nutrition is defective,

and the majority of them are found frail, puny, and miserable. In this condition they are little able to stand the irritation attendant upon the process of dentition, and during this period a large number of them rapidly sink from diarrhœa, marasmus, or some kindred disorder.

Seven thousand four hundred and ninety-four of these little ones died last year under twelve months of age. This is supposed to be little less than one fourth of all the infants born alive during the same period. Is it not enough to send a thrill of horror to the breast of every mother, to think that one out of every four infants born, must perish before it reaches its first birthday ?

"This is well known to be twice too high a death-rate for the first year of infant life, and experience demonstrates, that the infant death-rate is a safe index of the general rate of mortality, both in the total population and in the adults of any city or district. That is, if in the Sixth ward we find a high death-rate in children, and if it is vastly higher than that in the children of the Fifteenth ward, then we shall find (as we actually have found) that the death-rate is excessively high in the total number of adult inhabitants of the Sixth, while there is a very low death-rate in the Fifteenth that buries the smallest percentage of its infants."* An easy solution to this is found in the greater susceptibility of early infancy from extreme delicacy of formation. Just as the accurate thermometer indicates immediately every change in the temperature, so these frail organizations blight first under detrimental influences, before the more matured portion of the population are perceptibly affected by the same causes. The following will strikingly elucidate the greater

expectation for human life to persons living in even comparatively salubrious districts. The death-rate in the Fourth ward, in 1863, was about 1 in 25 of the population; in the Fifteenth, in the same year, it was 1 in 60.

Why should this wide difference in the mortality exist in two sections of the same city adjacent to each other? The reason is obvious: there are but few of the densely overcrowded tenant-houses in the Fifteenth or healthy ward, while the Fourth presents a population of nearly 20,000 souls packed in these buildings. Thus it is shown that persons living in the Fifteenth ward, have two and a half times more chances for life than those residing in the Fourth.

The all-important question to the social economist now recurs: What is the necessary or inevitable mortality of the total population of this city? We cannot do better than refer to the mortality above given for the Fifteenth ward, which is 1 in 60. Why is it not practicable to bring our sanitary regulations to such perfection as to reduce the mortality of the entire city to near this standard? Thus we would save many lives, now sacrificed by diseases which we have the power in a great measure to control; and we would lessen the general death-rate of the city to between 16,000 and 17,000 to the 1,000,000, instead of ranging, as it now does, from 23,000 to 26,000 to the same amount of population.

To look at this fearful drain of human life is painful enough; but the moral aspect of the subject will be found even more deplorable. The constant inhalation of vitiated air lowers the vitality and poisons the entire organism, and, as a natural consequence, predisposes these unfortunates to a continual desire for stimu-

lation. This, in fact, is a manifestation of nature, which, by a wise dispensation of Providence, when depressed or disordered from any cause, has a constant tendency toward health. They, however, do not appreciate that pure air, cleanliness, and substantial food would quench this natural longing; but they seek that which is more gratifying to their depraved appetites; as for the time being it steals their reason and blunts their sensibility to present misery. These facts account to a great extent for the large number of rum-holes found in the neighborhood of these tenant rookeries, which is reported in certain localities to be one for less than every two houses. Many of these low grogeries are so disgustingly filthy, and their poisonous compounds so corrupting of every moral feeling, that they can properly be placed on an equality with the despicable Chinese opium-dens found in the neighborhood of Whitechapel in London. The following figures demonstrate the immense number of votaries who frequent drinking-saloons in this city, and the vast sums of money squandered annually in these degrading haunts: "There are at present 5203 licensed rum-shops in New York; 697,202 persons visit these daily, 4,183,212 in a week, and 218,224,226 in a year. The total amount of money paid out for drinks across the bar and at the drinking-tables of the liquor-shops of New York is \$736,280.59 a week, or \$38,286,590.68 a year."* This is the account of the licensed bar-rooms: how many unlicensed ones exist it is impossible to know. When we consider that the highest estimate made of our population gives us only 1,000,000 of inhabitants, the foregoing figures certainly are astounding, and deserve most earnest consideration. In connection with this subject, it will be interest-

* Dyer's Report.

to examine the annals of crime in the past year. There were 80,532* arrests made during the twelve months ending October 31st, 1867. These embrace offences of every grade, from petty larceny to murder. The number of the latter is 59, or an average of more than one a week. This total number of criminals amounts to nearly the twelfth of our entire population and certainly shows a very low state of morals in our community. It would be most interesting to know the proportion of these criminals at the commencement of their career in crime, from the time they begin to drink intoxicating liquors. One of the saddest features in our city is the condition of the homeless children. "The number of these between the ages of five and fifteen is stated to be 200,900, of which not more than 75,000 attend day-school, leaving the vast number of 125,000 of our children uneducated and uncared for, of which it has been estimated that nearly 40,000 are vagrant children."† "Hundreds of these children are confirmed drunkards and thousands of them are accustomed to strong drink. Children of the age of fourteen years down to infants of four are daily met in a state of intoxication. They come drunk to mission-schools. The little creatures have many a time lain stretched on the benches of this institution, (North Ward Mission,) sleeping off their inebriation. Hundreds of them have become veteran thieves, and thousands are in training for the same end. One hundred and sixty girls and boys, between the ages of ten and fifteen years—making a total of 1,600—were arrested during the year ending October 31st, 1867, for drunkenness and petty crimes."‡

*North Metropolitan Police.
†G. Pardee, Esq., communication to *New York Herald*.
‡*Report*.

The arrests for the same period between the ages of ten and twenty years amounts to the fearful number of 13,660. Is it not melancholy to contemplate these little creatures, "made to the image and likeness of God," allowed to develop in such haunts of crime, every faculty as soon as awakened blunted by the atmosphere of sin surrounding them? If not rescued from their fate at an early age, we know they are the embryo criminals who will in the future fill our prisons and grace our scaffolds. How can it be otherwise? Nurtured in a hot-bed of crime from infancy, educated in pilfering and beggary in childhood, it is but human that they should develop these accomplishments in rank luxuriance as they grow to manhood. It seems strange that Mr. Bergh's attention has never been drawn to the condition of the miserable tenants and the homeless children. He and the rest of his society take every means to remedy the complaints of ill-used quadrupeds; but unfortunate biped humanity may be stalled in filthy dens with imperfect drainage and no ventilation, or, the little ones starve and die on our thoroughfares, without finding a humanitarian to raise a voice in their behalf. It is true, our cattle should be cared for, but a just God will demand at our hands some protection for his poor.

"He has said—his truths are all eternal—
What he said both has been and shall be—
What ye have not done to these my poor ones,
Lo! ye have not done it unto me."⁴

The radical relief for the evils growing out of the tenant-house system can only be reached by, first, condemning and tearing down the worst class of these buildings; and, secondly, re-modelling those which, by their construction, are susceptible of such improvement as will insure the inmates

at least the blessings of sunshine and pure air.

These stringent measures are unfortunately, for the present, impracticable, as, should they be carried into effect, two thirds of the inhabitants of these dens would be thrown upon the streets without shelter. Space must be found adjacent to the city where neat and comfortable cottages can be built for the laboring classes, and transportation of such character provided as will enable them to reach these abodes in as little time and at as small an expense as it now consumes to get to their tenant dwellings. The beautiful shores on the opposite sides of the Hudson and East rivers must eventually be dotted by the villages of these working people. It has been reported that a very wealthy gentleman of our community proposes building a number of such houses somewhere in the vicinity of New York. To be the projector of such a philanthropic enterprise would entitle him to the love and admiration of the people now, while in after-years it would be pointed out as a monument of his generosity to the struggling poor. The proposed "Hudson Highland Bridge," the "East River Bridge," and the tunnel under the East River, all of which, we hope, will be pressed rapidly to completion, will form the first of the links which are to bind our Island City to the surrounding rural districts. The location where the first will span the Hudson is near Fort Montgomery, in the Highlands; the second is intended to connect the lower part of the city with Brooklyn; and the iron tubular tunnel is, as its name indicates, a wrought-iron tunnel, to be laid at the bottom of the East River; it also is to connect Brooklyn with New York. In a sanitary point of view, we think these proposed means for rapid communication between our

island and the neighboring country vie in importance with the gigantic enterprise which gives us the water of the Croton river for our daily consumption, and the Central Park for the recreation and amusement of our pent-up population. Over the East River Bridge it is intended to run cars by an endless wire rope, worked by an engine under the flooring on the Brooklyn side. The minimum rate of speed is put down as twenty miles an hour. It is such travelling facilities as these structures will afford which are necessary to enable the workingmen to reach healthful and salubrious homes outside of the metropolis. We would thus be able to disgorge the immense surplus of population which it is impossible for us to accommodate in our midst.

But while we keep this in our minds as the great ultimatum which will eventually relieve us, we must in the mean time use every effort in our power to ameliorate as much as possible the misery surrounding us.

Since the establishment of the Board of Health, in March, 1866, strenuous efforts have been made by that body to remedy the most glaring defects in the tenant-houses. Nothing could bear better evidence of the good results effected by the wise sanitary measures they have adopted than the saving in our mortality rates during the last year. It has been asserted that "our present code of health laws are better than those of any other city on this planet;" and had the commissioners, in the execution of these laws, been sustained in their laudable efforts for the public good by the courts of justice, no doubt much more would have been effected. The Sanitary Superintendent, Dr. E. B. Dalton, reports 351,045 inspections made during the last year; 11,414 of these were in tenement-houses, 11,473 to yards, cellars,

pipes, etc.; the remainder, to the dwellings, slaughter-houses, shambles for fat-melting and boiling, stables, piggeries, etc. The amount of visitations by the sanitarians shows great activity in the department, and entitles them to much credit. The evils, however, being the entire of the present ones are so numerous that, without the aid of active legislation, can never be reached. In the first place, no person should be allowed, in the future, to build a house to be inhabited by more than three or four families, without its plan of construction being first officially approved of by an appointed superintendent. This would confine the sanitary evils, as far as the internal arrangement of the tenements are concerned, to those now have; and, in the second place, as Dr. Dalton suggests, the location of a front and rear tenement on the same lot should be strictly prohibited. The importance of these reforms cannot be overestimated. In addition, many changes apparently made in themselves can be effected in the existing houses, which would materially add to the comfort and chances of life of the inmates. F. Nightingale says: "It is a fact demonstrated by statistics, that the improved dwellings the mortality has fallen in certain cases from 25 to 14 per 1000; and that the common 'lodging-houses,' which have been hot-beds of epidemic diseases have almost disappeared through the adoption of hygienic measures." One condition especially more pregnant with disease is the tenements than almost any other; and so large a percentage of the tenements in the tenant buildings are not connected with the regular sewers. The consequence is, these streets become choked up with accu-

mulations of filth, and give forth noisome and offensive odors, most detrimental to health. This alone is sufficient to cause a large amount of the diarrhoeal diseases which pervade our community during the hot season with such fatal results. The inspector of the Fourth Sanitary District, for the Citizens' Association, in 1864, reported "less than 30 per cent of the privies in his district as being connected with drains or sewers." He also says: "There is a section of my district, embracing at least nine blocks, in every part of which the peculiar odor arising from privies is always distinctly perceptible during the summer months. From this region fever is never absent. I refer to typhus and typhoid, for intermittent and remittent fever do not prevail in this neighborhood, even in the low tract adjoining the river. Such a gentle fiend as paludal miasma flies affrighted from the terrific phantoms of disease that reign supreme in this domain of pestilence." The landlords who grind the last cent of rent possible from their tenants should be obliged, at least, to do all in their power to preserve them from palpable occasions of disease. At a small expense in comparison to the income this class of property yields, the proper connections with the sewers could be made, and thus much suffering avoided.

One great trouble the sanitarian encounters is, the disinclination of a large portion of this class to adopt habits of cleanliness. They seem actually to riot in and be proud of their filthy surroundings. And their example is unfortunately contagious, as it is known frequently to be the case that where neat, clean, and respectable families are thrown in contact with them, they, too, soon degenerate into the same condition. "It would be true of many thousands that, if

left to the uncontrolled indulgence of their reckless and filthy habits, they would convert a palace into a pig-sty, and create 'fever-nests' and 'hot-beds of vice and corruption under circumstances most favorable to health, comfort, and social elevation.'"* This fact, although discouraging, should be but a greater incentive to keep constantly over them a vigilant sanitary inspection, to show them the baneful effects of their habits of living, and to cause a spirit of emulation to assist themselves in purifying their homes and surroundings. This can be done. Their "reckless and filthy habits" are, in many instances, but the indication of a lowered moral and physical status, the result of the poverty, starvation, and misery they have endured. A little encouragement, and a constant stimulation as to the right means to be adopted, would soon cause many of them to overcome their vitiated and depraved tastes.

These combined facts, we think, necessitate a thorough house to house examination of all this character of property in the city, by competent sanitary persons, so that the Sanitary Superintendent may know the exact condition of each tenement. With such knowledge many advantageous improvements could be made and many nuisances abated, without waiting for a report from either the occupants or sanitary police, as is now done. This action is at present rendered more essential as the summer is coming on, and under the influence of its long, hot days the animal and vegetable decomposition will make the air putrid with its "life-destroying exhalations." Our death-rate from the diarrhoeal, and other miasmatic diseases, will, as usual, run up to the highest mark ;

and should cholera get a foothold in the city, it is questionable whether it could be controlled by the Health Commissioners as readily as it was in the summer of 1866.

The question, how to deal with the abuse of alcohol, has been earnestly considered by the principal and legislative bodies, the pulpit, and also by temperance associations, reaching a solution of this problem. Philanthropic efforts have constantly been made to stop the self-destruction without attacking the originators of such a habit, but seem all to arrive at the conclusion that it is impossible to restrain the appetite for strong drink by any character of laws which can be enacted. The only remedy which remains is to throw around such restrictions as will cover them in their narrowest limits. This can be effected not alone by legislative enactments, but also by the powerful religious influence. Public opinion has great weight, and every one who loves the well-being of the city should frown down this social evil to the utmost of his power. The teaching of the gospel should penetrate the hearts of the people, to teach the enormity of the sin of intemperance, as they alone fully know the cause.

A great many persons who are present laws have no influence in restraining drunkenness, and much liquor is consumed needlessly. As a proof of this, we will give here a portion of a report, taken from the report of the Excise Commissioners for 1863, comparing the number of offences actually resulting from excessive indulgence in inebriating drinks on Sundays, when the law requires that all spirit-drinkers be obliged to keep their glittering shops closed t

* Report of Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor in New York. 1863.

and Tuesdays, when the prohibition applied only to before sunrise.

S.	YEAR.	DAYS.	ARRESTS.
	1867	5 Sundays,	210
	"	4 Tuesdays,	471
	"	4 Sundays,	195
	"	5 Tuesdays,	480
	"	4 Sundays,	123
	"	4 Tuesdays,	380

As well known that before the enactment of these laws the arrests on any day far exceeded those of any other day in the week, this should not be the most sceptical of the effects of the Sunday prohibition.

The estimated number of vagrants in this city is nearly 40,000. A thousand immortal beings, day by day, toward physical and moral destruction! Throw all the dictates of Christianity, and look upon these children in the

According to our free institutions they will have the same amount of control over the destinies of our own nation as our own offspring, and the latter may be thoroughly educated to make good and intelligent citizens. Here we are allowed to nurture the element which, in 1863, threatened to destroy the length and breadth of the city with tumult, conflagration, and bloodshed. Every year, with the rapidly increasing tide of emigration, new material is added to destroy his character at a more rapid rate. Such being the case, self-protection demands that something be done to give these children homes away from them from the pollution attending them. In the lower

parts of the city, there are some institutions intended particularly to remove these little vagrants, and form the only breakwater to

this torrent of infantile depravity. The first of these is the Five Points Mission. This was established under "An Act," passed in March, 1856, by the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York, "to incorporate the Ladies' Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church." The intentions of the ladies forming this association are shown in the second paragraph of the above-named act, and reads: "The objects of said society are, to support one or more missionaries, to labor among the poor of the city of New York, especially in the locality known as the 'Five Points,' to provide food, clothing, and other necessities for such poor; to educate poor children and provide for their comfort and welfare; and, for that purpose, to maintain a school at the Five Points, in said city, and to perform kindred acts of charity and benevolence." The "Old Brewery," a most notorious den of infamy, just at the Five Points, was selected by the association as headquarters for their missionary labors; and to gather round them here the little ones of this worst location of the city, to be fed, clothed, and instructed in the rudimentary English branches, as well as the Methodist Episcopal faith, became a labor of love. This enterprise prospered, and now, in place of the "Old Brewery," stands a large, commodious mission-building. A peculiar feature in the management is, that entire families are taken in, and given work of some kind to do, so that it forms a character of tenement-house. The institution contains some 18 families, including between 60 and 70 children. One thousand and nineteen children have been taught during the year in the day-school. Immediately opposite and facing this is the second of these institutions, the "Five Points House of Indus-

try." This was established under the supervision of the same gentleman who at first had control of the Five Points Mission, the Rev. L. M. Pease. Through some misunderstanding, he withdrew from the mission and founded the House of Industry. His beginning was very small, and consisted of an effort to obtain work for a number of unhappy females who desired to escape from their criminal way of living. His next step was the establishment of a day-school; soon afterward men and women were employed in making shoes, baskets, etc. The success of the enterprise was quickly assured, and it rapidly enlarged its sphere of usefulness. Some time since, the manufacturing of baskets, shoes, etc., was given up, and it is now simply a house of refuge, where homeless children are educated, fed, and clothed. During the winter, a meal was given, in the middle of the day, to destitute adults. One of the gentlemen informed us that 325 men and women partook of this meal daily during the cold weather. The average number of children given three meals was also 325, making 1300 meals given by this institution daily. The whole number of children taught here during the last year was 1289. An interesting feature connected with this enterprise is the boarding-house which has recently been established for working-girls. A large tenement-house was bought, and fitted up in the most complete manner; and here homeless working-girls can get good, substantial board for three dollars and a quarter a week. This is of great advantage to these poor young women, who are overworked at meagre pay, and enables them to live for about one half the price they would be obliged to pay for board in a respectable lodging-house. In the internal arrangements, everything is

done to add to the comfort as the mental improvement inmates. In the public parlors are an organ and a piano, also sewing-machines. These are at the disposal of any one in the house at all times. Two evenings in the week they have night-school. The men teach their languages, and change for English. The superintendent states: "Through the kindness of some publishers, we have 12 weeklies, and 4 daily papers. Three daily German papers are sent us; also a German magazine, published at Leipzig. Some six years ago a third of the houses for this work was established at No. 1 Bowery, by the Rev. W. E. Carter. The Howard Mission establishment is called) far from the House of Industry in its appearance. The latter, with its massive bare walls and iron grates, resembles more a prison for culprits than a home for the poor. The former, to the contrary, is filled with a desire to surround the children with everything that can comfort and attract them. The superintendent remarked that "their wish had been to make their mission home more comfortable and enticing than any saloon." The two large halls are finished and artistically adorned. The lower one, through the influence of a gentleman, a fountain is constantly playing, several baskets of moss and evergreens swing from the ceiling, and the base of the fountain is a glass reservoir containing gold-fish. The institution has received, in 1875, 7581 children; and the *Monthly* number of the *Little Wanderers* published by this house, states "for this month (February) 7581 children have been fed at it

from its wardrobes, and in its schools." These houses have their regular religious services, morning, noon, and night, with schools, singing, and prayers. On Sunday mornings, the women from some of the stations—under arrest for disorder and idleness the night previous, are sent to the Howard Mission, and supplied with coffee and bread, and before leaving, they have a rediscourse preached to them. Then, these houses have regular visitors, who call at the homes of making complaints, to assist comfort the sick, and, at the same time, to find out if the statements given by them are correct. In those not familiar with the objects of such institutions may see the valuable work these ladies effect. I extract the first two items from the visitors' diary in the April of the *Monthly Record of the Little Wanderers' Friend*, 1866: "I called on Mrs. L——, Irish Catholic; is a widow, with two small children; she tells me she cannot get work to support the family; she is willing to sew, wash, pick up any of the various female employments, if she could get it. I offered to feed and clothe her children, she would send them to our school, which she readily promised. I then called on Mrs. G——, 31 M—— street, Irish Catholic. She lives in a small attic room, rear building; is a widow, with one child; has been but lately out of the hospital; found her girl sick with fever; proposed to send a doctor and give her every assistance." Though these institutions are doing something by their work to alleviate the condition of a portion of that army of 40,000 stray waifs, it is most evident that they are inadequate to provide for more

than a small fraction of this number. It is well known that nearly one half the population of this city profess to be members of the Roman Catholic religion; and, to show the great excess of persons belonging to this church among the lower classes in our city, we extract the following analysis of a block of buildings from the *Little Wanderers' Friend* for March, 1868: "Fifty-nine old buildings occupied by 382 families, in which are 2 Welsh, 7 Portuguese, 9 English, 10 Americans, 12 French, 39 negroes, 186 Italians, 189 Polanders, 218 Germans, and 812 Irish. Of these, 113 are Protestants, 287 Jews, and 1062 Roman Catholics."

The Catholic Reformatory in Westchester county, established by the late Dr. Ives, is doing everything possible for the children under its control; but the little vagrants, unless arrested for some petty crime and thus committed to that institution, are not within reach of its benefits.

The Rev. F. H. Farrelly, the pastor of St. James's church, has labored most zealously during the last three years in the cause of the Catholic children in his immediate vicinity. He has established a poor-school in the basement of his church, under the charge of the Sisters of Charity. The average daily attendance here is 200, and these are furnished with a meal at noon, in order to facilitate their remaining in the institution the entire day. During the year, two suits of clothing are furnished to as many as the good father's means will permit. This school will be removed to the very elegant five-story mission-house, now nearly completed, on the corner of James street and New Bowery. This structure is of brick with freestone trimmings, and has a front of 111 feet on New Bowery, and 83 feet on James street. It will be divided into 21 class-rooms. This enterprise

will take more means for its support than St. James's parish can possibly furnish, and it deserves and should have the sympathy and pecuniary assistance of all Catholics.

It is impossible to calculate the amount of good to be effected by the establishment of a large home, under the supervision of the Sisters of Charity or Mercy in this location. These good ladies are peculiarly adapted to care for the wants of the poor, the sick, and the afflicted, as they devote all their energies, according to the intention of their institution, to these classes of society. And why? Because simply in so doing they fulfil the wishes of "The Master." Thus their mission is one of love, and to strictly attend to duty the greatest pleasure of their lives. This is the solution of their great success in the management of hospitals, schools, and charitable institutions; and the large number of their magnificent edifices devoted to these purposes, found throughout almost every portion of the known world, attest the success with which God blesses their labors. To these good sisters the poor emigrants could appeal, without even apparently denying their religion, for a little sustenance to keep their miserable bodies from perishing; the sorrow-burdened could communicate their troubles, confident of a ready sympathy; and to these the homeless little vagrant could come, knowing a mother's tender love and gentle forbearance awaited him. In the home a room should be devoted to the use of mothers—a place where they could leave their babes to be fed and taken care of for the day. This would enable poor widows to do washing and other kinds of work, and thus many could support their families who are now entirely dependent upon public charity. In addition to the home, a large farm should be procured near the city, where the chil-

dren taken permanently under the care of the institution could be raised and educated. This is advisable, because, in the first place, it would be more economical, and secondly, experience demonstrates that a large body of children do not thrive well in such establishments when located in cities. We feel confident there would be no trouble in supporting this home, as the great Catholic heart always responds liberally to appeals made for the poor, and in this institution the weight of the burden should be equally borne by all the Catholics in the city. In addition to all this, to take care of these little wanderers is a matter of great import in the light of political economy. They form the fountain-head from which a large proportion of our criminals are developed. If they could be made useful members of society, it would relieve the city of a large proportion of the taxation which is now necessary to support our various prisons; and the energy now shown in the commission of crime would become a source of material wealth to the country.

There is one other subject we wish to mention before concluding this paper: it is, the condition of the night lodgers at the station-houses. From the report of the Board of Metropolitan Police, we find that 105,460 persons were accommodated with lodgings at the various precincts during the last twelve months. Mr. S. C. Hawley, the very accommodating chief clerk of this department, informs us that the number this year will be much greater. Over 100,000 sought refuge in the station-houses, glad to obtain the bare floor to rest their weary limbs; but how many pace our streets nightly, poverty-stricken and despairing, but too proud to seek a shelter in these abodes of crime! It is a stigma on the fair fame of this great city that, throughout its

length and breadth, there is not one refuge, established by religious or philanthropic efforts, where the homeless can find shelter from the wintry night blasts.

"Our beasts and our thieves and our chattels
Have weight for good or for ill ;
But the poor are only his image,
His presence, his word, his will ;
And so Lazarus lies at our doorstep,
And Dives neglects him still."*

In Montreal, Canada, refuges are connected with the church property, and are superintended by the female religious orders, we think more particularly by the Gray Nuns. In 1860, the Providence Row Night Refuge was established in London, under the care of the Sisters of Mercy. There is no distinction made as regards religious creed, and the only requisites necessary for admission are, to be homeless and of good character. Before retiring, a half-pound of bread and a basin of gruel are given to each lodger, and the same in the morning, before they are allowed to commence another day's efforts to obtain work. What charity could so directly appeal to our hearts as this? Think how many men and women arrive daily in this metropolis, in search of employment! For days they eagerly seek it without success, hoarding their scanty means to the uttermost. Finally the time comes when the last dime is spent for bread, and they wander along, their hearts filled with dread, as night covers the earth with her sable mantle, knowing not whither they shall turn their weary steps. Think of the poor woman wending her way through the pelting storm; garments soaked and clinging to the chilled form; heart filled with despair, and crying to Heaven for shelter; head aching, temples throbbing, brain nearly crazed with terror; finally, crouching down under some

old steps to wait the first gleam of day to relieve her from her agony. If one in such condition should reach the river-side, what a fearful temptation it must be to take that final leap which ends for ever earth's cares and sufferings, or, still worse for the poor female, the temptation to seek in sin the refuge denied her in every other way!

"There the weary come, who through the daylight
Pace the town and crave for work in vain ;
There they crouch in cold and rain and hunger,
Waiting for another day of pain.

"In slow darkness creeps the dismal river ;
From its depths looks up a sinful rest.
Many a weary, baffled, hopeless wanderer
Has it drawn into its treacherous breast !

"There is near *another river* flowing,
Black with guilt and deep as hell and sin :
On its brink even sinners stand and shudder—
Cold and hunger goad the homeless in."*

What a mute appeal for such institutions is the case of the little Italian boy found dead on the steps of one of our Fifth avenue palaces last winter! Think of this little fellow as he slowly perished that bitter night, at the very feet of princely wealth. How his thoughts must have reverted to his dark-browed mother in her far-off sunny home! And think of that mother's anguish, her wailing

"For a birdling lost that she'll never find,"

when she heard of her boy's death, from cold and starvation, in the principal avenue of all free America! We consider we are safe in saying that in no other work of charity could a small amount of money be made to benefit so many as in the founding of these refuges. In the police report it is recommended that "several of these be established in different parts of the city, to be under the supervision of the police." This is a great mistake. These people always associate station-houses and the police with

* Proctor.

* Proctor.

crime ; consequently it is bad policy for them to come constantly in contact with either. This is the objection to the lodging-rooms used in the various precincts. Official charity, as a rule, hardens those who dole it out, and degrades its recipients.

There are thousands of noble-hearted women attached to our different churches, who, if they once thoroughly understood this subject, would not cease their efforts until societies were established and refuges opened. How could it be otherwise ! How could they nestle their little ones down to sleep in warm, comfortable beds, and think of God's little ones freezing under their windows ? How could they go to sleep themselves, and feel that some poor woman was probably wandering past their doorways, dying from want and exposure ? We hope, before the chilling winds of next November remind us of the immensity of suffering the winter entails upon the poor, some philanthropic persons will have perfected this design, and

have the refuges in working order. If such should be the case, the fathers will find an ample reward in the words of Holy Writ, "He that hath mercy on the poor, lendeth to the Lord : and he will repay him."

If we could thus, by the adoption of every possible sanitary precaution, deprive our death-tables of all appreciable mortality ; and by a proper religious influence elevate the moral character of the people, we should, in the first place, save thousands of lives, now necessary to develop vast resources ; and, secondly, our advance toward perfection in health and public virtues would go hand in hand with the giant strides being made in the adornment of our beautiful island. Our people would no longer seek other places for quest of health, as none more salubrious than New York could be found, and strangers, instead of saying, as is said of that most beautiful Italy's fair cities, "See Naples, and die !" would exclaim, "Go to New York, and live !"

WILD FLOWERS.

THE child, Mercedes, youngest of the three
Whom God has sent me for a mother's crown,
Brought me wild flowers, and with childish glee
Thus prattled on, as at my feet she cast them down :

"See, mamma ! here are saucy flowers I found
Hiding behind the hedge, like boys at play,
Just peeping up their heads above the ground,
To watch if any one should chance to pass that way.

"Aha !" said I, 'whose little flowers be you,
And from whose garden have you run away ?
Your leaves are dripping with the morning dew.
Fie, naughty things ! What, think you, will the gardener say ?

Faith and Poetry of the Bretons.

“Come, let me take you to my mamma’s home ;
And she will put you in a golden vase,
Where you shall stand and look around the room,
And see your pretty, rosy faces in the glass.’

“I took them softly up, and here they are.
And now, my mamma, I should like to know
Whose garden they have wandered from so far,
And why they did not stay at their own home to grow?”

I said : “My child, these flowers have never strayed
From any other home. Their place to grow
Is just behind the hedge, down in the glade,
Though no one may their beauty see or sweetness know.”

Then she : “Why, mamma dear, how can that be ?
What use for them to grow there all alone ?
Why look so pretty if there’s none to see ?
Or why need they smell any sweeter than a stone ?”

“No one on earth may see,” I then replied—
“No one may know that flowers are blooming there
But God.” Mercedes clapped her hands, and cried,
“God’s flowers ! Oh ! keep *them*, mamma, in your book of prayer.”

Methinks the child did choose a fitting place
To put those unnursed blossoms of the field :
Like them, our humble prayers with beauty grace
The heart’s rough soil, and unto God their perfume yield.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

FAITH AND POETRY OF THE BRETONS.

ay of St. Malo is strewn here granite for a pathway for the travel-
with rocks, upon which forts lers.
erected to protect the town
cross fires. One of these, After having ascended a rough and
Bé, was formerly armed steep declivity, a naked and desert
on ; but the fort is now plateau is attained, where a few sheep
and only recognizable find with difficulty a herb to browse
ins by the cross at the ex- upon ; then a turn through a defile
he beach, resting appa- of rocks, and on the steepest point a
ie blue sky above. To stone and cross of granite. This is
l eyes are attracted, to the tomb of Chateaubriand.
s turn, so soon as the No longer a poetical tomb ; lean-
e a shore of sand and ing against the Old World, it contem-
plates the New ; under it, the immense

sea, and the vessels passing at its feet ; no flowers, no verdure around it, no other noise than the incessantly moving sea, covering in its tempests this naked stone with the froth of its waves. Here he chose his last resting-place ; and we wonder what thought inspired the wish that not even his name should be inscribed upon his tomb. Was it pride, or humility that actuated him ? To me it appears that this humility and this pride were from the same source—a perfect disenchantment with the world. This man, who had proved so many projects abortive, so many ambitions misplaced ; this traveller who had overrun the universe, visited the East, the cradle of the Old World, and the deserts of America, where was born the New ; the poet who could count the cycles of his life by its revolutions, was overwhelmed at the end of it by a sadness that knew no repose. He, whose youth was preluded by *Considerations on Revolutions*, so comprehended life in his latter years as to write *The Biography of the Reformer of La Trappe*. The silence and solitude of the cloister were in harmony with the sadness of his soul. Having been charged with the most important missions, having accomplished the highest employments, and set to work the most skilful and powerful men, he retired from the whirling circle of the world, penetrated with the overpowering truth, how little man is worth, how little he knows, and how seldom he succeeds in what he undertakes. The usual source of joy—pride, the intoxication of the world—only provoked in him a smile ; for all men he had the same contempt—did not even except himself—and knew well, according to the ancient proverb, that there is very little difference between one man and another.*

Through humility, then, he cared

* Thucydides.

not for any inscription on his tomb, not even a name. What mattered it who read it ! Men were nothing, and he was one of them ! But through pride also, he chose this naked stone. Travellers would come from all parts of the world, they would contemplate it and say, *Chateaubriand* ! His name would be echoed by the waves that came from, and those that parted for, distant shores ; and men were obliged to know where he lay.

Thus—ever-recurring instability of the human soul !—in him were united the most contrary sentiments—the disenchantment of glory, and the belief in the immortality of a name ; the disdain of scepticism, and the thirst for applause ; the impression of the Christian's humility, and an instinct of sovereign pride.

Here, however, we find truth : this cross, the sign of eternity on this stone marked by death, is the immutable testimony of the emptiness of human pride. Chateaubriand desired only a cross on his tomb, while Lamennais, his compatriot, rejected it : both obedient to the same preoccupation, in negation as in faith. The cross, dominating the tomb where the Breton poet reposes, is the symbol of the genius of his country, of Catholic Brittany.

Faith, in Brittany, has a particular character, allied to a poetry peculiar to Breton genius. In this country material objects speak ; the very stones are animated, and the fields assume a voice to reveal the soul of man conversing with his God. This is not imagination ; no one can be deceived in it. So soon as one enters Brittany, the physiognomy of the country changes, and the sign of this change is the cross. On all the roads, at all the public places, is raised the cross ; of every epoch from the twelfth to the nineteenth century we find them, and of every form. There, simple crosses

of granite raised on a few steps ; here, crosses bearing on each side the image of Christ and the Virgin, rude sculptures in themselves, but always impressed with a sincere sentiment. The Bretons not only understand the tenderness of the Blessed Virgin, but they feel her grief ; they share it with her, and express it with an energetic truth. Look at the picture of the Virgin holding her dead son on her knees, in the church of St. Michael at Quimperlé. It is a primitive painting by an unskilled hand, and one totally ignorant of the resources of art ; the design of it is incorrect ; yet what an expression of grief ! The painter wished to portray the living suffering of the mother ; the mouth is distorted, the eyes are fixed, the pupil seems alone indicated : yet this fixedness of look seizes upon you ; you stop, you remain to examine it, you forget that it is a representation, and see the Virgin herself, immovable in her grief, with no power to express her sorrow ; petrified, yet living.

At one side, leaning against the wall, is a statue of the Virgin, conceived with as contrary a sentiment as possible. She is all tenderness and delicacy, and has a leaning attitude, the head inclined, with the gentle look of the Mother who calls the sinner to her side. Her robe falls in numberless plaits, her mantle envelops her with a harmonious grace ; for she is no longer the Mother of sorrow, but the sweet consoler of human kind, holding her Son in her arms, whom she presents to bless the earth, *Notre Dame de Bot Scao*, The Virgin of Good News.

The faith of sailors in the Blessed Virgin is well known, that of the Breton sailors particularly. At Brest, we look in vain for a museum of pictures. Brest is not a city of art ; it breathes of war ; the port, filled with large ships, the arsenal and its cannon, its

shells, its gigantic anchors, the forts built on the rocks, the animated movement of the streets, where soldiers of all kinds go and come, and sailors constantly arriving from all parts of the world, give to it an air of intense reality—a character at once powerful and precise. Man has built on the rock his granite home, and we may believe it is immovably established.

But ascend the steps that lead from the lower to the upper town, and under a vault you will find four pictures appended to the wall. Here is the museum of Brest. Sea pictures dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, the departure of the vessel, women and children on the beach on their knees during a tempest, the vessel tossed by the waves, and the arms of the sailors extended to heaven ; and on their return, the rescued sailors, bending their steps, with tapers in their hands, toward the chapel of Notre Dame ; and underneath, touching legends, cries of the soul that implores, humbles itself, or renders thanks, *Holy Virgin, save us ! Holy Virgin, protect those who are now at sea !* Man we see in his weakness, his aspirations, and his hopes—the true man ; the rest was but the mask.

They seize every opportunity and use every pretext to testify their faith. At Saint Aubin d'Aubigné, between Rennes and Saint Malo, you go along a tufted hedge ; you see a cross cut of thorn—a cross which grows green in the spring, among the eglantines and roses.* You return to visit the land of Carnac—a land so pale and desolate, where the standing stones are squarred by thousands, gigantic and silent sphinxes that for twenty centuries have kept their impenetrable secret—what is that cross that rises on an

* At St. Vincent les Redon, a tree is cut in the form of the cross.

eminence? One that they have planted on an isolated ruin in the land—a cross on a Druidical altar, and before the army of stones which mark, perhaps, a cemetery of a great people.

Elsewhere, at the cross-way of a road near Beauport, a spring gushes out and flows among the rocks, forming both basin and fountain on the heaped-up stones; in an arched niche is enclosed a Virgin crowned with flowers; all around, the field morning-glory, the periwinkle, and the eglantine have peeped through the moss and herbs, and enlaced the rustic chapel with their flowery festoons, and fallen again on the infant Jesus. Opposite lie fields of green thorn-broom, and above their long, slender stalks appear the half-destroyed walls of an ancient abbey, roofless, opened to heaven, and silent. Through the blackened arches appears the blue sea, whose prolonged and incessant roaring fills the air.

In this Catholic country *par excellence*, all the churches are remarkable. There is no village, however small, of which the church does not form an interesting part; and here and there, as at Guérande and Vitré, we find the beautifully carved pulpits enclosed in the wall, from which the missionary fathers, on certain extraordinary occasions, speak to the people assembled in the square. At Carnac and Rennescleden we have the arched roofs so exquisitely painted; at Roscoff, Crozon, and elsewhere, medallions of stone and wood framing the altar with quaint gilded sculptures; then, again, we meet with a tabernacle formed for an architectural monument, a sort of palace in miniature, with its wings, pavilions, columns, domes, galleries, and statues, (as at Rosporden;) then an antique confessional greets us in

a little chapel near Chateaulin, and a canopy sculptured in wood or even crystal, at Landivisiau. An odd ornament, which is found in only one church—that of Notre Dame de Comfort, on the way to the Bec du Raz—is called *the wheel of good fortune*, and is composed of a large wheel suspended from the roof of the church, and entirely surrounded by bells. On days of solemn feasts, for baptisms and weddings, the wheel is turned, and, agitating all the bells at once, forms a noisy chime, which times the march of the procession, and adds a joyous and silver-toned accompaniment to the voices of the young girls chanting the canticles to the Blessed Virgin. Finally, we meet with one of those trunks of trees, large squared pillars of oak, encircled with heavy bands of iron, and placed in the middle of the church, by the side of a catafalque of blackened wood, but sowed with whitened tears; the trunk and the coffin, emblems of the fragility of life, and the Christian principle above all others, charity.

The churches in the towns are truly *chefs-d'œuvres*, the cloisters of Tréguier and Pont l'Abbé, for example, where the arcades are so light and so finely carved; or the *bas-reliefs* inside the portal of Sainte Croix, at Quimperlé, a vast page of sculptured stone, finished with the delicacy and richness of invention, the charming qualities of youth and of the *Renaissance*. Then, in all these churches, near the altar, you perceive immediately the painted statue of the parish saint, one of the Breton saints, not found elsewhere—Saint Cornély, Saint Guénolé, Saint Thromeur, Saint Yves especially. Saint Yves has the privilege of being represented in almost all the churches, even in those of which he is not patron; the re-

membrane of this great, good man, this wise priest, this incorruptible judge, is indelibly impressed on the heart of every Breton. Sometimes he is seen in his judge's robe, his cap on his head, and listening to two litigants, one in red velvet, embroidered in gold, with his grand wig, his silken stockings, and sword; the other, the poor peasant, all in rags, holes on his knees and his elbows, and naked feet in his wooden shoes. The great lord, with his cap on his head, and an air of pride, presents the saint a purse of gold; the peasant, with timid look and attitude, his head bent down, his cap in his hand, humbly awaits his sentence. He has nothing to give, but justice will not fail him. Saint Yves turns toward him with a gracious smile, and, handing him the judgment written on parchment, lets him know it is his. And thus the history of the middle ages: the church protecting the peasant, the weak against the powerful and the strong.

As to monuments, properly called, nowhere can we find more of these beautiful churches of the middle ages, testimonies of the piety, the science, and the taste of so glorious an epoch. Here, the Cathédral of Dol, of the best day of Gothic art—the thirteenth century—imposing by its massiveness, its grandeur, and the noble simplicity of its ornaments and the harmony of its proportions, the granite of whose towers, in the lapse of ages, is permeated with the air of the sea, has a color of rust, we might say built with iron; there, Tréguier and its exquisite wainscoting, benches, altars, stalls, pulpit in brilliant black oak, carved in such fine and delicate designs, with inexhaustible variety; not a baluster alike, enough models to furnish the entire sculpture of our time; and further on, Saint Pol de Leon and its spire of granite; daring

and easy, a prodigy of equilibrium, immovable, girded with open galleries like graceful crowns, flinging to heaven its tiny sharpened bells; so beautifully carved, so aerial, the joy of Brittany, as well it may be, its legitimate pride; then Folgoat, a little unknown village north of Brest, lost at the extremity of the isle, and necessary to leave one's route to see it; but even here, two Breton princes, the Duke Jean III. and the Duchess Anne, have constructed a royal church accumulating all that Gothic art in its richest ornamentation, united to the most ingenious caprices of the *Renaissance*, could have imagined of delicacy and brightness; portraits sculptured, statues of the finest style reflecting their antiquity, a richly Gothic and carved choir, and a gallery—one of those graceful and original monuments of Catholicism so seldom met with—of lace-work, where trefoils, roses, and foliage are carved in indestructible blue granite. The hammer of the Revolution has only knocked off small pieces of these beautifully carved stones. They resisted the passions of men, as they have defied the action of time.

With the bells, of such varied forms, and the vessels for holy water, we will conclude.

These bells are of every style—of the *Renaissance*, the Roche-Mauriceles-Landerneau, of Landivisiau, of Ploaré, of Pontcroix, and of Roscoff. Many are hung with smaller and lighter bells and ornamented with two-story balustrades, like the minarets of the East; then the coverings, spires as they are called, are like that of Tréguier, open, that the winds of the sea may pass through them, and adorned with crosses, roses, little windows, cross-bars, and stars like the cap of a magician.

The vessels for holy water also express the character of the age. At

Dinan, in a church of the twelfth century, an enormous massive tub is supported by the large iron gauntlets of four chevaliers; the old crusader dress, armed *cap-a-pie* in the service of Christ. In a church of the fifteenth century, at Quimper, is one of an entirely opposite character—a small column, around which a vine is entwined, and above an angel, who, with wings extended, appears as if it had descended from heaven to alight upon the consecrated cup. Again, and as if inspired by a still more Christian sentiment, we find the exterior vessels for holy water, so common everywhere in Brittany, of which the most remarkable are at Landivisiau, at Morlaix, and Quimperlé. The interior ones seem only accessories; the exterior, isolated before the door, have a more precise signification:

they solicit the first impulse of the soul; the Christian, in stretching out his hand toward the blessed vase, pauses, and prepares his heart for the coming devotion.

How well these Breton architects have understood religion! These exterior vases are living monuments, little pulpits, with their emblems, symbols, and heads of angels enveloped in their wings. Their canopies, prominent, sculptured, and under them, standing and always smiling, our blessed Mother, who seems to invite the faithful to enter the house of prayer. And prayer, as some one has said, is the fortress of life. The Breton people believe and pray: a hidden power is theirs—religion; its effectiveness attesting not only its existence, but its life.

SAYINGS OF THE FATHERS OF THE DESERT.

ABBOT PASTOR said: He who teacheth something and doth it not himself, is like unto a well which filleth and cleanseth all who come to it, but is unable to cleanse itself of filth and impurities.

A brother asked Abbot Pastor the meaning of the words: He who is angry with his brother without cause. He answered: If in all cases where thy brother wisheth to put thee down thou art angry with him, even though thou pluck out thy right eye and cast it from thee, thy anger is without cause. If however, any one desireth to separate thee from God, then mayest thou be angry.

Abbot Pastor said: Malice never

driveth away malice; but, if any one shall have done thee an injury, heap benefits upon him, so that by thy good works thou destroy his malice.

A brother came to Abbot Pastor, and said: Many thoughts enter my mind, and I am in great danger from them. Then the old man sent him out into the open air, and said: Spread out thy garment and catch the wind. But he answered that he could not. If thou canst not do this, replied the old man, neither canst thou put a stop to these thoughts; but it is thy duty to resist them.

Abbot Pastor said: Experiments are useful, for by them men become more perfect.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

DISCUSSIONS IN THEOLOGY. By Thomas H. Skinner, Professor in the Union Theological Seminary. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph, 770 Broadway.

HINTS ON THE FORMATION OF RELIGIOUS OPINIONS. Addressed especially to young men and women of Christian education. By Rev. Ray Palmer, D.D., Pastor of the First Congregational church, Albany. Same publisher.

These two volumes are very much alike in their general scope and character. Both are written in a calm, philosophical style, and with the praiseworthy view of presenting the claims of the Christian religion on the reason and conscience of men, combating scepticism, and removing difficulties and objections derived from the infidel literature of the day. Professor Skinner begins with a very good essay on miracles as the basis of a reasonable, historical belief in the teaching which they authenticate, and then proceeds to develop his own views respecting certain special topics which he can assume will be admitted by his particular audience to be contained in that teaching. These relate chiefly to the mode by which fallen man may obtain restoration to the divine favor through the Redeemer of our race. The author's object is to show that this mode, as explained by himself, exhibits the attributes of God in a manner consonant to the dictates of reason and the truths of natural theology, and is one by which any sincere, well-intentioned person can make sure of obtaining grace from God, pardon and eternal life. The author's view is that of the new school of Calvinists, which is a great improvement on that of the old school in a moral, though not in a logical, sense. Such preaching and writing as that of Professor Skinner must have a good influence on those

who still believe in Christianity and know no other form of it than the Presbyterian. It puts forward the goodness and mercy of God, and encourages the sinner to hope for grace and pardon, if he will be diligent in prayer, meditation, and other pious exercises, and this appears to have been the practical end proposed to himself by the author in this volume.

Dr. Palmer's essays are more elaborate and consecutive in their character, and aim more immediately at satisfying the intelligence. He first portrays in a clear and impressive manner the evils of scepticism, and then proceeds to exhibit the evidence of the truths of natural theology and of the fact of a divine revelation, which is also accomplished with a considerable degree of ability and force. The result at which he aims is to convince his readers that they are morally bound to recognize Christianity as true, and to form some definite opinions as to its real meaning, which may serve them as a practical rule and guide for attaining their eternal destiny. The capital defect in his argument is, that he reduces the evidence of the being of God to mere probability, thus leaving the mind where Kant left it, in a state of scientific scepticism, with no better basis of certainty than the practical reason. Of course, then, he has nothing more to propose under the name of Christian doctrines than probable opinions. No doubt, it is obligatory on all to act upon opinions which are solidly probable in regard to the momentous interests of the soul, where there are no other equal probabilities to balance them, and no greater certainty is attainable. We deny, however, emphatically that man is left in this state by the Christian revelation. The being of God is a metaphysical certainty. The fact of revelation is a moral certainty, reducible in the last analysis to a certainty which is metaphysical and sufficient to produce an absolute assent of the mind without any fear of the contrary. The

articles of faith proposed by the revelation of God ought to have the same certainty, since it is necessary to believe them without doubting. Our respected authors cannot propose a reasonable motive for believing all the doctrines of their sect or school without any doubt, but can only propose opinions more or less probable, or even directly contrary to reason. We do not think, therefore, that they will be able to satisfy the reason of any person who thinks logically that their theories of Christianity are true and complete. The most they can do is to breed an anxious desire to find out with certainty what Christianity is and to attain to a rational faith.

CELEBRATED SANCTUARIES OF THE MADONNA. By Rev. J. Spencer Northcote, D.D., President of St. Mary's College, Oscott. For sale by the Catholic Publication Society, New York.

This is a valuable contribution to Catholic literature, and presents a subject of interest not only to Catholics, but to the public at large; for great public facts are always of interest, whatever may be our opinion in regard to their significance. A clear and full account is given in this book of the principal facts connected with the origin of some of the sanctuaries of the Madonna in Europe, particularly of the Holy House of Loreto and the recently established pilgrimage of La Salette in France. We do not see how any one can read it and resist the conviction that God has, by his own finger, established and maintained the devotion of the faithful at these holy places. It is easy enough to cry superstition, and to call everything supernatural superstitious. But the evidence of facts speaks for itself, and we commend this book to the candid reader, confident of his favorable judgment in spite of all preconceived opinions, as able to speak for itself. We have, moreover, found it most attractive, and have read it from beginning to end with unflagging interest. It is calculated to quicken the faith of the dumb Christian, open his eyes to the

unseen world, and fill his heart with desire for virtue and the love of God, and, as well, to produce in the mind of the careless a deeper conviction of the truth of spiritual things, which may make him set less value on the present, and prize more highly the world to come. We hope this book may attract attention and be widely circulated.

NOTES ON THE RUBRICS OF THE ROMAN RITUAL: Regarding the Sacraments in general, Baptism, the Eucharist, and Extreme Unction. By Rev. James O'Kane, Senior Dean, St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. New York: The Catholic Publication House. 1 vol. crown 8vo, pp. 527. 1868.

This is one of the most excellent commentaries upon the Ritual that has come under our notice. The reverend author has for several years delivered lectures upon the Rubrics to the senior class of theological students in Maynooth, and the substance of these lectures is to be found in the present volume. That he is eminently qualified for such a difficult task, is apparent from the thoroughly practical as well as theoretical knowledge he displays in treating of the administration of the sacraments.

Priests on the mission will find the book one of the most useful works for reference on the subjects treated of which can be found in the English language.

It has been examined by the Sacred Congregation of Rites, and received its approbation, and can, therefore, be consulted and followed with confidence as good authority.

APPLETON'S ANNUAL CYCLOPEDIA FOR 1867.

This valuable work appears to receive more care and attention each year. The present volume is of unusual importance on account of the political events in our own country and elsewhere, bearing on the ultimate destiny of the Christian world, which are recorded in its pages. It contains, also, a very fair statement of

ory and present condition of the temporal dominion, and of the events in the history of the Church during the year. In the "Roman Catholic Church," correctly stated that the Council is by some regarded as œcumenical, and was one of the most important ever held in the church. The Emperor, the representatives of the Eastern patriarchs and of the Church, and a number of other prelates were present, and disavowed their causes of difference with the Roman Church during thirteen years after which they signed the Act of Union, and united in a solemn definition of the supremacy of the Pope. The Council of Basle is enumerated among the certain œcumenical councils, and all its acts from the twenty-first session have been condemned, and those of the prior sessions approved by the Holy See. Although Anglican writers have maintained that the council was œcumenical during its sessions, their opinion is neglected and is of no weight.

ROSS ; or, Young America in England and Wales. By Oliver Optic. Boston : Lee & Shepard.

In this volume, the third of the series published under the title of *Young America Abroad*, continues and concludes the travels and adventures of the author's characters on British soil and in the British Isles. London, Liverpool, Manchester, the Isle of Wight, the Lake District, Snowdon, the Menai Straits, and other places are visited, affording an opportunity for the introduction of a great deal of miscellaneous information regarding the physical geography and history of interesting localities. So far the volume is unexceptionable. The adventures of the students, however, are, in the author's usual style, exaggerated to the very verge of credibility ; and they will doubtless be relished by the class for which they are written, but we decidedly think that, as men-

tal food for youth, the selection is not the most judicious, and that the author could very easily, with equal credit to himself and greater benefit to his juvenile readers, serve up something else more nutritious, if less palatable, or not so highly seasoned. As regards the students themselves, it seems to us, also, that the author has not yet hit upon the golden mean : the good boys are almost too good, the bad equally untrue to nature. Our experience with boys—and it is by no means slight or superficial—tends to prove that with those who, from an indisposition to submit to an "iron rule," are commonly known as "wild," such impatience of restraint generally springs from exuberant animal spirits, and is seldom, if ever, met with in connection with meanness, much less vice. *Per contra*, the greatest sycophants are, as a rule, the meanest and most depraved.

CHAUDRON'S NEW FOURTH READER. On an Original Plan. By A. De V. Chaudron. Mobile : W. G. Clark & Co. Pp. 328. 1867.

Exteriorly, this book presents a by no means pleasing appearance ; hence, the greater our surprise, and, we may add, our pleasure, at the variety and excellence of its contents, in which respect it is nowise inferior to any of those in use in our public schools. While we cannot expect for Mrs. Chaudron's *Series of Readers* an extended circulation in this city, in view of so many and generally deserving rivals already firmly established amongst us, we do with confidence recommend them, if in their general features they resemble this, the only one of the series submitted to us.

IMITATION OF CHRIST — SPIRITUAL COMBAT — TREATISE ON PRAYER. Boston : P. Donahoe. Pp. 816. 1868.

Decidedly opposed to small type in books of a religious or educational character, we can cheerfully overlook its use in this instance, giving us, as it does,



THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. VII., No. 41.—AUGUST, 1868.

A NEW FACE ON AN OLD QUESTION.

Months ago I described a place I had recently paid to a friend in the country, and a little of the conversation together upon subjects interesting to Catholics.* I was pleased with what I saw on that occasion that I returned a few more days with me the next month, as soon as the weather set in, I presented myself at his hospitable door, and was soon commended as a guest. If I were an embodiment of comfort during the winter, more delightful, now that the meadows wore the brilliant of early summer, and the birds were climbing over the great, tall grass, and shook down perfume from the open windows, and drew in place the ceaseless song of the whir of the restless wing-bird. The library charmed me so much that the blazing wood-fire shed a soft comfort over the book-

shelves and the big writing-table, and the tempting arm-chairs, was a thousand times more attractive, now that green branches and bunches of roses filled the old-fashioned fire-place, and the windows, open to the floor, let in the breath of new-mown hay, while creepers and honeysuckles kept off the glare of the sun, and waved gently in and out with the south-west breeze. Here we used to sit and chat on warm afternoons, and our conversation generally turned upon the religious topics in which we were both so much interested. One day we were talking about the great improvement of late in the style of discussion on the Catholic question. "We don't hear so much of the old slanders," said my friend, "but there is rather an inquiry into the reasons of our success and the best methods to meet us. Whenever that inquiry is conducted honestly and thoroughly, it is found that the only way to meet us is, to come over boldly to our side and fight under our banner. As an illustration of what I have said," continued he, picking up a pamphlet from the table, "take

CATHOLIC WORLD, March, 1868; articles."

this sermon on 'Christ and the Common People,' by the Rev. Mr. Hinsdale, a Protestant clergyman, of Detroit. He states the subject of his discourse boldly enough: 'We start,' he says, 'with the *confessed failure of Protestantism* to control spiritually the lives, and to mould religiously the characters, of the millions. What are the reasons?' He declares that Protestantism has scarcely won a foot of ground from Romanism in more than two hundred years. 'Geographically, it is where it was at the close of the century in which Luther died. Neither is Protestantism stronger religiously or politically than it was in the seventeenth century; some deny that it is as strong. Nor can it be claimed that it is now making any material gains in any of these directions.' Again: 'In the Protestant countries, no ground has been wrested from false religion or irreligion within a hundred years;' and in the principal American cities the Protestant denominations are unquestionably losing ground. There is good authority for stating that in Cincinnati, for instance, the communicants in the Protestant churches are fewer by two thousand than they were twenty years ago; yet the population of the city has increased during the interval by something like a hundred thousand. Well, Mr. Hinsdale being, as I should judge, a gentleman of common sense and honesty, does not try to relieve his mind from the pressure of these disagreeable facts by cursing the Catholics, but sets himself to work to find out the reasons for the greater prosperity of our church. I need not read them to you; for of course the great reason of all—the assistance of Heaven—he does not perceive; but he makes some significant admissions. He tells his people that Catholicism is the especial religion of

the poor, and that Protestantism is restricting itself daily more and more closely to the rich; and he quotes a saying of Theodore Parker's: '*If the poor forsake a church, it is because the church forsook God long before.*' 'I am a Protestant of the Protestants,' Mr. Hinsdale adds, 'but have no hesitation in affirming that in some particulars we should stand rebuked before Romanists this hour; none in declaring that in some respects the Romish priest understands the methods of Christ better than the evangelical preacher.' Now, when the alarm of Protestants at the increase of our churches takes such a form as this, I believe that good results must flow from it."

"No doubt you are right," said I; "but I am afraid few of the anti-papery preachers are like this gentleman of Detroit. Here, for example, is an address, delivered at the last anniversary of the American and Foreign Christian Union, by the Rev. Dr. Talmadge, of Philadelphia. He begins with the admission that the cause of popery is still flourishing, 'although in the attempt to destroy it there has been expended enough ink, enough voice, enough genius, enough money, enough ecclesiastical thunder, to have torn off all the cassocks, and to have extinguished all the wax candles, and to have poured out all the holy water, and to have rent open all the convents, and to have turned the Vatican into a Reformed Dutch church, and the convocation of cardinals into an old-fashioned prayer-meeting, and to have immersed the pope, and sent him forth as a colporteur of the American and Foreign Christian Union. But somehow there has been a great waste of effort. The plain fact is,' he continues, 'that Romanism has to-day, in the United States, tenfold more power than when we first began to bombard it.'

And the moral he draws from this survey of the situation is, that the Protestants had better 'change their style of warfare,' and introduce into the fight the principle of holy love, and the example of charity and devotion. Nothing could be more sensible than this remark of his: 'Bitter denunciation on the part of good but mistaken men never pulled down one Roman Catholic church, but has built five hundred. There is only one way to make a man give up his religion, and that is by showing him a better.' Brave words, you say, and so they are. Yet this very sermon is full of just the sort of bitter denunciation which the preacher denounces. The whole address is a condemnation of the speaker himself—one of the finest pieces of unconscious satire I ever read. I don't believe *The Observer* itself could do the raw-head and bloody-bones business better than Dr. Talmadge does it."

"Never mind. Get these people to admit the principle of honest and gentlemanly dealing in religious controversy, and you may leave their practice to reform itself. For one man who was impressed by Dr. Talmadge's swelling invectives, I make little doubt that there were five who carried away in their hearts his advice to be charitable, courteous, and just. The English Nonconformist preacher, Newman Hall, who travelled through the United States recently, told his congregation on his return home that one of the greatest dangers of Protestantism nowadays was injustice toward Roman Catholics. I am afraid that his advice was not much relished in England, for you know injustice to Catholics is one of the pet foibles of Englishmen; but it is not so bad here. The American people are naturally fond of fair play. You have only to convince them that a certain course of

conduct is unjust, and they will change it of their own accord."

"Do you mean to say, then, that you believe reason and logic are henceforth to supersede violence and slander in the discussion of the Catholic problem?"

"Not entirely, of course. But I believe that falsehoods are rapidly losing their efficacy in polemics, and that Protestants recognize this fact and are preparing to adapt themselves to the altered conditions of the conflict. And I do not mean to insinuate that as a class they do this merely from policy. Most of them probably used to believe the old standard lies; at least, they did not *disbelieve* them. They repeated them by rote, because they had been brought up to do so, and they never thought of stopping to inquire into their authority. Now that the slanders have ceased to serve a purpose, it is naturally easier to convince those who used to profit by them that they *are* slanders. What I mean to say is, that the tendency of our time is toward fairness and good sense in religious disputes. You and I, for example, are quite young enough to remember when 'Romanism' was popularly regarded as an unknown horror, no more to be tolerated than the plague or the yellow fever. It was not thought to be a question open for debate. A Protestant would no more have dreamed of examining the merits of popery than the merits of hydrophobia. But now it is a very common thing for our adversaries to admit that we have done wonderful service to humanity in our day; that in some particulars we have done and are still doing more than any other denomination; only we belong to a past age and ought now to give way to fresher organizations. I remember a rather striking sermon which I read in a

against the growth of an unwelcome, dimly foreseen conviction, as an encouragement to their tottering unbelief, just as boys whistle to keep up their courage. Have you ever seen a dying sinner try to fight off death? It is in some such hopeless effort as his that *The Liberal Christian* and a few other journals are now engaged. I do not say that they understand this themselves. I do not charge them with absolutely resisting the progress of conviction, or, to speak more exactly, the resistance is instinctive rather than voluntary; but they feel or suspect, perhaps without fully comprehending, that, if they keep on as they are going, they must come pretty soon to the Catholic Church, and that provokes them. *The Liberal Christian*, you know, is edited by Dr. Bellows, an accomplished gentleman, who was thought some years ago to exhibit a decided leaning toward the church. I am not prepared to say whether this supposition was correct or not; but it is certain that he saw more clearly and exposed more boldly the inherent defects and logical tendencies of Protestantism than any other Protestant I can remember, and in one of his published sermons he declared that Unitarians (his own sect) had more sympathy with Catholicism than with any other form of religion. It might seem strange to find him among the foremost revilers of that very Catholicism; but my theory explains it. The hostility which glitters in his letters and runs mad, sometimes, in the miscellaneous columns of his paper, is the revolt of his Protestantism against the progress of unwelcome ideas—an effort of his unregenerate nature, so to speak, to throw off something which does not agree with it. Ah! how many men have trod in the same path he is now following, and have been led

by it to the bitter waters of disappointment! He saw the fatal gulf into which the Protestant bodies were plunging. He felt that hunger of the spirit which nothing but the church of God ever satisfies. He raised a cry for help, and when he found that there was no help except from the Holy Catholic Church, he turned his back upon her, and bound himself down once more with the narrow bonds of what is called Unitarian 'liberalism.' And now, of course, he misses no opportunity of declaring his detestation of the sycor which he has refused. He has failed in his aspirations after a mock church, and naturally he vents his disappointment on the real one. He fancies that he is moved by principle, when he is really instigated by pique. He imagines that he is an earnest, honest seeker after an answer to what he well terms 'the dumb wants of the religious times,' when he is—but I have no business to judge his motives. That is God's affair. We must presume that he is courageous and sincere, and that whenever he finds the right road he will boldly walk in it. Nine years ago, Dr. Bellows delivered an address before the alumni of the Harvard Divinity School, on 'The Suspense of Faith,' which was generally supposed to indicate his wish to engraft a ritual and a priesthood upon the Unitarian denomination, bringing it perhaps nearer to Episcopalianism than to any other system of worship. There was no such thought in his mind, I am sure; though his sentiments, had they been acted upon, might have led many men through Episcopalianism into the Catholic Church. I will not weary you with the whole of it; but let me read a few lines which have a special application to what we have been saying. He is trying

to account for the fact that Unitarianism is in a posture of pause and self-distrust; and he says: 'If, with logical desperation, we ultimate the tendencies of Protestantism, and allow even the malice of its enemies to flash light upon their direction, we may see that *the sufficiency of the Scriptures turns out to be the self-sufficiency of man*, and the right of private judgment an absolute independence of Bible or church. No creed but the Scriptures, practically abolishes all Scriptures but those on the human heart; nothing between a man's conscience and his God, vacates the church; and with the church, the Holy Ghost, whose function is usurped by private reason: the church lapses into what are called religious institutions, these into congregationalism, and congregationalism into individualism—and the logical end is the abandonment of the church as an independent institution, *the denial of Christianity as a supernatural revelation*, and the extinction of worship as a separate interest. There is no pretence that Protestantism, as a body, has reached this, or intends this, or would not honestly and earnestly repudiate it; but that its most logical product is at this point, it is not easy to deny. Nay, that these are the *tendencies* of Protestantism is very apparent.' When he comes to speak of Unitarianism as the representative and most logical exponent of Protestantism, he expresses himself in a still more remarkable way. Religion, he thinks, like everything else in the world, has been constantly making progress, and Unitarianism has always been in the van. Now this progress seemed to have reached its limit; there is a pause, a partial recoil, in some cases a turning back to the formalism and ritual worship of Rome, in others a headlong rush into the abyss of pure rationalism. In

fact, Dr. Bellows believes that to create an equilibrium in the relations between God and man, two opposing forces are in operation—a centrifugal force, which drives man away from submission to divine authority, that he may develop his own liberty and functions of the will, and a centripetal force, which leads him to worship and obedience. These are represented respectively by Protestantism and Catholicism, and he seems to think them destined to alternate—perhaps for all time, though about this his meaning is not very clear. 'Is it not plain,' he says, 'that, as Protestants of the Protestants, we are at the apogee of our orbit; that in us the centrifugal epoch of humanity has, for this swing of the pendulum at least, reached its bound? For one cycle we have come, I think, nearly to the end of our self-directing, self-asserting, self-developing, self-culturing faculties; to the end of our honest interest in this necessary alternate movement.'"

"That means, if it means anything, that Protestantism has done its work, at least for the present age—that it has accomplished all it can and there is nothing left for man but a return to the centripetal force, to the Catholic Church."

"Exactly: that would be the logical complement of the position he assumed in the curious discourse from which I have been quoting—but the misery is that he had not the courage to be logical. Ah! how well I remember the impression produced at the time by that sad, sad cry of weariness and disappointment which went up from his pulpit when he perceived that the toil, and speculation, and uneasiness of years had brought him to no goal; that he had developed man's faculties without finding a use for them; that he had achieved an intellectual freedom

without knowing what to do with it ; that, as he well expressed it himself, *'there was no more road* in the direction he had been going.' Many, as we have seen, when they reached that point on their journey whence this whole dismal prospect was visible, turned back to the church which their fathers had forsaken, and there found peace ; and Dr. Bellows had stated so boldly the miseries of his own situation that it was no wonder people thought he too would follow that course. But he set himself about finding a new road, imagining a new church which was to arise at no distant day, and combine the most conservative of liturgies with the most radical of creeds. It was to be constituted on strictly centripetal principles. Speculation having proved empty, worship was to be essayed as a change. Doubt being but sorry fare for a hungry soul, there was to be a good deal of faith, and preaching not being a gift of all men, place was to be made for prayer. What that church was to be, how it was to arise, and when it was to make its appearance, he did not pretend to say. But it must come soon, because 'the yearning for a settled and externalized faith' was too strong to be left unsatisfied. It was to be, I must suppose, a mingling of the revelations of our Saviour with the dreams of Luther, Calvin, Fox, and Swedenborg ; because, as Dr. Bellows says in one of his lectures, 'the religious man who has no vacillations in his views, who is not sometimes inclined to Calvinism, sometimes to Rationalism, sometimes to Catholicism, sometimes to Quakerism, has an imperfect activity, a dull imagination, and a timid love of truth ; for all these faiths have embodied great and interesting spiritual facts which the free and earnest explorer will en-

counter in his own experience, and find more vividly portrayed in the history of these sects than in himself.' It was to possess a fixed creed, but nobody was expected to believe in it, for 'inconsistencies of opinion' are to be expected of everybody, and doubt, fear, and scepticism are actually desirable, provided they are 'the work of one's own mental and spiritual activity, and not of mere passive acquiescence in the forces that one encounters from without.' It was to be a *true* church, of course, yet a false church also ; because Dr. Bellows declares that 'truth is too large to be surrounded by any one man or any one party,' and there are always two great parties in religion as there are in politics, 'and each has part of the truth in its keeping ;' so that, of course, neither can be wholly right. He wanted his church to be a historical church, for Christianity is a historical religion, and 'a faith stripped of historic reality, disunited from its original facts and persons, does not promise to live and work in the human heart and life.' He seemed to have forgotten that history is the growth of time, and cannot be conferred upon a new-born infant. The future church must have rites and ceremonies, for without them religion hardly 'touches our daily habits and ordinary career,' and is, like Unitarianism, 'an unhooded, unnatural, and disembodied faith.' It must be a visible church, yet without a priesthood ; a divinely instituted church, yet without authority ; receiving its doctrines by divine revelations, yet only true in part ; eternal, yet changeable. I am not surprised that Dr. Bellows has not yet found it."

"Surely he never uttered any such extraordinary farrago as you have been putting into his mouth?"

"Not in those words, of course, nor with that collocation of thoughts; but all that I have said you will find either in his *Suspense of Faith*, or in the volume of sermons published under the title of *Re-Statements of Christian Doctrine*, (New York, 1860.) I have represented, as fairly as possible, the vagueness of his aspirations and the inconsistency of his principles. It is only clear that he wanted to be a Protestant and a Catholic at the same time. He was shocked at the results of his own centripetalism, and he longed for a visible church, with a tangible creed and a set form of worship; only he wanted to make the church himself; not to be the founder of a new sect—he disclaimed that, and was unwilling even to change the form of service in his own congregation—but to dream about it, to speculate upon what it ought to be, to mould and influence opinion, until, by a seemingly spontaneous movement, the new church should arise from the midst of the people. Poor man! He sees, by this time, that nobody feels the want of this new church, and nobody believes in it; and he hates the true church, partly because it is a continual reproach to him, bringing to mind a duty unfulfilled and a happiness unappreciated, and partly because it continually revives his disappointment."

"I have serious doubts, however, whether Dr. Bellows ever comprehended the beauty of the Catholic religion half so well as many people supposed that he did. Read his books a with little care, and you will see that he never took but the most superficial view of religion: he never got at the core of it. Religion to him—as to how many others!—was a thin philosophy which amused his intellect, a sentimental poetry which tickled his æsthetic instincts; it was

not a *life*. Of that vitality which comprehends the relationship between God and man which is both a creed, a way of life, and the very essence of life, his heart seems to have been void."

"Yes, he says something equivalent to this in his sermon 'Spiritual Discernment.' 'Alumnae of Protestantism,' he says, 'the universal improvement of private and public morality, of education, respect for the individual, have grown out of the increase of knowledge to keep the church and the world apart—religion and other things distinct subjects of thought and attention.' And the word 'world' he does not use in its bad sense, but merely as synonymous with 'secular' affairs. Again he says, 'The Catholic Church succeeded fully in blending life and religion together, faith and daily usage, duty and worship, philosophy and Gospel;' and this, he thinks, is a great fault, while the great fault of Protestantism was, that it separated what the church had carefully melted together. 'It gives you the real old Puritanism of piety—a something to be observed at stated times, and then to be put away again, like the long faces which the old-fashioned Protestants pull for a day wear; to have no intimate connection with daily life, but to keep it carefully apart, like the beads which our ancestors used to lay under lavender leaves, to be worn only on days of ceremony. What is the religion which does not blend with work-a-day life? of a faith which is not felt in daily usage? of a religion which must be kept apart from the pleasures, from the business, from any of our honest pursuits?

* *Re-Statements of Christian Doctrine*

uty of religion is, that it man's heart at all times places. If it cannot ac everywhere, if it can the artificial atmosphere meetings, it is not worth the danger against which ost to guard is not, Dr. ks, that of forgetting our that of growing too fat. His God is an awful a loving God, and our him is not that we go so n him, but that we bring to us. In effect he tells ut our piety once a week ted occasions, but not to ere with our daily walk ation, for that would be

shows, as you say, that omprehension as yet of ire of religion ; and shall hy he is so slow to ac- I believe that he is not apathy with Christianity." o you mean?"

is nominally a Christian, He would be horrified if n he was not. But he athy with the religion of r Saviour, in his opinion, e expounder of a system d, to tell the truth, it is me wherein the Christ of n is essentially superior or Benjamin Franklin.

of our Lord Dr. Bellows r denounces as rank 'idol- may only reverence him re specially favored by ty, and a teacher to we owe the most pro- st. Take away from your stem the idea of God in f his divine Son perpetu : with the faithful, and n to bear the burdens of ich he himself has borne, it a cold, cheerless, fall- which is left you. It is

no longer religion ; it is only a false philosophy. Devotion vanishes ; faith, hope, and love are exchanged for a code of rules of behavior ; and God withdraws from the world into the impenetrable mystery of the heavens, where the voice of prayer indeed may reach him, but his presence is never felt by man, and his love never fills the heart. He is no longer the dear Lord of the Christian saints, but the Allah of the Moslems."

"You have hit it exactly ; and now let me tell you that ever since Dr. Bellows set out on the foreign tour in which he is still occupied, I have watched for the record of his impressions of Oriental life, feeling certain, from what I knew of him, that he would find an attraction in Mohammedanism which he never saw in Christianity. I was not mistaken. He is not a polygamist ; he has no taste for a sensual heaven ; I don't suppose he prefers the Koran to the Bible ; and I never heard of his keeping the inordinate fasts of Ramadan ; still, the creed of Islam seems, in its main features, to have caught his fancy, and he loads it with indirect praises, which he never thought of bestowing upon any form of Christianity. Let me read you an extract from one of his recent letters to *The Liberal Christian* :

" 'These people,' he says, referring to the Egyptians, 'know nothing of Christianity which ought to give it any superiority in their eyes over Mohammedanism. When the Arabian prophet commenced his marvellous work, there is little doubt that he was animated by the sincere enthusiasm of a religious reformer. Mohammed recognized both dispensations, the Mosaic and the Christian ; and his intelligent followers to this day speak reverently of the Christ. They evade the authority and use of our Scriptures, by asserting that they have been thoroughly corrupted in their text. A learned Mohammedan in India, however, has just written the introduction to a new Commentary on our Bible, in which he ably refutes the Mussulman

charge of general corruptness, and adduces all the passages quoted out of the Old and New Testaments in the Koran. But what have Mussulmans seen of Christianity to commend it greatly above their own faith? Is it alleged that Mohammedanism has owed its triumphs and progress to the sword? Is it the fault of Christians if the Cross has not advanced by the same weapon? What infidel rage of the Crescent has ever exceeded the fanatical soldiering of the Crusades, and what has Cœur de Lion to boast over Saladin in enlightenment or appreciation of the Christian spirit? And if we come to bowing, and fasting, and washing, and external forms, *I confess that the degrading prostrations, and crossings, and mummeries of the Greek and Catholic churches, with the gaudy trappings of robes and jewels, the worship of saints and images, and the deification of a humble Jewish woman, appear to me to have nothing in the presence of which Mussulmans could feel the lesser reasonableness, purity, or dignity, or the lesser credibility of their own unadorned and simpler superstition.* Compared with Catholic and Greek legends, the Koran is a model of purity and elegance of style, and its worst superstitions do not much exceed in grossness the popular interpretation given to monkish fables. As it respects ecclesiastical interference and tyranny, Mohammedanism is a whole world in advance of Romanism or the Greek Church. It is essentially without priest or ritual, in any Catholic sense. The Mussulman is his own priest. He finds Allah everywhere, and he has only to turn toward Mecca, and bow in prayer, and his field, his boat, the desert, is as good an altar as the mosque. It is truly affecting to see the fidelity of the common people to their faith, the apparent heedlessness of observation, the absorption in their prayers, the careful memory of their hours of devotion."

"And, speaking of the absence of symbols and rites in the mosques, he adds: 'Surely there is something grand in this simplicity, and something vital in a faith which, aided by so little external appliance, has survived in full vigor twelve hundred years.'"

"Why don't he admire the vitality of the devil? Satan has survived in full vigor a good deal more than twelve hundred years."

"That would be about as logical. But is it not melancholy to see how far a man whom we would like to respect can be carried by his uncon-

trolled vagaries! He calls the 'historical church:' there is no such thing in Christendom, and that is all we have; and now it almost seems as if he felt an occasional temptation to search for one *outside* of Christendom. Protestantism, he says, has run its course. Catholicism, he says, has nothing to do with the world; then, is left him, if he will, as the only religious man at all? This is to be the question which perplexes the small but intelligent class of thinkers of whom he is so representative. As the Jews waited for the Christ the last eighteen hundred years, the Bellows school are watching for the coming of that Christianity they have already rejected. Both, it seems to me, are waiting with hope long deferred."

"Yes; we hear little of the confident prophetic tones of Dr. Bellows some years ago, when he discoursed of the glories of the religion of humanity, and of the need of a resettlement of our creeds and a revival of our faith. He writes now of the desolation of the present age, and the brightness which he discloses for the future. And this brings us to the point from which we start. While Protestant theologians and moralists are discarding vituperation, and are certain of our opposition, they show us a bitterness to which we were not formerly accustomed, because they have been deluged in their own religious doubts, and have a vague, half-conscious, and wholly unwelcome impression of the Catholic Church alone capable of satisfying them. Dr. Bellows, for instance, travels through the world, finds that Protestantism is everywhere lifeless. He is bound to say so; but he takes in the next breath by trying to show that the Catholic Church

He is powerless to arrest the which is destroying his own zation, but he seems to find a choly compensation in attack-atholicism. He reminds me at the boy said when he was ed by a school-fellow: 'If I whip you, I can make faces at sister.' He visits Paris, and ses that 'Protestantism makes to no headway' in France, and a by internal dissensions. He o the heart of Protestant Ger- and finds the general aspect of painful decay in the faith pirituality of the people.' All the continent, he observes that the Catholic faith has died out, ing vigorous has shot up in its 'and the masses of the popu- are 'without aspiration, de-ss, or faith in the invisible.' estantism, as it appears here, is ed, repulsive, ungrowing thing, ng very little into the national : social and domestic life, and ently not destined in any of its it forms to animate the pas- or win and shape the hearts ves of the middle classes. . . . *'the present elements of faith and ip in Germany I see no prospects healthy and contagious religious rising.'* Nay, what is worse ll, the peculiar form of Protes- n upon which, if upon any, Dr. s would rely for the regenera- f Europe, is in no better way he others. 'It does not ap- he says, 'that the liberal ele- n the Protestantism of Germa- ean that branch of its Protes- n which we should consider n sympathy with Unitarianism, earest or creative. It seems uth a negation of orthodoxy n affirmation of the positive of Christianity. . . . Forced : positive ground, I fear that a part of this extensive body *be compelled to abandon Chris-*

tian territory altogether.' From Ber- lin he writes that 'the whole life of the national church is sick- ly and discouraging;' from Stras- burg, that Protestantism 'must learn some new ways before it will be- come the religion of the people of France, Italy, or even Germany;' from Vienna, that the Protestantism of Austria is 'essentially torpid and unprogressive, presenting nothing at- tractive or promising.' These pas- sages, and many more of similar pur- port, we may take as equivalent to the little boy's confession that he could not whip his antagonist. When it comes to the other part, the mak- ing faces at his sister, I am bound to say that Dr. Bellows shows more temper than strength. In Vienna, he deplored the lukewarmness of the Catholic people all through Germany, yet, in several previous letters, he had contrasted their zeal in church- going with the indifference of the Protestants. He accuses the clergy of avarice, though in Rome he compliments the priests for their personal merits, their 'seriousness, decorum, and fair intelligence.' He declares that 'the Catholic Church is an artful substitute for anything that a human soul ought to desire;' that she is 'the chief hinderance to progress;' that she has 'glorified the blessed Mother into the Almighty;' that she 'mutters spells and practises necro- mancy at her altars,' and all that kind of thing, which I need not re- peat, because we have heard it in almost the very same words scores of times before. But the most curious of all his angry attacks was made— where, think you? Why, on a steam- er in the Levant, where there was nothing whatever to provoke him; where the onslaught was so perfectly gratuitous that it burst upon the calm flow of his letter like a thunderbolt rending the summer sky. Here it is: " 'Roman Catholicism, weak in every

member, is prodigious in its total effectiveness, because it is a unit. It is quietly seizing America, piece by piece, state by state, city by city. In a new state like Wisconsin, for instance, it has the oldest college, the largest theological school, the best hospitals and charities, the finest churches; and what is true of Wisconsin is equally true of many other Western states. Protestantism, with a hundred times the wealth, intelligence, public spirit, and administrative ability, by reason of its sectarian jealousies and divisions can have no parallel successes, and is losing rapidly its place in legislative grants and in public policy. The Irish Catholics spot the members of state legislatures who vote against the appropriations they call for, and are able in our close elections to defeat their return. Representatives become servile and pliable, and Romanism flourishes. A Quaker gentleman of wealth, in the West, (the story is exactly true,) married a Vermont girl who had become a Catholic in a nunnery where she was sent for her education. It was agreed that, if children were given them, the boys should be reared in the faith of their father, the girls in that of their mother. *The Vermont mother gave her husband ten girls, but never a son!* Eight of them grew up Catholics, married influential men, and brought up their children Catholics, and in some cases brought over their husbands, and so the Roman Church was recruited with Protestant wealth and Quaker blood to a vast extent. So much for sending Protestant girls to Roman Catholic seminaries, and then complaining that so many Protestants are lost to the superstitions of Romanism! There is an apathy about the Roman Catholic advances in the United States among American Protestants, which will finally receive a terrible shock. There is no influence at work in America so hostile to our future peace as the Roman Catholic Church. The next American war will, I fear, be a religious war—of all kinds the worst. If we wish to avert it, *we must take immediate steps to organize Protestantism more efficiently, and on less sectarian ground.*

"Well, upon my word, the conduct of that Vermont girl was abominable. I suppose Dr. Bellows thinks she never would have been artful enough to swindle her husband out of all his expected boys if she had not been brought up in a convent. 'So much for sending Protestant girls to Roman Catholic seminaries!' I should think so, indeed!"

"The story is very ridiculous; the moral Dr. Bellows draws is worse than ridiculous. If we wish to avert a religious war, he says we must take immediate steps to organize Protestantism more efficiently and on less sectarian ground.' That means that Protestantism must maintain an overwhelming preponderance in this country by fair means or foul. If it cannot convert the papists to the Bible, it ought to knock them on the head with a bludgeon. A similar atrocious sentiment is still plainly expressed by an Irishman in *The Liberal Christian* of February, who says, 'Popery and Fenianism are Siamese curses, withering noble and humane feeling wherever they exist. . . . They deserve extermination; they should receive no quarter.' There's a 'liberal' Christian fellow with a vengeance!"

"Well, we can afford to risk such fears and threats; but it is very sad. Here, where nearly all the people seem to have made up their minds to reform their bad language and be as polite in discussing such questions as in talking over such affairs, a sect which professes moderation and fairness beyond all goes back to the old style of political blackguardism. I can appreciate the unfortunate position of the liberal Christians, when, having pushed ahead so far, they find that there is 'no more road' in that direction. We can understand that only one of the courses may seem open to them, either to berate the Catholics and join them; but the instruction which the barrister received from his attorney when the law and the facts were both against him, 'Abuse on the other side,' does not apply so well to religion as to jury trials. We have a different style of argument, and anybody is to be converted or disproved by the discussion.

NELLIE NETTERVILLE.

CHAPTER XII.

First O'More unfolded the high he had brought Nellie through the flames, she lay dead still that, for one brief moment, he almost fancied dead. The fresh air, however, revived her, and, opening filled with a look of terror forward haunted them for a fixed them upon Roger, and red nervously :

"Where are the rest—the priest Where are they?"

"Where with their God, I trust,"

and solemnly. At that aw-

at he felt that he could say

at the truth, terrible as he

truth must sound in the

pale girl beside him. His

act, seemed to cut through

knife, and she fell upon

exclaiming : "I only sav-

y saved ! O my God,

have mercy on their souls !"

denly remembering that,

safe, she owed it entirely

she added earnestly, "You

d your life for mine. How

thank you?"

ping me once more to save

were curtly. "Nellie,"

a rapidly, for he knew too

very moment they lingered

fraught with peril—"Nel-

lie saved, and yet not safe

r life, however, is in your

s now, and with courage

trust in Providence, I

t we shall pull safely

seemed to gather up her

a great effort, and said

"Only say what I must do, and I will do it."

"The case is this," said Roger shortly : "Yonder tower," and he pointed to the burning pile overhead—"yonder tower must fall soon, and, if we linger here, will crush us in its ruins. On the other hand, even if we could creep round to the opposite side of the church, a thing in itself almost impossible, the fanatical demons who guard the gates will probably shoot us down like dogs. The cliff, therefore, is our best—almost our only chance. Nevertheless I leave the choice in your own hands. Only remember you must decide at once."

"The cliff, then, be it!" said Nellie, with white lips but flashing eyes. "God is more merciful than man. He will save us, perhaps ; if not, his will be done—not mine. I will trust entirely to him—entirely to him and you."

Almost ere she had finished speaking, Roger had undone the rope which he carried round his waist, and was looking eagerly about him for some means of securing it in such a way as to make it useful to Nellie in her descent. Fortunately for his purpose, a thorny tree had planted itself, some hundreds of years before, in a fissure of the rocks so close to the walls of the tower that, old, and gray, and stunted, as it now was, its roots had in all probability penetrated beneath their broad foundation, and were quite as firmly settled in the ground. Upon this Roger pounced at once, and having tried it sufficiently to make tolerably sure of its powers of endurance, he passed one end of his rope round the thickest

and lowest portions of the stem, and made it fast with a sailor's knot. The other end he threw over the cliff, and then watched its fall with a terrible, silent fear at his heart lest it should prove shorter than his need required. Down it went and down, and he stooped over to mark its progress until Nellie felt sick with fear, and turned away to avoid the giddiness which she knew would be fatal to them both.

At last she heard him say, "Thank God, it has reached the platform!" Then he turned round and anxiously scanned her features.

"Nellie," he said, "this thing is difficult, but not impossible. I have seen you bound like a deer down cliffs almost as steep, if not so high. The great, the only real peril, is in the eyesight. Lot's wife perished by a look. You must promise me neither to glance up nor down, but to keep your eyes fixed on the rocks before you. Hold well by the rope; take it hand over hand like a sailor, (I remember that you know the trick;) and leave the rest to me. There *is* really a path, though you can hardly see it from this spot; and there are chinks and crevices besides, in which you will easily find footing. You must feel for them as you descend; and when you are at a loss, I shall be below to help you. Neither will you be quite alone, for I am going to fasten you by this cord, so that, if you should happen to let go, I may perhaps be able to support you."

"My God!" said Nellie, white with terror, as he passed a strong, light cord, first round her waist and then his own, in such a way that there was length sufficient to enable them to act independently of each other, while, at the same time, neither could have fallen without almost to a certainty insuring the destruction of both. "My God, I cannot consent to this.

Go by yourself; my fall would ruin you."

"But you will not fall—you *must* not fall," he pleaded anxiously, "only you will abide by my direct-

"Go alone, I do beseech you," she answered, with a shiver.

"I cannot save me, and I shall be sure your destruction with my-

"Nay, then, I give it up," he answered, almost sullenly. "We stay here and die together, for shall it be said of an O'More that seeking safety for himself, he let a woman thus to perish."

"Then, in God's name, let us go," said Nellie; "only tell me what and I will do it—if I can."

"Hold fast the rope, that I may. Never let one hand go until the other has grasped it firmly, and leave the rest to me. I will help to place your feet in safe resting-places as you descend. Only trust me, and all will yet be well."

"I will trust to you and to our Lady," said Nellie, unconsciously repeating the password of the morning. Her color was fast, and her eyes had begun to sparkle with excitement. O'More, at the propitious moment, and, as before Nellie knew it, she had begun her perilous descent.

"Are you steady now—quite steady?" he asked, in as low a voice as he could command, lest if he feared to startle the air with his voice by speaking louder. Yes, the natural instinct of a mountaineer Nellie had already found. Her foot was firmly planted, and she descended a step lower. Thus inch by inch they went, Nellie ever clinging to the rope, and O'More guiding her descent with a success he had looked for, and which he felt almost miraculous. His heart beat high with hope; for he saw the distance which they had de-

t they must be nearing a sort of platform formed by a sudden jutting out of the lower strata of rocks, and he knew that they were there; they could only reach that point, the rest of the path being so dark that, even without his lantern, Nellie could easily have found her way from thence to the sands be-

neath the surge of the sea boomed and louder as she approached. At last, fairly forgetting Roger's name, she turned her head a little, and glanced downward. Then, for the first time, she became fully conscious of the terrible position she occupied, suspended as it seemed by a thread between earth and sky, with the great, deep, awful ocean hundreds of feet below her. Her head swam, her eyesight failed; she had just enough presence of mind to grasp the rope firmly by the strands, when, feeling as if her feet were utterly deserting her, she cried out:

"My God, I am going! Save me, Roger, I am going!" "No, no!" he cried, in agony, for he saw only too well the danger of the situation. "Hold fast—hold on; for Christ's dear sake, hold on! One more step, two steps more, and you are lost. There!" he cried, in a voice full of emotion, as he felt his feet not touch the platform; and he gripped Nellie by the waist, he drew her hardly conscious of what he was doing, by main strength to his side. "There, oh! thank God—thank God, you are safe at last!"

It was just in time. Nellie had every moment let go the rope, and he had not caught her, would probably have been dashed to pieces against the rocks below. As it was, he held her safely and gently on the platform where he himself was standing, without venturing to loose her

entirely from his grasp, laid her down, that she might recover from her nervous panic.

"You are safe," he kept repeating, as if it required the assurance of his own voice to make certain of the fact. "You are safe!" and then with an instinctive yet entirely unacknowledged consciousness on his part, that his own safety might perhaps be at least a portion of her care, he added—"we are safe now. You can stay here until you are quite yourself again; only do not look up or down—at least not just yet, not until the giddiness is gone. You forgot Lot's wife, or this never would have happened."

Nellie was not insensible, though she looked so. She only felt as if she were in a dream. She understood perfectly all that Roger said; the shadow even of a smile seemed to pass over her white lips as he alluded to Lot's wife; but his voice fell with a muffled sound, as if it came from a great distance, on her ear; and earth, and sky, and cliff, and ocean, all seemed blending and floating in a wild fantasy through her brain. By degrees, however, a sort of awakening seemed to creep over her, but she did not use it at first either to look up or speak. Possibly she felt that words would be powerless to express her thoughts, and was glad of any excuse for silence. Roger did not like to hurry her, and he therefore employed the next few minutes in scanning the sea in search of Henrietta. She was there, exactly in the place in which he had bidden her to wait for him; but she was watching the burning tower overhead, and had evidently very little notion that any of its victims had escaped. From the spot where he was standing, he could easily have made her hear him; but fearing that his voice might rouse up some hidden foe, he turned to Nellie for assistance.

all be heavy enough for such as this!"

"se me not—curse not!" cried ta, with anguish in her voice. loom, God knows, is heavy already."

"se *you*!" said the astonished "you, to whom I owe more y own life a thousand times. istress Henrietta, what mad-s made you fear it?"

ear! I fear! Why should I obbed Henrietta. "The sin arents shall be visited on the y, and he is my father, after

ar father! *your* father!" Rattered, trying to keep down m of passion that was chok- u. "Well, well, he is, as you or father, and so I must per- e silent."

as! alas!" Henrietta pleaded, did but know the complete- f his religious mania, you lso comprehend how easily a erciful in all things else, can one thing be merciless."

y," said Roger bitterly; "it I think, no great stretch of t to understand it thoroughly.

, fresh from the siege of Tre- where children were dashed e battlements, lest, 'like nits, ould become troublesome if l to increase,' will, doubtless, consider the holocaust of life which lies buried beneath ruins as a whole burnt-offer- elling sweet in the nostrils of d, which he, as his high-priest, en deputed to offer up."

roke off suddenly, for a hand d upon his arm, and a white ed pleadingly to his. "Speak s of her father," whispered

"Speak not thus; see how weeping!"

r tears are his best plea for then," said he in a gentler

tone, and seizing the oars, he began to row as vigorously as if he hoped to quiet his boiling spirit by the mere fact of bodily exhaustion. Nellie made no answer, and silence fell upon them all.

The deed just done was not of a nature lightly to be forgotten, and they went quietly on their way, as people will, upon whom the shadow of a great terror still hangs heavily. Just, however, as they entered the harbor of Clare Island, Nellie caught sight of a well-known figure, and uttered a cry of joy. It was Hamish, and, in her impatience, she scarcely waited until the boat was fastened ere she was at his side. But there was no gladness in his eye as he turned to greet her. He was deadly pale, and his left arm hung powerless at his side. Nellie saw nothing of this at first, however, she was thinking so entirely of her mother.

"Is she come, dear Hamish?" she cried. "Where is she?"

"In Dublin," he answered curtly.

"In Dublin—and you here?" cried Nellie in dismay.

"Because she sent me," he replied.

"What is it, Hamish? What is it?" faltered Nellie, struggling with a sense of some new and terrible misfortune impending over her.

"She is sore sick—sick even unto death," Hamish reluctantly replied. He could not bring himself to utter the terrible truth as yet.

Nellie stood for a moment mute with terror. She read upon her foster-brother's face that worse news than even this was about to follow; but when she would have asked what it was, courage and voice completely failed her. She knew it, however, soon enough. From his seat by the door of the tower, Lord Netterville had caught a glimpse of Hamish, and came down at once to greet him.

Excitement seemed for one brief moment to have restored all his faculties, and he cried out eagerly:

"You here, good Hamish! I am heartily glad to see you! And what news bring you from Netterville? How goes my lady daughter? Ill, do you say—sore stricken? Nay, man, remember that she is still but young. It cannot surely be an illness unto death?"

"Yea, but it is, my lord," said Hamish, speaking almost roughly in his agony. "Death, and nothing short of death, as surely as that I am here to say it."

"Art thou a prophet?" asked Roger, bending his dark brows upon him, and half tempted to suspect a snare. "Art thou a prophet, that thou darest to speak thus confidently of the future?"

"Sir," said Hamish, driven at last beyond his patience, and hardly knowing how to break his news more gently, "it needs not to be a prophet to foresee that the widow of a royalist and a Catholic to boot, shut up in prison and condemned on a false charge of murder, is in danger—nay, said I danger?—and is as certain of her doom as if she were already in her coffin."

Nellie uttered a wild cry, the first and last that escaped her lips that day, and Lord Netterville repeated faintly, "Murder!"

"Ay, murder; and in another week she dies," Hamish answered, now desperate as to the consequences of his revelation.

Nellie turned short round toward Roger:

"I must go!" she said. "I must go at once."

"Of course you must," he answered, in that helpful tone which had so often that morning already reassured her.

"She has sent me hither to see you," Hamish—with jealousy of the interference—was beginning, when any longer to conceal the anguish he was enduring, he gave a moan of pain, and leaned against the low wall of the tower.

Then for the first time he fell into his face, and saw it grow as white as ashes.

"My God! my God!" he cried in her perplexity. "What comes of us? He is dying."

"No, no," Hamish murmured, failing strength to answer. "Nothing. They shot at me from the boat on the beach, and the arm; but it is not broken. Only I could stop the bleeding. It should be well enough to wait a moment."

But he grew paler and fell back. He spoke, and the blood gushed from his arm, as he tried to get it for their inspection. He rushed to Norah to bring down the ladder from the tower, and he then found Nellie and Henrietta in the courtyard, vain and not very efficacious in their efforts to check the bleeding with kerchiefs. Hamish was by then well-nigh insensible, but the wine revived him, and he maintained that he was merely stunned from a flesh-wound. Roger ordered Norah to rummage out the bandages which he remembered among his soldier stores. He stanching the blood, and bound up the wounded arm. Nellie at the same time, her faithful follower was merely stunned from loss of blood, and the next day he would be as well as ever. Nellie must be forgiven that moment she had no time to accept for her mother.

"A few days," she cried, "then I must go back."

mother will be dead by that time. The English did not hear her. He came running back in that half-dreamy state which often follows upon loss of consciousness; but Roger answered in-
stantly:

"You shall go at once; but certainly not alone." He turned round to look for Lord Netterville; the old man had sunk upon the ground, and in his helplessness and misery was weeping like a child. "Lord Netterville!" said Roger, looking down at him.

Netterville dashed the tears from his eyes, and looked up anxiously at the young man's face.

"Lord Netterville," Roger repeating, he took his hand and helped him to stand up, "you see how the matter stands; your granddaughter is due to her mother, and go at once. Any delay were fatal. This fellow is totally unable to accompany her. Will you trust her to me? I swear to you that she is as dear and precious to me as my own sister, and that I will watch over her and wait upon her as if I were indeed her brother."

At a look of relief and confidence that was touching to behold, the old man wrung the hand which Roger gave him, and then silently turned toward Nellie. Roger did not ask her if she would accept of an escort; he felt that after the protests of the morning she would make no protestations of loyalty at all, and merely said:

"Two hours we can start; but I have to go first to the mainland for horses."

"Very well, that shall be my business," said Henrietta suddenly. "In two hours, at the foot of the round tower, you will find them waiting; I will bring you at the same time to a friend, who may, I think,

prove useful to you in Dublin. Follow me not now," she added in a tone that admitted of no reply, as Roger made a movement as if he would have gone with her to the boat, "follow me not now; I can best arrange matters if I go alone; but in two hours hence I shall expect you."

CHAPTER XIII.

HENRIETTA was as good as her word, and, thanks to her energy and kindness, Nellie, with Roger for an escort, was enabled to commence her journey that very afternoon, both she and her companion being mounted upon good swift steeds, which the young English girl had made no scruple of abstracting for the purpose from her father's stable. She had done even more than this; for she had conquered her pride and petulance sufficiently to write a letter to Major Ormiston, in which she entreated him, by the love he once professed to bear her, to do all he could for Nellie, and to procure her every facility for access to her mother. This she had given to Roger, hinting to him at the same time that her correspondent was high in favor of the Lord Deputy, and might possibly be able to induce the latter to commute the sentence of death hanging over Mrs. Netterville into one of fine or imprisonment, even if he could not or would not grant her a full pardon. Of this hope, however, Roger said not a syllable to Nellie, fearful, if it should come to naught, of adding the bitterness of disappointment to the terrible measure of misery which in that case would be her portion.

The journey to Dublin was a difficult and a long one, and if Nellie had been allowed to act according to her own wishes, she would probably have used up both herself and her

horse long before she had reached its end. Fortunately, however, for the accomplishment of her real object, Roger took a more exact measure of the strength of both than, under the circumstances, she was capable of doing for herself, and he insisted every night upon her seeking a few hours' repose in any habitation, however poor, which presented itself for the purpose.

With this precaution, and supported also in some measure by the very excitement of her misery, Nellie bore up bravely against the inevitable fatigues and discomforts of the journey. The horses, however, proved less untiring. In spite of Roger's best care and grooming, both at last began to show symptoms of distress, and they were a long day's journey yet from Dublin when it became evident to him that his own in particular was failing rapidly. Henrietta had chosen it chiefly for its quality of speed; but it was too light for a tall and powerfully-built man like Roger; and more than once that day he had been compelled to dismount, and proceed at a walking pace, in order to allow it to recover itself. Night was rapidly closing in, and Nellie, who, preoccupied by her own anxieties, had not as yet remarked the state of the poor animal, ventured to remonstrate with Roger upon the slowness of their proceedings. Then for the first time he pointed out to her the exhaustion of their steeds, acknowledging his conviction that his own in particular was in a dying state, and that two hours more, if he survived so long, would be the utmost measure of the work that he could expect him to accomplish. Nellie was for a moment in despair, and then a bold thought struck her—why not ride straight for Netterville? They had been for some hours in the country of the Pale, and

they could not be very far from their old home now. Every feature of the landscape was becoming more familiar to her eyes, and she was certain that, in less than the hours which Roger had assumed, they would have reached their native valley. Once there, they would not only be in the direct line to Dublin, but they would have a better chance of finding help, which they could have in a place where they were entirely unknown. No matter if it was true, as she now wholly believed, that the country was entirely, with its fields and woods, in the hands of the Parliament, but she was certain of the feelings of the poor people there, and she was certain as she was of her own strength, not only that they would not refuse her, but that they would allow them to help and speed them on their way. The plan seemed good at all events, no other present at the moment to Roger's mind, and accordingly, after having dismounted to relieve his horse, and to spare him for a fresh spur, he struck right across the country eastward toward the sea. He proved right in her conjecture, even less than two hours from the moment in which they started, they reached the valley of Netterville. They reached it, in fact, just in time. Roger had barely leaped from his horse's back ere the poor animal was rolling on the turf in the agonies of death. Nellie then proposed that they should walk to the cottage of old Grannie, and dismount there. Her horse was not so strong as that of Roger, nevertheless, it was even then unfit for work, and would in all probability be so on the morrow. Roger thought it better to leave the fate than to run the risk of giving notice by bringing it w

annie's habitation. He hoped, Nellie did, that they would have a chance of finding fresh steeds at Netterville next morning ; and after dly hiding the two saddles in a of gorse, they set out on their on foot. The old woman rel Nellie with a cry of joy. No r, however, did the latter men- ne business which had brought ere, than the faithful creature all her gladness at this unex- l meeting with her foster-child, rned to weep in good and sor- e earnest over the woe and : impending upon the house of rville, in the person of its un- mistress. While Nellie ate, or to eat, the simple fare set ber by her hostess, Roger told tter of the fate which had be- their horses, and inquired as possibility of replacing them sh ones. Grannie shook her despondingly. Royalists and mentarians alternately, she ad seized upon every available they could find in the country, as far as she knew, there was "garran" fit for a two hours' y within ten miles of Netter- As to Netterville itself, if were any horses left in its s, (which she doubted,) they of necessity belong to the Eng- ldier to whose lot, in the draw- the debentures, the castle and ounds had fallen ; much, the oman added with a chuckle, to sgust of the officer who com- d them at the time of the re- murder, and who, having covet- place exceedingly for himself, opposed to have pressed the heavily against Mrs. Netter- or the facilitating of his own wish. ger listened to all this in si- privately resolving to risk his retention, if discovered, as an

outlaw, and to visit the stable of Netterville next morning, in hopes of procuring a fresh mount. As nothing, however, could be done till then, he entreated Nellie to lie down and rest, after which he left the hut, there not being a second chamber in it, and throwing himself on a bank of heather on the outside, was soon fast asleep. It was long before Nellie could follow his example, but at last she fell into that state of dreamless stupor which often, in cases of extreme exhaustion, takes the place of healthy slumber. Such as it was, at all events, it was rest—rest of body and rest of mind—a truce to the aching of weary limbs, and to the yet more intolerable weariness of a mind wincing and shivering beneath a coming woe. The first gleam of day- light roused her from it. There was never any pleasant twilight now, between sleeping and waking, in Nel- lie's mind ! With the first gleam of consciousness came ever the pale image of her mother, and there was neither rest nor sleep for her after that. In the present instance, anx- iety as to the chance of being able to prosecute her journey at all, was added to her other troubles ; and, unable to endure suspense upon such a vital point even for a moment, she opened the door quietly, so as not to disturb old Granny, and looked out for Roger. He was nowhere to be seen, and she guessed at once that he had gone up to the castle. Then a longing seized her to look once more upon the old place where she had been so happy formerly ; and, without giving herself time to waver, she walked hurriedly up the valley. She did not, however, venture to the front of the house, but resolved in- stead to take a path which, skirting round it, would lead her to the offices behind. It was, by one of those strange accidents which we call

chance, but for which the angels perhaps have quite another name, the very path which her mother had always taken when visiting the sick soldier. The door of the room which he had occupied was slightly ajar as Nellie passed it; and, moved by an impulse for which she could never afterward thoroughly account, she pushed it open without noise, and entered. The room was not uninhabited, as she had at first supposed. A woman, evidently in the last stage of some mortal malady, lay stretched upon the bed, and a soldier of the Cromwellian type was seated with an open Bible in his hand beside her. He had probably been employed either in reading or exhorting, but at the moment when Nellie entered, it was the woman who was speaking.

"I tell you, soldier!" Nellie heard her querulously murmur—"I tell you, soldier, it is mere waste of breath, your preaching. So long as that woman's death lies heavy on my soul, so long I can look for nothing better in the next world than hell."

At that very moment Nellie noiselessly advanced, and stood in silence at the foot of the bed.

The woman recognized her at once, and with a wild shriek flung herself out of the bed at her feet. The girl recoiled in horror and dismay. She had learned the whole story of her mother's condemnation from Hamish ere she left Clare Island.

"Murderess of my mother!" she cried, in a voice hoarse with anguish. "Dare not to lay hands upon her daughter."

"Mercy! mercy!" cried the woman, grovelling on the ground, and seeking with her white shrunken fingers to lay hold of the hem of Nellie's garment. "Mercy! mercy!"

"Where shall I find mercy for my mother?" Nellie asked, as white as

ashes, and shaking from her in the agony of her struggle conscience and resentment urging her to forgive her other to leave her to
"Where shall I find mercy for my mother?"

"You see, soldier—you moaned the poor wretch on the floor, 'the daughter cannot me; why then should God

"What would you have Nellie, almost maddened by mental conflict. "What would you have? I cannot cure you can I do?"

"You can forgive," she answered feebly; "then God will pardon also."

"O my God! my God! strength and grace sufficient for Nellie; and then, by an almost superhuman char- stooped, put her arms round the creature's neck, and kiss

The woman uttered a cry and fell back heavily out of her arms. A long silence followed.

Nellie looked at the dead face, lying quietly on the floor, and felt as if she were dying; so utterly did her senses seem to leave her, and so dead and numbed all her faculties in the hour that had been put upon the hand was laid at last upon her. Nellie started violently, but had totally forgotten even the presence of the soldier.

"Nay, fear not, maiden, grieve inordinately," he said in a voice of mingled pity and sternness. "Thou hast acted in business (I am bound to be true to the truth) in a way unworthy of thy mother's daughter."

"Thank God, at least, thou gave her," Nellie murmured, her breath, scarce conscious he was saying.

"Nay, and in very deed," he answered, "thy presence here has been a crowning and a saving mercy for the poor wretch whom we have seen expire. Ever since I found her here last night, dying alone and in despair, I have been striving for her with the Lord, and praying and exhorting, but, as it seemed to me, all in vain, until thy kiss of peace fell like a balm more precious even than that of Gilead on her soul, and restored it, I cannot doubt, (for I saw a light as of exceeding gladness settle upon her dying features,) restored it to long banished peace."

"Thank God that he gave me grace to do it!" Nellie once more whispered. It seemed as if she were powerless to think of aught besides.

"They who do mercy shall in due time find it!" rejoined the soldier, putting a small scrap of written paper into her hand. "In this very room thy mother tended me, when my own comrades had deserted me, fearing the infection; in this very room yonder woman, having been expelled the other portions of the mansion, since order has been taken for the separation of God's elect from the sinful daughters of the land, took up her abode some three days since; and in this very room I last night found her, dying of the malady of which, but for thy mother's care, I must have also perished, and so moved by the prospect of eternal retribution which lay before her, that she of her own accord did dictate, and did suffer me to write down on the spot, a full confession of her own guilt in the matter of the murdered Tomkins. She told me then—and many times afterward in the course of the long night she did continue to aver it—that she herself it was who did the deed for which Mrs. Netterville stands condemned to die; she having, in a drunken squabble,

seized the man's pistol and shot him dead upon the spot. And she furthermore avowed, with unspeakable groanings and many tears, that, terrified at the consequences of her own act, and moved besides by a fiendish desire of vengeance against thy mother, who had in some way unwittingly, in times past, offended her, she not only accused her of the murder, but maintained that accusation afterward upon oath when examined before the High Court of Commissioners in Dublin. Now then, maiden, rise up and speed. Thy mother's life is in thy hands; for with that paper, writ and witnessed by one who, however humble, is not altogether unknown as a zealous soldier in the camp of Israel—with that paper, I say, to attest her innocence, they must of a certainty acknowledge it, and let her go."

"How shall I thank thee, O my God!" cried Nellie, scarcely able to believe her ears that she had heard the soldier rightly.

"It is good to praise God always," he replied sententiously, "but at this moment briefly. Thy present care must be to get to Dublin with what speed thou mayest."

"Alas!" said Nellie, "how shall I get there? I have ridden day and night ever since I heard this unhappy news, and only yesterday evening our horses were so knocked up, that I and my companion had to find our way hither as best we could on foot."

"There are but two horses in these stables, and neither of them are mine to offer," said the soldier, evidently distressed and anxious at the dilemma in which his *protégée* was placed. "Nevertheless, and the Lord aiding me in my endeavors, I will do what I can. Come with me to the courtyard—I doubt not but thou knowest the way well enough already."

Yes, indeed ! poor Nellie knew it well enough, and at any other time she might have wept at revisiting on so sad an errand a spot hitherto pleasantly associated in her mind with many a childish frolic, and many a petted animal, the favorites of the days gone by. Just now, however, she had no inclination to dwell on the memories of the past. Joy at the proved innocence of her mother, and a wild fear lest she herself should arrive too late in Dublin to allow of her profiting by the disclosure, filled her whole soul, and left no room there for sentimental sorrows. She found Roger already in the yard, engaged in hot discussion with an officer of the English army, a coal-black charger, which the latter was holding carelessly by the bridle, being the apparent object of the dispute.

"Ay," muttered her conductor, as he glanced toward the group ; "it is, I see, even as I suspected, and I shall have to pay dearly for Black Cromwell." Then leaving Nellie a little in the background, he went up to the English officer and said :

"Here is an unhappy maiden, Captain Rippel, bound upon an errand of life and death, and sorely in need of a good steed to bear her. The fate of a grave, God-fearing woman, even of Mistress Netterville herself, the late owner of this mansion, is dependent on her speed, and, had I twenty horses in the stable, as I have not one, I declare unto thee as God liveth and seeth, that she should have her choice among them all."

"Yea, and undoubtedly," the other answered with a sneer. "Nevertheless, since it is even as thou sayest, and that thou hast them not, I fear me, good master sergeant, that this young daughter of Moab, who has been lucky enough to find favor in

your eyes, will be none the less your good intentions."

"Sir, if you be a man—man—you cannot, you will refuse!" cried the indignant. "Consider, this young lady, suppliant where once she d honored mistress of the man; you cannot of a surety say na member it is no gift we crave your purse contains double the your steed, strong and of a breeding as undoubtedly he

He held up a purse as he the parting gift of Henriette whom, however, he had accepted merely as a loan, to be after paid in some of the most valuable articles yet left him in his. It was well filled and heaved with a little smile of scorn that waved it quietly on one side.

"And how am I to be compensated, pray you, that this young man who seems to have cast wits on you both—is in reality Mistress Netterville, or any other indeed, a base impostor?" he asked in a most offensive leer. "Several days have as yet elapsed since I hither, sent by the Lord High himself, to put order in this, and to separate the elect of the sinful daughters of this land—"

"Sir, do you dare!" cried suddenly cutting short his and, raising his hand, he would have struck him to the ground if the diabolical had not placed himself between them, saying in a tone to Roger :

"If thou wouldst not destroy the young maiden's hopes altogether, leave this affair to me. I will look or word of thine, and I will utterly miscarry."

Roger felt the man was not won by violence or anger.

could best serve Nellie. He d himself at once, therefore, l back, while the soldier said to his superior officer :

ou hast not, peradventure, y, forgotten the offer which idst make to me some three ince, when first the way in the Lord had disposed of our s made known to us at Net- ?”

rgotten—no, in sooth — not e other answered roughly. have I forgotten either with anifest folly and ingratitude dst reject it ; better though it y a hundred pieces of good than that which one of thy les didst thankfully accept ajor Pepper.”

ow Black Cromwell and the are Daylight into the bargain, accept,” the soldier answered :

hat, part with Black Crom-

Black Cromwell, who hath l me unhurt through more bat-an David himself ever fought t the Philistines?” the officer ded with well-affected astonish-

“Verily and indeed, master nt, thou art, as I do perceive, hstanding thy good odor for unctionious sanctity—thou art, but an extortioner after all. t been the mare alone, now, she also is a very marvel for th and speed—I had never ee nay ; but to talk to me of ; with Black Cromwell is to ne, so to speak, upon the very of the eye.”

vertheless I have a fancy for nd if I cannot get him, I will old fast to Netterville, the ince which the Lord himself f late assigned me in this new f promise,” the other steadily l

ere is the good horse, Battle

of Worcester, he is stronger than Black Cromwell, and would altogether suit the maiden better,” his superior rejoined in a coaxing tone.

“Yea, but he hath an ugly trick of going lame ere the first mile is over,” Sergeant Jackson responded with a knowing smile, and then he added in a tone which was evidently intended to bring the discussion to an end, “It will be all in vain to dispute this matter any further, Captain Rippel. If you have in truth, as you seem to say, made up your mind to keep Black Cromwell for your own riding, I, on the other hand, am equally resolved not to part with this house of Netterville, which will serve me well enough, I doubt not, as a residence, once I have brought my old mother hither to help me in its keeping.”

“Nay, then, usurer, take the horse and thy money with it !” cried the officer, in a tone far less expressive of vexation than of triumph at the result of the discussion. “Take thy money and hand me over that debenture which, with the loss of such a charger as Black Cromwell, is, I fear me, but too dearly purchased.”

Without deigning to utter a single syllable in return, Sergeant Jackson took the purse which the other in his affected indignation almost flung at his head, with one hand, while with the other he drew forth from the breast-pocket of his coat a paper, being the identical debenture in question, and presented it to his officer. Captain Rippel snatched it hastily from him, ran his eye over it to make sure that it was the right one, and then, turning on his heel, sauntered out of the courtyard, without even condescending to glance toward the spot where Nellie stood anxiously awaiting the result.

Sergeant Jackson instantly dived into one of the stables, and seizing a side-saddle, (Nellie’s own saddle

seen a favorite one in Dublin, the more antique portions of y there existed houses, even to recent period of its history, which might still be read the and occupations of the men more than two hundred years had resided within their walls. he day on which we are about oduce Dublin to our readers, had been a considerable t of stir and bustle going on its inhabitants, and more esy among those of Bridge street. s had, in fact, been rife since awn of an expected rising of oels (as the king's partisans en styled by their opponents) north; and men speculated in nd fear, as their secret wishes them, on the probability of port. It received something nfirmation in the afternoon, two regiments of recently ar-English soldiers, armed from o heel, and evidently ready to action at a moment's notice, been marched out of the city nt northward. Later on in r, moreover, it became known e Lord-Deputy himself, Henry ell, the best of Ireland's elers, accompanied by a strong was proceeding in the same on, and might be looked for moment at the "Ormond which shut out Bridge street city side, just as the "Gate- closed it on that of the Old

if people stood at their doors adows to do honor to the com- their king-deputy, there yet l to be another and still strong- iction for them at the end of et opposite that by which he pected to appear. Eyes were ite as often, though more fur- in the direction of the Old as in that of the Ormond

Gate; for, in the midst of other rumors, there had come a whisper, no one knew how or by whom it had been first set agoing, that a person suspected of belonging to the rebel party had just been arrested on the river, having attempted, by means of a boat, to elude the passage of the Old Bridge, and so penetrate unchal- lenged into the heart of the city.

There followed, as a matter of course, much secret and some anx- ious speculation as to the rank and real object of the arrested person, but no one ventured to make open inquiry into the matter. Cromwell's brief reign of blood had stricken men dumb with fear. To have shown the smallest interest in persons sus- pected of belonging to the rebel par- ty, would have been but to have drawn down suspicion on themselves; and suspicion, in those hard times, was too nearly akin to condemnation to be heedlessly incurred. Instead, therefore, of going at once to the Gate-house and ascertaining the real facts of the case from its guardians, people were content, while awaiting the appearance of the military caval- cade from the castle, to question and conjecture among themselves as to the rank and real business of the arrested man. A flourish of trum- pets before Ormond Gate put a stop at last to their gossipings. Heads and eyes, if not hearts and good wishes, were instantly turned in that direction; the gate was flung open, and Henry Cromwell, surrounded by a goodly company of officers and private gentlemen, rode at a brisk pace through it. A moment after- ward, and he had swept past all the gazers, and pulled up opposite the Old Bridge. The guard at the Gate- house instantly turned out to receive him, the portcullis was drawn up, and he was actually spurring his horse forward to the bridge, when a

girl, in the habit of a western peasant, darted through the soldiers and flung herself on her knees before him. The movement was so rapid and unexpected that, if the Lord-Deputy had not reined up his steed until he nearly threw it on its haunches, he must inevitably have ridden over her. A moment of silent astonishment ensued. The girl herself uttered no cry, and said not a syllable as to the nature of her petition; but as she lifted up her head toward the Lord Henry, her hood, falling back upon her shoulders, revealed a face of ashy whiteness, and there was a pleading, agonized expression in the dark eyes she raised to his, which told more than many words, of the inarticulate anguish of the soul within.

Henry Cromwell was not of a nature to be harsh to any one, much less to a woman; but there had been information enough sent in to him that morning to make him suspect a snare, and he turned sternly for explanation to the chief officer of the guard.

"What means this unseemly interruption, corporal?" he asked, as the latter was vainly endeavoring to induce Nellie to rise from her knees. "Is this maiden a prisoner? or if not a prisoner, is she distraught, that she thus ventures, bare-headed and dressed in such ungodly play-acting fashion, to rush into our very presence?"

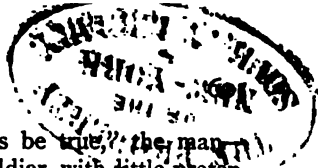
"A prisoner of only half-an-hour's standing is she, may it please your excellency," the soldier answered promptly, "she and her companion! They were seen attempting to cross the river in a boat borrowed from some of the natives on the other side, and as it seemed to me that their purpose must needs be seditious to demand such secrecy, I caused both to be apprehended, and have

kept them here to wait your further directions in the matter."

"Ormiston," said the Lord turning to one of the young group of officers behind him, "main you here, and examine Corporal Holdfast, into this matter. If there be aught which seems important hid beneath this manner of folly, follow me at once to the manogue, where I shall have to detain me for a couple of days; but if it be only, as I do suspect, a silly freak of a love-sick man, that case I shall not look for here to-morrow morning, when I will bring me, as I have expected already, the last despatches which may have come from England."

Having thus somewhat suddenly despatched poor Nellie's case, but little dreaming of the grievance he had done her in appointing Ormiston her guardian, Cromwell dashed over the hill, and, followed instantly by his men, galloped northward. The Lord-Deputy saw that her efforts to speak with the Lord-Deputy himself would prove in vain, and, risen of her own accord, with her hood once more drawn modestly over her head and face, had stood to let him pass, with a calm dignity in her look and bearing which had its due effect upon the soldier who had made her prisoner. He did not again attempt to detain her, or even to address her, but stood near her silently and respectfully, as if he seemed to wait until of her own accord she should return with him to the Gate-house. Thus unnoticed, Nellie forgot his existence altogether, and equally heedless of the presence of the Lord-Deputy, was now looking curiously and compassionately at her, she stood considering what her next move should be, when, in

Nellie Netterville.



his orders, Harry Ormiston
shed her.

He took Corporal Holdfast's
beside her, Nellie lifted her
his face, and recognized him
y as the young officer who
en riding with Henrietta on
of their first meeting in the
ess. A soft cry of joy escap-
lips, and Harry Ormiston
down in his half-uttered greet-
He also remembered her face
we not already told our
that it was by no means one
to be forgotten?—but of the
r the where that he had seen
ad no such distinct a recol-

Silently, and with a look of
hope stealing over that fair
Nellie drew Henrietta's missive
r bosom and placed it in his

ston glanced at the super-
n, and with a flush of honest
ntling on his features, eagerly
open. Scarcely, however, had
d three lines ere the scene
the mountains, which had
in his quarrel with his be-
rose before him like a vision,
tantly remembering Nellie as
girl who had been in some
e, albeit unwittingly, its cause,
ed sharply upon Corporal
st.

What is this, corporal? I fear
have made some grave mis-
This young maiden whom
d a prisoner is the bearer to
token from one whose zeal
thfulness in the good cause
be suspected—even from a
r of the household of that
nd God-fearing Major Hewit-
o has set up his camp on the
ge of the wilderness, and thus
f his small garrison a very
f strength against the incur-
the enemy."

y, and if your honor says it,

it must needs be true," the man
a bluff old soldier, with little preten-
sions to sanctity in his composition
—answered with suppressed impa-
tience; "and therefore I can only
marvel that a maiden, known and
esteemed by the family of worthy
Major Hewitson, should not only
have sought to cheat our vigilance
by crossing the river privately in a
boat, but should have done so in the
company of a man whom I myself
can testify to having been a chief of
some repute in the army of the Irish
enemy, having crossed swords with
him at the battle of 'Knockna-
clashy,' as I think they call it in their
barbarous language, where he fought
(I needs must own it) with a valor
worthy of a better cause."

Major Ormiston turned, gravely
but kindly, to Nellie.

"I fear me much," he said, "that
you have been but ill-advised in all
this business. Why not have pre-
sented yourself openly at the bridge
if the matter which has brought you
hither will bear investigation? and
why, more than all the rest, have you
come attended by a person whose
very company must needs render
you suspect yourself?"

"O sir!" said Nellie, weeping
sadly, as she began to fear that even
Henrietta's recommendation to mercy
might perhaps avail her little; "we
had not the password, without which
we never should have been permit-
ted to enter Dublin by the bridge;
and our errand is, alas! of such a
nature, that every moment lost is of
deep and sad importance."

"Our errand," Ormiston thought-
fully repeated. "This errand, then,
is not entirely your own, but is in
some way or other interesting also
to the man by whom Master Hold-
fast tells me you are accompanied."

"He should have said 'a gentle-
man,'" Nellie answered, with a slight

rebuking emphasis on the latter word—"a gentleman who, at his own great trouble, and, I fear me, risk, has enabled me to accomplish this journey; in which, however, he has no other interest than such as any kind and noble heart might feel in the sorrows and perils of an unprotected girl."

"Where is he—this other prisoner?" Ormiston asked, turning for information to the corporal.

"In the gate-house, sir, where we have him safe under lock and key; for he was no prisoner to be left at large like this silly maiden, who begged so hard to be allowed to see the Lord-Deputy go by, that I found it not in my heart to deny her so small a favor; for the doing of which, I trust I have not incurred the displeasure either of your honor or of his highness the Lord Henry."

"Certainly not, honest Holdfast; you have acted both well and mercifully in all this business. And now lead the way to the gate-house, and trouble not your wits about this young maiden. I myself will be her surety that she attempt not to escape."

He offered his hand very respectfully to Nellie as he finished speaking, and she suffered him to lead her in silence toward the bridge. As they entered the gate-house, however, she quietly withdrew her hand and glided from his side to that of Roger.

Ormiston instantly recognized the latter as the dispossessed owner of the "Rath," and an officer, beside, of some standing in the recently disbanded army of the Irish. Courteously saluting him, therefore, he informed him that he had been deputed by the Lord-Deputy to inquire into the nature of the business which had brought him to Dublin, adding an earnest hope on his own part that it

might prove to be in no way connected with political affairs.

"That, most assuredly," said Roger, pleased and gratified by the young officer's manifested interest in the letter which Ormiston still held open in his hand, that he was addressing the person to whom it had been intended. "This business is one which solely concerns her, in fact, so near as you cannot aid her, as Miss Ormiston half hinted that you would not, at all events, you will do as much of my liberty for that as may enable me to do so. I too am a soldier and a Major Ormiston, and you will tell me that I will not abuse your confidence."

"Sir," said Nellie in reply, "you have not read the letter; I would but read the letter! Miss Hewitson half promised to read it for me!"

Thus called upon, Ormiston cast his eyes over Henrietta's letter, concluding it to be on matters wholly personal to himself, he reserved for more private consideration, reserving for more private, before more satisfactory perusal.

Nellie watched him anxiously as he read on, and with a spasm at her heart she saw that, gradually taking in the nature of the contents, his first look of eagerness appeared, and was succeeded by a look of deep and tender pity—which made itself felt in the very tone of his voice, as he exclaimed:

"Young Mistress Netterville! God! And I never even thought of the relationship! Alas! I should have come so far, or I should have suffered sorrow and disappointment to end."

"Oh! not dead! not dead!" Nellie, terrified by his words, looked up. "Say, not dead—I do entreat you!"

no!—not dead—*yet*," he answered nervously. He could not himself to say that she was to die on the morrow.

"Yes, Major Ormiston," Roger interposed, for Nellie was sobbing in speechless anguish, "if not all is well—or may at all events be well—for this most injured man I have hope still—hope in the aid and justice even of our enemy. This is paper! It was written by the man who hath lately received as his share the Irish spoil the house and the land of Netterville, and who is ready on oath that he took it down for word from the lips of the woman who did that deed for which Mrs. Netterville stands condemned to die."

Ormiston glanced rapidly over the paper which Roger had drawn from his bosom and given to him.

"Yes, yes!" he cried joyfully, "I am not in the least. Sergeant Ormiston is well known as a man of integrity beyond suspicion, and these men moreover, do but repeat the demands which the unhappy lady urged upon me, and over again upon her trial, saying that the accusation against me is an act of private vengeance. I think this can be discussed here."

"Time presses; and whatever must be done to save her, must be done at once."

"We will appeal to the Lords Chief-Justices," suggested Roger; but Ormiston shook his head with a little smile of scorn.

"It is little likely *they* to reverse a sentence pronounced in their own favour!" he said. "No, no! it is to the Lord-Deputy we must appeal. I will follow after him at once, and in a few hours at the furthest you will hear for me with the result. I trust in God that it may be a good result."

"I will follow after him at once, and in a few hours at the furthest you will hear for me with the result. I trust in God that it may be a good result."

"I will follow after him at once, and in a few hours at the furthest you will hear for me with the result. I trust in God that it may be a good result."

they heard him gallop across the bridge. The next two hours were passed by Nellie in an agony of expectation which was painful to behold. She could not stay still a moment. Sometimes she paced the narrow guard-room with rapid and impatient footsteps—sometimes, regardless of the presence of the English soldiery, she flung herself on her knees, weeping and praying almost aloud in her agony. Every stir upon the bridge—every sound from the street beyond, seemed to announce the return of her messenger, and at these moments she would stand up, shivering from head to foot in such a fever of hope and fear, that Roger at last became seriously alarmed, and remonstrated firmly and affectionately with her on her want of self-command. At last, to his inexpressible relief, a bustle at the doorway announced Ormiston's return, and a moment afterward the latter entered the guard-room. Nellie stood up, as white as ashes, and utterly incapable of either speaking or moving toward him. Shocked at the mute anguish of her face, Ormiston took her hand in his; but when she looked at him, expecting him to address her, he hesitated, like one doubtful of the effect of the tidings he was bringing.

"For God's sake, speak at once!" cried Roger. "Anything is better for her than this suspense! Say, is it life or death?"

"Not death, certainly—at least I hope not," said Ormiston, vainly seeking in his own mind for some fitter words by which to convey his meaning.

The blood rushed to Nellie's temples, and the pupils of her eyes dilated, but still she could not answer.

"You *hope*?" Roger repeated sadly. He saw, though Nellie did not, that there still existed some uncertainty in the matter.

"There is a reprieve at all events," he said, in the same joyless tones in which he had before replied.

The color faded from Nellie's cheek, and the gladness from her eye. "Only a reprieve—only *that*," she muttered, in tones so hoarse and changed that the young men could hardly believe it to be hers—"only that!"

"But the rest will follow," said Ormiston, trying to reassure her. "The Lord-Deputy will himself inquire into the business, and—"

"Nay, then, she is safe indeed!" Nellie interrupted him to say. "With that confession, furnished by her chief accuser, her innocence must be clear as daylight. O sir! she is safe—surely she is safe!" she added, trying to reassure herself by the repetition of the word, and yet sorely puzzled by a something in Ormiston's eyes which looked more like pity than sympathy in her joy.

"Safe? I trust so—with all my heart and soul I trust so," he answered gravely. "Nevertheless, my dear young lady, I would counsel you, as a friend, not to suffer your hopes to soar too high, lest any after disappointment should be too terrible for endurance."

"If she is reprieved, she will be pardoned; and if she is pardoned, she will live," Nellie repeated slowly, like one trying yet dreading to discover the hidden meaning of his words.

"She will live," he amended gently; "yes, certainly, if God hath decreed it as well as man."

"Nay, if she is in God's hands

only, I am content," said Nellie, with a sudden return to confidence somewhat astonished Ormiston also have been in God's hand added, with an appealing look to Roger, "and can tell how much more merciful they are than man's. I conclude from what you say that she is ailing; may I not go to see her once?"

"If you are strong enough," he began, but she interrupted with a burst of grief and indignation.

"How? not strong enough! I have come all this way to see my mother, mother!" she sobbed convulsively, "little you dream your mother is near, bringing peace and pardon to your prison!"

Roger saw that Ormiston would more than he liked to tell, and in a low voice:

"The poor lady, then, is very ill. Dying!" the other answered sadly.

"Will her daughter be in time to see her, think you?"

"In time; but that is all. She has burst a blood-vessel, as I have now learned, and this reprieve is little better than a mockery; one dreams that she could have lived for the tragedy of to-morrow."

"Then let Nellie go at once," said Roger promptly. "She has waited night and day to see her mother, and sad as the meeting may be, it will be sadder still if they meet no more. Let her go at once."

And so it was decided.

NEWMAN'S POEMS.

BY H. W. WILBERFORCE.

e volume of poems pub-
mously under this hum-
duced an impression im-
n its publication, not only
olics but among English
general, which could hard-
n caused by a volume of
any other writer of the
he exception, perhaps, of
e. The explanation is to
the initials J. H. N. at
the preface—a signature
world-wide celebrity.
ay be those who feel sur-
find that a man chiefly
aving been, under God's
and grace, the main au-
xford movement of 1833,
found to have possess-
cised extraordinary poet-
It may perhaps be part-
feeling of envy, partly a
tion how rarely any one
es numerous unconnect-
which makes the world
luctant to admit that any
reatly distinguished him-
e far removed from that
s own. But that feeling,
what it may, does not in-
ly to the case before us,
would seem that the gifts
ially qualify a man to pro-
p effect upon the hearts
ences of his fellows, to be
r and leader of any great
ought, social, moral, poli-
igious, are very much the
se required for the making
poet.

This is at first sight so obvious, that
we incline to think the only real argu-
ment against it would be, an appeal
to experience. It will be said, there
is a small class of men who have won
among their fellows (as if it were a
title of honor formally secured to
them) the name of "the poet," and
no one of them has been, except in
his own special art of poetical com-
position, among the great leaders of
human thought. But this is easily
accounted for. A man immersed for
years in public affairs of any kind,
however richly his mind may have
been stored with poetical images, and
however natural it may have been to
him to have sought for them a poeti-
cal expression, can rarely have had
leisure to cultivate the merely artis-
tic part of poetical composition to the
degree necessary for success as a
poet. It is hardly likely that in his
case there should combine the many
accidental circumstances necessary
(over and above the possession of
great poetical endowments) for the
composition, publication, and general
diffusion of any considerable poetical
work. And even if all these should
happen to meet, the mere fact of being
very greatly distinguished in any other
line is of itself, we strongly suspect,
enough to prevent any man from being
chiefly remembered as a great poet.
The name of "the poet Cowper" is
a household word in every English
family. But if "William Cowper,
Esq., of the Inner Temple" (as his
name stands on the title-page) had
risen to the woolsack, we believe that,
even though he might have written
the same poems, he would never have

Various Occasions. London: Burns,
68. For sale at the Catholic Publi-
co Nassau street, New York.

gained the title. If indeed mediocrity in everything else had sufficed to gain a high and permanent reputation for a man of equal mediocrity in poetical talents, we should now have talked of Cowper's friend as "the poet Hayley." But that the highest poetical genius does not obtain the title for a man otherwise conspicuous, is proved by the example of Shakespeare. Merely because he has left behind him dramatic works to which the world affords no rival, not even the preëminent poetical genius shown in his poems has caused the world at large to speak and think of him as "the poet Shakespeare." Nor would Dryden, despite of his matchless lyric poems, have attained the title, if among his numerous plays he had written *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Lear*.

It seems to us that these considerations are enough to answer the objection from experience, which might perhaps be urged against our opinion, that the qualities which qualify a man to exercise a deep influence on his fellows and make him a leader of the souls of men, are in fact the same as those which qualify him for success as a poet.

We think this volume will convince most of those who read it that we are right. The weighty and touching thoughts of these poems bear the stamp of the same mint from which issued those volumes of sermons, which, far more than any other work, have impressed a permanent stamp upon the generation of English readers which is now tending, as Dr. Newman says of himself, "toward the decline of life." It is impossible to read them without feeling that, if his life had been one of mere literary leisure, his chosen employment would probably have been poetry. As it is, he has evidently resorted to it, not when he was thinking of others, but when he sought to relieve the fulness

of his own soul. In this world written in prose; his poetry has the record of his inner struggles, emotions, and has been written himself and his God.

As long as any memory of the English nation and the English language remains among men, Dr. Newman, we doubt not, will be remembered and revered; not indeed one of the few whom poetry has made great, but as one of the great who have written poetry. And far from deeming it strange that this should be the case with the author of the movement of 1832, for our part, should have thought it strange if, in a man of the literary culture, the intense faith in which that movement originated had not relieved themselves by poetical expression. We believe, that that few if any great moral movements have taken place in something more or less of the kind has not been found. Perhaps the most remarkable exception is the change of religion in England in the sixteenth century; the least of which not only produced no poetical work, but did not lead behind them so much as a hymn. There was a striking contrast, not between the contemporary movement and many, and to that of the Metaphysicals in the eighteenth century, but to that of the earlier Lollards. The explanation, however, is not far to seek. Lord Macaulay says, "It was perhaps the only person who took any important share in the Reformation, who did not regard it as a mere political job." Not so attractive as jobbing is to many clever men, it is hardly qualified to inspire any poetical afflatus. Newman was too busy getting work done for himself, to be much concerned with poetical images. Besides, the religious reformation in England appealed

men's deeper feelings, as to natural and reasonable dislike; their property confiscated; themselves imprisoned, hanged, up alive; and this last kind of neither needed nor encouretical powers.

turn to the volume before us, ns were so evidently written the author himself that it is al good fortune that they ver been published. The part of them first appeared es called the *Lyra Apostolica*, successive numbers of the *Magazine*, edited by the late ames Rose, in which several ewman's earliest prose writ- re originally published. It rward issued in the form of volume, the first edition of peared in 1836. By far the part of it was supplied by wman; the other poems, by his intimate friends.* 'To

were John Bowden, "with whom" (Dr. ites in the *Apologia*) "I spent almost ex- y undergraduate years." He died just Newman became a Catholic. His two v fathers in the London Oratory.—Hurrell ose noble character and high gifts Dr. as sketched with admirable force, truth, in three pages of the *Apologia*, which he saying: "It is difficult to enumerate the tions to my theological creed which I de- a friend to whom I owe so much. He ok with admiration toward the Church of in the same degree dislike the Reformat- ized on me the idea of devotion to the gin, and he led me gradually to believe in rescence." He died February 29th, 1836, ly," says Dr. Newman, "and in the con- sition-state of opinion. His religious reached their ultimate conclusion, by the of their multitude and their depth."—John author of *The Christian Year*, of whom n writes (*Apologia*, edition i. p. 75) words eep feelings shared by many who are now, ace, members of the Catholic Church. He 5, and at this moment, on his birthday, the first stone of a new college at Oxford, testimonial to him, and bearing his name, l by the Archbishop of Canterbury.—Ro- Wilberforce, second son of William Wil- from his earliest years his character seem- of truth, purity, unselfishness, tenderness and indefatigable diligence. As his great eloped, they showed themselves perhaps :markable from their combination with a umility so extraordinary as to be his chief ic. After a university career of unusual he was elected fellow of Oriel College, on

these are added, in the present vol- ume, a few of earlier and a good many of later date. All of them seem equally to have been compos- ed without any view to publication, and considering that their illustrious author has always been remarkable for a dislike to put himself forward, and for an almost extreme suscepti- bility of feeling, some persons may wonder that he has ever been able to persuade himself to give them to the world. We do not share their won- der; for we long ago came to the conclusion that it is by men of the greatest natural reserve that the full- est confidences of their inner feelings are not unfrequently made. In the common intercourse of society such men display least of their real feel- ing. But being distinguished from others by the depth and strength of their thoughts and affections, more lasting convictions and emotions, and greater self-knowledge, they can, up- on any call of duty, speak out most unreservedly and sincerely; and the pain it gives them to make any reve-

the same day with Hurrell Froude, with whom he is classed by Dr. Newman, in the *Apologia*, as one with whom he was, "in particular, intimate and affection- ate." He became a country clergyman, and afterward archdeacon; and in 1838 published (in combination with the present Bishop of Oxford) the *Life of Wil- liam Wilberforce*. His theological works were all of later date. It is characteristic that he always declared he would never have undertaken any of them if Mr. Newman had not left the field unoccupied. In the opinion of most persons, except himself, his equal in learning and ability was not then left in the Church or England. In 1854, he became a member of the Catho- lic Church, and died in 1857, while studying at Rome for the priesthood.—Isaac Williams was fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. He remained much longer in Oxford, sharing Mr. Newman's intercourse and counsels. In 1840, Mr. Newman dedicated the beau- tiful volume on *The Church of the Fathers* "to my dear and much admired Isaac Williams, the sight of whom carries back his friends to ancient, holy, and happy times." He is, perhaps, best known by his published poems; but he has also published a series of devotional commentaries on the gospels, of great beauty and to which many are deeply indebted. He died in 1865. Dr. Newman went to visit him in his country retirement only a few days before. Our read- ers, we think, will feel an interest in this brief memorial of a group of men so closely connected with the col- lection in which many of these poems originally ap- peared.

lation of their inner selves is such that, to do it completely, costs them little, if anything, more than to speak of themselves at all. This, all the world sees, has been exemplified in the *Apologia*, and in its measure it has been the same with the *Lyra Apostolica*, and with the present volume. The poems in the *Lyra* were, nearly all of them, the expression of the thoughts which crowded into the mind of Dr. Newman during a tour in the Mediterranean, between December, 1832, and July, 1833. The present volume adds very greatly to their interest by giving the place and day of their composition. Thus, the poem headed "Angelic Guidance" was written on the day on which he left Oxford. In our days, in which a very few hours upon the Great Western takes Oxford men to Falmouth without trouble or fatigue, the date, "Whitchurch, December 3d, 1832," is interesting. Whitchurch is a somewhat dreary and secluded village, at which the direct road from Oxford to Southampton intersected the mail road from London to Exeter and Falmouth. There was in those days a coach to Southampton, to the top of which Mr. Newman mounted, (the present writer and other Oriel friends standing in the street, in front of the Angel Inn, to see the last of him.) Before midday he reached Whitchurch, and there had to wait till night for the Falmouth mail. We should be curious to know what has become of the large inn at Whitchurch which was maintained by this sort of traffic. It must long ago have been shut up. Mr. Newman's life had hitherto been almost entirely confined to one or two places, and now he was starting alone for distant lands, and began by waiting many hours at a lonely and (*crede experto*) sufficiently dreary inn. His thoughts turned to the guardian angel who, as

he already believed, bore company. The *Apologia* tells early in life his thoughts had angels and their ministrations. He says of these lines: "They 'the vision' that haunted the vision is more or less brought the whole series of these visions." We need hardly much these circumstances the interest of the poem, appeared in the *Lyra* without planation of the circumstances which it was composed.

It is impossible to read poems without feeling how man takes with him from the thoughts which are even by the most striking and orable scene. The events in England—the evident what he still believed to be formed church"—formed the ing medium through which at all he saw. Thus, at sea he left Gibraltar, he wrote headed "England:"

"Tyre of the West, and glorying in the
More than in Faith's pure fame!
O trust not crafty fort, nor rock remove
Earn'd upon hostile ground;
Wielding Trade's master-keys, at thy
To lock or loose its waters, England!"

"Dread thine own power! Since has
prime,
High towers have been man's crime
Since her hoar age, when the huge mo
Strongholds have been man's snare.
Thy nest is in the crags; ah! refuge fr
Mad counsel in its hour, or traitors, w

"He who scann'd Sodom for his righte
Still spares thee for thy ten;
But, should vain tongues the Bride of
He will not pass thee by;
For, as earth's kings welcome their spo
So gives he them by turn, to suffer or b

The *Apologia* tells us that the lines, "Lead, kindly light," were composed when the "orange-b" which the author sailed from mo to Marseilles was becalmed straits of Bonifacio. It is mentioned, we think, that it was

ss of the night. They are here
l, "The Pillar of the Cloud:"

Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
Night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on!
Thou my feet: I do not ask to see
Distant scene,—one step enough for me.

not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Should'st lead me on.
d to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
d the garish day, and, spite of fears,
ruled my will: remember not past years.

g Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
with the morn those angel faces smile
I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

f Algiers," in sight of the grave
: great African church which
ed St. Augustine, St. Cyprian,
ertullian, is the date of "The
t Church," in which, in spite
appearances to the contrary,
iter, relying on the promise of
, looked forward to the ulti-
ictory of the church, and which
:

"Bide thou thy time!
with meek eyes the race of pride and crime;
he gate and be the heathen's jest,
Smiling and self-possessed.
, to whom is pledged a victor's sway,
Bide thou the victor's day!"

December 28th, 1832, Mr. New-
aught his first sight of a Greek
It is highly characteristic that
st thought which it inspired to
st finished classical scholar of
y in Oxford, was not of Thu-
s, not even of Homer, but of
reek fathers:"

heathens sing thy heathen praise,
I'n Greece! the thought of holier days
In my sad heart abides;
sons of thine in truth's first hour,
re tongues and weapons of his power,
n of the Spirit's fiery shower,
Our fathers and our guides.

thine is Clement's varied page;
I Dionysius, ruler sage,
In days of doubt and pain;
I Origen with eagle eye;
I saintly Basil's purpose high
smite imperial heresy,
And cleanse the altar's stain.

"From thee the glorious Preacher came,
With soul of zeal and lips of flame,
A court's stern martyr-guest;
And thine, O inexhaustive race!
Was Nazianzen's heaven-taught grace;
And royal-hearted Athanas, e,
With Paul's own mantle blest."

At Corfu, the narrative of Thucydi-
des brought to his mind the thought
which he worked out in the sermon
on "The Individuality of the Soul,"
published six years later; and in
which he says: "All who have ever
gained a name in the world, all the
mighty men of war that ever were,
all the great statesmen, all the crafty
counsellors, all the scheming aspi-
rants, all the reckless adventurers, all
the covetous traders, all the proud
voluptuaries, are still in being, though
helpless and unprofitable. Balaam,
Saul, Joab, Ahitophel, good and bad,
wise and ignorant, rich and poor, each
has his separate place, each dwells
by himself in that sphere of light
or darkness which he has provided
for himself here. What a view this
sheds upon history! We are accus-
tomed to read it as a tale or a fiction,
and we forget that it concerns immor-
tal beings who cannot be swept away,
who are what they were, however this
earth may change." The germ of
that sermon is contained in the lines
headed "Corcyra," January 7th, 1833.

The *Lyra* contains some beautiful
and well-known lines:

"Did we but see,
When life first open'd, how our journey lay
Between its earliest and its closing day,
Or view ourselves as we one day shall be,
Who strive for the high prize, such sight would break
The youthful spirit, though bold for Jesus' sake.

"But thou, dear Lord!
While I traced out bright scenes which were to come,
Isaac's pure blessings, and a verdant home,
Didst spare me, and withhold thy fearful word;
Willing me year by year, till I am found
A pilgrim pale, with Paul's sad girdle bound."

They are headed, "Our Future.
What I do, thou knowest not now;
but thou shalt know hereafter." It
gives them a new interest to find that
they were composed at Tre Fontane,
the spot of the martyrdom of St. Paul.

ificent August, September serene,
together no match for my glorious Queen.

ary ! all months and all days are thine own,
bee lasts their joyousness, when they are
gone ;
we give to thee May, not because it is best,
because it comes first, and is pledge of the
rest."

art from the freedom of thought
the author has gained from the
h, ("Ye shall know the truth,
e truth shall make you free,")
seems to us an ease and flow
the very language and me-
these Catholic hymns which
not find equalled in the author's
poems, sublime as are their
ptions. But it is remarkable
e poem which unites both these
ies in the highest measure, is
hich was composed last, "The
of Gerontius." Like the others
is to have been written for the au-
dience, and to have been published
y as an act of friendship to the
of *The Month*. Is it too much
e that the high sense of its ex-
g depth and beauty which has
shown by the whole English
may not only encourage the
; as he tells us it did, to publish
llected poems in the volume
us, but to compose more? For
plain that as yet at least his
are not dimmed or his force
l.
ne *Dream of Gerontius*" begins
he thoughts of one who feels
lf at the gate of death and the
s of the assistants by his bed-
Then Gerontius says :

ima hora est ; and I fain would sleep.
tin has wearied me. . . . *Ime* thy hands,
d, into thy hands. . . ."

l the priest says the commen-
l. Then follows :

SOUL OF GERONTIUS.

: to sleep ; and now I am refreshed—
nge refreshment : for I feel in me
expressive lightness, and a sense
edom, as I were at length myself,
e'er had been before. How still it is !
no more the busy beat of time,

No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling pulse :
Nor does one moment differ from the next.
I had a dream ; yes, some one softly said,
'He's gone ;' and then a sigh went round the room.
And then I surely heard a priestly voice
Say, 'Subvenite ;' and they knelt in prayer.
I seem to hear him still ; but thin and low."

He does not yet know whether he
is living or dead. Then he finds
himself held,

"Not by a grasp

Such as they use on earth, but all around
Over the surface of my subtle being,
As though I were a sphere, and capable
To be accosted thus, a uniform
And gentle pressure tells me I am not
Self-moving, but borne forward on my way.
And hark ! I hear a singing ; yet in sooth
I cannot of that music rightly say,
Whether I hear, or touch, or taste the tones.
Oh ! what a heart-subduing melody."

Then follow the songs of the
guardian angel over the soul which
he was set to tend. After a long
while Gerontius takes courage and
says :

SOUL.

"I will address him. Mighty one, my Lord,
My guardian spirit, all hail !

ANGEL.

"All hail, my child !
My child and brother, hail ! what wouldst thou ?
.

SOUL.

"I ever had believed
That on the moment when the struggling soul
Quitted its mortal case, forthwith it fell
Under the awful presence of its God,
There to be judged and sent to its own place.
What lets me now from going to my Lord ?

ANGEL.

"Thou art not let ; but with extremest speed
Art hurrying to the just and holy Judge ;
For scarcely art thou disembodied yet.
Divide a moment, as men measure time,
Into its million-million-millionth part,
Yet even less than that the interval
Since thou didst leave the body : and the priest
Cried 'Subvenite,' and they fell to prayer ;
Nor scarcely yet have they begun to pray."

We must not linger on the con-
verse between the soul and its guar-
dian angel, nor at the marvellous
description of the demons in "the
middle region," their impotent rage—
impotent against one who has now

no traitor within. Then he comes within the reach of the heavenly choirs. We have the hymns of the successive choirs. At length, as they approach "the veiled presence" of God, the soul hears again the voices it left on earth, for in that presence the voices of prayer are heard:

SOUL.

"I go before my Judge. Ah! . . .

ANGEL.

. . . "Praise to his name!

The eager spirit has darted from my hold,
And, with the intemperate energy of love,
Flies to the dear feet of Emmanuel;
But, ere it reach them, the keen sanctity
Which with its effluence, like a glory, clothes
And circles round the Crucified, has seized,
And scorched, and shrivell'd it; and now it lies
Passive and still before the awful throne.
O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe,
Consumed, yet quickened by the glance of God.

SOUL.

"Take me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be,
And there in hope the lone night-watches keep,
Told out for me.
There, motionless and happy in my pain,
Lone, not forlorn,
There will I sing my sad, perpetual strain,
Until the morn.
There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,
Which ne'er can cease
To throb, and pine, and languish, till possess
Of its sole peace.
There will I sing my absent Lord and love;—
Take me away,
That sooner I may rise, and go above,
And see him in the truth of everlasting day."

Then follow the words of the angel, and those of the souls in purgatory. At length the angel concludes:

"Angels, to whom the willing task is given,
Shall tend, and nurse, and lull thee, as thou liest;
And masses on the earth, and prayers in heaven,
Shall aid thee at the throne of the Most Highest.

"Farewell, but not for ever! brother dear.
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow;
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,
And I will come and wake thee on the morrow."

Any one who has read this wonderful poem will complain that we have omitted this, and this, and this, which especially deserved to be quoted. It is most true. It would be impossible to give any idea of its matchless weight and beauty, except by transcribing the whole of it; and

we have wished only to give a sample which may direct to it the attention of any reader to whom it may yet be unknown.

The preface contains a dedication of the volume of Mr. Badeley, one of Dr. Newman's Oxford friends and followers, who before this time knows far more of that world of spirits than even the gifted eye of the most illustrious seer has ever pierced; for he had hardly received this dedication when he received his summons to it. He was the son of a Protestant physician at Colchester, who, many years ago, was the medical adviser of a convent in that neighborhood, and created a good deal of suspicion among his fellow religionists, by bearing testimony to the supernatural nature of a cure of one of the nuns who was his patient. Mr. Badeley himself graduated with high honors at Oxford in 1823, and afterward studied the law, in which he attained a high reputation and great success. He directed his special attention to ecclesiastical questions, and hardly any case connected with them came before the courts in which he was not retained. In this preface Dr. Newman bears testimony to the fidelity with which he followed the religious movement in which the volume originated from first to last. He was counsel to the Bishop of Exeter in the celebrated Gorham case, and his argument upon it was published in a pamphlet which attracted much notice. He also published a book against the alteration of the law of marriage. At last a new light shone upon his path; he followed it faithfully, and it led him into the Catholic Church. He was, perhaps, the only lawyer from whom was actually accepted, on his conversion to the church, a sacrifice of his worldly interests, nearly equal to that made by many Protestant clergy

n. The loss of practice has no doubt been risked by all who have some Catholics ; by him, owing to the nature of his principal business, was in a great measure incurred, and did he ever recover what he had lost. But the time is short. It is but a few weeks since he was cheered by Dr. Newman's words, " We are now both of us in the decline of life ; may that warm attachment which has lasted between us inviolate for so many years, be continued, by the mercy of God, to the end of our earthly course, and beyond it ;"—and his earthly course is already over ; the sacrifice is gone by. He is now able to estimate its real value.

SONNET.

SHARP lightnings flash, tempestuous thunders roll :
 I shudder—and yet wherefore ? For the dead
 Sleep undisturbed in consecrated bed.
 And thou, who didst yield up thy sweet, young soul
 So mildly to thy Maker, and console,
 By dying acts, the hearts which love thee best,
 Must, even on this first night, sublimely rest
 In thy still sepulchre, by yon green knoll.
 Yet one, I know, will tremble as she hears
 The storm above her darling ; and each dart
 Of the forked lightning will to anguish start
 A legion of dread shapes and tender fears ;
 For who can sound the fountains of her tears,
 Choice instincts, lodged in her maternal heart ?

THE SECOND PLENARY COUNCIL OF BALTIMORE

THE good city of Baltimore witnessed, in October, 1866, the most numerous and imposing ecclesiastical assemblage ever gathered in the United States. Forty-seven archbishops and bishops, with two mitred abbots, convened in Plenary Council, under the presidency of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore, delegate of the Apostolic See. For two weeks they met daily in consultation, their labors being interrupted only by the solemn sessions prescribed by the Pontifical. After a free but harmonious interchange of ideas, they adopted practical resolutions, which they embodied partly in decrees, partly in petitions to the Holy See. Their work done, it was not published to the world, but sent to the mother and mistress of all churches for revision, correction if necessary, and final recognition or approval. And now, almost two years after the celebration of the Council, the ACTS and DECREES, as revised and approved by the Holy See, are published under the authority of the same most reverend prelate that as delegate apostolic had presided over the deliberations of the council. The work is thus complete: the new legislation takes its appropriate place in our canon law; an epoch is marked in the history of the American church.

From the beginning of the church, the celebration of councils has been looked on as a most efficient means, under God, of preserving discipline, arriving at proper conclusions on practical matters, and promoting the common good. The very first ques-

tion that arose in the infantian community was decided by the Council of Jerusalem, where the apostles and the ancients met together. Every succeeding council meets to decide equal questions. Indeed, the history of the church may be said to be a history of councils. Gradually ecclesiastical discipline assumed definite outlines, and was settled into fixed rules, proper arrangements were made for the regular meetings of prelates for consultation and consolation and enlightenment would be foreign to the purpose of this paper to dwell on the history of discipline in this regard; but the exposition of the actual law and practice of the church will enable the reader properly to appreciate the importance of the work of the Plenary Council.

The Council of Trent (*Sess. 24. De Reform. c. 2*) decreed that the ancient practice of holding general councils should be renewed, and that at regular periods for their celebration. Each archbishop was to be accompanied by his suffragans together every three years, and these were strictly to obey the summons. The purpose of these meetings was "to regulate, correct excesses, settle controversies, and do all other things committed by the sacred canons." Charles Borromeo celebrated such councils, which were highly productive of immense good to the church of Milan, but have not been as a pattern on which the councils of all subsequent centuries have been modelled. But councils were not in favor with the rulers, whose aim it was

* *Concilii Plenarii Secundi Baltimorensis, Acta et Decreta.* Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

and, if possible, to enslave the church. They prevented the execution of the salutary decree of Trent, which, with a few exceptions, remained almost a dead letter from the time of St. Charles to the present century. To the church of the United States belongs the credit of having revived the custom of holding councils. Not long after the establishment of the hierarchy, the first Provincial Council of Baltimore was convened, and was followed in regular succession by others, held every three years, according to the prescriptions of the fathers of Trent. When new archiepiscopal sees were erected, Rome, anxious that the American church should retain as far as possible a uniform discipline, suggested the holding every ten years of a plenary council, to be composed of all the bishops of the various ecclesiastical provinces of the country, under the presidency of a delegate to be nominated by the Holy See. Accordingly, the Most Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick, of illustrious memory, then Archbishop of Baltimore, was appointed delegate apostolic, and convened the first plenary council in his metropolitan church, in May, 1852. The second should have been held in 1862, but the civil war then raging made it necessary to defer it. As soon as peace was restored, measures were taken to convene the prelates, and, as we have seen, the council was actually held in 1866.

The title "plenary" sounds odd to some ears, and has, if we remember aright, provoked some little discussion in the public prints. The term national is frequently given to the council in common parlance, and would probably have been its official title also but for the caution of the Holy See. Rome, enlightened by wisdom from above and rich with the experience of ages, looks on a tenden-

cy to nationalism in the church as one of the greatest dangers that can arise, almost, indeed, as the forerunner of schism. When she was about to propose to the American prelates the decennial convening of a council of all the bishops of the various provinces of the country, the question of the official title at once arose. *National* was not liked, *general* was too ample, *provincial* too restricted. A learned ecclesiastical historian suggested *plenary*, the title given to the general councils of the African church in the fifth century—councils rendered famous by the genius of St. Augustine, and their explicit condemnation of Pelagianism. The title was adopted. It avoids the narrowness of nationalism, while it fully expresses the idea of a *full* council of *all* the prelates of the American church.

The object of a plenary council is plainly indicated by the Holy See. Strictly speaking, provincial councils could provide all the necessary legislation. But there would be danger of a loss of uniformity. Even among the best persons, the old adage, that where there are many men there are many minds, is verified. To prevent this divergence of views from manifesting itself too much in practice, it has been deemed advisable to call occasionally all the bishops together, that their united counsels may adopt such measures as will keep the American church one not only in faith and in the essential points of discipline, but even in the principal among the secondary matters of the latter branch. It is not necessary to descant on the advantages of such uniformity. The faithful, if they do not expect it, are at least edified and consoled by it; and, for the great purposes which the church is called on to carry out in this country, it brings into practical effect, as far as is possi-

ble, the great motto, *Viribus unitis*. To gain it were well worth the sacrifice even of fond predilections and of cherished usages.

The plenary council, then, is to look to the wants of the whole American church, and to do for it what a provincial council does for an ecclesiastical province. Canon law is necessarily couched in general terms, and cannot be applied in the same way everywhere. A great portion of it, in fact, consists of decisions given for particular localities under peculiar circumstances, of which the principle only is or can be of general application. It thus happens not infrequently that the general regulations have to be modified to meet other wants, other times, other circumstances. This is one of the first duties of local councils. They propose, and, with the approval of the supreme pastor, enact those regulations to which their wisdom and experience may point as necessary to carry out the real spirit of the general law. In these they do not contradict, much less abrogate; on the contrary, they enforce the observance of the canons. We know there is an impression abroad that "canon law does not oblige in this country;" but a more erroneous or more mischievous idea could scarcely have been propagated. If it be said that all the circumstances contemplated by the canons do not exist here, and that such laws as presuppose these circumstances are not, on that account, applicable here, the proposition is correct; but, if it be said that the law itself does not oblige, the proposition is simply monstrous. We do not know whom it would affect worse, the higher or the lower orders of the clergy, the religious or the seculars. All would be very much in the same position; all would soon be glad to return to the reign of law. If

"canon law does not oblige in this country," what becomes of the impediments of matrimony? Where do the religious orders find the charter of their privileges? On what does an aggrieved clergyman rely for the right of appeal? Where is the proof that every Christian of either sex, that has come to the years of discretion, is obliged to approach worthily, at least once a year at Easter, the holy sacrament of the blessed eucharist? The origin of the erroneous idea appears to be, that, the organization of the church in this missionary country not being yet completed, certain privileges, generally granted by the Holy See, have been withheld; and, as one case may easily occur to the clerical reader, we shall take the liberty of using it to exemplify our meaning. The nomination, institution, and consecration of bishops are inherently and radically the exclusive right of the Holy See. No matter by whom it may have been exercised at any time, if it was not in virtue of permission expressly or tacitly granted by the successor of St. Peter, the exercise was a schismatical act. This no Catholic can deny. By canon law the right of presentation of three names to the pope has been granted, not to all the clergy of the diocese, but to the cathedral chapter, a body in the composition of which the diocesan clergy, by the same law, exercised but little influence. In this country there are no cathedral chapters; in fact, it is impossible thus far to erect them according to the canons. The right of presentation of the three names has been accorded by Rome to the bishops of the province instead. This is an instance in which a privilege granted by the canons to a body which has no existence among us has been transferred by the supreme authority to another body that can exercise it. We are not now

blaming or praising the argument; that would be beyond province. We are merely stating the law is, and endeavoring to dispel an error which may be, as not been, productive of evil. canon law, then, does oblige in country, numerous questions must arise in the application of canons to our circumstances. The whole social fabric is very different from that of the time when the decretals were issued.

It thus becomes necessary to take such measures as may save the spirit of the law, and, at the same time, avoid the inconvenience of a literal understanding. This is one of the first and most important objects of a council. It involves a patient and careful study of the law; a high knowledge of the circumstances of the country; a prudent forethought which may be able to discern a measure is most likely to be practically successful. We may inquire the question of the tenure of property. If there were in the real religious freedom among the church were allowed to hold property according to her own will there would be no difficulty. actual canon law would provide a security of the tenure, for the use of any revenues that might be, and for any rights or legitimate influence the donors might really expect to be allowed. But, in most of the states, the action of the legislature has intervened simply to prevent the Catholic Church from executing her own long-satisfactory laws on the subject. We have the vital principle, the security and the independence of church property, it has been necessary to take various expedients, which may be do not doubt are, the best could be devised under the circumstances, but, considered in them-

selves, are far from satisfactory. They, of course, are only temporary; and it is ardently to be desired that the time will soon come when wiser civil legislation will permit the execution of the mild and equitable provisions of the canons.

It is easy to see that a wide field is thus opened for the wisdom and industry of the fathers of a plenary council. But "the correction of abuses" is also expressly assigned by the decree of Trent as one of the objects of their labors. To err is human, and it is only too easy to fall away from the strict observance of the canons. Such has ever been the experience of the church. In this country, thank God, positive abuses are rare, if they exist at all. There is a general desire to become acquainted with the law of the church and to observe it as closely as circumstances will allow. But necessity has, in the past, introduced many customs which no longer have its sanction or excuse. Yet it is found hard sometimes to leave the old paths and take the broad highways of the canons or the rubrics. Sometimes doubts arise as to whether the exceptions formerly allowed are still permitted. Thus, there is ample matter for wise and cautious legislation, neither so lax as to allow abuses to grow up, nor so strict as, by substituting the letter for the spirit, to make the law kill rather than give life.

There must of necessity arise in the course of time many most important practical questions, which can be nowhere better decided than in council. Mutual advice, comparing of ideas, and discussion naturally lead to wise conclusions. In a country like ours, where so many cases arise which are without precedent, the necessity of frequent counsel among the prelates is obvious. And doubtless the regular celebration of

councils has contributed greatly to that success which has especially marked the external government of the church in America. Fewer mistakes have been made here, perhaps, than anywhere else in the same time, while the successes have been great, nay, brilliant. The wisdom of the old has been handed down to the young; the experience of one generation has been used for the benefit of that succeeding; and there has been an uninterrupted unity of practical views from the days of Carroll to the present. Thus, England, Dubois, Bruté, Kenrick, Hughes, though dead, still live. Not merely their works remain behind them, but their spirit still speaks in the halls of the archiepiscopal residence, and in the sanctuary of the metropolitan church of Baltimore.

Another special duty has been assigned by the Holy See to our American councils—that of proposing the erection of new episcopal sees, and the names of candidates to fill either them or the older ones that may be canonically vacant. The erection of new sees is a special feature of the church in new countries. Every council of Baltimore has proposed the creation of new bishoprics, and, in most cases, the propositions have been favorably considered by the Holy See. The growth of the church can thus be traced through the acts of the various councils, and the steps can be counted, one by one, by which, from one bishop at Baltimore, the American hierarchy has progressed to its present development. Its growth has been more rapid than even the material progress of the country; and as we look at the far West, sure to become the happy home of millions of Catholics, imagination is scarcely bold enough to call up the numbers by which the bishops will be counted in future

councils. We have already alluded to the duty of selecting candidates to fill episcopal sees. It is an important and a difficult task, requiring the exercise of some of the highest qualities that should be possessed by those who are, in the highest sense, "rulers of men." The Holy See has been so impressed with its importance and difficulty that it has earnestly urged that the bishops of the province should meet every time that there is a see to be filled. When, however, the vacancy occurs about the time of a council, or when the fathers ask for the erection of new sees, the question of candidates to be recommended must be considered in its sessions.

From this cursory glance at the work of a plenary council, it will be seen that the two weeks given to the celebration of the one lately held could have been by no means a time of rest. On the contrary, the conscientious performance of this work required the employment of every available moment. Every preceding council of Baltimore had devoted itself to the attainment of the different objects which we have indicated. The measures adopted were timely and wise, and the legislation formed the groundwork of our particular church law. Nor will we wonder at the success attained when we think of the great names that adorned those councils, of the illustrious prelates whose learning, prudence, foresight, zeal, and piety instructed and edified the past generation, and laid the broad and solid foundations on which the grand structure of the American church is rising. All honor to these great men! They were "men of great power, and endued with their wisdom, . . . ruling over the present people, and by the strength of wisdom instructing the people in most holy words."

he people show forth their wisdom and the church declare their wisdom." But the American church grown out of its infancy, and it came to commence to build on the foundations so deeply and so skillfully. It would have been impossible even had any one desired it, to re-enact in the second plenary council what had been done before. It was merely to pass a few general laws, recommend the erection of churches, provide for the filling of vacant parishes by apostolic authority, and of those already existing by apostolic authority, in a separate manner. Had the council limited itself to this, it would have been performing its allotted work. The considerations had their due weight with the most reverend prelate, and most fitly was chosen for the most important office of delegate apostolic. He determined upon a comprehensive plan, the execution of which by the council should, by meeting the chief present wants, increase its celebration and its work of venerable characters on the history of the American church. As early as April, 1866, this plan had been submitted to the archbishops and bishops, the heads of religious orders, and others who of right were to be present at the council. He next constituted a body of theologians to initiate the preparatory studies. They were taken from the religious orders as well as from the secular clergy; and of them were or had been professors of theology or canon law; and were favorably known for high talents; they had already held or for deserved reputation for learning. *Quotus* met daily as long as the greater part of its members could remain in Baltimore, and in that time the main points were gone over carefully and thoroughly, and the recommendations of the theologians there submitted to the most reverend

archbishop. Some divines who could not be present sent their contributions in writing, so that we do not say too much when we assert that the best talent of the country was employed in these initial steps. The many occupations, however, in which the greater part of the *cetus* were engaged at home rendered a protracted stay of all impossible, and the remainder of the work was necessarily confided to a fewer number. The most reverend delegate apostolic, himself a most indefatigable worker, watched over all the proceedings. Every paper was submitted to his final revision before it went to the printer. Indeed, as he was the promoter, so he was in reality the principal of the laborers in the great work, to which he brought learning, improved by conference; judgment, matured not only by age, but by long practice in every branch of the ministry; a ready pen, whose labors, in other departments, for the cause of our holy religion, had already procured for him a high and well-deserved reputation. And we are sure his colleagues will not blame us if we say that, under and after the archbishop, Very Rev. James A. Corcoran, D.D., of the diocese of Charleston, deserves to be especially remembered for his industry, his erudition, his talents. The graceful style in which so many of the decrees are couched is so peculiarly his own that it can never be mistaken; and it will make the second plenary council remarkable for what, perhaps, would scarcely be expected in this remote country—a Latinity that would grace even the most finished documents that come from Rome herself. The work thus went on until the drafts of the decrees formed a large volume, which, for greater convenience, was printed. The inspection and the examination of it by the fathers and the theolo-

gians of the council were thus rendered more easy; indeed, it would be difficult to conceive how, without this preparation, the work could have been done at all.

As each bishop was entitled to bring two theologians, there was a very large attendance of the clergy of the second order. To these must be added many vicars-general, the heads of religious orders, and the superiors of the greater seminaries. All these clergymen were divided into congregations, after the pattern of the Milan councils of St. Charles Borromeo. Each congregation was presided over by a bishop, with a vice-president and a notary. This last officer kept a minute of the proceedings of the congregation, and drew up its final report. The whole matter of the proposed decrees was distributed among these congregations, and thus the preparatory work was subjected to a searching, minute investigation. It may be here interesting to the general reader to give a short account of the mode in which the business of a council is managed. We learn from the acts that there were four different meetings at the Second Plenary Council: 1. Private congregations. 2. Public congregations. 3. Private sessions. 4. Public sessions. The "private congregations" were the meetings of the committees or congregations of theologians, each in a separate room. The "public congregations" were held in the cathedral, and there assisted at them all the "*synodales*," that is, all who had a right to be present at the synod, from the Most Reverend President to the youngest theologian. At these congregations the theologians "had the floor," the bishops confining themselves to asking questions, or proposing difficulties. The "private sessions" were meetings of the prelates alone. The officers of the council

were also present, but merely to record the acts. The work of the council was really done in private sessions. In them the decrees were passed, and the acts were passed, and there was a close scrutiny and a rough investigation of the proposals. The "public sessions" were solemn ceremonies in the cathedral. After pontifical high mass the decrees already passed were read and promulgated. They then became a law as far as the council could make them. All that they needed was the approval of the Holy See.

In this manner the decrees of the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore were prepared, examined, discussed, matured, until now they are promulgated as the law of the American Church. In looking over them one is struck by the variety of matters which they treat. Faith, and the opposition to it now so prevalent in the church and her government; the supremacy of the Roman pontiff; the powers, rights, and duties of bishops and bishops, the rights and duties of the clergy, church discipline, the sacraments, the sacrifice of the Mass, and all the proper concerns of divine worship, uniformity of celebration of festivals, and the points of discipline, the *statuta* of the church, the education of youth, the Catholic press, the salvation of souls, the welfare of the blacks, secret societies—these are some of the matters which, as even a cursory examination shows us, are treated in these decrees. These are, indeed, what the plan intended them to be. They give a clear and lucid exposition of canon law as adapted by actual circumstances of this country. They supply a want long felt, and they will remain for all time the guide and the rule of action.

tics, from the hoary missioned down with age and labors ung priest whose elastic step n joyously from the seminary his first appointment, from ad prelate to the humblest of t army of missionaries that ging to our countrymen the lings of peace. They are d comprehensive ; they were r prepared, every quotation, ough it were of a few words, fied ; and they are in every thoritative. Prescinding al- from their binding force, re carefully prepared origi- ext, they were literally sifted heologians of the council ; d they were discussed, and es modified by the fathers ; hey were subjected to the of Roman theologians, and ally approved with very few ions. They have thus under- trial of a threefold criticism, erve proportionate attention pect. But, what is far more nt, they are binding as *laws*, S. Congregation *de Propa-* *fide* has expressed its wish y be faithfully observed by m it may concern. They en, moreover, made by autho- text of a course of canon our ecclesiastical seminaries. re clergy of the country are e formed on them. To the hat contains them they are af- to look for enlightenment and on in the performance of the of the ministry. Nothing eed be, indeed little more e, said in their praise. Acts and Decrees have been d in a goodly volume, in im- tivo, by the well-known firm of urphy & Co., Baltimore. We t say that the material part ook is highly creditable to the rs. The good quality of the

paper, letter-press, and binding is commensurate with the importance of the work and the magnitude of the occasion which brought it forth. The volume contains all the official documents, from the first letter of Rome appointing Archbishop Spalding delegate apostolic, to the last communication of the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda in regard to the decisions of the Holy See. A copious and well-arranged index gives access to the mass of matter scattered through the work, thus rendering as easy as possible a reference to any given point. We congratulate Mr. Murphy on the honor done him by the privilege of placing his imprint on the title-page of so great and important a publication. It is a fitting reward for many services rendered to Catholic literature through a long and useful business career.

We hail this volume as the beginning of a new period in our American church, the period—*detur venia verbo*—of the reign of law. It marks an improvement, a step in advance, a progress. But the progress is legitimate, because it commenced where all such movements must commence, if they be Catholic, with the proper authority. A work begun, carried on, and brought to completion as this has been, is—we need not say—a *safe* guide ; and one for which, we may be permitted to add, every lover of our holy religion should feel deeply grateful to those through whose zeal and labors it has been accomplished. By it this young church now takes her place with the most ancient and best regulated churches of the Old World : a light is given to our feet, lest inadvertently we stumble in the darkness : a sure guide is afforded, alike to young and old, to prelate and subject, to cowed monk and surpliced priest.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

AN ITALIAN GIRL OF OUR DAY.

CONCLUDED.

To any one who has read this sweet and pious correspondence I need not point out how strongly toward the end it inclines to heaven. Was it a presentiment of death? It may have been. We cannot deny to certain souls the grace of having heard from afar the call of God. For me, I think I see in this case the natural movement of a very pure love in a lofty soul. There are souls that see God everywhere. She of whom I speak was one of these, and, from her infancy, all that was beautiful on earth had been for her but a veil designed to temper the brightness of the Eternal Beauty. Thus in the new and unknown regions of earthly love, through the first wonder and the first dreams, she soon found again the divine countenance; but this time more radiant than ever, more vivid, more irresistible; and that chaste flight which had carried her to the hopes of earth passed beyond and bore her away to heaven.

That a person has not had the happiness to feel this heavenly attraction, is no reason that he should either wonder at it or attempt to deny it. It is in the logic of our heart, and I believe there are few souls that in various degrees have not felt its power. It was known to ancient philosophy, whose greatest glory it is to have expressed by the mouth of Plato, its king, the progression of love from bodies and from souls to ideas and to God; and St. Augustine, who bore in his heart the gospel of Jesus Christ, has not re-

jected this part of the ancient sage. Who has not read that conversation at Ostia, in which two souls, beginning with the love united them on earth, came a to touch heaven? "We were sweetly together, . . . and who converse and look up to heaven reach it with the whole aspiration of our heart."* It is this soaring upward flight that I speak of; it is, I believe, which carried the of the saintly young bride to the sire of that eternal region where desires are satisfied.

The heavenly instinct had not deceived her. Two days after the which she wrote the last letter have given, a death-bearing blast breathed upon her, and she seized with a slight fever which first gave no uneasiness except the ever-anxious heart of a mother. Yet on the very first day she said to her, "Take my little and keep it in memory of me." These words were startling, coming from a person so clear-sighted. Her illness suddenly assumed an alarming character, and the physician cognized it as the military fever, a terrible epidemic which was desolating Tuscany, and which seemed to pick out only choice victims. The young patient had divined the danger; she at once asked for sacraments, and received with a noble and tender love the last of that Saviour whose blood does not fail us, from our cradle, which

* St. Augustine's *Confessions*.

as, to our death-bed, where it
ens and consoles us.

patient now felt herself better.
and happy day!" she said;
m restored to health, never
forget it. What strength
in the holy viaticum! My
ther, how sweet and consol-
or religion! Ah! believe me,
ne feared death, he could do
onger after having received
sed Eucharist." Then she
er betrothed. "Gaetano," she
it is the good pleasure of
unite us on earth, he will re-
; but if he has other designs
egard, then, my Gaetano, we
resigned and adore his holy
st we not?" The young man
ot answer.

continued: "In my English
ook there is an act of thanks-
or the reception of the holy
: take the book and read it
And a voice, tremulous with
began to read the following
le prayer:

ry and thanksgiving be to
Lord! who in thy sweetness
en pleased to visit my poor
ow let thy servant depart in
ccording to thy word.

thou art come to me, I will
thee go; I willingly bid fare-
the world, and with joy I go
my God.

hing more, O dear Jesus! no-
ore shall separate me from
thee I will live, in thee I
and in thee I hope to abide

sire to be dissolved and to be
rist; for Christ is my life, and
ill be my gain.

v I will fear no evils, though
in the shadow of death, be-
ou art with me, O Lord! As
: pants after the fountains of
o does my soul after thee:
thirsts after the fountain of

living water. Oh! when shall I come
and appear before the face of my God?

"Give me thy blessing, O divine
Jesus! and establish my soul in ever-
lasting peace; such peace as only
thou canst give; such peace as it
may not be in the power of my enemy
to destroy.

"Oh! that my soul were at rest in
thy happiness, and in the enjoyment
of thee, my God, for ever!

"What more have I to do with the
world? And in heaven what have I
to desire but thee, my God?

"Into thy hands I commend my
spirit. Receive me, sweet Jesus! In
thee may I rest; and in thy happi-
ness rejoice without end. Amen."

When the reader's voice had ceased,
the young patient wished to take some
repose. But she still seemed col-
lected, and continued to pray.

Her brother was expected to ar-
rive from Florence. "Settle the
room," she said to her mother, "and
put back upon my table the things
that were taken off it when it was
prepared for an altar. I do not wish
that poor Antonio should perceive, on
entering, that I have received the last
sacraments; but remember, dear mo-
ther, always look upon that little ta-
ble as a sacred thing, for it has borne
the body of Jesus Christ." All that
day she held her mother's hand, and
spoke of nothing but the happiness of
having received the holy communion.
Toward evening she remembered that
she was to have visited such and such
poor persons that day. This thought
troubled her, and she could be calmed
only by the assurance that before
night some one should carry to those
poor persons their accustomed suc-
cor. From this time she began to
converse with Jesus Christ, speaking
to him with an ardor which the vio-
lence of her sufferings rendered more
intense. "O Jesus! this bed seems
to me of fire—but no, I will not com-

plain. Thou wilt that I should serve thee in suffering, and in suffering I will serve thee. Thou knowest that I should not grieve to die if my death did not cause such great affliction to those who love me. If thou seest that I should make a good Christian wife, I would say, 'O Lord! heal me!' But what is it that I am asking? No, not my will, but thine be done!" In the middle of the night, seeing her mother's shadow still bending over her pillow, she exclaimed, "O the heroic love of mothers!" She thought so much of the least things that were done for her. "My poor father," she said, "how good he is; what care he takes of me; for my sake he deprives himself entirely of sleep. He has called in three physicians, and he wishes one of them to remain night and day near my room. It is too much, my God! Mother, what say you of my Gaetano? Ah! now indeed I feel how happy I should have been with him; for the more I know him, the more I feel that he loves me, as you love me." She asked to have prayers recited by her bedside, and began herself in a low tone the prayers for the agonizing. Her mother interrupted her. "Rosa, my child, why these sorrowful prayers? You will recover, my child; do not always be thinking of death." She answered, "Ah! but if all day I have not been able to think of anything but death; if Jesus wishes to take me, must I not be ready?" She suffered terribly; one moment nature prevailed, and she uttered a complaint. Her betrothed said to her, "Rosa, think of what our Lord suffered." "Thanks, Gaetano; ah! how that thought consoles me!"

The dawn of the following morning only brought an accession of the malady. Three skilful physicians saw all their efforts powerless against its violence. One of them, who loved

Rosa as his own child, patient became delirious. "Let us go! let us go!" she cried to her mother, adieu! my home is above! Let us go! adieu!" She repeated these words, sometimes in French, sometimes in Italian. She continued, when he was absent, to call him as if she saw him, when he was present, looking at him and calling him still. She thought of the misfortunes of a poor girl; in her dreams she saw her father, the next moment it was her mother, and that drew tears from her eyes. Nothing could calm her, which was still full of these memories and images. She seemed to see the light, and she exclaimed: "I am pure enough to go up to the angels; may I go forward to join their choirs, I who was once for earthly espousals?" She covered her consciousness for a chapter of the *Florentine* Francis on holy perseverance, the reading of which she interrupted suddenly, as if struck by terror, "O the evil spirits! the evil spirits!" Her mother hastily threw her arms round her, and pressed her to her heart, saying, "To your mother, Rosa, my child. Why these cries? why this? You need not fear the evil spirits; and they are not to surround your bed, but to surround your heart. Have you not a God? have you not loved him? have you not been a good obedient child?" But her countenance grew stern. "Hush," she said, "do not let me not to pride." And her face was overspread with the shadow of a found and austere humility.

Her delirium returned with a violence that nei-

medies could calm. As a last
ce, her mother said to her,
i, my child, I am quite exhaust-
f you could calm yourself a lit-
might lean my head on your
and sleep. Calm yourself, my
for my sake." And saying this,
ected to fall asleep. From that
at the poor child was silent ;
as stronger than delirium.

ong stupor followed ; an ivory
ss overspread her features ; the
f death was upon her brow.
ctim was ready. But there is
tim without sacrifice, and no
ce without pain. Jesus trem-
and wept, and was sorrowful
into death in the Garden of
emane. The hour of cruel sa-
was come for this young Chris-
She felt the cold iron of the
but again divine love remain-
torious. Suddenly she wakes,
her large, terrified eyes, while
ood rushing from her heart in
petuous tide, crimsoned her face
ghts up her eye. She seems to
out of a dream, and now for the
ime to understand all. "It
be, then!" she cried, "it must
must die! I must leave my fa-
house! I must leave my be-
d! No, no! I am to live with
am to make him happy!" A
of tears bathed her counte-
; a cry of anguish burst from
ul. "Adieu, Gaetano, adieu!
ll see each other no more!" It
terrible struggle in that poor

The joyous preparations for
iding had suddenly given place
dismal preparations for the
The bride seemed to entwine
ing fingers in her nuptial
and to clasp it convulsively
if it be God's will?

mother put to her lips a pic-
our Lady of Good Counsel,
the young girl had near her
Instantly she became calm,

joined her hands, bowed her head,
and remained perfectly silent. What
was passing at that moment in the
superior part of that beautiful soul?
The eye of God alone, infinitely holy,
can read such secrets. What we know
is that, after this long silence, the dy-
ing girl pronounced in a clear, firm
voice, the words, "Thy will be done."
And from that moment the name of
Gaetano was never upon her lips.

She recited the Litany of the Bless-
ed Virgin. At the invocation, "Gate
of heaven, pray for us," she pressed
her mother's hand and smiled. Did
she then see the eternal gates open-
ing?

The Prior of San Sisto, her con-
fessor, was by her bedside. She asked
for extreme unction, and answered
distinctly to all the prayers. An ex-
traordinary grace of peace and resig-
nation seemed from that moment to
have entered her soul. She needed
consolation no longer ; it was she
who now consoled and encouraged all
around her. Her poor mother, wild
with grief, threw herself upon her bo-
som. "I still hope," she said, sob-
bing ; "yes, my Rosa, I still hope
that you will recover ; but if this be
not God's will, oh ! pray to him, sup-
plicate him to call me also to him-
self. I will not, I cannot live without
you!" But Rosa said, "No, mother,
you must not wish for death. You
have too many duties to accomplish
upon earth ; remember the mother of
the Machabees." Then stretching
out her hand and laying it on the
head of the sorrow-stricken woman,
she said, "I bless her who has so
often blessed me! O Blessed Virgin!
change the sorrow of this poor mother
into the consolation of the poor, the
afflicted, and the sick ; and do thou,
O my God ! grant that we may all
adore unto the end thy holy decrees."
She drew from her finger a little ring,
and said to her mother, "Keep that

in remembrance of me ;" and placing in her hands the ring of her betrothal, she said, "Give that to—you know whom—it is a noble soul." But she spoke not his name.

The end drew near ; her family and friends surrounded her bed ; every one was weeping. She said smiling, "You are all around me, I am very happy ; thanks." Then suddenly, "Who wishes to have my hair ?" No one ventured to answer. A long, half-reproachful look was cast on the weeping faces around. A voice cried, "*I do.*" Rosa recognized it and said, "My mother shall have it."

She motioned to the Prior of San Sisto to come to her, and said to him in a whisper, "I beg of you to return this evening to my poor mother and do all you can to console her." From this time she seemed to retire to the feet of God, henceforth to speak to him alone. She said, "I suffer, my Jesus, but all for thy love ! I do not fear hell, because I love thee too much. I am on fire, I am in flames ! O Jesus ! burn me, consume me in the flames of thy love !" It was now with difficulty that these holy ejaculations came from her oppressed bosom. Again, however, and for the last time, she rallied. Death had a hard struggle with her vigorous and innocent youth. This time the dying girl spoke the very language of the saints, and her farewell to earth was worthy of a St. Catharine of Sienna. "O Lord !" she said, "bless all men ! bless this city of Pisa ! bless her people ! bless her bishop and her pastors ! bless the Catholic Church ! bless her sovereign Pontiff ! bless her ministers and her children ! Have pity on poor sinners ; enlighten heretics ; be merciful toward those who believe in thee, merciful also to those who believe not. Pardon all ; be a loving Father to the good and to the wicked. Have pity on my soul, O Immaculate Virgin !

Give to all thy peace, O Jesus, peace—" She was silent, gathered over her eyes ; the longer the things of earth, the clearer light began to dawn.

"Yes, yes," she murmured now ; I begin to see—O heavenly Jerusalem ! O the oh ! how many angels ! Beautiful ! Yes, certainly, will God ! Where am I ? who where then ? Let us go ! my God ! Let us go forward *mo ! andiamo ! avanti !*—" *T* died on her lips ; she made of the cross, kissed the crucifix while mortal eyes still sought earth, she was following the eternal choirs of the virgins.

Such is this beautiful detail of which we have learned her who, after having assisted sacrifice, did not die, but, like him, had to come down living and vary.

Will I be pardoned if I reflect on these letters in my narration ? I said when commencing them that, as it seemed to glorified Christianity in the transfiguration of love and life. It seems to me yet clearer, I have finished them, that indeed their characteristic merit.

Yes, it is the glory of Christianity to have rendered possible, frequent, this sanctity of love, ancient philosophy pursued dreams, but which it had never contemplated or exemplified the glory of Christianity to well schooled, so well regulated heart of man, to have made heart at once so virginal strong, as to be capable of more, and better than ever is lovable on earth, and at the same time capable of always loving than God. It is the glory

tianity to have made a young girl—not a philosopher, not a poet, but a simple and pious girl—to realize unconsciously in her heart that sublimest conception of human wisdom; the continual, incessant passage of love from the shadows of being and of beauty, to the infinite being and the infinite beauty, from “divine phantoms,” to use the expression of Plato, to the eternal reality. It is the glory of Christianity to have in all things opened to man a road toward God; to have taught him to make all his affections serve as so many steps whereby he may ascend to the absolute love: “In his heart he hath disposed to ascend by steps.”* In fine, it is the glory of Christianity to have worked this prodigy, that a holiness so extraordinary, a perfection so superhuman, neither destroys nor fetters the pure affections of earth; so that the saints did not attain to the loving God alone by stifling in their hearts all love for their fellow-beings; but, on the contrary, they learned to love all mankind more than themselves, by first loving God above all.

Whoever, after seeing this, will meditate on the nature of the human heart, and on its history when abandoned to itself, will be forced to admit that here is indeed a transfiguration.

And as regards death, I find this transfiguration to be, if possible, more striking still. Death learned upon the cross that its highest office is to be the auxiliary of love. There an indissoluble fraternity was established between these two great forces; and there love received its mission to transform death into sacrifice. The ideal statue of the dying Christian is not then the ancient gladiator, falling, resigned but passive, his head bowed, his dim eye fixed on the earth which is fast escaping from him, im-

patient for the approach of nothingness, plunging willingly into eternal night. No; his ideal is the Crucified, dying erect, above the earth, “*exaltatus a terra*,” in the attitude of the priest at the altar, pardoning all men, loving them to his latest breath, acquiescing in his death, nay, willing it, making himself the solemn deposit of his soul into the hands of his Father, at once the subject and the king of death, at once priest and victim.

Such is the Christian fraternity of Love and Death.

Hence it is, that through the differences of ages, of conditions, of minds, all holy deaths resemble one another; it is still love ruling death and transforming it into sacrifice. We have just portrayed the last hours of a betrothed bride who died in sacrificing to Jesus Christ her nuptial crown; erewhile we followed through tears of admiration the account of another death, grander, more celebrated, more striking.* Now, what similitude could we expect to find between the last hours of a holy religious, an illustrious orator, a great and heroic soul, and those of a simple young girl, strong only in her innocence? And yet I venture to compare these two deaths, and the longer I consider them the more do I find that they resemble each other, that they are blended together in one ruling sentiment; they are both a sacrifice, and a sacrifice conducted by love. Sacrifices very different, victims very unequal, I admit. What peace in the death of the holy Father de Ravignan; or rather, what triumph of the Christian will over death! How he rules it! He speaks of “this last affair which is to be conducted, like all others, with

* These lines were written a few days after the death of the Rev. Father de Ravignan. We give them to-day just as the first emotion dictated them, persuaded that time cannot take from the virtues of the saints their eternal actuality.

* Psalm lxxxi. 6.

decision and energy ;" he gives the directions for the sacrifice ; he offers it himself ! When did he more truly live than on that bed of death ? when was he more wakeful than in that seeming sleep ! Then was he so strong and vigorous that he seemed to dominate death itself ; in this resembling, as far as is possible to man, Christ upon the cross, whom, say the doctors, death could not approach except by his express order. What love, in fine, in his every word and in those desires of heaven, for the impatience and the ardor of which he reproaches himself ! For my part, I fancy I see him welcoming death, for which he had been preparing himself for more than thirty years, with that grave, sweet smile whose charm was so extraordinary.

The young bride of Pisa is far from this severe grandeur. There are tears, there are regrets in her last farewell. There is one earthly name that lingers on her lips even to the confines of heaven. She does not command death—she obeys it ; and yet here, too, I see an altar, a victim a sacrifice. Here, too, I see the will, more tremulous, more surprised, indeed, than in the great religious, but still armed by love, ending by *conducting itself the last affair*, and by absorbing death in its victory. Once again, what becomes of death in such deaths ? where is it ? It seems to disappear : "Death, where is thy victory ? Where is thy sting ? It is swallowed up !"

Let our souls become inebriated with hope at the recital of holy deaths ; let us yield ourselves without fear to the attraction which they give us for the life to come. Undoubtedly, the true secret of dying well is to live well ; and our imperfection does not allow us to treat death as may the saints. But surely the love which transfigured their

death, is at least begun in it ; it may increase, and, the more it may transform for us all, the more preme defiles into region and peace.

Among the paintings which have been found in the catacombs of Rome, there is one that struck me as having a special meaning : it is a jewelled cross, all sides of which spring roses, which bloom around it to cover its severe nudity.* It is rarely that the cross is found in the catacombs. Perhaps for the faith of the neophytes it was too—the sight of that instrument of torture which was yet odious to the whole world, and was dragged through the streets for the punishment of slaves. It was, however, to assist the transition from the love that the Christian in the catacombs covered that cross with flowers and blooming roses, with a blood shed by Divine love for the salvation of mankind. As it may, this symbol seems to express gloriously the transition of death by Christian neophytes that we are, neophytes, death and a life to come, guard the dying moment.

* Two of these crosses, adorned with flowers, have been discovered among the catacombs of St. Pontianus, whose age has been anterior to the third century. One has been surmounted an altar ; the other, which was in a baptistery, is one of the most valued of Christian archaeology. Throughout its arms and on both arms, it is covered with precious stones, alternately square and round, which support flambeaux, with the flames lined : from them also depend two long ribbons, the extremity of which are suspended with Alpha and Omega. From the foot of the cross spring on both sides stems of roses with leaves and flowers. Directly under the cross was the baptismal font, formed from a shell, with waters, ever smooth and limpid, seen in the lapse of fourteen centuries, to assist the discovery of the catechumens.

The discovery in a baptistery of the cross, enveloped in splendor, light, and love, conjectures as to the significance it has in relation to the neophytes. This precious discovery is reproduced in the great work on the Roman catacombs.

which Jesus and his saints have covered for us with encouragement and hope. When the children of the first Christians wondered to see a gibbet on the altar, their fathers pointed to the jewels and roses, and told them of the Redeemer's love. If death terrifies us in its austere nakedness, let us look at the love which can transfigure it, and can make our last hour the happiest, and above all, the most precious in our life.

Rosa Ferrucci was mourned. The whole public press of Tuscany told of her death; poets chanted it; inscriptions were composed in her honor,—the Italian scholars excel in this art so little cultivated among us;—I transcribe one which I think touching :

CHASTE YOUTHS, TENDER VIRGINS,
DECORATE WITH TEARS
THE TOMB OF ROSA FERRUCCI,
SWEETEST GIRL,
IN THE POLITE ARTS
VERSED BEYOND THE CUSTOM OF WOMEN;
WHO,
ON THE VERY EVE OF MARRIAGE,
WHILE UNACUSTOMED JOYS FILLED HER SILENT
BREAST,
COMPLETED HER YOUTHFUL LIFE
SECURE.

Secura ! beautiful word—word full of peace ! and yet less eloquent than one single word which I once read on a fragment of marble taken from the Roman catacombs,* and which I now bring to the tomb of her who has passed from earthly espousals to the nuptials of the Lamb. The case here also was that of a young Christian maiden. Was she affianced like Rosa Ferrucci ? Was it the hand of a betrothed spouse that closed her tomb ? The word we speak of, does it indicate her virginal glory, or was it her name ? The little stone saith not. All that we know is, that the hand which carried into the consecrated galleries the mortal remains of the young Christian, after having marked the place of her repose, took a fragment of marble, laid it against the opening, fastened it by a little clay, and choosing a word among those which the Gospel had just given or explained to the world, engraved these six letters :

“CHASTE.”

MEMOIRS OF COUNT SEGUR.

To record the actions and opinions of one who labored efficiently in the attainment of American independence is an agreeable task. The deeds of soldiers are always interesting to the historian and attractive to the reader. The philosophical principles that led gay young men from the brilliant capital of France to the distant regions of a new world, in order to practically assist in the assertion of human liberty, cannot be ignored, much less neglected, in our all-investigating age. Count Segur

participated in the stirring scenes over which the genius of Washington presided, and he has transmitted to us the treasure of his experience in the first volume of his memoirs. As he lived in the times preceding the great Revolution which overthrew so many old forms of power and honor throughout Christendom, and as his facilities for obtaining a correct knowledge of the state of society and of

* This fragment is now preserved among the *monumenta vetera Christianorum* in the Belvedere gallery of the Vatican.

ry, and yet authority lost its force; public opinion escaped despotism by railing at it; we did not possess liberty, but license." (P. 63.) The lethargy of one weak mind caused all this confusion. The parliament, clergy, philosophers, and others, all joined for different purposes in the same common cry against the shameful indolence of the court. The revolution which slowly moving through public opinion was scarcely dreamed of by the people. Rash measures of resentment—always the resort of weak and prejudiced minds, only served to irritate what had been provoked, and the authority of the king was shown in a series of petty tyranny. But it came to remove him and his throne from the French throne. He narrates it: "In the month of April, 1774, as Louis XV. was to hunt, he met a funeral, and, fond of asking questions, he approached the coffin and inquired who they were going to bury? He found it was a young girl who had died of the small-pox. Seized with a morbid fear, he returned to his palace two days afterward afflicted with that cruel malady, the name of which had alarmed him. The hand of death was upon his flesh became corrupted; suppuration ensued, and carried him off. His corpse was covered with lime, and conveyed to St. Denis without any kind of ceremony" (P. 32.)

He proceeds to philosophize upon the dissolution of the royal fallen shadowing his most subservient flatterers. He observes that in proportion as they had been slavish to his whims and their own interests during his life, so did they evince their indifference to him when departed. They turned immediately to the rising sun, and offered him their adulatory wor-

ship. Still, the principles which had been set to work in former years continued to advance even under the benignant reign of Louis XVI., who finally atoned for the faults of his predecessors.

The author sums up succinctly the condition of the tottering society, daily becoming weaker: "The object of every one was to repair the old edifice; and, in this simultaneous attempt of all, it was levelled with the ground. Too much light was brought to the work by many, and a conflagration ensued. The consequence of this has been, that, for the last fifty years, our harassed lives have been to each of us a dream, alternately monarchical, republican, warlike, and philosophical." (P. 63.) The misfortune is, that this dreaming has not yet ended in France, or, indeed, in any part of Europe except Switzerland.

But we must hasten to the events which drew him into connection with the American war. He became a soldier, and, after fighting several duels, found himself carried away by the enthusiasm which filled his countrymen at the sound of the first cannon-shot fired in defence of the standard of liberty. "I recollect," he says, "that the Americans were then styled insurgents and Bostonians; their daring courage electrified every mind, and excited universal admiration, more particularly among young people. The American insurrection was everywhere applauded, and became, as it were, a fashion; and I was very far from being the only one whose heart beat at the sound of liberty just waking from its slumbers, and struggling to throw off the yoke of arbitrary power. On my arrival at Paris, I found the same agitation prevailing also there in the public mind. Nobody seemed favorable to the cause of England; all openly ex-

pressed their wishes for the success of the Bostonians."

Eager as were these young enthusiasts to fight in America for the cause of liberty, many obstacles interposed to prevent or defer the carrying out of their intentions. The French government was not in a very prosperous financial state at the time, as the country had scarcely recovered from the mad speculations of the Scotchman Law during the preceding reign. Besides, England was then powerful: her fleets swept the sea, and she had just conveyed across the Atlantic 40,000 mercenaries, to cut the throats of American freemen and stifle the rising spirit of liberty. Private aid was, indeed, freely afforded to the colonists; arms and ammunition were conveyed across the ocean in spite of embarrassing neutrality laws, and many enterprising officers were allowed to resign their positions in the French service and serve under Washington. When the American deputies, Silas Deane, Arthur Lee, and Benjamin Franklin, arrived in Paris, and were received with such cordiality at the French court, a new stimulus was given to the general desire of assisting the revolutionists. The appearance of those republican delegates produced a sensation in that brilliant capital. "Nothing could be more striking than the contrast between the luxury of our capitol, the elegance of our fashions, the magnificence of Versailles, the still brilliant remains of the monarchical pride of Louis XIV., and the polished and superb dignity of our nobility, on the one hand; and, on the other hand, the almost rustic apparel, the plain but firm demeanor, the free and direct language of the envoys, whose antique simplicity of dress and appearance seemed to have produced within our walls, in the midst of the effeminate and ser-

vile refinement of the eighteenth century, some sages contemning Plato, or republicans of the Cato and Fabius." (P. 10)

No less impressive than pretending exterior, the heartless sincerity of the deputies gained the heart of the French people, and enlisted in their cause the generous enthusiastic portion of the nation. Numerous offers of service were made, and among the most distinguished were Lafayette, then a young man, the Count de Noailles, and Segur. The two latter were ordered by their parents to desist from their enterprise, which they had already arranged to carry out by crossing the ocean; but Lafayette succeeded in purchasing a vessel, which he equipped and manned at his own expense, taking with him some experienced officers, sailed from a port in France, and reached America, where he was received with a reception due to his rank and noble purpose. A brave and experienced soldier, M. de Lafayette afterward chief instructor of Napoleon Buonaparte, accompanied the Marquis and rendered efficient service during his stay in America.

Some time was now spent in attending to the affairs of the world which Voltaire and his contemporaries were bringing about in the world of literature. He was a visitor at the family residence of Segur, where there was a woman of note in the world of literature. The count himself rates several interesting events respecting the arch-infidel, which he appears to have been on terms. With regard to the world, there is one thing worth mentioning. Immediately after his triumph into Paris, death came upon Segur says that he recanted his former errors. "The clergy,

ing to oppose him, now hoped to convert him. At first Voltaire refused; he received the Abbé Gaultier, who confessed himself, and wrote a profession of faith, which, without satisfying the priests, greatly pleased the philosophers. After seeing the danger, he forgot his pride and his prudence. A few weeks upon being taken extremely ill, he refused to see a priest, and died, stated, with apparent indifference, "a long life." There is a difference of opinion of the latter half of the century.

It is related that he cried out violently for a priest; but his philosophical friends refused to accede to his request, and he died in imprecations most horrible upon his friends for denying his dying wishes.

Political changes at length enabled the count to embark for America, to become an actor in the great drama of freedom, of which he had long been an earnest spectator at a distance. War was declared between France and England. The French,

Arthur Dillon and Count de Segur, directed by D'Estaing, captured the town of Grenada; after which the latter sailed for Savannah, intending to seize that important position.

Notwithstanding the valor of the French and Americans in the successive assaults upon the works, they were obliged to retire with loss, which was still more lamentable by the death of the brave Pulaski, who fought bravely for the liberty which had been crushed in his own land. A full and accurate narrative of the principal events that preceded the surrender of Cornwallis to the united forces of America and France, occupies considerable space in the memoirs of the count. The bravery of the French, and the conduct of the British, naturally, obtains a prominent place until the moment of capitulation arrives. "The English troops

then defiled between the two allied armies, drums beating, and carrying their arms, which they afterward deposited with their flags. As Lord Cornwallis was ill, General O'Hara defiled at the head of the English troops, and presented his sword to the Count de Rochambeau; but the French general, pointing to Washington at the head of the American army, told him that, the French being only auxiliaries, it was for the American general to receive his sword and give him his orders." (P. 237.)

Strange incidents happen in all wars. About this time, the French general, De Bouillé, made an attack on the Dutch islands of the West Indies, lately captured by the British. "Having during the night landed his troops in the island of St. Eustatia, he advanced at break of day to attack the principal fortress of the island, whose garrison was then engaged in manœuvring on the plain. The vanguard of M. de Bouillé was composed of an Irish regiment in the service of France: deceived by the sight of their red coats, the English thought they saw a part of their own countrymen, and suffered themselves to be approached without suspicion. Undeceived too late, they vainly fought with courage; they were routed on all sides, and pursued with so much ardor that French and English entered pell-mell into the fortress, which remained in our possession." How many foreign battle-fields have found the Irish in the vanguard of armies, yet what avails their valor to their own country!

In 1782, Count Segur got permission to set out for America, and a frigate, *La Gloire*, of thirty-two guns, was placed at his disposal to carry important despatches to Count Rochambeau from his government. He had as fellow-passengers the Duke de Lauzun, the Prince de Broglie, the

Baron Montesquieu, Count de Loménie, an Irish officer named Sheldon, Polawski, a Polish gentleman, and others eager to assist the inhabitants of a new world fighting for liberty, of which men were allowed to dream in the Old World. Enthusiastic as he had previously felt upon the subject, he could hardly restrain himself, now that he was on his way to accomplish his most cherished hopes.

A letter dated from "Brest Roads, on board *La Gloire*, May 19th, 1782," contains some remarkably philosophical passages; and when writing his memoirs, forty-two years afterward, he could find no fitter language to convey the sentiments which then agitated his mind. "In the midst of an absolute government, everything is sacrificed to vanity, to the love of fame, or what is called glory, but which hardly deserves the name of patriotism in a country where a select number of persons, raised to the first employments of the state by the will of a master, and on the precarious tenure of that will, engross the whole legislative and executive power; in a country where public rights are only considered as private property, where the court is all in all, and the nation nothing. A love of true glory cannot exist without philosophy and public manners. With us, the desire of celebrity, which may be directed to good or evil, is the prevailing motive, while promotion depends not upon talents, but upon favor." A most pernicious course, and certain to produce disastrous consequences in any organization! He proceeds to expose the facility with which men adapt themselves to any absolute system in which the ambitious and selfish portion of the community find adulation and sycophancy the readiest ladders to power and eminence, while the truly meritorious find their virtue an obstacle to favor,

if not an occasion of fear. If the French nation without change under government such as C presents that of his d more difficult to accou nomenon than the re destroyed it.

The intelligent ap right and freedom tha Frenchmen to dare th ocean preparatory to th dangers of the battle-fie of liberty, we should forget in the present a whimsical adventure t over the waves to enga suit of chimerical grati separating at this tim hold dear, I do not m a sacrifice to prejudic . . . Being a soldie family, my native plac charms of life, in order fil the duties of a profe the noblest of any, wh a just cause."

An interesting narrat age, in company with L'Aigle, of forty guns, treasure of two millio livres for the aid of th is given in a few page moirs. They fell in wi frigate of seventy-four memorable engagement vessel was the Hecto Frenchman, taken by t the defeat of De Grasse. of the engagement, V French commander, cri English captain to stri "Yes, yes," said the lat "I am going to do it;" a his answer by a terrib So near were the vessels used pistols; and even of the guns were wield For three quarters of Gloire bore the brunt of

conflict ; but, at length, aided by L'Aigle, they so disabled the English vessel that they expected soon to capture her. Next day, however, other sails appearing in sight, they abandoned the Hector, which afterward sank, and the crew was rescued by an American ship. An incident of the battle may be related, as showing the coolness and gayety of the French character, even amidst the most appalling scenes :

"The Baron de Montesquieu was standing near us, (on the deck ;) we had of late been amusing ourselves with rallying him in regard to the words *liaisons dangereuses*, which he had heard us pronounce, and, in spite of all his inquiries, we had still evaded explaining to him that such was the title of a new novel, then much read in France. While we were thus conversing together, our ship received the fire of the Hector, and a bar-shot—a murderous junction of two balls united by an iron bar—struck a part of the quarter-deck, from which we had just before descended. The Count de Loménie, standing at the side of Montesquieu, and pointing to the shot, said very coolly, 'You were wishing to know what those *liaisons dangereuses* were? There, look, you have them.'"

Soon after this event they approached Delaware Bay, where they captured an English corvette. Being ignorant of the channel, however, they were necessarily delayed, and they were placed in a most critical position by the appearance of an English fleet, whose superior force seemed to leave them no chance of escape. This they effected, nevertheless, with the greatest difficulty, carrying with them the gold which they had been obliged to throw into the river when pursued by the English, but which they afterward fished up and secured. They then proceed-

ed on the way to Philadelphia, and the Count gives amusing incidents that occurred on the route. Sometimes well treated by the inhabitants favorable to the cause of freedom, they were also subjected to much annoyance by the tories and the timid or vacillating between both sides. A certain Mr. Pedikies is particularly mentioned as having received them coolly and suspiciously, while promises, bribes, and threats were necessary to oblige him to afford them any aid. The contrast evident between the Americans and his own countrymen, is noticed by the writer in an aspect very favorable to the former. What especially attracted his attention was, the absence of different classes in society and of all poverty. "All the Americans whom we met were dressed in well-made clothes, of excellent stuff, with boots well cleaned ; their deportment was free, frank, and kind, equally removed from rudeness of manner and from studied politeness ; exhibiting an independent character, subject only to the laws, proud of its own rights, and respecting those of others. Their aspect seemed to declare that we were in a land of reason, of order, and of liberty." (P. 320.) He describes the face of the country, its boundless resources of agricultural wealth, and stores of future happiness and power.

Philadelphia, then the capital of the country, attracted his admiration, and he enters upon a disquisition concerning the Quakers, who inspired him with a very high esteem for their principles of peace and rectitude. He says that "most of them were tories," and cannot blame them, because their religion forbade its members to engage in war. "Friend," said one of them to General Rochambeau, "thou dost practise a vile trade ; but we are told that thou dost conduct thyself with all the humanity and justice it

will admit of. I am very glad of this ; I feel indebted to thee for it ; and I am come hither to see thee, and to assure thee of my esteem." Another discovered a very ingenious mode of avoiding participation in the deeds of war, even by paying taxes to support it, and at the same time of complying with the law of Congress imposing taxation. The day upon which the collectors called, he placed a certain sum of money apart where they might find it, and thus he would not *give*, but allowed it *to be taken*. At Newport, he became acquainted with a venerable member of the same sect ; and the Frenchman became an ardent admirer of Polly Leiton, the beautiful and modest daughter of his host. She made no pretence to conceal her abhorrence of war, and candidly addressed the Count in terms not at all complimentary to his military notions. "Thou hast, then," she said, "neither wife nor children in Europe, since thou leavest thy country, and comest so far to engage in that cruel occupation, war?" "But it is for your welfare," he replied, "that I quit all I hold dear, and it is to defend your liberty that I come to fight the English." "The English," she rejoined, "have done thee no harm, and wherefore shouldst thou care about our liberty? We ought never to interfere in other people's business, unless it be to reconcile them together and prevent the effusion of blood." "But my king has ordered me to come here and engage his enemies and your own," said Segur. To this she replied that no king has a right to order what is unjust and contrary to what God ordereth.

Having transacted important business with M. de Luzerne, at Philadelphia, and fully acquainted himself with the state of affairs and eminent men of the times, he set out for the camp of Washington and Rochambeau, on

the banks of the Hudson. Narrative of his journey thither, he himself a keen observer, and appreciates the character of the habitants, as well as the natural aspect of the country through which he passed. Schools, churches, universities met him at every step, while kindness, comfort, and peace were everywhere displaying a modest tranquillity of the minds of the men, knowing no power but the influence of law, and the expression of their own vanity, servility, and prejudice. European society unknown, a general spirit of industry and a respectable occupation of labor prevailed ; such phases of life, so new to the traveller, attracted his attention.

The inns at which he stopped on his way were generally kept by captains, majors, colonels, gentlemen, conversed with equal facility in military tactics and agricultural subjects, and were no less entertained in their stories of campaigns than the English than in their stories of clearing forests and raising the sites of Indian wigwags. The very naturally surprised the sensitive Frenchman ; but, when presented to him a new phase of society, it approved itself very much to his judgment. Two things, however, he found to condemn ; himself says, shocked him more than he could express. One was the custom, the moment a toast was given, of circulating an entire bowl of punch round the table, of which each guest was successively compelled to drink ; and the other was, that, after being in bed, it was not unusual to see a fresh man walk into your room, and in ceremony stretch himself on the side, and appropriate a part of the couch."

on and Princeton recalled the memory of brilliant exertions in the cause of liberty. Washington and Lafayette; on whom he would have fallen into the hands of the Britishers, had been warned of his danger by a woman sitting at her door, near a spinning-wheel. Having crossed the majestic Hudson which he eloquently describes, cheered by the sight of the tents, and soon reached the quarters of Rochambeau, at Mifflintown. He took command of a regiment of Soissonnais, and had been awaiting him, and received with the greatest esteem. It had been formerly Segur, from his father, who commanded it at the famous battles of Lawfeld and Rocoux. In these battles the old warrior stood at the head of his regiment, and was killed by a musket-ball through the head, and again by another shot shattered his arm. Although annoyed at the absence of operations in the field, still he found amusement enough among the French countrymen, with whom he was now associated. One young artilleryman particularly attracted his attention. This was Duplessis, who had most signally distinguished himself in several engagements, and who carried his attachment to liberty and equality so far that he was highly displeased if any one called him *Sir* or *Mister*. He was called simply Thomas Duplessis.

Appreciation of the character of Washington is in accordance with the opinion in which that great man was held by all. "Too often," says, "reality disappoints our imaginations, and admiration diminishes at too close view of the ob-

ject upon which it had been bestowed; but, on seeing General Washington, I found a perfect similarity between the impression produced upon me by his aspect and the idea I had formed of him. His exterior disclosed, as it were, the history of his life; simplicity, grandeur, dignity, calmness, goodness, firmness, the attributes of his character, were also stamped upon his features and in all his person. His stature was noble and elevated; the expression of his features mild and benevolent; his smile graceful and pleasing; his manners simple, without familiarity. He did not display the luxury of a monarchical general; everything announced in him the hero of a republic."

Expecting to find an army without organization, and officers without suitable military knowledge, he was surprised to find well-drilled battalions, and officers fully competent in all departments of their service. He dined frequently with Washington, and gives instructive descriptions of the habits of those Revolutionary heroes. The toasts most frequently given after dinner at headquarters were, "The Independence of the United States;" "The King and Queen of France;" "Success to the allied armies." The generous spirit of brotherhood that united the two nations in those days seems to have become unknown in our times; while she that was then the cruel enemy has now become the flattered friend. Who will deny that nations sometimes act the life of individuals? Washington's opinions on this point are worth recording: "He spoke to me of the gratitude which his country would ever retain for the King of France, and for his generous assistance; highly extolled the wisdom and skill of General de Rochambeau, expressing himself honored by

having observed and obtained his friendship; warmly commended the discipline and bravery of our army; and concluded by speaking to me, in very handsome terms, of my father, whose long services and numerous wounds were becoming ornaments, he said, to a minister of war." (P. 253.)

The Americans and French were closely besieging the British at this time in New York, and although the prudence of the generals restrained the impetuosity of the allies, who eagerly sought to attack the enemy in their defences, it was not possible to prevent the execution of some daring exploits. But the armies soon separated, the French marching toward Newport and Providence, thence to Boston. They were ordered to the West Indies, where the decisive blow was to be struck at the English, and, as it eventually turned out, the independence of the States soon after followed.

We cannot but admire the wisdom displayed in this book of memoirs, written eighty-five years ago, amidst scenes and times that could afford material from which the future greatness of the country could be predicted only by a very sagacious mind. He clearly foresaw, in the rising colonies then about to emerge into a powerful nationality, all the resources which, by judicious and liberal legislation, led to the wonderful prosperity with which our country is blessed. The religious toleration and equality which reigned everywhere he highly eulogized, and accounts very philosophically for the necessity of such a state of things. It must be borne in mind that Count Segur was a follower of Voltaire, although of a Protestant family. For this reason the ingenuousness with which he testifies to the origin of this religious toleration is more deserving of notice. At page 371, he says: "The multipli-

city of religions rendered to indispensable among them, a will, perhaps, appear singular *ample of this toleration was Catholics.* No church, there privileged or considered the lished church; the ministers religion were paid by those fessed it, and there existed them not a fatal spirit of a source of discord, but a emulation of charity, bene and virtue." It is pleasing this generous tribute of respect liberal spirit which influence ligious denominations of those lutionary times. It is true the religious sects there are some bers who are ever ready to cl persecution, and eager to adopt measures to compel their ing neighbors to believe according to their own special measure of And it is difficult, perhaps ble, to name one religious pa has not, when sufficiently st do so, been led into the com of acts which succeeding gen would willingly have efface the record of their prede For instance, what intellige byterian of the present day not willingly blot from the p her history the deeds that s Scotch Church in the days of fluence? Buckle, one of the non-Catholic writers of the age, says that her real charac "one of the most detestable nies ever seen on the earth." the Scotch Kirk was at the h its power, we may search hi vain for any institution whi compete with it, except the inquisition. Between these tw is a close and intimate a Both were intolerant, both we both made war upon the fine of human nature, and both de every vestige of religious fre

ii. p. 322.) It is more truthful to admit the opinion of Mr. Buckle to attempt to controvert his proof by which he establishes his position. We only advert to this to vindicate the principle that, although there may be individual Presbyterians and individual Catholics who feel a disposition to recur to the violent acts of some of their predecessors, yet it cannot be denied they are exceptional. The general spirit of toleration which Count Segur so justly appreciates, is too deeply implanted in the institutions of the Republic to be blown away by the violent blast of weak bigotry.

On another subject upon which he has commented is equally important to show his great foresight. In aptly describing the reasons which he presaged the future weakness of the nation, he observes "the only danger to be apprehended hereafter for this happy Republic, (which then consisted of twenty millions of inhabitants,) is the state of excessive opulence of which its exclusive commerce seems to hold out the promise, and which will bring luxury and corruption in its train." (P. 374.) Has not this already come to pass? Again he asks: "Is not that difference which is observable between the manners and civilization of the North and South calculated, in fact, to create an expansion for the future of a political separation, which would weaken perhaps even dissolve this happy union, which can only retain its strength while it remains firm and united?" The past few years have confirmed the justness of his views.

We cannot better conclude than by transcribing his relation of an in-

cident which evinced the bravery of his friend Lynch, an officer of the staff of Count d'Estaing, at the storming of Savannah: "M. d'Estaing, at the most critical moment of that sanguinary affair, being at the head of the right column, directed Lynch to carry an urgent order to the third column, which was on the left. These columns were then within grape-shot of the enemy's entrenchments; and on both sides a tremendous firing was kept up. Lynch, instead of passing through the centre or in the rear of the columns, proceeded coolly through the shower of balls and grape-shot, which the French and English were discharging at each other. It was in vain that M. d'Estaing, and those who surrounded him, cried to Lynch to take another direction; he went on, executed his order, and returned by the same way; that is to say, under a vault of flying shot, and where every one expected to witness his instant destruction. 'What!' cried the general, on seeing him return unhurt. 'The devil must be in you, surely. Why did you choose such a road as that, in which you might have perished a thousand times over?' 'Because it was the shortest,' answered Lynch. Having uttered these words, he went with equal coolness and joined the party that most ardently engaged in storming the place."

It has been a pleasure, as well as an instruction, to accompany in his thoughts and actions one of those many noble and brave foreigners who aided, by their services, in the establishment of our independence, and forced a powerful foe to relinquish her grasp upon a nation struggling for liberty.

NOTRE DAME DE GARAISSON.

IN the province of Aquitaine, a short distance from the village of Monléon, among the hills of *Les Hautes Pyrénées*, is a valley bearing the name of Garaison, where stands a votive chapel in honor of the Blessed Virgin. It is a favorite place of pilgrimage for all the country around, which has been approved of by Popes Urban VIII. and Gregory XVI., who have enriched it with indulgences. It was erected in consequence of the apparition of our Blessed Lady on the spot, about the year 1500, to a young shepherdess who was guarding her flock in the valley. The legend is as follows, somewhat abridged. It is supported by most unobjectionable witnesses at the time of the event, by tradition, and the unanimous voice of the country around; by public documents, and by the effects which followed and which still exist. As for me, however, this is of little moment, these legends not being matters of faith. It is sufficient for me to know that the spot in question is one dear to Mary and peculiarly favored by Heaven. It has been sanctified by the sighs of contrition, by the pure confessions, the fervent communions, and the sudden and miraculous conversions of those who have gone thither in honor of the Mother of our Lord.—But the legend:

A young girl of twelve years of age, Angèle de Sagazan, was guarding her flock near a large hawthorn which shaded a fountain of living water. The deep shade and the soft murmur of the fountain invited repose, and, opening her basket of provisions, the young shepherdess seated herself by the spring to dip her dry brown

bread in the clear, cold water. Suddenly a lady of majestic mien, serene countenance and graceful guard, clothed in a long, white which fell in graceful folds to her stood before the astonished girl who, dazzled by her appearance, remained immovable and speechless. Then our gracious Lady, who the poor and the humble, declared her that she had chosen this as a place of benediction, where wished a shrine erected in her around which her children might gather with more than ordinary assurance. This apparition occurred three days in succession, the first related to her father what had happened. He, in turn, reported the occurrence among his neighbors, who were quite incredulous, but through curiosity or inspiration by God, flocked to the fountain, and was still to be heard the voice of the Virgin, though no one saw her but the pure eyes of the shepherdess. The people went to seek the fountain and returned to the fountain with banners, chanting hymns in honor of Mary. They erected a large shrine on the spot. After that the water of the fountain seemed miraculously changed, and the sick went thither to be healed. The sudden restoration of many to health made the shrine celebrated in a short time. A number of miracles increasing the present elegant vaulted chapel erected by the voluntary offerings of grateful pilgrims, and there the benediction of Heaven descended upon the votaries of Mary. At this wonderful are the prodigies wrought on soul and body at the shrine

of Garaison. Ages ago God
many who, at the troubling
waters, descended to the angel-
d Pool of Siloam. His ways
as our ways. . . .

de a pilgrimage to Notre Dame
aison in June, 18—. The eve-
efore, I went to shrift, by way
aration, and the next morning
an early hour with a party of
, who completely filled our
diligence. There were five
and two servants, besides the
and his more efficient wife. I
call her the driver and him the
on. Quite a procession we
have made in honor of our
of Garaison! We ought to
gone plodding along the high-
sandal shoon and penitential
with pilgrim staff and scallop-
knocking our breasts as we
as did the votaries of the mid-
es. But in these days, when
old Christian flies along the
al railroad with his burden of
efully stowed away in the bag-
ar, I, a feeble pilgrim, may be
d for seeking as comfortable a
could be found in our rickety
igence. As I got in, I caught
factory glimpse of a large bas-
which were light, crispy *pisto-*
aps of deep-red cherries, flasks
r, and bottles of mild *vin rouge*,
our servant had thoughtfully
ed for our outer man. And
ere not disdained in our drive
ty miles. Such due attention
been paid to our bodily wants,
e quite at leisure to abandon
es to our spiritual musings or
votions! Who could wish to
his soul constantly disturbed
stered by a jaded and craving

It is quite contrary to the re-
as well as philosophic spirit
s enlightened nineteenth cen-
and though I was somewhat
c, and rather inclined to the

sterner rules of mediæval times, the
thought almost reconciled me to
my corner, where I braced my weary
back, and to the aforesaid basket,
whence I fortified my body.

"*Ciel!*" I exclaimed, as I found
myself *en diligence* and the stone
cross of St. Oren's Priory fast disap-
pearing, "have I returned to the
middle ages, or am I dreaming?" I
could not help rubbing my eyes, and
wondering what some of my more
enlightened American friends would
think, if they could see me seriously,
deliberately setting off on a pilgrim-
age (even in a carriage!) of thirty
miles, to pay my devotions at a shrine
of the Virgin Mary! But yes—my
head was quite sound, though filled
with the vows I wished to offer in a
spot peculiarly dear to our Lady.
This was the first visit I ever made
to one of these places of popular de-
votion, and so, apart from my religi-
ous motives, I felt some curiosity to
see this mountain chapel, away almost
upon the confines of Spain.

The roads are fine in that part of
France, and bordered by magnificent
shade-trees. Owing to recent rains,
we had no dust. We passed waving
wheat-fields, luxuriant vineyards hedg-
ed with hawthorn, and away on the
neighboring hills was many an old
château with its venerable towers,
and hard by an antique church. I
found everything novel, and conse-
quently interesting. Going and re-
turning we stopped at most of the
villages. In every one we found an
old vaulted stone church, with thick
walls and doors, ever open to the
passer-by. In each were several chap-
els, adorned with oil paintings, bas-
reliefs, and statues of the saints,
and in every church were the stations
of *Via Crucis* well painted, and the
little undying lamp of olive oil burn-
ing near the gilded tabernacle—an-
nouncing the presence of the Divinity

—the Shekinah of the new Israel—
and recalling the beautiful lines of
Lamartine:

"Pâle lampe du sanctuaire,
Pourquoi dans l'ombre du saint lieu,
Inaperçue et solitaire,
Te consumes-tu devant Dieu?

"Ce n'est pas pour diriger l'aile
De la prière ou de l'amour,
Pour éclairer, faible étincelle,
L'œil de celui qui fit le jour.

"Mon œil aime à se suspendre
A ce foyer aérien ;
Et je leur dis, sans les comprendre,
Flambeaux pieux, vous faites bien.

"Peut-être, brillantes parcelles
De l'immense création,
Devant son trône imitent-elles
L'éternelle adoration.

"C'est ainsi, dis-je à mon âme,
Que de l'ombre de ce bas lieu
Tu brûles, invisible flamme,
En la présence de ton Dieu.

"Et jamais tu n'oublies
De diriger vers lui mon cœur,
Pas plus que ces lampes remplies
De flotter devant le Seigneur."^{*}

In these churches there was always
an altar to the Virgin, too, adorned
with lace and flowers, and streaming
with gay ribbons and pennons, after
the taste of the country. In one we
found a wedding party, and were in
season to hear the *Ego conjungo vos*
of the curé over a very modest and
subdued-looking pair.

We often passed huge crosses of
wood or stone erected by the way-

* In the absence of a suitable poetic version of the
above, we subjoin—for such of our readers as are not
familiar with the language of the original—the follow-
ing prose translation of it, from Digby's *Ages of Faith*:

"Pale lamp of the Sanctuary, why, in the obscurity
of the Holy Place, unperceived and solitary, consum-
est thou thyself before God? It is not, feeble spark!
to give light to the eye of him who made the day:
it is not to dispel darkness from the steps of his ad-
orers. The vast nave is only more obscure before thy
distant glimmering. And yet, symbolic lamp, thou
guardest thy immortal fire, thou dost flicker before
every altar, and mine eyes love to rest suspended on
this aerial hearth. I say to them, I comprehend not:
ye pious flames, ye do well. Perhaps these bright
particles of the immense creation imitate before his
throne the eternal adoration! It is thus, say I to my
soul, that, in the shade of this lower place, thou burn-
est, a flame invisible, a fire which remains unextin-
guished, unconsumed, by which incense can be at all
times rekindled to ascend in fragrance to heaven!"

side, to which were attach-
ed instruments of the Passion.
among the passers-by that
made the sign of the cro-
men raised their hats.
find the villages very agree-
houses were of stone, with
and had a cold, forbidding
paved streets were narrow
sidewalks, and anything but
I thought of our fresh Ne-
villages, their white cot-
green blinds, and front y-
with flowers and shrub-
those of France were more
and more picturesque—at
Flocks of sheep dotted the
each guarded by a shep-
wore a bright scarlet *capuc*
covers the head and falls
waist. It is picturesque, if
ful, and at a distance the w-
like one of her native but-
coquelicots. They were
spinning, after the man-
country, with the distaff
arm and twirling the spin-
hand, thus laying their ha-
spindle and their hands h-
distaff after the manner of
tament times. How they c-
spin with these two instr-
past my comprehension, b-
succeed admirably.

Every now and then we
key groaning under the we-
ears and of a huge cage, or
large as himself on each
with live poultry or fruit a-
bles. Perched on the top
these queer saddle-bags wa-
eyed, sunburnt *paysanne*,
tiently thwacking Old Da-
ketward. The oxen looked
fared better; they were
clean, that is, what I cou-
them, for they were almo-
encased in great coverings,
were elephants. Their dri-
a blouse of blue cotton, ar-

shoes with most impertinently turned-up toes. They are worn (the shoes) both by men and women. They make a terrible clatter; you would think the Philistines upon you; but they are very durable.

The country reminded me of the interior of New England. The hills were finely wooded, more so than I had expected in that old country. On leaving Monléon, we entered a valley, narrow at first, but which gradually opened, forming a basin of considerable extent, with green meadows and shady thickets. It is bounded and crowned by hills, and a few hours distant are the Pyrenees. This valley is solitary—secluded, but not wild or uncultivated. Perhaps there is a score of houses in it. From about the centre rise the turrets of Notre Dame de Garaison. The whole country was once covered with magnificent oaks which had been planted by the old chaplains, but the vandals of a later day had cut away whole forests.

The rain poured down in torrents when we entered the valley of Garaison, but that did not prevent us from admiring the locality so favorable to devotion. Far from any city, free from noise, the chapel is buried among the hills and forests of Aquitaine, a spot chosen by God in which to reveal his presence and power! What a delicious solitude! We drove to a little *auberge*—Hotel de la Paix!—erected for the accommodation of pilgrims. In the olden time they were sheltered in a monastery, which was devastated during the Revolution, and now, when great festivals draw crowds of people, the women often remain in the house all night. Leaving our carriage at the hotel, we immediately went to the church in spite of the rain, passing through a long avenue of majestic oaks.

The principal entrance to this sa-

cred retreat is quite imposing. The front is decorated with a statue of the Virgin, holding the dead Christ in her arms—the bodies of natural size, and the work of a skilful hand.

The buildings form a vast enclosure, in the centre of which is the chapel, having on the north and south two courts which separate it from the rest of the edifice. I was surprised to find so fine an establishment so far away from any city. We passed through a cloister shaded by cypresses to the chapel. Over the door and at the sides are niches, in which are statues. The vestibule, as in all these old churches, is very low. Here my attention was attracted by a great number of small paintings which cover the walls and vault, forming a complete mosaic. These *ex-voto* are not remarkable as works of art, but precious on account of the miraculous events which they retrace. They represent the persons who have been cured of their infirmities by the intercession of Mary; to each is attached a label bearing the name of the person and the date of the cure. These paintings were left untouched at the Revolution, though the venerable guardians of this sanctuary were driven from their cherished solitude; and the sacred vestments, the holy vessels, the silver lamps, the jewels, and other *ex-voto* of all kinds, which had been offered the Virgin in gratitude for grace received, were carried away; the fine statues of the twelve Apostles were destined to the flames, but were rescued by the people of Monléon, whose church they now adorn.

From the vestibule we passed into the nave. One feels an inexpressible emotion of piety and devotion on entering this beautiful church. I went immediately to the grand altar to pay my devotions to our Lady of Garaison, while the servant took my

letter of introduction to M. le Supérieur, who was fortunately at liberty. I found him a tall, fine-looking gentleman, instead of a hoary old hermit, and as polite as a Parisian. He wore a flowing *soutane*, confined at the waist by a fringed girdle, and on his head was a sort of skull-cap, such as the priests wear in that country—I imagine, to protect their tanned heads from the cold. He conducted me over the whole establishment. In his room I saw the skull of the shepherdess to whom the Virgin appeared. She died a nun, and more than a century old. After her death, her body was given to the chapel, which had been erected during her life, and to which she had been permitted to resort from time to time. The fountain is under the grand altar; but the water is conducted into a basin in a vault to the east of the chapel. Every one says the waters still perform wonderful cures. The superior said it was not owing to any mineral qualities; and as I was not able to analyze them, I contented myself with drinking quite freely of them, bathing therein my forehead, and inwardly praying God to heal every infirmity of body and soul. On the basin is a bas-relief representing the Virgin's appearing to the shepherdess.

The arches and walls of the sacristy are covered with the frescoes of a by-gone age, but which have not lost their brilliancy of color. They represent the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the Apostles; angels bearing to our Saviour the instruments of the Passion, etc.

Over the grand altar of the church, in a niche, is a statue of Notre Dame de Garaison, the mother of sorrows, holding in her arms the inanimate body of her divine Son. There are four small chapels, two on each side,

separated by walls which are the principal nave, and are supported by pilasters to the vault. In them are some paintings, two of which are very fine, an angel guardian and a Madonna in a niche, which were robbed, but have been newly furnished with statues of the twelve Apostles as life, and bearing the instruments of their martyrdom; and of our Saviour in the midst. On the walls are painted the patriarchs and prophets of the old law. The statues and altars give a brilliant appearance to the light Gothic chapel.

In the south court is a statue of Mary stands with her divine arms, sculptured in white marble. The water spouts out at the top through four small masks, and falls into a basin of pure white marble, whence it flows into another basin larger. The statue has been injured by exposure to the sun, but still it reminds one that the channel through which the grace of God comes to us—that her flow the waters of benediction and of grace upon man!

The refectory is vaulted and is a whispering gallery, in the manner of the monasteries of the middle ages, so that one could communicate from corner to the other opposite in the lowest tone. I am sure that the couchant leopard was surprised or awed by the solemn procession he witnessed in the chapel of Engaddi, than when he lay late hour in the evening, when I was still rapt in prayer, and unconscious of what was passing around me in this still chapel, I found the altar suddenly illuminated, and a door opened, and a long procession of white-robed monks, and about a hundred young

aper and Host and Book they bare,
nd holy banner flourished fair
ith the Redeemer's name.

passed around the chapel,
g *Tantum Ergo*, and then re-
to the altar to give the bene-
of the Blessed Sacrament.
shly gilded chapel was radiant
flected light, and the strains
salutaris Hostia ! seemed to
pward in celestial tones, as
sued from lips purified by soli-
d prayer. I never felt more
n at this solemn rite than
n the shadow of the Pyrenees.
t my fatigue, and yielded to
t emotion. Exiled from my
land, to which I might never
and among those who were
entire strangers to me, I felt
folded to the bosom of divine
nce, and that the All-Father
have me consider every part
world as my home, and all
ouls, which he has breathed
man forms, as my brethren
ters.

as a late hour when I fell
on my hard bed at the Hotel
Paix. Coldly looking down
e from a rude frame was, for
rdian saint, a picture of *Na-
le Grand*; but, though he had
many a formidable host, he
t put to flight a single sweet
r holy thought that thronged
ins, waking or sleeping.
n early hour I was again be-

fore the altar of Our Lady. Priests
were celebrating the holy mysteries
at every altar when I entered the
chapel. At seven o'clock, M. le Su-
périeur offered the Holy Sacrifice
for my intentions, at which I com-
municated. . . .

My devotions ended, I rambled
around the garden and through the
cloisters, drank again from the foun-
tain, and then prepared for my de-
parture. I had gone to Garaison
with a deeper intent, more serious
purpose, than is my intention to un-
veil here. I bore in my heart a bur-
den—a burden common to human-
ity—which I laid down at the feet
of Mary, thinking, as I did so :

"Oh ! might a voice, a whisper low,
Forth from those lips of beauty flow !
Couldst thou but speak of all the tears,
The conflicts, and the pangs of years,
Which at thy secret shrine revealed
Have gushed from human hearts unsealed !"

I left that chapel in the strong
embrace of the everlasting hills, and
with sunlight flooding its walls like a
glory. Turning to give it a last look,
at the last turn in the valley, it
seemed like a lily rising up in the
green meadows—fit type of her to
whom it is dedicated.

Since that time I have visited
many a shrine of *la belle France*, but
I turn to none with a more grateful
heart than NOTRE DAME DE GARAI-
SON.

COUNT LADISLAS ZAMOYSKI.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF CH. DE MONTALEMBERT.

THE nineteenth century, which is already drawing to a close, will in the course of its history present nothing more grand, more touching, more deeply impressed with the stamp of moral beauty, than Poland—vanquished, proscribed, abandoned by the world.

This nation in mourning and in blood, which yet will not die—this race of indomitable men and women, which survives all tortures, all treasons, and all catastrophes, what a spectacle and a lesson does it present! Its existence is at once a defiance and an appeal: a defiance to adverse fortune, and an appeal to what seems the too tardy justice of an avenging God. Abandoned and calumniated by successful iniquity, by selfish opulence, by the ever-ready worshippers of success, a sight intolerable to their conquerors, and a reproach to the powerful of the world—there they abide, like Mardochai before Aman, firmly resolved to forget not, to despair not, nor to capitulate; incomparable types of suffering, of sacrifice, of unwearying patience, of lofty patriotism; invincible martyrs and confessors, not only of faith, but of right, of country, and of liberty!

In the centre of this group of proscribed and oppressed, like some great oak struck by lightning in the midst of a burning forest, stands out in bold relief the noble figure of Count Ladislas Zamoyski.

Ere yet the waves of forgetfulness and indifference have effaced his noble memory, let us endeavor to recall and rescue from oblivion some traits of an existence which, by every title,

belonged to ourselves; for it was he who was born, (during a journey of his parents there,) and in France having passed here the greater part of the thirty-seven years of his life, spent in exile, without having time returned to his true country.

Here it would seem appropriate to speak of the ancestors of this illustrious dead. But how can we portray to this generation the valor and power of those ancient heroes of Poland and Lithuania, with their immense possessions, countless vassals, and extent of influence which has no parallel in our own country, in the most aristocratic period of its history? It was a Zamoyski who headed the embassy which offered the crown of Poland to the son of Charles IX.;† and so great a name of this race is ever to be found as a remnant in their country's annals. They may have had equals, but I know of none in their native land none ever to be their superiors.

Nothing is more *a propos* to the present subject than the legend of Count Zamoyski, and his device and bearings. Count Zamoyski, of Poland, whose people had long been the cause for discontent, being involved in a conflict with the Teutonic knights, saw on the field of battle his son Zamoyski dying, his breast pierced by three lances. The king approached to aid and comfort him. "Zamoyski!" exclaimed the dying hero, "it is not that which pains me." In other words, "A wound does not hurt me more than a bad prince or a bad nation."

* January 11th, 1863.

† For an account of this embassy, see the work of the Marquis de Noailles, *Histoire de la Pologne* in 1872.

three words and three lances ever since been the armorials of the Zamoycki family. Regarding upon them, we find in them a great appropriateness to that one line whom we have best known; illustrious and wounded hero whom we have had so long before our eyes with the deadly steel in his hand and on his lips a word of proud defiance or intrepid disdain.

Unfortunate are those great races before they are submerged by the tide of equality and modern unity; they can give forth one last flash of glory and furnish to the historian a great heart enthusiastic for a cause and a noble faith; some are lovers of right and duty, capitalizing himself by a genealogy, like our own Duke de Orleans, or by an entire life of devoted sacrifice, like Count Ladislas Zamoycki. For reason as we will, so as men are men, they will be moved and everywhere moved by a principle—I know not what—a kind of idealization of completeness, which the force of birth imparts to great vir- great misfortunes.

Ladislas Zamoycki, in his 28th year, an officer of the lancers in the army, and aide-de-camp to the Duke Constantine; he was above all things to serve his country as a soldier and a citizen, he military insurrection of Warsaw broke out, at the end of November 1830.

As, as has often been repeated, advance-guard of the Russian army directed against the France of which turned back against the body. Although the count had no part in the insurrection, the link of his family and the precocity of his mind enabled him to fit by the particular position he held near the prince, whose errors and unwise acts had contri-

buted more than anything else to provoke the revolt. He obtained from the brother of the emperor the order which separated the Polish troops from the Russian, and gave a sort of method to the military movement, which soon expanded into a national revolution. Believing himself freed now from all allegiance to the grand duke, the young count took part in all the exploits of the campaign of 1831—a campaign which has left imperishable recollections in the minds of all who were living at that time.

For ten months all Europe stood breathless, gazing with deep and varied emotions on those fearful turns of fortune. Every incident produced vehement agitations at the French tribune, in the streets of Paris, and even in the reviews held by the French king. There was something both of heroic and legendary interest in this conflict, so disproportioned yet so prolonged, between a handful of brave men on the one side, and the colossal resources of Russia on the other—a conflict where the veteran comrades of Dombrowski and Poniatowski were led on by youths inflamed with holy zeal for their country's liberty, where the first place was so long held by the Generalissimo Skrzynecki, true paladin of the middle ages, who always put in the orders of the day for his army prayers to the Holy Virgin as Queen of Poland, and who, brave in the field and devout at the altar, was so pre-eminently hero, Christian, and Catholic. I know not how upon this point the young Poles of our own day stand; but I know they would be faithless to the most noble examples of the heroes of 1831 if they should suffer themselves to be enervated by religious indifference, or, sadder still, should they ever trail through the depths of atheism and modern materialism that banner which their an-

cestors never separated from the cross of Jesus Christ.

When, finally, the countless masses which Russia threw upon Poland had dislodged the insurgents from all their positions; when the attempts at intervention made by the French government were rendered nugatory by the icy and cynical indifference of Lord Palmerston;* when Europe resigned herself to be a tranquil spectator at the sacrifice of a nation, Ladislas Zamoyski, firm to the end, in the front rank of combatants, holding then the grade of colonel, laid down his arms with the last division of the Polish army, that of Ramorino, defeated in Galicia. He crossed then the frontiers of that country which he was destined never more to see, and came, wounded and suffering, but not less resolute than in the first days of his manhood, to put himself at the disposal of his uncle, Prince Adam Czartoryski, the venerable chief of the Polish emigration, as he had been president of their national government.

It was then that we saw him for the first time among us. Young, tall, commanding, active, and untiring, he carried in his deportment and in those glorious wounds the credentials of his mission. Always occupied with the cause of his country, but with a serenity and stability far beyond his years, he attracted to himself all attention. A solitary and embarrassed wanderer in a world which was so soon to grow heartlessly indifferent to Poland, he entered calmly and resolutely upon that obscure, laborious, and uncongenial path which honor and duty had traced for him.

I must be permitted here a just homage to that first Polish emigra-

tion of 1831, which, members of the nation by the Count Plater-Kniacewicz, and Prince Czartoryski, Dembinski, Dwerni and the former m chowski and Moraw us, for nearly forty ye examples of fortitude ness, of modest digni nimous resignation.

these yet remain to w dress this last testime ration which I shall among the most salt lasting emotions of r to them a great good know and to compre deur and beauty of cause!

Forced by circum late everything in t their assassinated co hesitated before this tion. Rich and poor, citizens and soldiers, on for sacrifices pai pected, and none sh deed, to many the were obliged to en strange contrast to habits of prodigality oriental luxury. Lac was conspicuous in new to himself and The subsidies which h him to accept were in ed for some general ob among his less fortun saying: "*I learn every out something.*" One he guard carefully—h as, with juvenile naïvet to call it, in and belief that it mig country.

The French refug Edict of Nantes exp homes, represented

* See the correspondence between Prince Talleyrand and Lord Palmerston on the Polish question, July, 1831, in the documents submitted to the English parliament by order of the Queen, in 1861.

iously persecuted, and by they won the active sympathy of the Protestant nations. The emigrants, who, about the year 1792, were the victims of an invasion as bitter and inconsistent as that of England, found in France and Spain places freely offered to them, and which they gratefully filled. The French emigration of 1792 represented not only a monarchy, but an entire social order, whose end was now so near—an order which had reigned in nearly the whole of Europe; to this they owed, during the first years of their exile, the aid and support of their fellow-countrymen, who were now owners affected or threatened by the Revolution. It was not far from wise with the Polish emigrants to have accepted in 1831, which, nevertheless, at one and the same time, was partly both political and religious, more than all, a grand sacrifice, by injustice, by a double standard, from the same motives, and unanimous in their opposition to that decree. They were thus perplexed and divided, and not one of those consolations or compensations which it was reasonable to expect.

France and England had generous sympathies, but these needs purely material, and more. Ruled by a double standard of the Muscovite preponderance without, and that of the French demagogues within—neither, even the most liberal, nor willing to espouse the cause. It was a sadder thing than the misapprehension preventing the sympathy which would have been first offered to the little circle of liberal, and Catholics—a circle then small—the Polish refugees, victims of the most bitter persecutor of the century in the nineteenth century,

met no response from the religious world. It was a time when Catholic Europe, monarchical and aristocratic, was miserably prostrate before the Austria of Prince Metternich and the Russia of the Emperor Nicholas. Consequently, at Paris, and, above all, at Rome, there was to be caught not one glimpse of salvation. There existed among the defenders of the throne and the altar an animosity to the Poles truly revolting, unjustifiable traces of which even yet remain. It was the heaviest cross, for a multitude of Christian souls, which the Polish emigration hid in its bosom. I have the right to speak of it, for no one, perhaps, on this subject, has received more mournful confidences, and no one, I venture to believe, has done more to induce among Catholics a happy change—a change commencing with the good and fatherly Pope Gregory XVI., and precisely on occasion of Count Ladislas Zamoyski, whom he was pleased, at my request, to encourage to visit him in Rome.*

But how time and efforts must fail in making reparation for this strange misunderstanding! and how much it must have aggravated the sorrows inseparable from prolonged exile—those sorrows which every noble heart must comprehend, even without having experienced them, and which inspired, in a sad, gifted soul, the last ray of its genius!

"He passed, a wanderer on earth. May God guide the poor exile! I move among the crowd; they gaze at me, and I at them, yet each to each is unknown. The exile is alone everywhere."†

Count Zamoyski, always sincerely attached to the faith of his fathers,

* Until 1837, no Pole was allowed to enter Rome, without a passport *visé* by Austria, Prussia, or Russia; consequently, this excluded the exiles of 1830.

† *Paroles d'un Croquant.* 1833.

even before the death of a beloved mother had developed in him a fervent piety, lived long enough to witness this happy change in Catholic opinion. He had the consolation of seeing the entire church moved, at the voice of its chief, by the incomparable sufferings of Poland. In France, at least, every Catholic worthy the name addressed prayers without ceasing to the divine mercy, that the country of St. Hedwige and Sobieski might one day resume her place, free among the nations. This harmony between the irrepressible aspirations of his patriotism and the daily increasing fervor of his religious sentiments threw over the last years of his life a warm and consoling light.

But before arriving in port, how stormy the voyage! Bound by soul yet more than by the ties of blood to his uncle, Prince Adam Czartoryski, he had been twenty-five years his lieutenant, his coadjutor, and the sharer of his fortunes; like him, too, encountering continually repulse, deception, and injustice, without being embittered or discouraged.

Belgium, always hospitable, took full possession of her nationality in the same year, 1831, when Poland seemed to have lost hers. She immediately opened the ranks of her army to Count Ladislas, with the grade of colonel, a position he had won on the bloody banks of the Vistula.

For fifteen years* he watched in vain for an opportunity to once more draw his sword in behalf of his own land, or for some cause which might even indirectly serve her interests. He was obliged to content himself with employing his intercourse with the political men of the two great constitutional countries, to secure to the Polish question, in the order of the day, some parliamentary discus-

sion or some diplomatic bias obtain from the French chamber the English parliament the odious demonstrations which to him so many protestations against the most odious of crimes; so many guarantee a proscription which the sad of men too often drew down to the profit and encourage injustice.

At length, in 1846, he then saw the dawn of better days short counterfeit alliance Pius IX. and Italian liberty tened, with sixty other Polish to offer their devotedness a tary experience to the new whom all believed menaced tria even more than by the tion. From thence he passed volunteer into the army of Albert, and shared, by the that noble and unfortunate so in all the vicissitudes of the between Piedmont and Austria, we must remember, at we speak of, was not the liberty of the present day; and could look on this empire save the author and accompany the calamities of his country. mont being defeated and re to its ancient limits, it was tary that Count Zamoyski turned his steps. Hungary was in a state of insurrection. Austria, but was also a victim to an insurrection of her Slav nation, unwisely irritated. From Hungary a recognition rights of these people—rights understood or ignored by the Europe—was the mission of Zamoyski, and for which he was going to confront new perils. The Poles, however, soon arrived combining their armies with Austria and with the revolted Hungary was soon crushed.

* From 1832 to 1847.

disive defeat of Teneswar, the
its of the Polish legion passed
ervia, and from thence to

two years he occupied himself
disciplining those indomita-
irits for future contests ; for
honor of the Ottoman Porte
ordred that it refused the de-
of the Russian and Austrian
ments for the extradition of
lish and Hungarian refugees.

ng a short revisit which he
o France, the Eastern question
and he immediately returned
key. He took part, with the
general, in the campaign on
ks of the Danube, and through
ire Crimean war devoted his
h, his rare intelligence, his
experience, to forming regi-
of Polish Cossacks, ostensibly
service of the sultan, but in-
; in the hope of seeing them
ely admitted to the ranks of
es.

January, 1856, the prelimi-
the Peace of Paris came to
side once more his patriotic
ams, and to destroy every
of resuscitation which had
ffered to Poland in this rup-
o pompous but so fruitless,
n France and England and

adequate reason has yet been
or that blind delusion which
ed the powerful allies, in
r Napoleon I., in 1812, from
gainst Russia the only power
he could not control, to recall
to that national existence
was her sacred right ; and
at the same time, was the
icient guarantee for the inde-
ce and security of Europe.

e desperate by this thwarted
tion, Poland suffered herself,
; to be drawn into that stre-
but unfortunate effort whose

miserable consequences are in the
memories of all. Count Zamoyski,
now suffering with age and infirmities,
made one last attempt to prevail on
England to unite in some kind of ao-
tion with France, and not to stand
by in silence at those massacres and
outrages which Russia perpetrated
with such impunity, a mockery to the
civilization of the nineteenth cen-
tury. He failed, and this was his
last attempt.

He died, leaving Europe more than
ever exposed to perils he had warned
her against, more than ever recklessly
serving the Muscovite power.

He died, seeing Russia supremely
powerful in the East, and free to put
the seal on all the bloody hypocri-
sies of her history : *here*, making the
world resound with her solicitude for
the civil and religious liberty of the
Cretans, while she crushed out with
her unholy foot the last palpitations
of Polish freedom, and extirpated,
with infernal perfidy, the last ves-
tiges of Polish Catholic faith : *there*,
instigating against regenerated Aus-
tria a formidable conspiracy of her
Slavic subjects, while the highways
and mines of Siberia are strewn with
the skeletons of heroic Poles, whose
only crime was to spurn the yoke of
those Russians who are a hundred-
fold less truly Slavic than their vic-
tims.

The history of Count Ladislas
Zamoyski is, then, a sad one ; it is the
story of a life-long shipwreck.

All his designs were frustrated, all
his hopes deceived. Always hasten-
ing from disappointment to disap-
pointment, from defeat to defeat, he
wearied never, paused never, was
successful never.

Deeming no sacrifice too great,
and no detail too minute for the ser-
vice of his country, he was prompt to
avail himself of any circumstance or
encounter any new risk which might

gain for her a friend, remove an error, or stimulate in her behalf the indifferent. Self-armed against disasters, he raised himself from each defeat with the tenacity of an old Roman on the battle-field, where he had been once overthrown, to fall again, wounded and crushed down by an implacable adversity.

It would seem as if so many trials, mental and material, public and private, might suffice to fill that measure of suffering which is the lot of all below. But no! he had still to endure those which would appear more fittingly the portion of the idle and prosperous.

Crippled with wounds and infirmities, the last ten years of his life were passed in physical sufferings which made them one prolonged torture. He endured, during all this time, the prolonged weariness, the distastes, the feebleness of failing health; and he supported them with the same imperturbable patience, the same tranquil and unconquerable courage, which had sustained him through the sad vicissitudes of his public life.

How great the virtue, crowned by those great sufferings! There is in it a grand and mysterious lesson, and one, above all, which God seems to have designed for our instruction and edification; for his character more than his career at all times raised him far above the mass of human kind. No one could approach him without feeling a profound respect before a strength of mind so determined, a patience which never failed; before that singular union of bravery and gentleness, that generous sense of honor, that equanimity, that integrity. Rich in the domestic happiness which Providence accorded to his declining years, he was content to live, content to suffer; yet appreciating any relief, and humbly thankful for those rare moments of respite

which were permitted to his various infirmities. Without diminishing the aspirations of his youth, he had purified and transformed in the crucible of self-denial and sacrifice. What remained to him of his generous pride was so tempered that the most exacting could not have reproached him. His Christianity brightened as the chills of age circled him; and the destinies and well-being of the church in his eyes were no less than those of his country.

He gave a proof of this devotion in the past summer, (1867,) when, broken in health, he went to Rome to lay at the feet of Pius IX. the homage. In the midst of those who were gathered for the Centenary of St. Peter, and among the faithful of the entire world, and those bound fast and gagged by the Muscovite autocrat, Ladislas Zamoycki appeared, like the living symbol of absent, enchained Poland.

Nor was it only faith: it was more—charity—which animated his soul, so Christian and chivalrous. How can we depict that compassion and generosity, so irrepressible toward his destitute compatriots, how sufficiently admire that display of forgiveness to his enemies, his pitiless enemies of his nation! Never one word of bitterness came from his lips.

"What is to be thought of the Russians?" said a friend to him one day, "and how far are they advanced with the emperor?"

"I never judge them," he replied, "I pray for them."

For us, who are not bound to exercise such superhuman moderation, who are witnesses and not victims of these atrocities, we raise up the tomb of this just man as a monument of grief and indignant surprise.

"Usquequo, Domine sanctus

*judicas et non vindicas, san-
nostrum de iis qui habitant in*

long, O Lord! shall crime
sehood triumph? How long
you leave unpunished this
lom of a Christian nation,
ill soon have lasted an entire
?

all rebellious thoughts against
diness of divine justice are
d, all the poignancy of sorrow
ied, by the remembrance alone
departed dead. He is gone!
ag and cruel trials are over!
entered into light and peace!
as in the bosom of his God,
s memory will be for ever
ed among men, with the an-
his illustrious house and of
ortunate country. He leaves

behind a name which will be a crown
of glory to his children, born in the
land of exile where he died, and
rocked in their frail cradle on a
stormy sea. He leaves a sacred
grief, which is a treasure to her
alone, to the youthful and admirable
woman who gave herself to him in
his darkest hour; the intrepid sharer
in his vicissitudes and perils, the
loving and faithful consoler of his
sufferings and decline, and who en-
joyed a happiness with him in this
world which is to be interrupted only
for a few brief days.

Finally, he leaves a great and pro-
fitable example to all who have known
and loved him; above all, to those
who, subjected to slighter trials, sub-
mit to them with less patience and
less courage.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE BIBLE.

*the Catholic Church condemn
le and forbid her people to cir-
nd read it?*

answer: NO! On the contrary,
atholic Church believes the
o be the inspired word of God
f, and constantly incites her
to its diligent perusal. In
ny of which, we offer: first,
cial declarations; and second,
varying practice.

; her official declarations.

holy Council of Trent, which
its sessions in the year 1564,
ose canons and decrees are
ice of the universal church,
; upon every Catholic under
sin, distinctly says:

e Holy Œcumenical and Ge-
ouncil of Trent, . . . fol-
the example of the orthodox

fathers, does with due veneration
and piety receive all the books of
the Old and the New Testament,
of both which God himself is the
immediate author. . . . And, lest
any doubt should exist as to what
books this council has thus received,
a catalogue of the same is annexed
to this decree. (Here follows a list
of the sacred books, as found in
English Catholic Bibles.) Now, if
any one shall refuse to receive these
books entire, with all their parts,
according as they are accustomed to
be read in the Catholic Church and
are contained in the ancient Latin
Vulgate edition, as sacred and can-
onical, . . . let him be anathema."*

Again, the Pope, who, as the head
and mouth-piece of the Catholic

* *Can. et Dec. Conc. Trid. Sess. iv.*

Church, administers its discipline and issues orders to which every Catholic, under pain of sin, must yield obedience, has positively declared, "that the faithful should be excited to the reading of the Holy Scriptures: for these are the most abundant sources which ought to be left open to every one, to draw from them purity of morals and of doctrine;" which declaration may be found in the preface to the English Catholic Bibles now in use.

Second, her unvarying practice.

The Catholic Church, from the beginning, has provided effectual means, not only for the distribution of the Bible among her people, but also for their knowledge of the truths which it contains. One of her holy orders is that of *Reader*, "whose duty," as her catechism says, "is to read the Sacred Scriptures to the people in a clear and distinct voice, and to instruct them in the rudiments of faith."*

Again, from the beginning, it has been made the daily duty of her priests and religious persons to recite "the divine office," which consists of psalms, of readings from the Bible, and of prayers. The new revision of this office made by Gregory VII., in which its different parts were first collected into one volume, became known as the "Breviary," and is still so called. From this was translated and compiled, in great part, the "Daily Morning and Evening Prayer" of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the epistles, gospels, lessons, and psalms of which, thus borrowed, present, as is well known, so large a portion of the Holy Scriptures. Indeed, the Breviary is but the Bible, in a form adapted to devotional uses, and illustrated with pious meditations and devout prayers. Before us lies a copy, pub-

lished in the year 1632, during the Huguenotic wars and persecutions. It bears the official order of great Richelieu; and, as we turn its leaves, we find that a large part of the whole Bible is embraced in its pages, and we perceive that as this book can be found in the hands of all her clergy, accessible to every one who will, so long, within the borders of the Catholic Church at least, the Scriptures will be widely read and intimately known.

Again, in every age, the eminent and pious of the past, the scholars of the Catholic Church, devoted their lives to the explanation of the Bible.

Many of the first eight centuries were principally oral commentaries on the sacred text. The great library of the Vatican contains many valuable Christian works, which come down to us from the past church, are made up of commentaries directly based on Holy Scripture. Their writers are well known of great intellect, of unwearied of deep and humble piety.

This list of some of them: In the second century, Pantænus, Clement of Alexandria, and Origen; in the third century, Pierius, Pamphilus, and Eusebius; in the fourth century, Hilary, Ambrose, Augustine, Chrysostom, and Jerome; in the fifth century, Cyril, Theodoret, and Isidore of Pelusium; in the sixth century, Gregory the Great, Cassiodorus, Procopius, and Isidore; in the seventh century, Isidore of Seville, John of Toledo, and John Damascene; in the eighth century, Venerable Bede, Alcuin, and Rabanus Maurus; in the ninth century, Christian of Mar, Walafridus Strabo, Regino of Auxerre, and Sedulius; in the tenth century, Oecumenius and Photodorus; in the eleventh

* *Catechism. Conc. Trid. pars. ii. De Ordin.*

Lanfranc, and Theophylact in the twelfth century, Euthymius Zigabenus, and Rupert; in the thirteenth century, the great Thomas Aquinas and Hugo de Sancto Caro; in the fourteenth century, Nicholas of Lyra, Paul of Burgos, and Gerardo de Baradene; in the fifteenth century, Lausana, Tostatus, Denis the Carthusian, Marsilius, and Le Fèvre; in the sixteenth century, Cornelius à Lapide, Maldonatus, and Jansen; in the seventeenth century, Alexander and John Bap- tist Hamel; in the eighteenth century, the learned Calmet, of France, and the famous Dr. Adam Clarke. This is, without question, the best comment on the sacred writings ever published, and which Catholics or Protestants, in any age, illuminated with the light of truth, as these, deserves to be called "the Bible of the Dark Ages;" no people, taught by the Holy Spirit, could ever have been

And when we remember that an eminent Protestant clergyman has said, "the writings of the Bible are made of the Scriptures," not merely, "that the writers have quoted the Scriptures, and have made of them as authority on all subjects, but that they thought and have written the thoughts and have used phrases of the Bible, and have done this constantly as the mode of expressing them." (*The Dark Ages*. By Rev. Maitland, D.D. London, 1836.) and remember, further, that it did not be so, unless the people wrote and those who read had free access to Holy Scriptures, possessing the books and permitted to circulate and use them, shall be far enough from the truth that in the Catholic Church there has ever been "a hidden

book," or that the doors of its rich treasure-house were ever closed to men.

Again, the efforts of the Catholic Church to preserve and perpetuate the Bible have been unceasing. As early as the fourth century, by the direction of Pope Damasus, St. Jerome entered on the work of preparing a full and perfect copy of the Scriptures. He devoted twelve years to the study of the Hebrew, Syriac, and other oriental languages. He collected at Jerusalem and in the East all the most accurate versions, both of the Old and New Testaments. From these, revised, compared, and corrected with each other, he prepared that Latin version which is commonly called the "Vulgate," and which, as all biblical critics allow, is the most perfect and complete copy of the Bible which now exists. During the period between the fourth and sixteenth centuries, every great monastery (and Europe was full of them) had its "scriptorium," or writing-chamber, in which copies of the Scriptures were constantly produced. Of the 1400 manuscripts of the New Testament which are now extant, not one was written earlier than the fourth century, or by other than Catholic hands; and Protestants themselves have no higher origin for their Scriptures than these Catholic copies, and no surer ground of reliance on their accuracy than the fidelity and learning of Catholic scholars. How easy, if the Catholic Church condemned the Bible, would it have been to neglect this multiplication of the sacred books, and to silently destroy existing copies! Yet those who depend altogether on her labors for their boasted Scripture, have said, and still will say, that she fears the Bible and would gladly banish it from men. But when the age of printing came, her efforts were redoubled. According to the popular

n of the Holy Office at another translation appeared which passed through *ten* within twenty years. Another was published in 1538, 1546, and more recently there are several others; the principal is that of Antony March in 1778 received the writ-
reusement and recommendation of Pope Pius VI. *Thirty-nine* editions of the French translation of Le Fèvre, as revised by the University of Louvain, were published in 1550 and the year 1700, in which latter date many new and many reprints of former have appeared in France; which the great Bossuet is said to have distributed *fifty thousand* copies with his own hands. In the same manner, the Bible, and especially the New Testament, has been repeatedly reprinted. The most famous edition is the renowned Bible of Cardinal Ximenes, of six volumes, published at Alcala in 1582. In the year 1582, the first translation in English was issued by Miles Coverdale, and in 1609, the Old Testament, in the same language, was translated by Douay, the two together forming the Douay Bible, an edition which is not the most elegant in English, but is still generally admitted by all critics to be more faithful than any other version in the English or Saxon tongue. This latter translation has appeared in almost every country, and in the largest and most or the smallest and least expensive form. It may be found in almost every Catholic family which possesses a Bible, and is read by many to read it. Nearly the same may be said of all other versions in the common languages of all ages. They were intended for the learned, but for the people. The encouragement which has been given has come from the people,

not in opposition to, but in consequence of, the permission and recommendation of the pastors of the church: and it is simply incredible that all these different translations should have been made, and these numerous editions printed, unless the Bible had been freely read and freely circulated among the Catholic masses both of Europe and America.

So far, therefore, from ever hiding the Holy Scriptures, or even keeping them in the background, history proves, beyond the possibility of doubt or denial, that the Catholic Church has always occupied the foremost position in the preservation and diffusion of the written word of God; and that to her efforts, and to her efforts alone, is due not only the continued existence of the Bible itself, but also of those vast treasures of research and investigation which tend to throw light upon its meaning, and enforce its teachings on the hearts of those who read it; nay more, that Protestants themselves possess a Bible, only so far as the same church has bestowed it on them; and that their commentaries and expositions are but mere digests and abridgments of the laborious and extensive works of Catholic philosophers and theologians.

How, then, when the Council of Trent—which is the unerring voice of the universal church—when the Pope, who is the head and ruler of the faithful—when the unvarying practice of all ages of Catholics throughout the world—proclaims that the Catholic Church believes the Bible to be the inspired word of God, and one of the great means for the enlightenment and instruction of mankind—how, then, can Protestants ask whether the Catholic Church condemns the Bible, and forbids its members to circulate and read it? Does not all history answer them?

Do not thousands of sermons, homilies, and commentaries answer them? Do not hundreds of translations, scattered over all ages and all lands, answer them? Does not their own possession of the Bible at the present day, which they profess to prize so highly, and for which they are indebted to that same church, answer them? How, then, can they believe those slanders which have, for so many years, been uttered against the church of God in reference to the Scriptures? Above all, how can they repeat them, after the often made and complete demonstration of their falsehood?

Still it is asked, *What, then, about these Bible burnings, this actual hindrance, in particular instances, to the use of the Bible? And why does not the Catholic Church join with the great Bible societies of the age in the diffusion of the Bible, or at least form societies of her own for the same purpose?*

These are important questions, and questions, too, which must be answered, if the preceding demonstration would have its full effect upon the mind; and for this reason we will now consider them.

What is the Bible? Very few Protestants ever seem to know, or at least to remember, what the Bible really is. Most of those whom we have met appear to regard it as a book, delivered in its present form directly by God to man. But this is not so. On the contrary, the Bible is a collection of different books, written at various periods during the space of more than fifteen hundred years. Some of them were originally in Hebrew, some in Chaldaic, some in Greek. They had no less than thirty-six different authors, most of whom were widely separated from each other either in place or time; and they were neither collected into one volume nor arranged in the shape of

the present Bible, until many years after the establishment of the Christian church.

Now, it is evident that, say, "The Bible is inspired." The Bible is the word of God. It means just this, and nothing more; namely, that the original manuscripts, which any one of these authors wrote with his own hand, exactly as dictated to him by the Holy Ghost, were inspired, and contained the revelation of God. When a copy of an original manuscript was made, the copy was not inspired. If it corresponded with its original, it would give a perfectly correct representation of that original; if it differed from it, it would, so far, fail to give so true a representation, and would, to that extent, be a less sure guide to the knowledge of the written word of God. So, if a translation is made of the original, it is a translation; if it rendered the sense of the original into another language so that a reader of the translation might receive precisely the same impressions that were intended to be conveyed by the original—so that they might be rightly understood—then would the translation, in its turn, make known the exact word of God. But if there was in the translation the smallest deviation, and the impressions imparted by it were not precisely the same as imparted by the original, it would not convey the word of God. And since not one of these original manuscripts is now preserved, it comes evident that there is no inspired book in existence. The best, only copies and translations of books that were inspired, have long ago been lost or destroyed.

But even these copies, which now possess are not first copies, but copies directly from the original manuscripts themselves. Moses wrote the books of the Old Testament many thousands of years ago

existing copy of them was within the past nine hundred

How many successive generations of copies, so to speak, filled up intermediate two thousand years,

can tell. The same is true, in degree, of the remaining copy of these also being from copy, and so on, until the printing was discovered. All the copies, both of the Old and New Testament, were made by men in rude characters, and with imperfect implements, while languages were constantly changing, and differences were being conveyed to succeeding generations by the same means and phrases. From these all of the modern translations have been made, and these translations are the "Bible," as commonly read and circulated among men.

Now we ask in all candor, what is the reality there is, on Protestant grounds, that any of these modern translations is the real word of God? If such, the translation must be a reliable rendering from the copy; it must have been exactly like the preceding copy, and that, again, like its predecessor, and so back to the original inspired script itself. And are Protestants so certain of this, that they have the right to feel sure that, when they read their Bible, the ideas which they receive are precisely those which God intended that the words of Moses, Isaiah, Daniel, or the Evangelists should convey? And yet, unless they are sure of it, how can they believe what they read in it, make the salvation of their souls depend on the correctness and fidelity of the original and translations, about which they can never, by any possible evidence short of a new revelation, be satisfied?

The object is not, however, to defeat faith in the Bible as the word

of God, (a truth which, on Catholic grounds, is thoroughly demonstrable,) although it is worth while to reflect on the difficulties which surround the attempt to make it the sole teacher of divine revelation; but to call to mind how important, how *absolutely necessary*, it is, that the Bible which we read should be a *true translation* from a *correct copy* of the original inspired book. And we think the reader will agree with us when we say, that the greatest care to secure correctness is none too great, and the most rigid exclusion of all erroneous, or even suspicious, copies and translations cannot be too rigid; but that, on the contrary, it is the duty of every Christian to obtain, and of the Christian church to provide, the very best and most perfect Bibles possible; and then to abandon and condemn all others.

And this is exactly what the Catholic Church has always done and is doing at this day. We have already mentioned the labors of St. Jerome. This holy man lived at an age when most of the old manuscripts were still existing, when those copies of the Old Testament which had been in use during the life of Christ had not all perished, and when the originals of the New Testament, or, at least, copies of them which had been made under apostolic supervision, were still attainable. All these, and many others — Hebrew, Syro-Chaldaic, Greek, Latin, and Syriac—he collected, and, having thoroughly compared them with each other, and restored the original text to its highest possible purity, he translated it into the Latin tongue, which was then, and probably always will be, the most definite and expressive of human languages. This translation is called the "Vulgate." It is the most complete and accurate version of the Bible in existence, and the

only one which was made from the originals, or first copies, of the New Testament, and from authoritative copies of the Old. Protestant critics have said of it: "The Vulgate may be reasonably pronounced, upon the whole, a good and faithful version."* "It is allowed to be, in general, a faithful translation, and sometimes exhibits the sense of Scripture with greater accuracy than the more modern versions."† "The Latin Vulgate preserves many true readings where the modern Hebrew copies are corrupted."‡ "It is in general skilful and faithful, and often gives the sense of Scripture better than modern versions."§

"This most excellent Vulgate edition is the very one which the Catholic Church has sanctioned as the authorized text of Scripture. The Council of Trent decreed, "that the ancient and Vulgate edition . . . should be deemed authentic in public readings, disputes, sermons, and expositions, and that no one should dare or presume, on any pretext, to reject it."||

Moreover, as the original manuscript of St. Jerome was no more imperishable than others which had gone before it, and as it could be perpetuated only in copies, the church has put forth every effort to secure these in abundance and perfection. They were all written in her own monasteries, under the very eyes of her priests and bishops. They have been subject to constant and thorough revision. When printing was invented, and Bibles began to multiply on every side, (some of them filled with dangerous errors

and perversions,) she ren evil by stringent legislative the same council says: to impose some limit upon in this matter, who, . . . licenses from their ecclesi periors, do print these boo Scripture, . . . this H decrees and declares, tha the Holy Scriptures, and the ancient and Vulgate ed be printed with the utm ness; and that it shall be no one to print, or to hav any books concerning sac . . . unless they shall examined and approved by nary. . . . This app be given in writing, and sh either written or printed, al ly in the front of the book; the approval and the ex shall be made *gratis*, to th good things may be cou and evil things condemned

In this manner has the Church secured the prese the pure text of Scripture. at an age when it was pos ever was, to obtain an exa of the word of God, she, by of St. Jerome, prepared has stood the test of the m criticism. Exercising ove constant vigilance, she l down to the age of printin rigidly excluding all editi could not undergo the me ing scrutiny, she openly en those which are genuine an so that the Catholic reader seeing in his Latin Bibl proval of his bishop, and that no bishop could san false version without bei diately discovered and knows also that what he studies is the Holy Scr Moses and the prophets

* Campbell's *Dissertations on the Gospels*. Diss. x. part iii. § 10.

† Horne's *Int.* Vol. i. p. i. ch. iii. § iii. p. 277. Am. ed. 1836.

‡ *Ibid.*

§ Gerard's *Institutes*. Chap. iv. sec. 4, p. 82. Am. ed. 1823.

|| Sess. iv.

* Sess. iv.

rist and his apostles used it, the church of all ages has received it.

Advancing one step further, the church next manifests it in the Bibles for the people. These are, of necessity, translations in vulgar tongues. They are made from the Vulgate by properly authorized for the purpose, must also be certified as correct ecclesiastical authority, before they can be printed, sold, or read. For instance, the English translation commonly called the Douay

This version was prepared by one of the most eminent English scholars on the continent of Europe, who possessed a wide acquaintance with the Greek and Hebrew as well as with the Latin and modern tongues. This version is admitted by all critics to be exact, literal, and to exhibit, as far as translation can do so, the precise sense of the original text of Scripture.

It has received the approbation of the Holy See and of innumerable bishops; and every new edition bears the official recommendation of the ecclesiastical superior, who vouches for its completeness and its purity. It is hardly possible that, with all the precautions, the Douay Bible should fail to be, in fidelity of rendering, the most perfect copy of the version that exists in the English language.

But the Catholic Church has not even here. No one denies that the Bible there are many passages difficult to understand, and it is impossible for those who have no access to the original manuscripts, and no opportunities for criticism, to ascertain the true meaning of these passages without external aid. The object of commentaries and expositions is to supply this aid; but these have long

ago grown so voluminous and costly as to be beyond the reach of ordinary men. And so, to meet this final difficulty, the church accompanies every translation into a vulgar tongue with proper notes and comments, prepared by competent and pious persons, for the illustration of the sacred text.

From this brief sketch of what the Catholic Church has done concerning the Bible, it will be perceived: 1. That the church possesses, in the Latin Vulgate, the earliest, purest, and most exact version of the Holy Scriptures which exists in the whole world; 2. That her translations of the Vulgate into the languages of the people present them with the purest and most exact version of the Bible which they can possibly obtain; 3. That by her notes and comments she affords to them freedom from serious error and mistake in their perusal of the sacred text.

Now, for a moment, let us turn to the Bibles which Protestantism offers, and inquire as to their reliability. The ordinary translations of Protestants are made from Greek and Hebrew manuscripts. These manuscripts, as we have seen, are copies, not originals, and, of course, are not inspired. They are, therefore, reliable so far as they present the exact ideas presented by their originals, and no further; and the fidelity with which they do this depends, in a great measure, upon their own antiquity and their nearness to the originals themselves. But not a manuscript of the Old Testament in Hebrew now exists which dates back further than the eleventh century. The oldest extant Greek manuscripts of the New Testament are not older than the fourth century; and these are confessedly imperfect, and, in some places, entirely wanting. Out of these manuscripts and later ones,

however, Protestant translators are first compelled to select a text which shall represent, as near as they can make it do so, the original Greek and Hebrew, and then, from this text make their translation.

To the first translators this work presented no small difficulties. They were unskilled in the languages in which these manuscripts were written. The manuscripts disagreed extensively among themselves, and many of them were without lines or punctuation marks, and in characters long fallen into disuse. It is not surprising, therefore, that the first Protestant versions were, both in the text and the translation, exceedingly erroneous, and, in some portions, utterly unreliable. Most of these difficulties have vanished with advancing years. Protestant scholars have become versed in Greek and Hebrew. They have learned to read with accuracy the ancient characters in which the manuscripts were written, and their extensive research among the various versions has done much to clear their text from ambiguity. But the fact still remains, that the best Greek or Hebrew text, which they can reach, is later by many centuries, and more fallible by numerous successive copyings, than those from which the Latin Vulgate was prepared; and, consequently, can bear no comparison in purity and genuineness with that which St. Jerome produced from the first copies, if not from the originals themselves, of the New Testament, and from versions of the Old, which Christ had sanctioned by his personal use. And it is this difference, between the sources of the text of Catholic and Protestant Bibles, which gives the Catholic version its deserved preëminence, and has won for it the encomiums to which we have referred.

Extending our view to the transla-

tions made and used by us, we perceive this difference existing. Most of these versions, the result of private enterprise, have received the sanction of ecclesiastical authority. The King's version, or "King's Bible," in ordinary English, or "King's Version," (which is the one in general circulation in this country), is a private venture of the name it bears; and though by him as the head of the church of England, it has received the approval of an authority which can strictly be called ecclesiastical. The people who have no other guarantee of its correctness than the fact that it has been used it before them. They put no value upon it, and give no credit for any mark upon it, which shall assure them, or give them any authority they know to be real. They know what they read is the truth of God. On the contrary, it is the opinion of many of our own writers, that the sentiment prevailing that the "King's Version" is *not* the word of God, is accused of being "witty," "ambiguous and incoherent in matters of the highest importance;"* and a well-known writer has even said, "The King's Version is so just a representation of the inspired originals, as merits no credit, and is implicitly relied on for determining the truth of controverted articles of the faith."†

These general statements are applicable to other Protestant versions as well as to the King's. None of them are perfect, and none are claimed to be so. Each is justly vilified and condemned by the authors of the others; and none of them has yet received the sanction of such an authority as the Catholic Church.

* *Horne's Int. Bibliographical A.* Am. ed. 1836.

† Macknight. *General Preface to* vol. i. p. 26, Am. ed. 1810.

der that he will find upon its the revelations of God.*

Then, the matter comes to a t issue between the Catholic Protestant Churches. The Catholic Church has a reliable and accurate text from which to translate; competent and literal translation, giving all sufficient notes and explanations; and never publishes a f even this without the express on of one whom her people o be able to judge and impar- decide on its fidelity and

The Protestant churches, on her hand, have a text confessedly corrupt and unreliable; innumerable contradictory translations, of which is admitted to be, in respects, erroneous, and none which enjoys the sanction of any al authority. How could the Catholic Church do less than to and those of her children who to read the Bible, to read the which she has provided for? How could she do less than e to them the faults and er-

rors of the Protestant translations, and forbid their use by the faithful? What right would this church, what right would any church, have to be called a spiritual guide, if, having the pure wheat herself, she permitted those who follow her to feed on coarse grain, gathered from the store-house of her enemies? In reference to such a matter, reason and common-sense dictate a rigidly exclusive policy; and that is just the policy which has been, and is now, pursued by the Catholic Church. Her rules are few and simple, but sufficient. They are these:

1. That those who would read the Scriptures in a vulgar tongue must read a Catholic version.

2. That not only must this version be a Catholic one, but it must also have been approved by the proper spiritual authority.

3. That the version must not only be Catholic and properly approved, but must be accompanied by approved notes and explanations.

4. That those who in the judgment of their pastors would derive more hurt than good from the perusal of the Scriptures, may be forbidden to read them altogether.

Strict as these rules may seem, we believe that any one who reviews the reasons for them will now say, that at least the first three of them are eminently just, and that the Catholic Church, in prescribing and enforcing them, has acted wisely and for the best interests of men. And when we further state that she has never prevented the circulation of any Bible, or taken any Bible from her people, or burned any Bible, except those false, imperfect translations which, so far as they are imperfect, are not the word of God, we believe that it will be admitted that in this also she has done nothing but her duty toward the people committed to her care.

833, the Rev. T. Curtis, an English Protestant, published a work *On the Errors and Omissions in Modern Protestant Bibles*. The title contains "Four Letters to the Hon. and Rt.

Lord Bishop of London, with specimens of intentional and other departures from the authorized standard, to which is added a postscript, containing complaints of a London committee of ministers on the subject; the reply of the universities, and a report on the importance of the alterations.

In the course of his work, Mr. Curtis gives instances of "the largest church Bibles" very erroneous." On one occasion "an impart of a text he had taken in the lesson of to his great astonishment was not in the Bible when he came to read the lesson. In a the same page, Mr. Curtis says: "The Bible still in use in the parish church of St. Islington, is a remarkably erroneous one. A man, who some years ago officiated in this parish, told me he was occasionally at a loss to proceed the lessons from it. One passage (1st) has, I have reason to believe, been read every in this church four times a year for many Mr. Curtis says, (page 80,) "The British and Bible Society have never circulated a single of the Scriptures that has not contained words of intentional departures from the authorized version!" Who can now say with truth that the word of God is read or heard in Protestant churches or families?

received she has obeyed. The money, which Protestantism would have expended in printing circulating translations of the Scriptures, she has expended in foundations, hospitals, convents, and missions, and in providing the whole world with missionaries, by whose labors, nations, to whom the Bible has no access, have been subordinated to the faith. She recognizes the means for the conversion of the world, and that is, the voice of the teacher; and never can she substitute another in its stead.

Moreover, God gave the sacred Scriptures of the Old Testament to his Israel, not to heathens. Our Lord, through his apostles, bestowed the treasures of the New Testament on Christians, not on pagans, the invisible treasures of the New. The Scriptures are for those who believe already, and not for the "man of God," "that he may be roughly furnished unto all good works," not for the infidel and heathen who perhaps read it, but are infidels and heathens still. Such is the testimony of God, as the Catholic Church has received the same, and the facts of history prove that she is right. For

Protestantism arose, its great object was to spread the Bible. Its history has been the history of Bible translation, and in the Bible Society culminated the Reformation. Bible societies have labored bravely. And that previous to the year 1834, the Bible Society in Germany had disseminated nearly 3,000,000 copies of the Old Testament, and 2,000,000 more of the New Testament. That by the Bible Society in Great Britain, over 3,000 copies of the Bible, or New Testament, had been put into circulation before 1859; and that another New York publishes every year more than 250,000 Bibles, and twice as many of New Testaments, and of Scripture. But what are the results? Where are the nations which

have been added to the Christian fold? Where are the signs of well-developed and intelligent piety in the great Protestant empires of the age? Have not their own writers told us that the boundaries of Protestantism are the same to-day that they were when Luther left it—that no new nations have been added to its numbers, and, with the exception of the Anglo-Saxon portion of this continent, that no new territory has been subjected to its sway; that for the heathen it has done comparatively nothing, and for the irreligious of its own lands but little more? Look at the United States, for instance, all of whose people come of good Christian stock. The census of 1860 fixes the population at over 30,000,000, while a census of professing Christians, of all Protestant denominations, estimates their number at less than 6,000,000. Is the proportion greater in Germany or in England? And what a comment is this upon the boast of these societies, that they evangelize the world, and that the work they are performing is the work of God!

And has the Catholic Church by preaching done no better? While men yet lived who heard the voice of Luther, the Catholic preachers of Europe had won back to the church more than one half of what she lost by the Reformation. In a few years longer the continent of South America, the Canadas, and thousands of the inhabitants of India, China, and Japan, were sheltered in her bosom. Another century, and again the Catholic faith was blossoming in England, and springing green and vigorous from the soil of our own land. To-day where is the country in which she is not strong and valorous, strong in the blood of her martyrs, valorous in the surety of her victory?

Does history leave a doubt upon the mind as to the true means of

Christian labor? Or who can wonder that the Catholic Church refuses to substitute the human means for the divine, or even to waste her energies and money on what experience has shown to be so fruitless? She has the Bible for her children. She places it within the reach of all. Those who are able, can buy it for themselves. To those who are unable to buy, she gives it when they ask. But never has she taken pains to strew the pure pearls of written revelation underneath the feet of infidels and heathen—mindful that, as the Lord warned her, "they will turn again and rend you."

In conclusion, let us ask of every Christian reader a single favor more. It is, that he will candidly examine

* Macaulay's Misc., art. *Ranke's History of the Popes.*

the best authorities upon this important subject; that he will carefully reflect upon the reasons we have offered, and decide for himself the great questions which we have tried to answer. And when he finds, as he surely will, that the Catholic Church does not condemn the Bible, or forbid her people to circulate and read it—that she has never prohibited or burned a Bible which she did not know to be erroneous and liable to lead her children into error—that she has never cast her lot in with the Bible society, simply because she follows the command of Christ—let him undo the evil he, perhaps, has done, in stating that concerning her which he now knows is false, and manfully assert the truth he now has learned, thus doing justice to the church of God.

SKETCHES DRAWN FROM THE ABBÉ LAGRANGE'S LIFE OF ST. PAULA.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CONCLUDED.

CHAPTER III.

THE government of Paula in her newly founded monastery was admirable, and she herself was the example of all virtues, as was also Eustochium. The fame of her rule spread throughout the East, and went back to Rome, where Marcella still lived and gloried in her friend.

The chief happiness of the recluses was to study the Scriptures, which they now read from beginning to end. Jerome read with them, explaining everything. His grotto was not far off, and he passed his nights there, by the light of a lamp, surrounded with manuscripts and assisted by others copying for him; for he was

now growing old, and his failing eyesight no longer allowed of his enduring the fatigue of writing. He resumed the study of the eastern dialects in order the better to comprehend the original of the holy works, and, encouraged by Paula and Eustochium, resumed his work of translation, which was continued for nearly twenty years under their saintly influence.

At the end of three years Paula's monasteries, church, and hospital were all finished, with their surrounding walls, which in those times were so necessary a protection from the raids of the neighboring Arabs.

number of the recluses had
l, and Paula now divided
o three communities, each
ng an abbess or mother at
after the plan of St. Pa-

; the week their vows of
e prevented all intercourse
outer world. They all went
ay to the church at Bethle-
the holy sacrifice of the
s not offered up at their own
St. Jerome never having
himself worthy to mount the
the altar, such was his pro-
mility; and Vincentius, the
st they had beside, did not
to officiate where Jerome
t.

was the soul of her commu-
ter austerities were as great
charities, and these were
number. St. Jerome repre-
like a devoted mother to
all of her spiritual daugh-
ng them all and studying
acters equally, in order to
ch one according to her
l nature and for the best.
al activity was greatly en-
among them by her, and
care to furnish them with
d food for the mind. In
ne was of great assistance
His convent was the dwell-
ence and letters as well as
ism. He had around him
n of vast erudition, who in
re of their souls did not
the paths of learning, and
he pursued their studies.

wrote books which were
great avidity by Paula and
us family. Jerome himself,
n to his great works, com-
ny pious biographies, and
ers the life of St. Epipha-
the particular request of
The latter had now taught
sters to copy the Psalms,

which Jerome had translated at Rome
by the order of Pope Damasus.
This was a work of importance, as
exactness was necessary in order to
repair the harm done to the work by
neglect of the original manuscripts.
Copying thus became universal in all
monasteries, owing to the impetus
given to it by Paula, and to it we are
indebted for the preservation of much
that is of inestimable value to Chris-
tianity.

Paula now urged Jerome to revise
all his various translations of the
Holy Scriptures, and this prodigious
work was concluded by him as early
as the year 390. The book was
dedicated to Paula and Eustochium.
To Paula particularly, *palmarum ferat
qui meruit*, great praise is due for the
holy influence she exercised for so
many years over St. Jerome, to such
a noble purpose, and which produced
such fruits in the translation of the
Bible called the Vulgate, still used
in the church after the lapse of so
many centuries.

All these pious labors gave great
renown to Paula's monasteries, and
she who had thought to hide herself
from the world, saw the curious world
appear at her gates, attracted by the
beacon light of Bethlehem. Her
buildings could scarcely contain the
visitors who flocked to see her. St.
Augustine himself had sent his be-
loved friend, Alypius, across the seas
to witness these wonders and to see
Jerome and Paula. Augustine after-
ward wrote to Jerome, thus beginning
a friendship between these two great
men, one of whom was just risen
above the horizon of the church,
while the other great luminary was on
the decline, though spreading out his
rays in all the splendor of the setting
sun.

But that which most astonished
the pilgrims to Bethlehem was not
Jerome nor any other inhabitant of

this holy place, but Paula in the midst of her virgins. "What country," says St. Jerome, "does not send hither its pilgrims to see Paula, who eclipses us all in humility? She has attained that earthly glory from which she fled; for in flying from it she found it, because glory follows virtue as shadows follow the light."

Among all the visits paid to the recluses, none filled them with so much joy as that of the venerable Epiphanius, whose early lessons had had so much to do with the religious training of Paula. He, too, was delighted; he had seen nothing more perfect in the desert. The order, the prayerful and fervent nuns, the austere and laborious monks, the wonderful intellectual activity, amazed him. He remained some time with his friends at Bethlehem, praising God for what he saw.

About this time the discussions on Origenism began to trouble the church of Alexandria, and finally penetrated to Jerusalem and to Bethlehem. Jerome was estranged from Rufinus and Melanie, and others of his early friends, by differing with them on the subject of this celebrated heresy. Paula was afflicted at this, and foresaw clouds in the future which did not fail to burst on her own monasteries. The great doctrinal combats of the fourth century, in which the church was destined to come off victorious, Paula would gladly have avoided entirely, but in spite of herself she became involved in them. Her sorrow was great when she saw her monasteries as well as St. Jerome and herself excluded from the Holy Sepulchre because of their clinging to their old friend St. Epiphanius, who was the champion of orthodoxy and the great antagonist of Origenism. The ordination of a priest for the monasteries was the ostensible cause of their being

put under the ban. This priest Paulinianus, the brother of John, and the validity of his ordination Epiphanius was questioned by the Bishop of Jerusalem, on the ground of the youth of Paulinianus, but in reality because John, influenced by Rufinus, was profoundly in opposition against Jerome and Epiphanius. Epiphanius' account of his own leanings towards the doctrine of Origen. He questioned the entrance of the church into the Nativity or of the Holy Sepulchre to all who considered the ordination of Paulinianus canonical. The course, included the recluses of Bethlehem. Their dismay was great.

Epiphanius did not consider it derogatory to his dignity for him to lay his white head before the young bishop and sue for clemency like others. He explained the grounds of a priest at the monastery, and the motives for the ordination of Paulinianus, and he begged John for the sake of charity, to cease from persecution; and then the ill-tempered patriarch, on his knees, conjured them to abjure the false doctrines that divided them.

But John would not yield. He talked only of the offence of the canonical ordination. When Epiphanius thought it his duty to expose him, and demanded of the recluses that they should suspend communion with the bishop of Jerusalem until the latter should retract his errors.

Notwithstanding this mode of proceeding the rancor of John burst upon them. All ecclesiastical functions were forbidden. Jerome and Vincentius, Paula's catechumens were refused baptism, and his wrath went so far as to deny religious burial to the dead as if they were excommunicated. Paula suffered inwardly from this warfare, so different from the quiet and repose she longed for.

by the arguments of the
he became an object of
the voice of calumny
disturb the serenity of her
by no word or sign did
now impatience or anger.
ored also to console St.
the wounds he had re-
e loved to quote Scrip-
to soothe his mind. It

Bible that she always
gth to endure every evil.
Bishop John, carrying his
rome to its climax, passed
banishment against him.
orn out by contention,
depart at once, but Paula
these touching words:
us and would crush us,
return patience for hatred,
ar arrogance. Does not
us return good for evil?
our conscience tells us
offerings do not proceed
e are very certain that the
f this world are only the
of eternal reward. Bear,
he trials that assail you
quit our beloved Beth-

ray Paula sustained and
old monk by the delicacy
y of her own noble soul,
so high up in the love of
he storms of this world
eaving her unharmed.

while Jerome was freed
phase of persecution by
olitan of Palestine, Cesa-
was a prudent and wise
ese perils ended, Paula

him to recommence his
s on the Bible, and also to
correspondence with his
l to think no more of this
sode, but to suffer the
hout to rage and no longer

urn away from these dis-
which we have glanced

but censorily, though unavoidably, to
rest our minds in the contemplation
of virtue.

Jerome now wrote more of his
most admirable letters, and Paula
continued the even tenor and pious
practices of her life. She received a
visit from Fabiola, who came from
Rome in search of that peace and
solitude which she believed could be
best found in Bethlehem. This visit
gave great joy to the recluses; for
Fabiola could tell them of all their
friends in Rome, of Paulina and
Pammachius, of Toxotius and his
wife Laeta, and of the young Paula,
called after her venerable grand-
mother. She brought them messages
from Marcella and the Aventine.
While Fabiola was with them, they
resumed the habits of former years,
and read the Holy Scriptures together,
Jerome explaining it to them. The
ardor of Fabiola was wonderful.
After she had ended her visit and
left Bethlehem, much was done by
Rufinus and Melanie to estrange her
from her old friends. But she could
not be moved and had determined to
settle near them.

At this time, however, dark rumors
of invasion threw consternation
among the quiet inhabitants of the
monasteries. It was rumored that the
Huns threatened Jerusalem. Other
cities had already been besieged, and
they were now before Antioch. Ara-
bia, Phœnicia, Palestine, and Egypt
were filled with terror. On all sides
preparations for defence were being
made, and the walls of Jerusalem,
too long neglected, were now under
repair.

To save her monasteries from in-
sult, Paula meditated flight, and con-
ducted her whole community to the
sea-shore, ready to embark if the
barbarians made their appearance.
But the Huns having suddenly di-
verged in another direction, Paula

brought back her followers to their beloved monasteries, and with a joyful heart once more took possession of them.

These events decided Fabiola to return to Rome. When all the troubles had ceased, Jerome wrote to her: "You would not remain with us; you feared new alarms. So be it. You are now tranquil; but, notwithstanding your tranquillity, I venture to say that Babylon will often make you sigh for the fields of Bethlehem. We are now at peace, and from this manger, which has been restored to us, we once more hear the wail of the infant Christ, the echoes of which I send you across the seas."

Unfortunately, however, the peace and quiet did not last long. After three years the dispute with the Bishop of Jerusalem was renewed with great violence. But the bishop, Theophilus, having only declared himself against Origenism, John was finally brought to reason by him, and Jerome and Rufinus were reconciled in his presence, before the altar in the church of the Holy Sepulchre. Peace now reigned in the monasteries on what appeared to be a surer foundation.

But other sorrows came pouring in. News arrived from Rome of the death of Paulina, when she was but thirty, and Pammachius was left a widower and without posterity.

His loss in the daughter of Paula was great, for theirs was an admirable and holy union; for Paulina loved her husband and would have endeavored not only to make him happy, but virtuous. The grief of Pammachius was overwhelming. He had now but one wish on earth, which was to do something for the good of Paulina's soul.

It was an ancient custom in Rome at the obsequies of persons of distinction to give alms in honor of the

dead, and to perpetuate their memory. This was called the *funus*. On the day fixed for that of the streets of Rome were the troops of the poor, the lame, the maimed, wended their way to the church in answer to the invitation of Pammachius. The gilded doors of the great basilica were open to them, and Pammachius himself there distributing on all sides the alms in the name of Paulina.

Who can describe the grief when the news reached Bethlehem of the death of Paulina? She died for days afterward, and Eustochium feared for her life. Jerome wrote to Pammachius on the sorrowful occasion: "Who can see," cried he, "this beautiful rose before her time and faded? Our precious pearl, our emerald, is broken."

Paula's only consolation was the admirable conduct of Pammachius. "This death was prolific," Jerome, "for it gave a new life to Pammachius." He had always been a good Christian, he now became a heroic one. He thought of where his faith made him see the loved Paulina; the example of her and Eustochium, and of his friend Jerome, all combined to inspire him from the things of earth to be inspired with the noble resolve to consecrate to God the remainder of his life. He assumed the habit of a monk and passed his time in study and prayer. The jewels of Paulina were converted into money given to the poor, and also the house of the noble widow was thrown open to all who wanted. Fabiola generously joined with him in founding hospitals, and the combined resources enabled them to accomplish great charities.

"Ordinary husbands," said Jerome, "show their affection

tering roses and lilies and violets over a grave. Our Pammachius covered the tomb of his departed with holy ashes, and with the tears of charity. These are the virtues with which he has embalmed Paulina." Such fruits were a great comfort to Paula. When she heard that she had given away Paulina's dower to the poor, she exclaimed, "These are the heirs that I would see my daughter have! Pammachius has given me time even to express my thanks to him as he has been beforehand with

me in the midst of her grief a ray of comfort came from Rome, in the proposition of Toxotius and Læta to send

Paula to her grandmother. She had determined that, in order to receive such holy training for their souls, she should leave Rome and go to the East, where Paula and Eustochium would bring her up in the way of the Lord. Eustochium begged her of her father, and young Paula did eventually come to Bethlehem to join her mother, but her venerable grandmother was no longer there to receive her.

The burden of years was now beginning to be felt by Paula. Sorrow and sadness pressed upon her, yet the noble beauty of her soul was greater than ever. St. Francis de Sales said of her that "she was like a beautiful and sweet violet, so sweet to see as a garden of the church." It is an exquisite and rare perfume which we must enjoy more in speaking of her in the years just before her death, when God seemed to touch her soul with a singularly soft and mellow light like the evening of a fair day. She had been much disturbed by the result of the dissensions between St. Jerome and the Origenists. We have already said how she had grieved at the first encounter, seeing battles against bishops, friends against friends, hermits against hermits. But

the new struggles were still more painful to her: they had become personal, and, notwithstanding the reconciliation with Rufinus, he had attacked St. Jerome's character and writings, and the latter was obliged to defend himself. Paula had also witnessed another painful sight. After the council condemning Origen, the monks accused of sharing his erroneous opinions were driven away from the desert, and among them were many whom Paula had formerly known and venerated, and who were now homeless wanderers. The severity of the Patriarch of Alexandria against them grieved her deeply; and, the most bitter of all, her tears were those she shed for the throes of the church and for the evil passions of men. New sorrows came upon her also. She heard of the death of Fabiola, her old and dear friend. Then came the death of St. Epiphanius, who had been to Paula like a beloved father.

Toxotius, her only son, was now taken away. All her children but Eustochium were dead. What was left for Paula but suffering? Physical infirmities accumulated upon her the result of her austerities. Of these she would merely say, "When I am weak, then it is that I am strong;" and again, "We must resign ourselves to carrying our treasure in brittle vessels, until the day comes when this miserable body shall be robed in immortality." She also loved to repeat these words: "If the sufferings of Christ abound in us, his consolations abound also. Sharers of his bodily agony, we will also be partakers of his glory."

The things of earth could no longer touch her, for she had seen how passing they are and knew that they could not last. The longing for the heavenly country grew in proportion. She would say with the patriarchs of

the desert, "We are but travellers on the earth." And when her sufferings increased, she murmured gently, "Oh! who will give me the wings of a dove, that I may fly to everlasting rest?"

She no longer belonged to the earth, she was almost in heaven. Her soul had reached such extraordinary perfection that she seemed already to see the glory and to hear the harmonies of heaven. Peace and joy were suffused throughout her being, rising above her sufferings. Her love of God grew greater, and death seemed to her not a separation from those she loved on earth, but an indissoluble union with God, in whom all joys are found again. "Who," says St. Jerome, "can tell without tears how Paula died?" He himself wrote immortal pages on the subject, which have consoled many a dying soul since.

When Sainte Chantal was on her death-bed, she asked to have read to her once more St. Jerome's account of the death of Paula, to which she listened with wonderful attention, repeating several times these words: "What are we? Nothing but atoms alongside of these grand nuns."

It was in the year A.D. 403 that Paula fell ill. When it became known that her life was in imminent danger, the whole monastery was in consternation.

Eustochium could not be comforted; she who had never quit her mother from childhood could not bear the thought of separation. Her love for her mother, which had always been so touching, shone now in all the ardor and strength of her nature. She would yield her place by the bedside to no one by day or by night. Every remedy was administered by her hands, and she would throw herself on her knees by the bed, and implore God to suffer them to die together and be laid in one tomb. But these tears and these prayers could

not postpone the hour marked for the end. Her time had passed. Paula had suffered enough. She should now put on the robes of heaven, and became evident that her strength was failing, and that she had but a few days left to live. She bore her sufferings with admirable patience and heavenly serenity. She was for the care bestowed on her by Eustochium and the devoted members of the house, but her whole mind was given up to the thought of Paradise. Her lips were murmuring her favorite verse of Scripture.

The Bishop of Jerusalem and the bishops of Palestine, together with a great number of religious, came to her bedside to witness the death. The monastery was full of them. But Paula, absorbed in her thoughts, saw them not, heard them not. Several asked her questions, but she did not answer. Jerome then approached and wished to know if she was dying, and why she did not speak. She answered in Greek, "Oh! no more trouble nor regret; I am at peace. On the contrary, great inward peace."

After these words she ceased to speak, but her fingers ceased to move, and she made the sign of the cross. However, she opened her eyes, as if she saw a celestial light, and as if hearing the divine voice, she sang the canticle, "Rise up, come, O my dove, my beloved, for the winter is past and the rain has disappeared." She spoke as if in answer, and continued, in low but joyful tones, the words of the sacred song: "The Lord has appeared on the earth, for gathering them has begun." Then she added, "I think I have seen good things of the Lord in the life of the living." With these words her lips Paula expired. She lived to the age of fifty-six years.

of so lofty nor so intimately connected with his own as that of Paula. So crushed was he by this loss, that it was long before the world again heard his mighty voice.

He found some solace in composing two epitaphs in her honor, to be engraved, one at the entrance of the grotto where the grave lay, the other on the grave itself. The following is the translation of the inscription on the sepulchre of Paula :

"The daughter of the Scipios, of the Gracchi, the illustrious blood of Agamemnon, rests in this place. She bore the name of Paula. She was the mother of Eustochium. First in the senate of Roman matrons, she preferred the poverty of Christ and the humble fields of Bethlehem, to all the splendor of Rome."

In this epitaph, Paula's whole history is told. The other epitaph of St. Jerome, engraved on the entrance of the grotto, reproduces, in other terms, the same record of virtue, and, what is more, shows its sublime origin. It is in the following words :

"Seest thou that grotto cut in the rock? It is the tomb of Paula, now an inhabitant of the heavenly kingdom. She gave up her brother, her relations, Rome, her country, her wealth, her children, for the grotto of Bethlehem, where she is buried. It was there, O Christ! that your cradle was. It was there that the Magi came to make you their mystical offerings, O man God!"

Eustochium desired St. Jerome, besides these two epitaphs, to write a funeral eulogium on her mother. With a hand trembling with age and emotion, he performed this pious duty. We should here mention that most of the details we have endeavored to give in this short narrative, are taken from what is, perhaps, considered the most eloquent and touching of all his writings. At the

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conclusion, he thus apostrophizes her :

"Farewell, O Paula ! Sustain, by your prayers, the declining years of him who so revered you. United now by faith and good works with Christ, you will be more powerful above than you were here below. I have engraved your praise, O Paula ! on the rock of your sepulchre, and to it I add these pages ; for I wish to raise to you a monument more lasting than adamant, that all may learn that your memory was honored in Bethlehem, where your ashes repose."

Paula's good works died not with her. Her monasteries were continued piously and courageously by Eustochium, the worthy daughter of such a mother. With time, heresies arose to disturb the atmosphere anew ; and the controversy of Pelagius aroused the latent powers of Jerome, and for some time absorbed him, to the detriment of his studies. But at the prayer of Eustochium, and in memory of Paula, he finally resumed his labors, and in the year 403 concluded his great work in the translation of the Bible, which is called the Vulgate, and was adopted by the church in the last universal council.

The Pelagians having set fire to the monasteries of Bethlehem, all the buildings erected by the pious care of Paula were burned to the ground. This act was odious to the whole world. It was admirable to see the serenity of Eustochium under this trial. She went to work, and, using for that purpose the noble dower brought to her by her niece Paula, who had come to her at Bethlehem, the monasteries were soon built up again, and filled with their former inhabitants. About this time, Alaric, King of the Huns, overran Rome with his barbarian hordes, and numberless Christian refugees from them came to the East in search of an

asylum. Pammachius and Jerome were dead, but many of their disciples were numbered among the Eustochium and Jerome received who came with wide-open doors the hospitality of Paula still her successors.

Eustochium survived her only sixteen years. She died without a struggle, like one asleep. No further details are given of her last moments. This was the 28th day of September, 418. Her remains were those of her mother, according to wish. St. Jerome did not leave to live her. Her death was a great sorrow ; and he died the following year. He was too weak to resist the final dispersion, he had called his *domestic* Marcella, Asella, Paula, and Pammachius, Eustochium, ceased to live. Rome itself was a desolation, for, to a Roman heart like that of Rome's, her captivity was her death.

He fell into a state of settled melancholy, his voice having become weak and feeble that it was with difficulty he could be heard at all. It was soon impossible for him to be raised from his miserable condition by means of a cord suspended from the roof of his grotto ; and in this position he would recite his psalms or give his instructions to the monks for the management of the monastery. He died at the age of seventy years, after living thirty-four years at Bethlehem. His eyes rested on him as he was dying, on young Paula who was beside him. She who had been his spiritual child from her infancy now performed the last sad duties for him. We have no details of his obsequies. According to his wish, she placed his remains in the same tomb not far from the venerable tomb of her grandmother, and Eustochium, united in life, they were so

Jerome's principal disciple, Julius of Cremona, now assumed head of his convents, while young Jerome continued to rule those of her mother's. We know nothing more. With the correspondence of Jerome died all traces of these communities, and night fell upon the East.

GLIMPSES OF TUSCANY.

II.

THE BOBOLI GARDENS.

The high wall of our raised garden is on the southern entrance to the Boboli: our white spiræ droops down like a willow, so large and in perfect bloom that strangers to sketch it as they pass. The grand duke has gone since I was here; the Sardinian bayonet isaming exactly where the Austrian sentinel stood. The Boboli has aged masters—not for the first time—and accepts the situation with the serenity of a veteran.

It is a bright Sunday morning. It is still time for a walk there. The Military Mass at Santo Spirito. Twelve years have not diminished the placid sameness of this side of the hill-side: the laurels have slipped just as evenly, the old fountains and statues look at you, or at each other, just as archly or just as shyly. It is all thoroughly man-made—intensely artificial. Every use of nature has been stifled by the tree and shrub, until they no more lean out of line than soldiers in parade. The very crocuses steal shyly through the grass, as if they were afraid of doing wrong.

Each nod to grove, each alley has its brother;
Half the garden represents the other."

It looks human, every inch; the Lord is completely banished; his Spirit could not possibly walk in such a garden. And yet this creature of man seems clothed with imperishable bloom: this death of all nature seems able to outlive all other life. You cannot despise it, for it possesses the semblance of indestructibility—unchangefulness in the midst of change. In the forests, dissolution and reproduction are palpably waging their unending warfare; even on the eternal Apennines, the snow comes and goes, the lights and shadows of the clouds are endlessly shifting. But in this miniature world monotony counterfeits the terrible fixity and relentlessness of fate. Nature is deprived of all free-will, and moves obedient to a fixed design.

It is difficult to say how far civilization, apart from religion, may go with advantage in remodelling the natural man. It is equally difficult to say how far art may safely encroach upon nature in reconstructing a landscape. Some of the grand elemental presentations disdain our interference. We have no control over the clouds, or the curves of the ocean, or the nocturnal radiance of

the skies. But the surface of the earth is an unfinished sketch, which the Creator has left us to humanize, in some small degree, after our fancy. We do not make even the smallest impression upon its planetary aspect; but, after centuries of toil, we succeed in partially changing its more immediate expression. We take the groundwork ready made, accept the laws as we find them, and then, inspired by the supreme longing after unrevealed beauty, which, in some shape or other, haunts every human soul, proceed to establish a little paradise of our own.

But above and beyond that last temporal Eden, there is still another—the one beyond the grave. I, who am an immortal spirit capable of sharing the celestial joy of angels, predestined for the beatific vision; I, whose hereafter should be passed amid perpetual light, and peace, and beauty; may I not have imaginings of better forms, of sweeter faces, of fairer prospects, of deeper skies, and even of diviner stars than those revealed to the senses? Did Raphael ever see a face that equalled hers of the San Sisto? Was there ever in the flesh a form to rival the Apollo of the Vatican? Is there any pattern in nature for Giotto's Campanile? Is there any voice in the woods or seas to suggest the melodies of Kreutzer or the harmonies of Beethoven? And may we not, then, poetize our landscapes too, and throw into the face of nature the expression of a human soul? But here is precisely the difficulty: the landscape has a soul of its own, which must not be murdered, even to make way for ours. The Grand Master has been at work before us; his works have wandered, of their own sweet will, into shapes and combinations that exhibit the grace beyond the reach of art. The mountains, the streams,

the valleys, are full of these surprises. The true artist does little more than reproduce, squared and framed, for park contemplation: the true gardener does little more than display to the best advantage.

It is more than likely, though when the Boboli Gardens were laid out by the Medici, the artist employed had only to deal with untempered slopes of olive orchard and arable land. The landscape was to be remodelled than created. The surface under treatment was as blank as uncolored canvas, as meaningless as quarried marble. With this difference, however, while the groundwork of the painting fades and wrinkles, while the paint stains and shatters, while even the sculptured arches of great cathedrals crumble into dust, the living landscape on which the landscape gardener works is not only imperishable, but so charged with vitality that it should a touch of decay at last appear, it is but in transition to new phases of beauty. One would think that, where human fancy is free to conceive a garden of delight, a man means sufficient to ransack the climes and spoil the climes for embellishment, the result could be a landscape being a public and park attraction. I take this Boboli as a sample of most public gardens or parks. Are they popular or even selectly attractive? they ever thronged, except at hours, when people chiefly congregate to exhibit themselves and to excise each other? Was an art any miracle, ever caught there than once, save in the capricious casual saunterer? Are the startlingly unfrequented, in spite of their superb richness and beauty. However conducive these civic

ipal health, have not the park
n almost exclusive monopoly
fresh air and gravel? Do
agnets draw by dint of their
beauty? It may safely be
ed. And may not this failure
buted to our vague, unpro-
repugnance to having nature
armony with itself and our-

Notwithstanding all the guilt
nine of the new emblazonry,
asking the gay palimpsest
e the lost features of our first

urse that fell on Adam also
he earth from which he was
The heart of fallen man is
arning; the face of nature is
sympathetic sadness; her
nearer a sigh than a song.
an half the year is clouded,
an half the hours belong to
d over more than half the
es the wail of the unresting
he vast *distances* are every-
ftened or shaded into pen-
; the very sunshine turns to
d purple on the hills; it is
small *near* which presumes to
with the flash of a rivulet, the
birds, or the glance of flow-
id, in these minor poems too,
apt to lurk some sly sugges-
he unattained. Even where
verse is transfigured by the
morn, and the world thrills
joyous cry of reawakened
momentary exultation, the
delight of existence, are soon
by toil, or care, or thought;
ght as the coming day may
he impression left on human
s that of promise unfulfilled.
orest part of sunrise is the
lf; the horns on the Rigi are
soon as the orb is fairly up.
y not be overbold to affirm that
these grander parks, such as
de Boulogne, bear no mean-
ance to the first paradise it-

self. But our lot is changed since
then; the primitive tradition of Dei-
ty incarnate has been fulfilled. Eden
could no longer content us; we would
not care to pass those Cherubim with
the flaming sword, even if we dared.
Between us and any possible paradise
lies the grave. It is worse than
mockery to expect the sorely laden
Christian heart to find more than
casual enjoyment in arbitrary walks,
and endless beds of roses, and arti-
ficial fountains, and manufactured
grottoes. Sorrow, passion, death,
were encountered by God in descend-
ing to man; sorrow, passion, death,
must be encountered by man in as-
cending to God. Spiritual felicity is
less to be extracted from violets and
roses than from sackcloth and ashes.
Temporal happiness is not to be
compassed by meandering through
shaded avenues and even lawns, but
by the sweat of the brow and the work
of the hands; and in our respites from
toil we like the wild, suggestive ir-
regularities of nature better than a too
glaring array of brightnesses with
which we are seldom in complete
accord. The post-Adamic garden
needs depth and gloom and mystery
as well as sunshine and flowers.

I do not mean to say that the Bo-
boli is wholly glad; much of it is
sad or saddening enough. That
long, grim avenue of cypress would
suit the valley of the shadow of
death. Arnolfo's dark, mighty wall
goes striding down the hill-side like
a phantom. The Boboli was only
meant to be wholly glad. Though
probably not designed by a Greek, it
is nevertheless Grecian, or rather
Athenian; for, in art, Athens is
Greece. By an exceptional felicity
and refinement of mental, moral, and
physical organization, the Athenian
realized in himself the most perfect
development of natural civilization.
The dark, religious mysteries which

tinge and sadden Hindu, Egyptian, and most Gentile life had little hold upon the Greek. Athens, in her prime, succeeded in escaping the pressure and responsibility of the hereafter. She aimed at making time a success independent of eternity. The real heaven of the Athenian and his disciples, in both classic peninsulas, was this world, not the next. Eternity was but the ghost of time, a vague prolongation of the present for better or worse in Elysium or Hades, the shadow projected by a vast material world as it moved through endless space. The poets of Greece dictated her popular theology; her sculptors carried beauty to the very borders of the beatitude, giving such glory to form that the inspired likeness is mistaken for the divine original. It is impossible to tell where the hero ends and the god begins. We have the deification of man in marble or fable, instead of the humanization of God in the flesh; or, in other words, the identity of religion and art. This pleasant way of being one with God, this graceful fulfilment of destiny, imparted a complacency to Athenian life which we cannot imitate.

"In every dark and awful place,
Rude hill and haunted wood,
This beautiful, bright people left
A name of omen good.

"Unlike the children of romance,
From out whose spirit deep
The touch of gloom hath passed on glen,
And mountain, lake, and steep;
On Devil's Bridge and Raven's Tower,
And love-lorn Maiden's Leap."

Grecian life, in its highest aspect, was an attempt to reproduce the perfections of a lost Eden; Christian life, in its highest aspect, is purification, self-denial, self-immolation, for a paradise which can never be reached in this world, and only in the next after life-long fear and trembling. And although we strive more or less successfully to substitute the joys of

the spirit for those of the flesh, "Even we ourselves, waiting for the first-fruits of the spirit, are ourselves, waiting for the sons of God, the resurrection of our body." (St. Paul). Knowledge of good and evil, of disease must have no wide expanse of which each has a chance to be the center, the horizon and vault of the whole visible landscape, of fitful light and shadow, of blight and bloom, its music and song, whether soft or wild as on the first Sabbath—this wilderness is the only garden with the vast aspiration, the yearning of Christ's opened eyes would have walled Eden, as Rastafarianism the Happy Valley.

It is a pure and perfect grapple with the rugged, bend it to your will; the forest to your liking, a bare expanse into mortal joys perhaps most enduring. But done?—

Take your stand before the Palace almost anywhere, hill, on the observatory choose. All the wide Arno, with its circumscribed hills and woods is before you. For years industrious geologists have been at work on that Yellow villas are on the heights; olive-trees on the slopes in pale vines are trailing everless procession over berries; the long grass

* For the suggestion of this writer is indebted to a notice in *the* *magazine* of Father Ryan's beautiful *your poetry sound like a sigh.*

parcelling out the small Tus-
cans. All Florence is beneath
its domes and towers and
its streets and bridges, its me-
as and suggestions. The atmo-
s is so transparent, the cultiva-
o perfect, that the area describ-
half the radius of vision seems
close only a vast kitchen-garden.
urther on, the mist and haze are
ng; the enchantment of distance
ling; Vallambrosa, gleaming on
ountain's breast, turns into some
erious opal; the records traced
an through all those centuries
gradually erased by the quiet
my of nature, and the same
al story reappears as vividly as
e superscription were but the
ow of a dream.

Turn to the Boboli at your feet.
Do you wonder it is a failure—that
Florence never goes there? They
love their own little gardens dearly
and the flowers in their windows;
for these are but sweet thefts from
nature to embellish home. But for
these attempts to compress univer-
sal beauty into a given space, for
this overprizing, overadornning of the
near, only to be lost, or merged, or
overlooked in the glory of the *far*,
the Christian heart can have but lit-
tle relish.

The bells of Santo Spirito are
ringing; and I wonder, on my way
there, if that cold white hand of
Athens will ever quite relax its hold
on Christian life.

TRANSLATED FROM LE CORRESPONDANT.

ANECDOTICAL MEMOIRS BY A FORMER PAGE OF THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

One day, some months after my
mission among the pages, as the
pages were being dismissed, I heard
a great noise. People were running
about, agitated and hurried; offi-
cers of the service, pages of the bed-
chamber inspectors, all seemed to be in
a state of extraordinary excitement.
"Gentlemen, look out! look out!
The emperor!" cried in an authori-
tative tone the head of our company,
and his deep, sonorous voice re-
sounded throughout the dormitory,
and, according to custom, we were
assembled before dinner.
At this name I was deeply moved.
The emperor and my companions had
very often spoken to me of the

emperor in recitals where legend
mingled with reality, but I had not
yet seen him face to face. The offi-
cer on duty arranged us in military
order, each one standing near his own
bed, and so we waited for him.

Soon the captain of the guard an-
nounced that the czar was coming
up the great stairway. The dormi-
tory, ordinarily so noisy, became per-
fectly still. There was a moment of
solemn silence, religious in its per-
fect stillness. We hardly dared to
breathe. The officer, with his hel-
met on, placed himself at the thresh-
old. Suddenly, in the opening of the
large doorway, appeared a man of
tall stature, in the uniform of a gene-

discovered among the books of his education while he was still a child, a volume of the *History* by Karamsin, and on the pages which are written in his own hand the remarkable words, "The Emperor IV., the Terrible, was a severe and just man, as one ought to govern a nation."

His sentiments loudly expressed as he could not fail to alarm a court who still remembered the reign of his father, Paul I., when he was only twenty-three years. The Emperor, his crowned fool had, notwithstanding its short duration, tired Russia itself—Russia, too, corrupted by the habit of despotism; and a revolution in the end at last put an end to the reign of this barbarian, this second Nero.

During the reign of Alexander I., the capital and town spoke freely of the late Emperor Paul. Nicholas, who neither dared reinstate the measures of his father, and who considered it unpolitic to permit a people to reproach themselves irreverently of the crimes of their late ruler, forbade throughout his whole reign the mention of a name which had been so abused. The legend of his reign was especially interdicted; and the reign of Nicholas lasted, the memory of Paul I. remained in the obscurity of a forgotten name.

His brother Alexander I. succeeded to the empire, Nicholas, who, he said, believing it impossible that he would ever reign, kept himself in comparative obscurity, concentrating his attention on the troops, passing them in review, and occupying himself only with the lot of the soldier and the amelioration of his condition. The marriage of the Emperor with Duke Constantine with Princess of Lowicz brought him still more nearly to the throne. At the death of the Emperor Alexander,

and notwithstanding the unequal marriage of his brother, he was still uncertain of his approaching advancement. But when he learned, first by the will of Alexander, then by the letter of Constantine intrusted to the Emperor, and finally from Constantine himself, his renunciation of the empire, he accepted the crown, and from the day he did so, faithful to his character, he understood how to reign fully and absolutely.

Firmly convinced that he represented celestial power on earth, sincerely persuaded that to his own people he was the mandatary of God, and held within himself divine prerogatives, he watched with an overshadowing jealousy the sacred deposit with which he believed himself charged, and any attempt against his authority appeared to him a sacrilege and proved him inexorable. The conviction that he never pardoned even the simple appearance of such a crime isolated him in the midst of his court and people, enveloped him in an atmosphere of gloom and terror, and placed him at a distance that added to his prestige and the respectful fear he inspired.

It is said that one evening, about two years after his death, one of his aides-de-camp, (in the midst of an animated conversation,) recognizing the portrait of the emperor in the drawing-room, suddenly left his place, and quickly turned its face to the wall. "During the life of the czar, I had such a terror of him," said he, "that I fear the copy, with its terrible eyes fixed upon me, may disconcert and embarrass me as greatly as did the model."

This very intentness of look was in truth the power of intimidation which the emperor possessed. Intending to win a confidence from any one or force a confession, he fastened on his victim his cold and immovable

eyes. The unfortunate was literally fascinated. He knew that a word or a gesture from the autocrat sufficed to annihilate him, and the least contraction of his brow froze the blood in his veins. Terror is the necessary auxiliary of every despotism, democratic or aristocratic, monarchical or republican.

Yet these jealous instincts, and this implacable firmness in punishment, were not solely due to the character of the Emperor Nicholas, but also to the sad experiences which signalized the commencement of his reign. Conspiracies against the new czar, revolts occasioned by the appearance of cholera, indeed all sorts of disorders, Nicholas had to suppress on his accession to the throne. From the very first he learned these bloody retaliations, and never pardoned.

The first conspirators of his reign, Pestel, Mouravieff-Apostol, and the poet Relieff, were condemned to be hung. The emperor signed the decree after the Russian formula, "*Byt po siemau*," (So be it.) They were then conducted to the place of execution. Relieff, a poet of the highest order, was the first one led to the scaffold. Just at the moment when the executioner, having passed the slip-knot over his head, had raised him on his shoulders to launch him into eternity, the too weak cord broke, and he fell forward bruised and bleeding.

"They know not how to do anything in Russia," said he, raising himself without even turning pale, "not even to twist a rope."

As accidents of this kind—besides being very rare, were always considered occasions of pardon, they sent, therefore, to the Winter Palace to know the will of the emperor.

"Ah! the cord has broken?" said Nicholas.

"Yes, sire."

"Then he was almost dead? What impression has such close contact with eternity produced on the mind of the rebel?"

"He is a brave man, sire."

The czar frowned.

"What did he say?" asked he severely.

"Sire, he said, 'They know not how even to twist a rope in Russia.'"

"Well," replied Nicholas, "let them prove to him the contrary." And he went out.

A wealthy Polish lord, the Prince Roman Sanguszko, had been condemned, as a conspirator, to serve the rest of his life as a simple soldier, and to immediately join a regiment fighting in Caucasia. On the margin of the sentence, the emperor wrote in his own hand, "On foot!"

Such severity was in him a system. He sincerely believed in it as a necessity, and a part of the sanctity of absolute power. In Russia, especially, his knowledge of the character of his people fortified him in his belief, and he let no opportunity escape to declare his despotism.

Of all the heterogeneous elements that compose the immense empire of Russia, there is not one that even seems likely to develop in the slightest degree the idea of liberalism; not a single nationality in which servilism is not innate, and to which the people themselves are not as much attached as the nations of the East to liberty. Hence it is that among the Russians, properly so-called, and who constitute the main portion of the population, we find the nobility infected with an inveterate sentiment of servile obsequiousness, and the people predisposed by temperament, and moulded by past experience, to the most abject submission. They all have the same character as the great princes of Kieff, who, when under the yoke of the Tartars, went to re-

the investiture of the Khan of the Orde d'Or; and who, after holding his stirrup and offered a glass of *koumys*,* were obliged to drop from the neck of his horse the hat dropped from his mouse.

Do we need greater evidence of the servility of the Russian people in the reign of the crowned tiger, the Terrible, a despot without parallel in history, whose subjects, patient than the Romans under Nero, not only were obliged to bear with his follies and but actually supplicated him to leave the throne, after his voluntary abdication through disgust of himself? The reign, too, of the Great, whose savage nature could not absolve him from his crimes and even the possibility in the nineteenth century of such a despot. Nicholas I., what greater evidence do we require?

As to the half-savage nations of the northern limits of Russia and their customs with populations perhaps yesterday awakened to anything but a nomadic life, their need is still, as with children, the master and the

easy to understand, then, how armed like Nicholas with an absolute and immense authority, and rendering perfectly the characteristics of this superhuman idea of his power. Never thwarted by the assistance, only now and then occasional murmuring, we can find a better explanation of his apparently exaggerated despotism, of the intense faith in the sanctity of his mission, his conviction that he himself centred his whole empire, his faculty, in fine, which he possessed in so great a degree, of honoring mankind.

One day, a short time before the

Crimean war, at a grand military review at Krasnoe-Selo, the emperor, on horseback, presented his troops to the empress seated in her carriage. Suddenly appeared on the drill ground a cariole drawn by one horse, and out of which stepped a *feld jaguer*, (courier of the palace,) charged with two autographic letters from the King of Prussia to the emperor and empress. As the empress was the more easily approached, he handed her the first letter, and ran toward the emperor to present the second. But some steps from him he pauses, turns pale, and bursts into tears. The letter is lost.

Trembling from head to foot, he retraces his steps to try and find it, but the soldiers, the aides-de-camp, the horses, have already trodden it in the dust, and the precious envelope cannot be found.

"What ails that animal?" asked the emperor of one of his aides-de-camp.

"I do not know, sire."

"Well, go and ask him, and bring me his reply."

The aide-de-camp spurred his horse, and from the lips of the poor *feld jaguer* he learned that an autograph letter from the King of Prussia to the Emperor of Russia had been lost. He brought the czar the information.

The face of Nicholas clouded instantly; his expression was gloomy and severe.

"Take charge of this man yourself and without allowing him to communicate with any one, conduct him immediately to Siberia. Let him not be harshly treated, but let him never again appear in Europe."

The aide-de-camp, as well as the unhappy *feld jaguer*, were both to set out, without even changing their boots, for this journey of 2000 leagues. The aide-de-camp returned eight months afterward, and was recompensed by

* Camel's milk fermented.

weeks after the inauguration of the railroad an ambassador arrived in Petersburg.

According to the custom, and to pay him attention, the emperor was shown him in detail, the objects of interest in the city. He expressed no surprise or admiration. His oriental gravity was proof against either.

"How could we show him that we astonish him?" asked the emperor of Menschikoff.

"Show him the accounts of Kleinmichel for the Nicholas railroad," replied the prince, laughing.

A few days later, General Kleinmichel, in the presence of the emperor, was discussing with Menschikoff some matters upon which they could not agree. The general proposed to the emperor to make a wager.

"For what pleasure," replied the emperor, "shall this be the stake, if success or failure permits it. He who is the winner—to go to Moscow by the railroad your way, and the loser to return by the railroad your way." "The game has just finished."

"What is the joke?" asked the emperor.

"A very simple one, sire. The railroad was so constructed that one is obliged to break his neck on it; and, therefore, we are playing for our lives."

The emperor laughed heartily at the joke, but Kleinmichel took care not to accept the bet.

Two instances prove that the emperor knew how, now and then, to say a truth well said. He was so certain that none of his subordinates would fail him in the respect he required, so he could afford to listen to those who were bold and witty. He never allowed to approach him with the emperor's enemies. Menschikoff, the same who was banished at Sebastopol, was one; better than any other, he was maintained before the czar.

His frank speech, and Nicholas, little accustomed to such frankness, loved him dearly, and frequently amused himself with his sallies.

General Kleinmichel was the aversion of Menschikoff. One day the latter entered the cabinet of Nicholas at the moment when the emperor was playing with one of his grandchildren, the Grand Duke Michel, still quite an infant.

Astraddle on the shoulders of his grandfather, the little prince made the czar serve for his horse.

"See," cried Nicholas gayly, "see how this little imp treats me. I am growing thin under it. The little monkey is so heavy, I shall fall with fatigue."

"Zounds!" quickly replied Menschikoff, "little Michel (in German *Klein-michel*) ought not to be a very light load, if he carries about him all he has stolen."

Notwithstanding his jokes, which spared no one, Menschikoff delighted Nicholas, who could readily enough withdraw him from the chief command at Sebastopol, but would not deprive him of his friendship. This was of more ancient date, and founded on the two good qualities of courage and sincerity. Sometimes, but rarely, others approached the emperor as familiarly. The celebrated poet, Pouchkine, for example, dared to express himself in his presence with a frankness which, even in occidental Europe, and in a constitutional state, would pass for audacity.

In the palace of the Hermitage, where they were walking together, the emperor had led the poet into a gallery of pictures that contained the portraits of all the Romanoffs, from Michel Fedorovitch to the last reigning sovereign, and had ordered him to improvise some verses on each.

Pouchkine obeyed; but coming to

the portrait of Nicholas, he was silent.

"Well, Pouchkine," said the emperor, "what have you to say of me?"

"Sire!"

"Some flattery, of course? I don't wish to hear it; so tell the truth."

"Your majesty permits me?"

"I order you. Believe in my imperial word, you shall not suffer."

"So be it, sire."

And he wrote the famous distich:

"Des pieds à la tête la toile est admirable;
De la tête aux pieds le czar est détestable."*

The emperor made no reply, but he asked Pouchkine for no more verses.

Notwithstanding his despotism, and the arbitrary acts that signalized his reign; notwithstanding the innumerable banishments into Siberia and Caucasia, it is seen the emperor could sometimes bear to hear the truth. The instinct of justice was born in him; despotism had smothered it, unfortunately, but his better nature frequently triumphed. Often the hereditary grand duke had, in this respect, to submit to severe reprimands. One day, in 1832, a year after the revolt of the Poles, whom Nicholas had handled with implacable rigor, the grand duke, in the presence of his father, had called them *accursed*. Rebuking publicly his son:

"Imperial Highness," said Nicholas, "your expressions are unseemly. If I chastise the Poles, it is because they have revolted against my authority; but to you they have done no harm, and you are destined to reign over them. You have no right to make any difference in your future subjects. Be assured, such sentiments make bad sovereigns."

The sentiment of gratitude was no more a stranger to the Emperor Ni-

cholas than the spirit of True, he guarded as faithful remembrance of injuries as vices, and if he never forgot who had served or defended, neither did he ever forgive those who had made the least attempt on his power. While the Troubetski, the Mouravieffs, the Tchernomirski worked in the mines of Siberia there could be seen, at the emperor's reign, several generals perfectly qualified, yet provided with tenuous employments, without great power, it is true, but well fed, honored, and trusted. If they committed any absurdities this frequently happened, he corrected their places according to capacity, sometimes secretly directed the exercise of their functions, failing in his goodness toward them. These men, in the military revolution of 1826, had offered their sword to his growing power.

Strange character! Curious mixture of faults and good qualities; littleness and grandeur; bristling chivalrous, courageous even to rashness, and distrustful even to perversity; equitable and tyrannical, generous and cruel, at once the frugal ostentation and of simplicity, the palace was magnificent, his dress splendid, the luxuriousness of his courtiers dazzling, while, in his person, his habits and tastes, reflected an imposing austerity. His working cabinet was almost bare, he slept always on a camp bed, the oldness of his uniform, and his military cloaks, was proverbial in Petersburg. Worn out, pieced in different places, they evidenced their shining neatness, how carefully they were preserved. At his meals even, he drank no wine, never smoked, and the odor of tobacco was so disagreeable to him that it was forbidden, not only

* "From feet to head the picture is admirable;
From head to feet the czar is detestable."

alace, but in the streets of St. Petersburg. Even the Grand Duke Alexander, the czar truly, and a heavy smoker, was obliged to hold the mantel-piece, to enjoy the smoke of a cigar in the imperial

beyond everything military, and rigorous in his formulas, who for thirty years refused to this refrain, "Mas-ave is here to obey thee"—could only comprehend uniformity. Reviews were a passion; during his reign, he transformed his empire into a bare passade. He passed his life in manoeuvres, and miniature wars. Soldiers adored him, although he eclipsed in the severity of discipline by the Grand Duke Michael. It is true, the latter pushed the empire to such an extent that the emperor himself was sacrificed at the expense of his brother. One day he met a soldier with his clothes torn and covered with mud, and without helmet. The officer, finding him discovered, and knowing he was lame, was terribly frightened, and he fell backward in making a military salute. Nicholas fixed a look upon the poor devil, which made him totter. But, suddenly changing his tone and countenance, he said:

"Be at ease yourself; but take good care not to meet my brother!"

At the dawn, and at work at the earliest hour of the day, he was at his palace in winter or in summer, he hardened himself as others, to both cold and heat. An excellent rider, his horses were magnificent and marvelled for; he always mounted those that were reserved for the emperor, out of two or three hundred a year to his stables for his

own use, he could scarcely find a dozen to suit him. In manoeuvres I have seen him twenty times, at the moment of the loudest cannonade and in the most frightful noise, jerk, in his impatience, his horse's bit until the jagged lips of the poor beast were streaming with blood. Sometimes this torture lasted several minutes; the sides of the beautiful animal whitened with foam; he trembled in agony, and yet never lost for a moment his statue-like immobility.

Such methods of proceeding, applied by Nicholas equally to everything that surrounded him, generals, servants, horses, and courtiers, were fortunately tempered in him by the sense of justice, of which I have already spoken, and especially by the fear of public opinion, not only in Russia, but in all Europe. He seemed ashamed of the despotism he practised, and strove to conceal it from the governments and people of the West. In proportion as he affected to despise their arms, so much the more did he respect their ideas.

We know that it is customary at the court of St. Petersburg to be presented to the emperor in full uniform. And even more, that there is no condition in life, however trifling, which has not its distinctive costume. It is related that one morning Lord —, ambassador from England, arrived in his carriage at the gate of the Winter Palace, was recognized, and went up to the apartments of the emperor. He was in his great-coat. Seeing it, the chamberlain-in-waiting, who did not dare remark this infringement of the laws of etiquette in such an important person, immediately sent word to the chancellor of the empire, Count Nesselrode, and meanwhile retained the ambassador under various pretexts. The count arrived in haste, and the morning toilet seemed to have the

, and prolong your stay in as long as you please. You that you have judged our correctly."

withstanding all his efforts to the European opinion, the Emicholas was not rewarded in els by any praise whatever. ut of his own country, he discovered he had deceived and his despotism was in the object of universal unty.

the Holy Father he received lesson: a lesson, however, en and received with dignity. s well known that he had hundreds of Catholic into hurches, in all the western s of Russia and Poland. as to visit Rome, he asked on of Gregory XVI. to enter city. The pope asked, in y what ceremonial he wished eived.

a Catholic sovereign," re: emperor.

d at the Quirinal, he went day in Eastern style with a Cossacks to visit the holy ho received him standing at of the staircase of the Vatiicholas knelt to receive the ion of the venerable pontiff, er having given it to him, being at all impressed with u-like costume, said to him renity almost angelic:

son, you persecute my

cried Nicholas in a disconne.

you, my son. You are powo not use your strength to he weak."

father, I have been slan-

onversation continued some he cabinet of the pope, and error remained, during his

stay in Rome, on terms of the most affectionate respect with Gregory XVI. He afterward sent him a magnificent altar of malachite, that may be admired at the church of St. Paul, outside the walls. An inscription, dictated by Nicholas to St. Peter at Rome, recalls his visit to the Capital of Christianity:—"Nicholas came here to pray to God for his mother, Russia."

In London, as is well known, he was received with great popular demonstrations. We need not relate here the tumultuous scenes to which he had to submit, and how his carriage was more than once covered with mud.

With a brutality unworthy a sovereign, and at times a delicacy astonishing in a man of such a character, the most contrary qualities and defects reproduced themselves in a hundred acts of his life. For instance, one night I saw him fisticuff a poor Jew in the face, and accompany the act with the most sonorous oaths, because in giving light to the postilions of the Berlin imperial, he had awakened him with a start, by throwing the light of his lantern into his face. Again, at Warsaw, where he went to receive the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria, he took Francis Joseph into his arms to force him to occupy the seat of honor in his carriage, which the young emperor was unwilling to accept: a courtesy, according to the Cossack, that would have exactly suited him.

Yet this man, so rude and so haughty, evidenced occasionally great delicacy of sentiment. One very cold day, returning from a review, where he had been almost frozen, he stopped at the house of a lady, whom he knew to be in ill health, and met the doctor in the waiting-room.

"How is Madame ——?" said he to the latter.

acquillity ; the affront is washing the war of the Crimea, and y in the first part of it, Nicholas very restless, waited every news from the south. Each l his best to conceal the bad ings had taken ; but after the the Alma, the truth had to ased. A courier, Colonel despatched to him in great He received orders to repair tely to the czar.

"What news?" said the to him brusquely, giving him time to enter or fulfil the red formalities of etiquette. battle has been fought, sire." "Sh!" said the emperor, with ion that caused his usually e to tremble.

"—"
say—"?"
une has failed us."
are—"?"
re beaten, sire."

Emperor arose from his seat. "Impossible," said he in a inner.

Russian army has taken

lie!" cried Nicholas with a explosion of anger.

"—"
lie. My soldiers never fly."
I have told you the truth."
lie, I say, you lie."

His eye beaming with anger, contracted, his hand raised, himself on the military coutore off his epaulettes.

You are now only a sol-

unhappy colonel, pale with mothering his rage and the t rose to his eyes, went out, in despair. But hardly had ed the staircase, when he e voice of the emperor beg- return. He retraced his

steps, and Nicholas, running to meet him, embraced him ardently, begged pardon for his brutality, and offered for his acceptance the post of aide-de-camp.

"May your majesty hold me excused," replied the poor officer ; "for, in taking off my epaulettes, you have deprived me of my honor. I leave them in your hands with my dismissal."

"You are right," replied Nicholas. "It is not in my power to repair the offence of my hasty action. Ah! we are both unhappy, and I am vanquished. Yes, completely vanquished!"

And, walking up and down with an agitated step, the subdued lion in his cage, his heart bleeding with the wound given his pride :

"Go, leave my empire," continued he, turning to Colonel A—, "and pardon me. We must not meet again. Both of us would suffer too much in each other's presence."

The mortification attending the first reverses of his army before Sebastopol was a mortal blow to his health ; yet, had not his stubborn pride brought about these reverses? Self-deceived thoroughly as to the real condition of his empire, the disastrous news of the Alma came upon him like a thunder-bolt. Some honest men, sent to the different stations, signalized the imperfect state of the fortifications of Sebastopol, the disorganization of the army, the deplorable condition of the roads. They informed the emperor that the soldiers, in their march toward the south, were dying by thousands for want of sufficient nourishment and necessary clothing. Thanks to the bad quality of the grass and hay, whole regiments were in a few days entirely dismounted. And now the alarming news spread with rapidity. Each day brought fresh tidings of new embar-

rassments, new checks, and new misfortunes. Nicholas at last opened his eyes. He saw the colossus, with its feet of clay, tremble to its base; he felt his power crumble in his hands, his prestige fade and disappear. From the windows of Peterhoff, his loved summer residence, he could follow with his telescope the evolutions of the allied fleet. Turkey itself, hitherto so despicable in his eyes, was transformed into a redoubtable enemy. Now he began to think of the ravages that continued theft had made in his empire, the disorders in the finances, the corruption of public morals, and every one was doomed to punishments. By his order, judgments, condemnations, banishment to Caucasia and Siberia, were daily multiplied. It was too late; the gangrene had reached the wound.

Tears of grief and rage flowed with the consciousness of his impotence. He opened his eyes to the fall of Russia with each victorious flash of the allied cannons; and the edifice of terror that had taken him twenty years to build, he saw crumbling, stone by stone, and felt that the military quackery with which he had intimidated Europe had frightened no one. With the mocking pride of Titan, he bled at every pore. Repeated blows of this kind ended by undermining his constitution, till now so vigorous. Little by little he sank, bent his haughty head, and tottered, with slow and saddened step, to the grave.

It was February. Under a gray and cold sky, a penetrating, driving snow enveloped St. Petersburg in a whitened dust. The streets, the houses, the beards and furred great-coats of the passers-by, all were white. The great city resembled a giant asleep under the snow. An inexpressible sadness took posses-

sion of you, weighed down your will being, and froze your very heart. You seemed to be at the pole itself.

On this day the emperor, an eaiser as usual, came out of his room and entered his cabinet, where were already assembled his general aide-de-camp, his other aides, chamberlain, and gentlemen of the bed-chamber. Perceiving his general aide-de-camp, he called to him and said:

"I am suffering. Send for Mandt."

"I will go myself, sire."

"Yes. I have a grand review the end of the week, and must there."

Mandt, his attendant physician, a Prussian by birth, a man of science and an excellent practitioner, hastened to the emperor, who, after having given his orders, had returned to his apartments.

"It will be nothing, gentlemen," said the doctor to us on leaving the imperial chamber; "only the emperor should abstain from going out, the least imprudence may aggravate a malady which at present portends nothing serious."

The emperor remained two days in his room, and there was a sensible improvement in his condition. But his wasted figure, his dull eyes, and his color betrayed the existence of the hidden malady. The third day, a courier from the south brought him news—sad news, certainly, for it had been a long time since his courtier had anything happy to tell him. The next day was terribly cold, icy, heavy, impregnated with the boreal fog; this was the day of the review which the czar wished to assist.

He threw a small military cloak over his uniform, and at the appointed hour left his cabinet, to mount his horse.

Mandt was waiting for him in antechamber.

"said the doctor to him in
ating voice, and trying to re-

it is you, doctor. I am bet-
k you."

'sire, better, but not well

indisposed merely."

sire, a serious malady. I
beg your majesty not to go

ossible!"

for pity's sake—"

are crazy, Mandt."

you had better be resigned."

believe there is danger?"

my duty to warn you of it."

, Mandt, if you have done
y in warning me, I will do
going out."

re emperor, without listening
er word, pursued his way.

; stupefied for a moment,

him, and rejoined him in
t-yard, at the moment he
his horse.

"cried he, resuming his sup-

s, "deign to listen to me—"

ve said it, Mandt. I thank

to insist would be useless."

in this condition!"

?"

your death, sire."

then?"

suicide."

who has permitted you,
to scrutinize my thoughts?

insist no longer. I order

the review, he returned to
be, pale, trembling, icy cold.

threatened with my mala-
he to his aide-de-camp.

I send for Mandt?"

ess; he has already warned

warned your majesty?"

; that I would kill myself."

de-de-camp turned pale.

sire! what do I hear?"

"To die, is it not the best thing I
can do? Farewell, my old friend,
I have need of rest. Let no one
disturb me."

All night the imperial family, who
had been apprised of his condition,
the doctors, Mandt and Rasel, uni-
ted in the anteroom, waited with
anxiety—not daring to knock at the
door of the emperor—for the moment
he might call to them. Obedience,
in this court, was so blindly servile
that it imposed silence on the most
natural and imperious sentiments.
Toward two o'clock something was
heard between a groan and a sigh.
Mandt thought he might knock gently
at the door of the imperial chamber.

"I have forbidden any one to dis-
turb me," murmured the emperor, in
a voice still feeble, but which retained
an accent of authority.

That night was spent in mortal in-
quietude, in inexpressible anguish,
and not until the next morning was
the doctor informed by the valet de
chambre that his august patient would
like to see him.

"Well, Mandt, you were right. I
believe I am a dead man."

These were the first words of Ni-
cholas.

"O sire! I spoke as I did to dis-
suade your majesty from so great an
imprudence."

"Let us see: look me in the face
and tell me if there is yet hope."

"I believe so, sire."

"I tell you I am a dead man. I
feel it. Go on, make use of your
trade. Sound my lungs; I know that
science will confirm my conviction."

Mandt, having accomplished the
orders of the emperor, shook his head.

"Well?"

"Sire—"

"You are troubled, Mandt; your
hand trembles. See, I have more
courage than you. Come, let us have
the sentence, and quickly, for I have

to settle my affairs in this world, and I have a great many of them."

"Your majesty troubles yourself unnecessarily. No case is ever desperate, and with the grace of God—"

Nicholas gazed at his doctor fixedly in the eyes.

The latter looked down confusedly.

"You know, Mandt, I cannot be deceived easily. Let us have the truth now, and only the truth. Do you think that Nicholas does not know how to die?"

"Sire—"

"Well?"

"In forty-eight hours you will be dead or saved."

"Thank you, Mandt," said Nicholas in a voice of deep emotion. "Now good-by, and send me my family."

The doctor prepared to leave the room.

"Mandt," called Nicholas, on seeing him direct his steps toward the door.

"Sire."

"Let us embrace each other, my good old friend. We will perhaps never meet again on earth. You have been an honest and faithful servant. I will recommend you to my son."

"What do you say, sire? Never see you again! I sincerely hope the contrary, and that my attentions—"

"Your attentions will be superfluous. There will be time for me only to see my ministers and my priest, and make my peace with God. Human science can do no more for me, and, indeed, I do not wish to try it."

"And now at the close, sire, I revolt," cried the doctor. "I have no right, and my duty forbids my thus abandoning you."

"Mandt, do you answer for my cure?"

The doctor hung his head, and could not reply.

"Farewell, then, my friend."

"Sire, if not, then, as your physi-

cian, permit me as a devotee to see you again. Who can tell what is great! and for the destiny of Russia which he protects, it is a miracle."

"And because I know that God protects Russia, so neither can I nor hope for my restoration," said Mandt, let my family come and assure you the time will soon pass."

Mandt wept. With tearful eyes, he went out and related to his courtiers his conversation with the emperor. Strange contradictions, man, whom I have tried to cure, so severe and haughty, was now by all who approached him, a weak, timid, and weeping man, soldiers, servants, but all wept. Lost in the crowd, Mandt mingled my complaints and tears."

Then, after the empress, the grand hereditary duke, the whole family, all in tears, entered the apartment of the emperor. The doctors stood upon them, and all that passed in all that was said in this apartment, grief, only God knew. Mandt, ever, with a voice choked with emotion, continued his recital, and listened to him with the keenest attention. How and by what means the news he had just received was spread in the city, I cannot say, but already, before the death of the czar, it was believed at St. Petersburg that Mandt had helped to poison him. From this to the present day, in fact, there was but one prevailing belief, and this was so common; so the exasperation, the false, against the honest doctor, no bounds, and they would have torn him to pieces in the streets. The name of Nicholas still inspired terror that every one endeavored to give some public demonstration of grief as a claim on his benevolence in the event of his return. Yet after his death these manifestations changed their charac-

contrast between such marks of honor and the epithets with which he loaded his memory when they certain he really ceased to exist, a lesson for kings to contemplate. At the time, though, the anger of the emperor against the poor doctor was so furious, that it is related of a man seized by the collar by a passer-by from whom he had tried to steal a watch, that in order to escape, he cried the cry, "Hist! hist! it's not I, comrades, it's Mandt!" The interview between the emperor and his family lasted three hours, long hours, during which emotion for us was changed into anguish. By degrees retired, one by one, the children, the grand-children, and his brothers. The grand-duke came out last, bathed in tears. An hour flew by, and no sound was heard from the imperial-chamber; no one dared enter. He listened attentively, holding his breath. Suddenly a loud noise was heard in the corridors; a courier from Sebastopol arrived. As the court knew the impatience with which the emperor awaited the news from the Crimea, the aide-de-camp remained on duty, thinking to please the emperor, knocked at his door. "Do they still want me?" murmured the emperor; "tell them to let me rest."

"Sire, a courier from Sebastopol."

"Let him address himself to my son; this concerns me no longer."

Soon the primate, followed by the clergy, arrived to offer the last consolations of the church. Then the ministers were presented, the Count Orlov at their head. This lasted during the night. At ten o'clock, the emperor asked for the officers of his household. His face already bore the impress of death; a cadaverous paleness betrayed the progress of the decomposition that preceded the fatal moment; lying on his camp-bed, he addressed us some farewell words, which the first strokes of death-rattle interrupted, and took leave of us with a waive of his hand. None of us slept that night in the Winter Palace, none of us after that hour ever saw the emperor alive.

The next day, the 18th of February, at mid-day, the grand chamberlain of the palace was sent for by the physicians to the imperial bed. At half-past twelve o'clock, returning among us, "Nicholas Paulowitch is dead," said he.

We went out silent and sad.

The next day, on the walls of St. Petersburg could be read this inscription: "Russia, grateful to the Emperor Nicholas I. for the 18th of February, 1855."

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF THE PERE LANDRIOT—ADDRESSED TO WOMEN

HOUSEHOLD DUTIES.

"SHE giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens."

WE finished the question, vulgar perhaps in one sense, yet so important in many others, of sleep :* a benefit of divine Providence accorded us each day to repair our strength, renew our life, and provide for the weakness and precipitation of man ; a time for repose and sage counsel. Sleep is a precious dictate, a solitary bath for body and soul, and a prudent counsellor and daily preacher to remind us of our approaching and last departure. But like all good things, sleep is subject to abuse, and then it produces effects entirely contrary to the will of the Creator : weakening, stupefying, and dulling the faculties, it becomes for humanity a living sepulchre. If the abuse of sleep coincides with the quality, that is to say, if the hours by nature destined to it are considerably changed—night turned into day, and day into night—the constitution is assuredly ruined, and an infirm old age prepared, a never-ceasing convalescence. Parties and midnight revels have killed more women than the most exaggerated mortifications ; and if religion commanded the sacrifice the world requires of its votaries, the recriminations against it would be unending. In a hygienic light, physical as well as moral, it is better to retire and rise early. Everything gains by it—health, business, and the facility and excellence of prayer. But we must not dissimulate ; and the struggle with the pillow is, in its very sweetness, one of the most violent that can exercise man's cou-

rage ; and to break the *bed*, it is necessary to almost superhuman energy. Our enemy is deceitful, dangerous, caresses, and generally persuades us ; we think, and, after all, it is a cruel tyrant. I have tyrannized ourselves. I have ladies, to conceal the difficulty. I have pleaded my cause also yours. To your reason I submit it, and I proceed at such a tribunal. I appeal, and present before the tribunal of Idleness to its numerous lawyers. I may tell you the first judge will be suspended. Well, I appeal to lose, but on one condition you will insert this explanation in your judgment : that the case be referred before Judge Reason ; the supreme court of Indifference, surrounded by his vassals, to revoke the decision.

Now for the end of our

"The strong woman governs her household, and a portion to her maidens."

Formerly, ladies, who were heads of families and societies were truly the domestics, according to the etymology of the word, *domus*, part of the house ; for *domus* from the Latin word *domus* signifies house. In the family formed a body ; the mother were head, and the children themselves had their place. The organization of the family was only subordinate members were a part of the body. They always lived in the house.

* See "Early Rising" in THE CATHOLIC WORLD for September, 1867.

lives there ; and when they are no longer able to work, they are cared for with paternal affection ; and when the hour of death came to them by length of time they had fallen into decay as a body lying on its trunk. The reward of benevolence and Christian charity united masters to servants ; while the latter accepted the position of inferiority, they felt themselves loved, and loving in return, a bond formed stronger than massive iron, the tie of love. Saint Augustine speaks to us with much feeling of the father who cared for his mother's grief, and who had even carried her back the father of St. Monica, among girls then carried little children. "*Sicut dorso grandiuscularum parvuli portari solent.*"* "remembrance," continued Saint Augustine, "her old age, the excellence of her manners, assured her in a Christian house the veneration of the masters, who had committed to her care of their daughters ; her response to their confidence ; while she exercised a saintly assiduity to correct them—to instruct, she was always guided by an admirable prudence." "In our wadays, ladies, things have changed. Such examples are rare ; without doubt, there are still notable exceptions—servants who love their masters, and who make of the family as true children of the house, serving with ease and cheerfulness, because they are guided equally by affection, and bearing the faults of their masters, who, in return, are patient with them, until household affairs glide on with a smoothness which, though sometimes imperfect, is, after all, a small blessing. Yes, we do still find Christian households where domesticity is thus understood ; but alas ! they become

rarer every day ! In our time, owing to a spirit of pride, independence and irreligion are spreading everywhere ; good servants are hard to find, and perhaps also good masters ; and as two fireplaces placed opposite each other are mutually overheated, so the bad qualities of the domestics increase those of the masters, and *vice versa*. Servants have exaggerated pretensions ; they will not bear the least reproof ; everything wounds them ; and on the other side, masters do not command in a Christian spirit. Thus, everywhere is heard a general concert of complaint and recrimination ; masters accuse their servants, servants do as little as possible for their masters ; and certain houses become like omnibuses, where the servants enter only to get out again at their convenience.

I have told you, ladies, that, if I had to preach to your husbands, I could add a kind of counterpart, not adverse to your interests, but to complete my instructions ; but, addressing myself to you, my words must be limited to your duties. I would add here, also, that, if I had to preach to your servants, I would be obliged to give them advice very useful for your household organization ; but they are absent ; my instruction is to you ; so I must leave in shadow all their shortcomings.

It appears to me your duties to them will be well accomplished if you enter into the spirit of this text : "She riseth while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens." Look at the sun ; it rises on the horizon, and, in shedding its beams, seems to distribute work to every creature, and, by way of recompense, prepares their nourishment in advance. Is it not he who, while lighting the world, invites the artisan to his shop, the laborer to his field, and the pilot to

* *Confessions*, l. 9, c. 8.

leave his post? Is it not he who prepares the germs in the bosom of the earth—who warms them, and conducts them to that point of maturity that the statesman waits for as impatiently as the laborer? "Woman," says the Scripture, "should be the sun of her household." She should lighten and warm like the planet of the day. Her rays are emitted in indicating to each one his duties, in distributing the work in wise and suitable proportions, and, when all is justly ordered, superintending its execution. Then everything goes on admirably, because brightened by the spirit of regularity that guides the mistress of the house. Her glance, given to all around her, projects the light; and this light is the strongest and most insinuating of counsellors, as well as a gracious but severe monitor. A woman who presides well over her household need talk but little; her presence speaks for her, and the simple conviction that she has her eyes everywhere, and that the least detail is not unknown to her, prevents any irregularity. But see, on the contrary, a house where the mistress rises late, and sleeps morally the rest of the day. Everything is left to chance; disorder introduces itself everywhere, in heads as in business; a general pell-mell of ideas and objects—a confusion which recalls the primitive chaos. Madam sleeps late, the servants rise only a little earlier; during the day, madam dreams, occupies herself with her toilet, in matinees, and visits, and the house, given up to itself, becomes what it may. The children are almost abandoned, and work accumulates in the most delightful disorder.

Woman, the sun of her house, should not be satisfied to illuminate it; she should warm it also, and with her heart.

You ought, ladies, to watch your servants, demand an account of their proceedings in-doors and out-doors over them particularly in the connection with your children, and often the heart and mind are revealed in this respect, you would be seriously alarmed.

About twenty years ago I was in charge of a seminary. One day I received a visit from a very good father, who told me with bitterness that his child had been corrupted in our establishment. I knew it was contrary; but I had no defence to offer, so in silence I bore the deserved reproach. Some time afterward I had permission to speak to him. I was able to prove to him that he was in his own house that his child was lost, by keeping company with a bad servant.

Watch, then, your children, and watch your servants, by watching your servants, by watching their going out and coming in, their bearing and their company, their words and actions. But you, of you, watch with kindness, with the light of your supervision should be warm with Christian affection to your servants, and always remember that they are human—the image of God, and that they have been redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ. As much as possible, speak to them with kindness, and, if an occasion of offence escapes you, endeavour to pair it by sincere benevolence. Your watchfulness may not excite suspicion and restlessness, but it may appear a spy on their actions, and often make people good by being bad to them so, and bad by accusing them of qualities they do not possess. At least, we freeze their hearts permanently harden them. Everything which appears like pride, mor, meanness, or caprice.

is in a good humor, and all well; the servants may be as kind and make as many mistakes as possible; nobody notices them. Now the moon reddens in its quarter: woe to the inhabitants of the house! woe to the servants! The coffee is cold, yet it bears a brimstone temperature; the soup is salty, yet the usual quantity is put into it. The room is full of smoke, it was the servant's fault, and the poor creature made neither do nor the chimney. A racket is heard in the kitchen; madam's voice is

heard from the cellar to the garret—the court-yard to the neighbor-houses. Nothing renders authority more ridiculous than such conduct. The servants are tired out; they lose every sentiment of affection and confidence, because they see no respect is shown them; that they are considered inferior beings, entitled to no respect; and that, even on the least occasion when caprice is not predominant, they only encounter airs of pride and haughtiness.

Without doubt, ladies, there is a medium to be preserved. Many demands are unreasonable, and take away the age of favors accorded them; they are acting and indiscreet; they reprove their masters without faults, and are utterly blinded, to their own detriment. "Treat them as friends," said an ancient philosopher, "and they lack respect; keep them at a distance, and they resent your conduct and disobey you."* The middle course of conduct is therefore hard to find; but in all worldly affairs, yet it is easy to resolve it. The heart of a Christian woman appears to me adapted for this work of conciliation; she can preserve her authority by demonstrating a wise firmness, recalling the words of Fenelon: "Be less reason you find in men,

the more fear requisite to restrain them."† The strong woman must be able to cope with such difficult minds, often so pretentious and ridiculous in their exactions, and put them in their place when wisdom and occasion demand it. But, in her ordinary conduct, let her remember that she commands her brethren, for whom our Lord died; that love and gentleness are the best, the most Christian roads to persuasion, and that severity should always be reserved for circumstances where reason and charity fail.

Fenelon says again that, in certain houses, "servants are considered no better than horses—of natures like theirs—human beasts of burden for their masters."‡ Nothing can be more opposed to sentiments of faith and reason; servants are brothers, to be loved and treated as such; they owe you their service and fidelity, and if they fail, recall them to duty prudently, with a charitable compassion and firmness that does not exclude affection. A single word will often dispel a cloud and dissipate increasing shadows, and give you, in return, the deep and solid friendship of your servants. Is this not far better than forced relations, coldness and constraint that freeze the heart and poison innumerable lives? The fable itself teaches us a lesson in telling us that the friendship of the ant is not to be despised.

"The strong woman giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens." The spirit of God neglects no detail, because in life everything is important. Let your servants work; nothing is better for them; but do not traffic with either their food or duties. Treat them a little like the children of the house;

* Confucius, *Entr. Philos.* c. 17.

* *De l'Education des Filles*, c. 12.

† *Ibid.*

you will not only interest your charity, but your service will gain by it. Do not calculate with an avaricious hand what may do them good and alleviate their lot. You will gain on one side what you lose on the other; and besides, is not the true affection of a devoted heart worth more than a piece of gold? It is not only food and material comforts you must assure your servants. How I love to see the Christian woman enlarge her maternal heart and reserve in it not only a place for her children, but for all the people of her household! Yes, she must have a mother's affection for all, and let the least one understand that he has part in the warmth of her soul and the fireside of her heart. Thus she realizes the comparison that I always love to repeat, because she is truly great in her splendor and simplicity, and, in proportion as she is examined, new aspects are discovered; then the strong woman is the sun of her household: *sicut sol oriens*.

The planet of day sheds its light on the clouds, the high mountains, and the gilded palaces, but he never omits the little valley flower or the blade of grass that claims his warmth. He does not give it so abundantly as to the oaks of the mountain, but it is always the same light, and suffices for their life and happiness. Thus the strong woman pours her intimate affections on her family and her true friends, but her soul has still a reserve for her servants. She gives them less than her husband and children, but it is all from the same source, and bears with it for them the same unction.

After such a distribution of work, of care and affection, do not expect to find no faults in your servants. To these servants, I would say: Bear with the faults of your masters and mistresses; the best of them are

imperfect, and for you the only way to modify their defects is only by patience and an imdocility; sweetness and patience much more than anger and recrimination, as various circumstances are, we know, among agents to arrest the impetuosity of the cannon-ball. To die, I say: Bear with the faults of your servants, as they are necessary. With two such sureties, the certainty of patience on the part of the servants, and in return that of the masters, you will be able to pacifically organize the interior of your households. If the time of patience is short at one end, stretch it at the other; and the admirable teaching of Christianity, wherever the relations of kindness exist, it establishes reciprocal duties on so firm and solid a foundation that, if one is lacking, the other becomes more strong to resist. Thus it preaches to the husband love and respect; to the wife, love, and submission; to masters, lenience; to servants, deference and patience; but in such a way that the first are faithful to their duties, the fidelity of the second will than repair the defect. Naturally holds another language, our neighbor fails in his obligations, we believe ourselves freed from them, and this spirit of freedom is in point of bad proceedings perhaps, one of the least causes of our perturbations in the family society.

"There are some faults," says Fenelon, "that enter into the marrow of the bones." "Then," says the Archbishop of Cambrai, "if you wish to correct such in your servants, do not wrong to resist correction; you are foolish to undertake

* *Lettres Spirituelles*, 193, t. I. p. 334. 6d

ve a horse that is one-eyed,
ld wish him to see clearly
th eyes ; it is you who are
blind. Alas ladies ! in this
re are all slightly one-eyed,
e we must bear with each

ave a servant who does not
display the judgment you re-
him ; tell me, why do you
him in any delicate busi-
He has made a blunder, but
u not the first cause of it ?
ve another who never sees
an a few steps before him ;
not expect better of him, he
sighted. You are angry be-
e cannot see leagues off ; you
unreasonable one. Another
me, and him you would have
aight ; do you not see that
t the impossible ? I tell you,
at poor human nature is full
esses, and having once per-
certain infirmities in your
r, keep them in remembrance,
t demand a reform in what
e corrected. " Bear ye one
s burdens," said Saint Paul ;
rule of true wisdom, of peace
estic happiness : "*Alter al-
era portate.*"*

ou say, he is thick-headed, I
ut up with him. Alas ! thick
e meet with everywhere.
u not yourselves sometimes
complaint ? Besides, don't
rd to please in servants ; you
by finding none at all. You
e who pouts, another who is
you may have one imperti-
other pettish ; choose be-
nem. The best course, be-
is to put up with the evil,
it is bearable. This world
t contains is only one grand
accept your share of it ;
ng and changing those who
l you will do no good.

Well and good, I hear you say.
You have just spoken of those who
keep many servants ; I am more
modest ; a nurse, or at most a cook,
constitutes my household. In this
case, if you will permit me, I will find
you an establishment where the re-
tainers are numerous and very diffi-
cult to govern. The fathers of the
church teach us that the human soul,
in its organization, is a house com-
plete in itself. We find in it intelli-
gence, the soul properly called, the
imagination, and the senses. Intel-
ligence is the husband, the soul the
wife ; and imagination, with its nu-
merous caprices, represents an estab-
lishment of troublesome servants ;
while the five senses may portray five
grooms at the carriage-ways opening
into the street. To listen to such a
world as this, and make it agree, is
no easy matter. Intelligence wishes
one thing, the soul another ; the hus-
band and wife are just ready to quar-
rel. Then imagination comes in with
its thousand phantoms, its fantastical
noises, its clatter by night and by
day : can you not believe your house-
hold in good condition to exercise
your patience ? Then the porters of
this castle, the eyes, the ears, without
considering the nerves—a sort of
busy battalion which makes more
noise than all the rest. What an in-
terior ! what confusion ! what a tower
of Babel ! Ladies, I will repeat here
the words of Scripture : " Rise early
to give work and a portion" to this
establishment of servants ; put them
in order from the first dawn of day.
Clear up your imagination ; it needs
more time and care than a disordered
head of hair. See how your ideas
fly hither and thither ; how the mad
one of this dwelling sings and grows
impertinent ; how she reasons, how
she scolds, and how absurd she
is. Intelligence would restore her
reason ; useless to try ! time lost !

* Galat. vi. 2.

She cries louder, and becomes longer and more violently nonsensical. She makes so much noise that it could be called, according to Saint Gregory, the multiplied voices of several servants, whose tongues are perfectly sharpened: "*Cogitationum se clamor, velut garrula ancillarum turba, multiplicat.*"*

Here is a beautiful household to organize every morning. You complain of having no work for it. I have just found you some. Bring peace into the midst of this distraction; substitute harmony for confusion, and so adjust this harmony that it shall last undisturbed until evening, and I will give you a brevet, a certificate, as an excellent mistress of a house. Formerly, the poor human head was not subject to such distraction; and why? Because it was subject to God; and from thence all the powers of man, mind, heart, will, imagination, senses, all were submitted to the head of the house, because this head himself was obedient to God. Since the primitive revolt, all has been upset in man; and our poor nature has become like a house where all dispute, husband, wife, and servants, that is, mind, heart,

imagination. There is a simple way to re-establish peace, not quite complete, but at least tolerable, for we would bring back God into the house: let God be head, the commander of all; let the thought preside everywhere, and soon all will be entirely restored. In the morning especially, I know nothing that can pacify us interiorly, but to be calm all around us better than toward heaven, a thought of God directed on high, and bringing, in turn, the peace of God. In the evening, if the head aches, rest it on the foot of the cross; if the heart is agitated, place it on the heart of our Lord; if the imagination is feverish, cool it with a drop of the blood of Christ; and if the whole being is in ebullition, ask God to send it refreshment in the dew of heaven. Be faithful to these recommendations, ladies, and you may repose the whole of the day under your vine and fig-tree; that is, you will enjoy the intimate happiness that God has promised his friends, and which is one of the sweetest recompenses of virtue: "*Et sedit unusquisque sub vite sue, et ficulnea sua, et non erat qui timeret.*"**

* *Moral*, l. 1, c. 30, t. I. p. 546, éd. Migné.

** 1 Mach. xiv. 22.

A SISTER'S STORY.*

not usually go to France
res of domestic life ; yet,
do find a cultivated French
netrated with the home in-
rich are so much more com-
re opposite side of the chan-
avishing upon the members
own household an affection
and sanctified by true piety,
a charm about the scene
pt to be wanting in our own
monplace experience. The
be sure, often asserts itself
; for the Frenchman has a
h for sentiment, and in nine
t of ten the rapture with
e fills his heart is only half
oired by the object of his
while the other half is an
us admiration of the deli-
s own feelings. He makes
e out of love for his father
er, and his affection for his
t is an extravagant poem.
ss you analyze it too closely,
re is no need of your doing
e poem is almost always
nd delicate, and sometimes
the true poetical aroma.
Story is a romance of love,
iness, and death. Nobody
ich woman could have writ-
t the sentiment is not what
nly called "Frenchy," be-
etherealized by a genuine
refinement, and because,
it is a true history.
unt de la Ferronnays, who
h ambassador at St. Peters-
19, and afterward at Rome,
e family of children, one of

whom, Pauline, married an English
gentleman, and is the author of this
book. Another, Albert, is the hero.
They all loved one another with a
rare and touching tenderness, and
loved God, too, with a simple and un-
affected devotion. The revolution of
1830 deprived the Count of his diplo-
matic appointment, despoiled him of
most of his fortune, and, as he was a
staunch adherent of the Bourbons,
left him without hope of a future ca-
reer in the service of the state. The
family seem, however, to have accept-
ed their reverses cheerfully, and to
have made little change in their way
of life, except by practising a stricter
economy than they had been used to.
They passed most of their time in
Italy, mingling with people of rank
and distinction, or travelling in search
of health, as one or another of them
showed symptoms of approaching dis-
ease. Albert was a young man of
handsome appearance, and, we should
judge, of no mean accomplishments.
He was warm-hearted, remarkably
sensitive, somewhat of a dreamer, ro-
mantic, poetical, and pure in heart.
The life of a man of society he sanc-
tified with the piety of a recluse. The
revolution which cut short his father's
public career destroyed also the
young man's prospects in life, and
left him, just entering manhood, with-
out fixed occupation, and without
much hope of obtaining employment
suitable to his rank and tastes. This
enforced idleness, coupled with the
delicacy of his constitution, already
perhaps undermined by the pulmo-
nary disease which was so soon to
carry him off, predisposed him to
a melancholy reflectiveness which,
though corrected by his devout aspi-

* *Story.* By Mrs. Augustus Craven.
in the French by Emily Bowles. 8vo,
New York: The Catholic Publication So-

rations, was nevertheless morbid. The feminine delicacy of his nature was developed by close intimacy with his sisters, and his religious elevation was doubtless heightened by his frequent intercourse with Montalembert, whose sentiments he fully shared, though he was unable to join in his labors, with M. Rio, whom he accompanied to various parts of Italy, with the Abbé Gerbet, and with other distinguished Catholics of that brilliant day.

Among the acquaintances of the Count's family in Rome was the Countess d'Alopeus, widow of the celebrated Russian plenipotentiary at Berlin, and afterward wife of Prince Lapoukhyn. She had a daughter, Alexandrine, a beautiful and amiable girl, apparently, like Albert, of a pensive turn of mind, and, though a Lutheran, (her mother being a German,) of a strongly religious disposition. Albert fell in love with her the first time they met, and from that time love and religion filled up all the rest of his short life. It was but a little while before Alexandrine learned to return the tender sentiment. The intimacy ripened fast; but there were many difficulties in the way of marriage, and it was only after two years, marked by severe trials, that they were at last united in 1834. Ten days afterward Albert burst a blood-vessel, and from that time until his death, in 1836, their happiness was clouded by the gradual approach of the untimely fate which they could hardly help foreseeing. The picture which Mrs. Craven, with the help of the journals and letters of this dear young couple, has drawn of their courtship, their love, their few hours of happiness, and their admirable married life, with all its consolations and all its sufferings, is full of the most delicious beauty. It could not have been so natural, had it not been

drawn from the life; it would have been so exquisite, had the artist been herself a poet.

By the side of her husband, Alexandrine was received into the Catholic Church. She appears to have possessed a stronger than a more lovely character than in her widowhood its excellence was fully developed. In the twelve years she survived her husband, she learned to the great lessons of self-abnegation, humility, and detachment from worldly things. Even in the midst of her sorrow, God rewarded her with a strength which surprised her; and this was sustained after a while by a complete resignation and a spiritual joy which were no less than saint-like. "I shall see," writes Mrs. Craven, beginning the narrative of the last years, "by what efforts of resignation, by what self-surrender, she found peace, and entered upon the period of her life which she speaks of in her story, and of which she once said, 'Even before old age, death, faith gave me rest!' The peace which went beyond resignation, beyond peace, which Alexandrine soon recovered; a rest which marked the latter part of her life, and the peace which was unknown to her youth, she did not attain till she had passed through many fresh sorrows. It was God's will that she should be one of those who had profited most of those who had profited of the firmest friends and most tender comforters in her widowhood. At one time she lost her own father, Eugénie, and Olympe, Albert's sisters, to whom she was attached.) "It may be that she allowed that, when after such blows she was still able to be so happy, no one might misapprehend the source whence that happiness came. She gave herself up to the ser-

the poor and suffering, and in order to make herself more like the objects of her charity, whom she loved so tenderly, she used to deprive herself of all the little every-day luxuries and conveniences which belonged to her station, and in which naturally she took a particular delight. She made trial of a conventual life, but that was clearly not the path in which God wished her to walk, and her director bade her leave it. During the latter part of her life she resided principally with Albert's mother, in Paris. Here is a picture of her occupations at that time :

"To meet the deficiency in her resources, she gradually restricted her own expenditure to the narrowest compass, and deprived herself of everything short of absolute necessities. One day I happened to look into her wardrobe, and was dismayed at its scantiness. When we, any of us, made this kind of discovery, she blushed and smiled, made the best excuses she could find in return for our scoldings, and then went on just the same, giving away all she possessed, and finding every day new occasions for these acts of self-spoliation. She had, of course, long ago sold or given away all her jewels and trinkets, but, if she ever happened to find among her things an article of the smallest value, it was immediately disposed of for the benefit of the poor. For instance, one day she took out of its frame a beautiful miniature of Princess Lapoukhyn at the age of twenty, and sold the gold and enamel frame, defending herself by saying that it was the only thing of value she still possessed, and did not in the least enhance the value of her mother's charming likeness. Two black gowns, and a barely sufficient amount of linen, constituted her whole wardrobe, so that she had reduced herself, as far as was possible in her position of life, to a state of actual poverty. Her long errands were almost always performed on foot, and at dinner-time she came home often covered with dirt and wet to the skin. One day, when she was visiting some Sisters of Charity in a distant part of Paris, one of them looked at her from head to foot, and then begged an alms for a poor woman much in need of a pair of shoes. Alexandrine instantly produced her purse and gave the required amount, with which the sister went away, and in a quarter of an hour returned, laugh-

ing, and bringing with her a pair of shoes, which she insisted on Madame Albert's putting on instead of those she was wearing, which were certainly in the worst possible condition. On her return from these distant excursions, she usually put on her evening dress and came down to Madame de Mun's drawing-room, where she found my mother, who also had often been engaged in similar charitable duties. During that winter I often joined this little circle, now so thinned by death, and so soon to break up altogether. For one brief moment I would fain pause and look back in thought to that well-remembered room and its long table, at which my mother and Madame de Mun were wont to sit, with Eugénie's children playing at their feet ; and at the place near the lamp, where Alexandrine was to be seen every evening, with her head bending over her work ; her brown hair divided into two long plaits, a way of wearing it which particularly became her, though it was certainly not chosen on that account. She did not, however, profess to be free from all thought about her appearance ; on the contrary, she was always accusing herself of still caring for admiration ; and when once she heard that somebody who had accidentally spoken to her had said she was pretty, she exclaimed with half-jesting indignation : ' I really believe that, if I were in my last agony, that would please me still ! ' Very pretty certainly she looked on those evenings, in her simple black dress ; always calm and serene, and brightening up whenever the great interests and objects of life were the subjects of conversation. Otherwise she remained silent, occupying herself with her embroidery, or else, taking her little book of extracts, so full of beautiful thoughts, from her pocket, she read them over and added new ones from her favorite books.

• • • • •
"Time never hung heavy on Alexandrine's hands. After such trials and sufferings, she could say as Madame Swetchine did : ' that life was lovely and happy ; and ever, as it went on, fairer, happier, and more interesting.' The melancholy which was natural to her character in youth, and which the radiant happiness that for a moment filled up her life had not been able to overcome—that melancholy which was the sign perhaps of some kind of softness of soul, and which so many deaths and such floods of tears could naturally have increased—had been completely put down and overcome by the love of God and the poor. One day as I saw her moving about her room which she

had made so bare, with an air of the greatest gayety, we both of us suddenly recalled the terrible days of the past, when her grief had been full of gloom, and then she said, what was very striking to any one who knew how deep was her unutterable love to the very last, 'Yes, that is all true; those were cruel and dreadful days; but now, by God's grace, *I mourn for my Albert gayly.*'"

Subsequently she was admitted, as a lodger, to the convent of St. Thomas of Villanova, in Paris, and there she died with the peacefulness and holy joy which she had merited by her life. By what austerities she had prepared for and probably hastened her end, we may judge from this incident:

"One morning at Mass in the convent chapel, a lady happened to hear her cough, and noticing her pale looks and poor apparel, she went to one of the sisters, and told her that there was a lady in the church who was probably too poor to provide herself with necessaries, and that she should be

very happy to supply her with milk. She had not the means to purchase, and her kind soul was quite ashamed when she told her the poor lady was Madame de la Ferronnays; but Alexander, amused, laughed exceedingly at it, and did not treat herself better than

One loving hand which had delineated this beautiful story whose we have thus roughly repeated has illustrated it with many reminiscences of the other members of the charming family of which Albert and Alexander were the central figures. There is a exquisite pathos in every page

"The tender grace of a day that is

is delineated with an unerring delicacy which must move the heart. Miss Bowles, we should say, has proved herself an able translator, so good a one that her version reads like an original

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BRETON LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER.

As every one knows, St. Christopher had very broad shoulders; so in former times he was ferryman for the river of Scorff. One bright day, our Lord arrived at the bank of the river with his twelve apostles. Christopher made haste to take them in his arms, and was delighted to pay them every possible respect.

"Well," said our Lord, "what are your wages?"

"Ask for Paradise," whispered St. Peter.

"Let me alone, I have my own ideas. If, my Lord, you desire to bestow a favor on me, promise that

every object I wish for shall be obliged to enter my sack."

"I will do it," said our Lord, "on condition that you never ask for money, and only for those things which you have need."

So, for a long time, things went well; the sack filled only with fruits, beans, and other vegetables, and often it was emptied to the benefit of the poor. But Alexander can say they may not enter temptation? One morning St. Christopher was passing through a street of a neighboring town when he stopped before the shop

changer. He did wrong, for these heaps of money excited his avarice and gave him very bad advice.

"I will," said the wicked broker to Christopher, "show you what you can do with all this money. You can rebuild the huts of the poor, and make life for them happy and desirable. Don't you see, it was all yours?"

Christopher had a moment of weakness, and the money jumped into his pocket. But don't be severe: Christopher was not yet the saint he afterwards became, only a mere mortal.

So this first failing led to another, and while it must be confessed that he was very generous to the poor, he forgot his own good cheer and did not know how to sitate to enjoy it. So one day, while he was reclining on the grass after his usually good dinner, the devil came in that way, and began to bully him and crack some of his disagreeable jokes. Christopher was not very patiently patient, his fists were itching for a fight, so in a moment he kicked his feet and pitched into the villain right royally. As the forces were pretty equal, the battle lasted some days, and the end could not be seen. The thick grass disappeared under their feet, and from the noise of the blows resounded like hammers falling and refalling upon the other. They would have been at it yet if Christopher had not happily thought of his sack. He cursed the devil by the virtue of his sword, "I wish thou shalt enter my sack."

He popped, and Christopher began to draw the cords tight about him over his shoulders, and he wondered at the same time how the world he would ever get out of him. A forge appeared as he looked, and two brawny men were working the red fire with tremendous hammers.

This gave him an idea; so he pressed himself to the smiths,

and said: "I have got a wicked animal in my bag; I could not pretend to tell you all the villainous tricks he has played in his life; so, if you will forge him until he is about as thick as a sixpenny piece, I will give you a crown." They consented; and, notwithstanding the cries and somersaults of the devil, they hammered and beat him the whole night long. When the day dawned, a weak voice cried out, "Christopher, Christopher, I give up; what shall I do to get out of this?"

"Swear obedience to me for ever, and never trouble me again."

"I swear it."

"Very well; get out with you, and I will not say *Au revoir*."

From this moment, Christopher entirely changed his life, only occupied himself in good works, and, when he grew too feeble to be ferryman for the river Scorff, he retired into the little hermitage, upon the ruins of which is built the chapel still to be seen. There he lived in prayer and penitence, and was visited by many pilgrims, who were attracted by his great reputation of sanctity. However, when after his death he presented himself to St. Peter, who, we know, holds the keys of Paradise, he was refused admittance, because the latter said he had formerly rejected his advice, and he feared to let him in.

The poor Christopher, very sad, and looking rather snubbed, wandered about, and in his distraction took the stairs that led to hell. He descended an unheard-of number of steps, and finally arrived at a door, where was a very good-looking young man, who courteously invited him to enter; but Satan happened to pass by, and, seeing him, cried out nervously: "No, no! not in here; I know him well. Send him away, he is entirely too cunning for me!"

So Christopher could do nothing

but remount to the entrance of Paradise, where he could at least listen outside to the delicious strains of heavenly harmony issuing from within, and he felt more and more desirous to be admitted. He paused and thought; then, putting his ear as close as possible, "My Lord St. Peter," said he, "what admirable harmony you have in there! If you would only set the door ajar, I might at least hear and enjoy it."

St. Peter was kind-hearted, so he did as he was asked; and instantly St. Christopher threw in his sack, and sprang in after it. "At home, at last," said he, "and you can't turn me out." St. Peter conceded he was right, so he has since remained in heaven, and we must acknowledge he well deserved so comfortable an abode.

[Supplement to the article on "The Sanitary and Moral Condition of New York City" in our July number.]

THE SANITARY AND MORAL CONDITION OF NEW YORK CITY.

THE letter which is published below is an evidence that our July correspondent's observations on the neglected condition of a great number of children in New York struck a telling blow in the right direction, and has called forth one response of the right kind, which, we trust, will not be the only one. A number of our good friends have shown themselves to be somewhat hurt by the remarks made in the article alluded to, on the efforts of certain Protestant institutions among the vagrant children of this city. The article was not written for the purpose of showing what the small number of zealous Catholics—who are alive to the duty and necessity of rescuing this unfortunate class of our own children—are doing, but of working up the whole Catholic community to an active co-operation with these pioneers of charity, in undertaking that which they are not doing, and cannot

do, while they are so feebly sustained. One principal motive for doing this is, the fact that sectarian philanthropists are forestalling us in the work we ought to have attended to long ago, and drawing away from the fold of the church the lambs we have neglected to take care of. Every one knows, none better than the leaders of every Protestant sect themselves, that they have no more determined adversaries than we are in their aggressions on the Catholic religion. At the same time, we do not feel called upon to deny them all humane and philanthropic motives, or to denounce them as actuated by mere hatred against the Catholic religion. They do an irreparable mischief to the unfortunate children whom they draw away from the fold of the church; yet, we are willing to believe they do it ignorantly, and with an intention of doing them good. So far as their efforts among the young un-

and heathen of New York are
ned, they can undoubtedly
something in reclaiming them
the wretched condition in which
e. We desire to confine them
sphere, and wish them a fair
to compete with us in, and to
what they are able to accom-

We hope, as the result of all
hropic efforts for the relief of
graded classes made by all
of institutions, and by indi-
of all kinds of theoretical
is, that the superiority of the
ic Church, and its necessity to
oral and social well-being, will
onstrated. We must demon-
it, however, by action, and not
re argument. We must show
ally that we are able to master
bdue the elements of vice and
that rage over the turbulent
this vast population. In a
volume of our magazine, we
l justice to the work which the
ic Church has accomplished,
still carrying on among our
ople in this city, in an article
l "Religion in New York."
ticle in our last number may
to have too much overlooked
tistics there given respecting
e of Catholic children. The
ent of the whole number of
n in the city was inadvertently
rom Dr. Harris as being the
r of vagrants, although the
number (40,000) was given in
other places. Another quo-
from a Protestant source,
was cited for the purpose of
g the small proportion of chil-
n Protestant Sunday-schools,
is a statement that 125,000
n are without instruction, which
adventently passed uncorrect-
the 60,000 children in Catho-
day-schools, and, we suppose,
the Jewish children, as well as
who are privately taught at

home, ought to have been deducted.
There are said to be 95,000 children
in Protestant Sunday-schools. The
whole number of children is esti-
mated at 200,000. There is, then, a
vague neutral ground between va-
grancy and the Sunday-school do-
main, occupied by some thousands,
more or less—how many, we cannot
correctly estimate. We are imme-
diately concerned only with Catholic
children. It is not possible to figure
up precisely the numbers, every day
increasing, of these children, in every
stage of neglected moral and religious
education down to the most complete
vagrancy. We know, however, that
they are to be counted by thousands,
and would be sufficient by themselves
to people a respectable Southern or
Western diocese. We know that
comparatively nothing is doing to re-
claim them; and as for any further
practical remarks as to what ought
to be done, we give place for the pre-
sent to the writer of the letter which
follows, who is sorry for these poor
children one thousand dollars. We
trust that her good example will be
followed by others, and shall be
happy to receive in trust whatever
may be contributed toward the estab-
lishment of an institution such as she
recommends, and of which the Sis-
ters of Charity are ready to assume
the charge whenever the requisite
funds are provided.—ED. C. W.

"REV. AND DEAR FATHER HECKER:

"The article in THE CATHOLIC
WORLD, for July, on 'The Sanitary
and Moral Condition of New York
City,' has excited in my mind the
greatest interest, and, I may add,
self-condemnation.

"It is true I knew the facts men-
tioned there before, but never were
they so fully brought home to me as
in reading that article. I could say
nothing but '*Mea culpa, mea culpa!*'

Yes, through my fault, and the fault of every Catholic, these many thousands of little children are left uncared for; except, indeed, by those who have been more zealous to spread error, uncertainty, and darkness than we to give them the true bread of life. Are we indeed the children of the church? Have we ever listened to these words of our Saviour, 'Inasmuch as ye have not done it unto these my little ones, ye have not done it unto me'? God forgive us, and grant that every Catholic, in reading that article, may be moved to a true contrition.

"Why cannot the several hundred thousand Catholics in our great city establish a Central Mission House for these little neglected ones of the flock? For, of these forty thousand vagrant and uncared-for children, we cannot doubt that far more than one half have inherited the Catholic faith. The burden of supporting this great work of charity should not be borne by one parish or section of the city, and that the least able to bear it; but every parish should feel as if this house demanded its own especial care. And not only every parish in New York City, but throughout the arch-diocese and the whole country ;

for, a finds the cl be co

"F work. to th Dr. I good to do to sp we wI canno who, were, of po repar glect, for on a beg Sister ly be house a wor

"I publi do no other ginnin a grai a grea

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE AGE: With St. Augustine on Kindred the Rev. Augustine F. Congregation of St. York: Catholic Publications 1868.

being chiefly a republication of our own articles, cannot, from us an independent criticism. We can only add design, leaving it to the judgment of its merits. The discussions relate to the principles of the natural and supernatural order of truths intended to meet the necessities of those who cannot find unity, and who, instead of a contradiction between the natural and the supernatural, find a contradiction between the two, and find it impossible to explain each other on rational grounds, more especially adapted to persons who are rather of the apparent contradiction and faith, than to those of the positive infidels or positivists. There are many such persons who are used to admit a spiritual truth of Christianity, but of doubt respecting the natural and revealed truths. This is, because the current of Protestantism is rationalist, and the current of Catholicism irrational. It is therefore, to present a new system as a cure for intellectual, and a sound rationalism for religious doubt. *The Age* is a contribution to the history of theism, neither a system of theology, but rather a history of the one and the other. It is a man bewildered in the path of criticism a path which will lead to the open day of certainty to him to try the path and ascertain by his own

examination whether it be the right one. Protestantism first destroyed theology, and then philosophy. Rationalism has tried to reconstruct both; but, having only the *débris* to use as a material, and no formula to work by, has failed signally. The author of the volume before us has endeavored to derive a formula from the works of the best Catholic philosophers and theologians which gives the principles of construction, to present an outline of the plan according to which all true builders always have been working, and always must work, in the rearing of that temple whose porch is science and whose sanctuary is faith. The first principles of reason and the first principles of faith are presupposed as given. The existence and the attributes of God are briefly demonstrated from the first principles of reason, as the basis of faith in revealed truths. The connection between rational knowledge and supernatural faith is exhibited, and the point of transition from one to the other designated. The principal mysteries of revelation are then taken up, and their dialectic relation to the great truths of natural theology, respecting God as the first and final cause of the creation, is pointed out. As the perversions of Calvinism represent some of these mysterious doctrines in such a way that they are irreconcilable with natural theology, a considerable space is devoted to the clearing away of these misconceptions. The principal philosophical difficulties in the way of apprehending certain doctrines are also noticed, and a solution given. The topics most thoroughly treated are those which relate to the supernatural destiny of man, his primitive condition, the fall, original sin, and the final consummation of all things, including the redemption of the human race through the Incarnation.

The *Studies in St. Augustine* is a subsidiary essay intended to refute the allegation that the Calvinistic doctrines have been justly deduced from his writ-

ings and the authoritative teaching of the church in his time. In doing this, the evidence is clearly presented of the fact that several of the chief distinctive doctrines of the Catholic Church were held by the whole church at the time when the great doctor flourished. It is also shown that modern Catholic theology, although far more precise and definite in many points than the ancient theology could be, is the only true and legitimate offspring and development of its principles. The drift of the whole book in both its parts is to present a clear conception of what the Catholic doctrine is, and to show that this conception is in harmony with the rational principles on which a spiritual and theistic philosophy must base itself. It is adapted, therefore, to stimulate thought and awaken an appetite for truth, much more than to satisfy the mind. Those who are influenced by its arguments must desire a more thorough exposition both of the principles of reason and of those of faith, in order to perceive more clearly the objective truth, both of philosophy and of revelation, unless they are already well-informed on both points. The first branch of science has been handled in the most satisfactory and thorough manner in the philosophical articles of Dr. Brownson's *Review*. There are also some able articles on the same topics to be found in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*. It is much to be regretted that these articles are not to be had in a separate volume, so as to be easily accessible, and that there is no complete treatise on philosophy, which is sufficient to meet the wants of our day, written in the English language. The second branch of science, which embraces the evidence of the positive truth of revelation, has been more extensively cultivated. The shortest and most satisfactory way to a conclusion on that point is, to take up at once the proof of the divine institution and authority of the Catholic Church. Two things only are necessary to be proved: First, there is a God; second, God reveals his truth and law through the Catholic Church. It ought not to require a very long time, or a very difficult process, to establish these two truths in any mind not prepos-

sessed by error and prejudice who are unfortunately so placed that they have no other choice but to go the way out the best way they can find. One who lends them a helping hand does a great service to his fellow-

PAROCHIAL AND PLAIN SERMONS.

John Henry Newman, B.L., formerly Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford. Eight volumes. Vol. I. New York: Rivingtons, London, Oxford: Cambridge. For sale at The Catholic Publication House, New York.

Truly Anglicanism is a phenomenon, or, rather, congeries of phenomena, and of its phases there are many. Its newspapers in this country are remarkable for virulence against the Catholic Church, and its language about Catholic people is full of things. Only the other day, *the Churchman*, which professedly is a decent, gave currency to the report that the late unfortunate d'Andrea was poisoned. This is used about Dr. Newman has been frequently vituperative and is at the extreme. The English High Churchmen are usually far more virulent than their American counterparts. Their tone and language are more decorous when they speak of Catholic affairs. Even in England, as well as in this country, the virulence of Catholicism very much produces an increase of animosity and bitterness against the Catholic Church. The more nearly some approach the Catholicism, the more they become inflamed, like people approaching the sun, and then, when they are suddenly turned into a force, which drives them back by the dreariness of space. There is, however, in England, among those who cling to the Establishment, whose spirit is kind and loyal to those whom they would fain convert as their fellow-Catholics, even these are converts from Anglicanism. A remarkable proof that the fact that a new edition of Dr. Newman's *Sermons* is announced by the

that the first volume has already from the press, with a preface by Rev. W. J. Copeland, rector of St. Mary's. The typographical execution of the volume is extremely beautiful. It is sad and tender, like the captive Israelite in Babylon. The editor has, we believe, consented to its publication. We remember well the instruction we received in *Sermons* when they were first published in this country, and the experience we experienced in visiting, a few years ago, the church of St. Mary's, at Oxford, where they were published. We are not able to say whether they contain anything un-Catholic; if so, it cannot be sufficient in any way dangerous, or to detract from their generally Catholic doc-spirit. The editor says that he is not to be considered as expressing all their sentiments, and that he undoubtedly wish some parts omitted or omitted. They are the most perfect English as such, of great value to preachers. Their circulation among Protestants is as great an extent as is something most devoutly desired, and likely to do an extraordinary amount of good. No doubt the clergy here, whatever may be the case in England, will discourage its reading; yet the younger clergymen will undoubtedly read them themselves, and will not hinder great numbers of the laity from doing the same. They are wonderful sermons, the like of which our language does not contain; and those who are already familiar with them will find themselves of a very great pleasure. They do not avail themselves of the opportunity of becoming so. We are very much obliged to the editor for sending out this beautiful edition, and we think its influence may be to draw some of our Protestant friends nearer to us. We are anxious that the violent and controversy between us should be that we might have the opportunity of discussing with them, in a

calm and quiet way, the points of difference which separate them from ourselves. While their tone and manner are so discourteous and unfair, this is impossible; and we hope they may learn a lesson from Mr. Copeland, and others among themselves who are of like spirit with him, as well as from the *ci-devant* Vicar of St. Mary's, who is revived once more in his surplice and hood, to preach again among his former people, as the prophet of the ten lost tribes.

APPLETON'S SHORT TRIP TO EUROPE. (1868.) Principally devoted to England, Scotland, Ireland, Switzerland, France, Germany, and Italy; with Glimpses of Spain, Short Routes in the East, etc.; and a Collection of Travellers' Phrases in French and German. By Henry Morford, Author of "Over Sea," "Paris in '67," etc., etc. New York: Appletons.

This is a very pretty, convenient, and useful hand-book for travellers, full of useful advice and valuable directions, which we can cordially recommend to every person about to make a tour to Europe for the first time, as the best book of the kind we are acquainted with. There are some allusions and remarks scattered through the book which seem intended to enliven it and give it a flavor of humor, and which will doubtless please a certain number of its readers. Others, however, may perhaps think they detract from the general good taste evinced by the author, when he confines himself to a more quiet and simple style of giving information.

Sidney Smith's coarse pun on the name of St. Peter, and the author's own very dull attempt at wit in regard to the relics of the martyrs in the church of St. Ursula, at Cologne, will not render the book any the more agreeable to Catholic tourists, and we should think not to any persons of refined taste. The allusions made occasionally to the supposed vicious propensities of a certain class of tourists are still more objectionable. They are like whispering behind the hand, or exchanging nods and

winks, in good company. The guide-books of Paris are models of the most perfect taste and elegance in style, and so are those of Baedeker, for the continent, with the exception of an occasional falsehood or sneer about something Catholic. In our judgment, these are the proper models to imitate.

We cannot omit remarking, while we are on the subject of guide-books, that it would be a work of great service to Catholic tourists, if some competent person would prepare a guide-book for their use, with reference to all the places and objects specially interesting to them as connected with their religion and its history.

RHYMES OF THE POETS. By Felix Ago. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. 1868.

A very amusing satirical essay upon "allowable rhymes," selected from the verses of a large number of poets.

LAKE GEORGE: Its Scenes and Characteristics, with Glimpses of the Olden Times; to which is added some account of Ticonderoga; with a description of the route to Schroon Lake and the Adirondacks. With Illustrations. By B. F. De Costa. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 196. New York: A. D. F. Randolph. 1868.

This is an excellent little book for tourists to Lake George and the surrounding country. The first white man who saw Lake George was the Jesuit missionary, Father Jogues, who, having arrived at that beautiful lake on the eve of the festival of Corpus Christi, called it "The Lake of the Blessed Sacrament," a name it retained until changed by the English to its present one. The author takes pains to correct the many misstatements of other writers with regard to historical events which occurred in the vicinity of the lake. The account of the defeat of the English by Montcalm, 1757, is given; and the reported

connivance of that general in the sacrifice of the English troops at surrender is disposed of as one of the "wild exaggerations of the day." It is only a few years ago that a distinguished general, while on a visit to Lake George, reiterated, in a speech to the admirers, the terrible cruelty of the French in allowing the captives to be massacred in cold blood, and that it was one of the customs of that barbarous age, and therefore prevented by Montcalm. Mr. Ago says, with reference to this massacre: "That class of writers who furnish what may be called a history of the day, have delighted in the exaggerations of this event. Draw material from the crudest sensational accounts of the day, they have not hesitated to record as facts the most incredible fancies. It is to be regretted that these accounts have crept into the pages of our popular school histories, of which, now extensively used, it is informed that, when Montcalm was defeated, he left the dead bodies of a hundred women shockingly exposed and weltering in their blood. This account is based upon a supposition of Putnam's that was never verified, and is of the same authority as that of the now exploded story of the boy, which relates Putnam's capture into the wolf's den." He also tells us that "national enmity has had much to do with these misrepresentations of Montcalm, who was every way a brave and humane man, as well as the ablest general of his day in all North America." Religious animosity had much to do with it, too, and no small share either in the French or the English. The French were Catholics; the English Protestants; and it was only in keeping with the English literature of the day to paint everything done by the French Catholics in the darkest possible light. But this calumny will stand the tests of the critic and we are glad to see a little history like this, which must become a standard with the tourist of the North, to stamp the fictions which have crept into history as they deserve, and to give readers the truth.

The work is printed on good

and illustrated with wood-cuts of the most noted places referred to in its pages.

DEMOCRACY IN THE UNITED STATES :

What it has Done, What it is Doing, and What it will Do. By Ransom H. Gillett, formerly Member of Congress from St. Lawrence County, N.Y.; more recently Registrar and Solicitor of the United States Treasury Department, and Solicitor for the United States in the Court of Claims, etc. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1868.

This is what, we suppose, will be termed, in the language of the market, a *seasonable* book, it being brought out just in time for, and adapted to, the political campaign upon which the country has now fully entered. It aims to give a succinct but complete history of the Democratic party, of its measures and its leading men, from its beginning down to the present time. We are not ourselves politicians enough to judge how faithfully or reliably this has been done. The volume—a compact one of some four hundred pages—is brought out in the Messrs. Appleton's excellent style of book publishing, and will, of course, have an extensive sale.

HISTOIRE DE FRANCE. Par V. Duruy.

Nouvelle Edition, illustrée d'un grand nombre de gravures et de cartes géographiques. Paris : Hachette. (New York : Christern. 2 vols. 12mo.)

This is a part of a course of compendious universal history prepared by a number of learned writers, under the direction of M. Duruy. It is a clear and succinct history of France from the earliest epoch to the year 1815, with an appendix containing a summary of events from 1815 to 1866. The history of France is of the greatest interest and importance, and but little known among us, especially in its Catholic aspects. This book is, therefore, one of the most useful text-books for the instruction of

classes studying the French language, which can be studied ; and most invaluable also for others, who are able to read French, and who desire to have a brief but complete exposition of French history.

Besides its numerous and valuable maps, it contains more than 300 remarkably well-executed and artistic wood-cuts, which add very much to its value and interest. The study of the French language and literature has been too much neglected in our American colleges and higher schools. Every person of liberal education ought to read and speak the French language. We recommend this book to the attention of teachers, parents, and all persons occupied with the study of French, and also to intelligent tourists, to whom it will prove an invaluable companion on a visit to *La Belle France*.

O'SHEA'S POPULAR JUVENILE LIBRARY. First series. 12 vols. Beautifully illustrated. New York : P. O'Shea. 1868.

The titles of the volumes in this series are as follows : The Inquisitive Boy and the Little Ragman ; The Picture and the Country Cousins ; Augusta and Christmas Eve ; The Young Guests, and other stories ; The Page, and other stories ; The Young Artist ; The Gray Woman of Scharfenstein, and other stories ; The Young Painter ; Tailor and Fiddler ; Sobieski's Achievements ; Hedwig of Poland ; The Young Countess. These tales are taken principally from the German and French, and are unexceptional in matter.

THE CATHOLIC CRUSOE. Adventures of Owen Evans, Esq., Surgeon's Mate, set ashore with five companions on a desolate island in the Caribbean Sea, 1739. Given from the Original MSS., by Rev. W. H. Anderdon, M.A. New York : D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 12mo, pp. 519.

A notice of Dr. Anderdon's very enter-

taining story appeared in THE CATHOLIC WORLD for December, 1867. The reprint before us is very well got up, but lacks an interesting feature of the original edition, namely, its maps and illustrations.

THE QUEEN'S DAUGHTER; or, The Orphan of La Granja. By the author of *Grace Morton*, etc. Philadelphia: Peter F. Cunningham. Pp. 108.

A pleasant tale for young folk, neatly bound, and, in general typographical execution, a very decided improvement on its predecessor, *Elinor Johnstone*.

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF THOMAS CAMPBELL, with a Memoir of his Life. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1868.

So far as the paper and binding are concerned, this edition of Campbell is beautifully got up; but we cannot say as much for the type, which is the very reverse of beautiful.

A POPULAR TREATISE ON THE ART OF HOUSE PAINTING, Plain and Decorative. By John W. Masury. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A very useful book, on an important subject, for those who would preserve their houses, and have them tastefully and, at the same time, economically painted. The mechanical portion of the work is executed in the Messrs. Appleton's best style.

CELEBRATED SANCTUARY MADONNA. By Rev. Northcote, D.D. Philadelphia: Cunningham. 1868.

This is an American Northcote's work, the first of which we noticed in our list. It is brought out in very fine type and reflects credit on the publisher.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.—The American Publication Society¹² has in preparation, the following:
1. Symbolism. By Adam Sedgwick. Will be ready about August. 2. Second Series of Illustrated Library. Ready about September. 3. Twelve vols., for titles of vertisement on second series. 4. Memorials of those who lived in the Catholic Faith in the Sixteenth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Centuries. Collected and edited by original authorities, by J. B. A., LL.D. This will be ready about September. 5. Love; or, the Story of a Young Man and Woman. By Lady Herbert. 6. Ravigan, S.J. 7. Third Series of Illustrated Sunday-School Library.

BOOKS RECEIVED

From P. DONAHUE, Boston. P. 1. Protestantism of To-day. From Segur. 1 vol. 32mo, pp. 253. 2. From J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia; or, Praises of American Literature. Laomedon Pindar.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

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VENERATION OF SAINTS AND HOLY IMAGES.

eneration paid to saints by with the formal approbation sanction of the supreme authority of the church is, together with made of their images and Christ in religious worship, same sanction, the one feature Catholic system most objectionable to Protestants. They do not ordinarily to qualify it as that is, as a rendering of it due to God alone to create a living and inanimate, similar to which the heathen system of idolatry ascribes to its numenities and their images.

propose to discuss this matter with the intention of proving the Catholic doctrine and to show truly a genuine outgrowth of the Christian religion by extrinsic but of showing their intrinsic unity with Christian first principles and refuting the objections from these first principles themselves. As the subject naturally divides itself into two distinct parts already clearly indicated in our first paragraph, we shall confine ourselves at present to the first

part of it, or that relating to the veneration of saints.

The preliminary charge of idolatry, or a direct contradiction to the monotheistic doctrine of natural and revealed theology, is perfectly groundless, and, however it may be modified and diminished, there is not an atom of truth in it upon which any objection to the Catholic doctrine can be based.

Idolatry, or the worship of the creature instead of the creator, originates in ignorance or denial of the true conception of the one living and true God. God is not worshipped, because he is not known or believed in. By necessary consequence, something which is not God is conceived as highest, best, most excellent, most powerful, without reference or relation to God as the author and sovereign of all that has any existence. The pantheist is an idolater of all nature, but especially of himself. Even Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle were not free from idolatrous principles, although probably free from all sin in the matter, since they ascribed to the universe a certain amount of being

not caused by the intelligence and will of God as creator. Neither are our modern rationalists free from the same error, since they withhold from God the homage of their reason, and give it to themselves as to persons possessing intelligence which is independent of God. Wilful and obstinate heretics are all likewise in the same category; for, by rejecting a part of what God has revealed, they, by implication, profess to be superior to God in intelligence, and substitute an idol of their own vain imagination in lieu of that eternal truth which is identical with the essence of God. Idolaters, in the strict sense of the word, or polytheists, such as the ancient Greeks and Romans were, paid a formal worship to their gods, as superior beings having a supreme and irresponsible control over nature and over men. It was a worship which was a substitute for that originally given to the true God, totally contrary to it, and an insuperable barrier to the spread of monotheism as a religion. These false divinities were, therefore, the rivals of the true God, and filled the place in the religious worship of the heathen which was filled by him in the worship established by divine revelation from the creation of mankind. It is evident, from the very statement of what idolatry is in itself, that a veneration paid to any creature, which is proportionate to the degree of excellence which it has received from the creator, is not idolatrous, and cannot detract from the supreme veneration which is due to God as the sovereign lord of the universe. Those who condemn the religious honor paid to created natures by the Catholic Church cannot therefore lay down an *a priori* principle from which to demonstrate in advance that this honor is necessarily idolatrous, unless they previously demonstrate that the ex-

cellence ascribed to such that God cannot it to a creature. To the sacred human Jesus Christ is that recently the most ob charge of idolatry c cies of relative wor church has decreed t created nature. Our is, therefore, with J dants, Unitarians, a claim to be pure t deny the incarnation firm against these i not demonstrate the the incarnation. T monstrate the impo postatic union betw nature and the divin tue of which the pe human nature is divi man nature is the na thus worthy of rel. Therefore, they cann divinity of Jesus Chr revealed, and that d not due to him by because God cannot doctrine or command without contradictin truth of his nature. evidence is given s to authenticate the mystery of the inc once it becomes evi worship is due to Jes incarnate, precisely is due to God. The only debatable on t this revelation has b If it could be prov and that Jesus Christ finite person, it wou worship paid to him Christians is idolatrou idolatrous to worshi should pretend to b when he is not, or w toneously believed b

one person, without any reference to the question whether any incarnation can be or has been proved by the wisdom of God. We attempt to prove the truth of the doctrine of the divinity of Jesus Christ, or to prove directly that the worship we pay to him is not idolatry. Everything, we admit, depends upon proving it. If it cannot be proved, Christianity is a superstition, and must be classed with Brahmanism, and Mohammedanism. The proof of the truth and reality of the incarnation, we must leave to the reader elsewhere. We are not showing that no elevation of human nature which is possible is incompatible with the sovereignty and supremacy of God, consequently, no honor due to an elevated nature incompatible with supreme worship due to the majesty. We are also intending to show that it is principally the doctrine of the incarnation on which the question hinges, and the worship of Christ against which the objections of so-called theists to idolatry are levelled. The incarnation is the principle of saint-worship. All orthodox Protestants, Catholics, Unitarians, Jews, Mohammedans, are pure theists. It is true that all orthodox do not regard Jesus Christ as a mere saint, but all regard him as being, at the least, the only the greatest among the saints. All Protestants who are orthodox in the incarnation, and consequently believe in the doctrine of the divinity of Christ, are really Catholics in confession and great degree. They believe that the holy humanity of Jesus Christ is entitled to divine worship. They are obliged to worship not only the divine nature of Christ, but also his human nature, soul and body. Yet, the doctrine of Christ is a created

and finite substance, not possessing a single divine attribute. How, then, can it receive the worship due to God alone? Evidently it cannot receive such a worship as terminating in itself, or as absolute. It is impossible for the intellect to make the judgment that the substance of the body and of the soul of Jesus Christ is the infinite, self-existing being whom we call God, and from whom all things derive existence. Why, then, is the humanity of Jesus Christ to be worshipped? Because of the divine person to whom it belongs. The soul and the body of Jesus Christ are the soul and body of the Son of God. The same person who is God is also man, and his humanity is inseparable from his person. It is, therefore, on account of and in relation to his divine person that his human nature is adored with the worship of latria. If our Lord should condescend to come upon the earth again, we are persuaded that every sincere Protestant who believes in his divinity would gladly prostrate himself at his feet to pay him supreme adoration, and, if he were able to look upon his face, would feel that he was gazing upon the very countenance of God, and that the eyes of the Lord of heaven and earth were fixed upon him. If there are any whose mind or feelings revolt from the worship of the Son of God in his human body and through the medium of his visible form, let them admit at once that they are no believers in the incarnation, that they have abandoned the doctrine of the ancient Protestant confessions and are really Unitarians. Those who fully admit the Catholic doctrine that the sacred humanity of Jesus Christ is to be adored must range themselves at once on our side and prepare to defend our common cause. They must defend themselves and us against the charge of idolatry. They cannot do

glory, the author and giver of blessings asked for through intercession. The perpetual idea of the true idea of God precludes the idea of the hierarchy of angels from all corruption or perdition and keeps continually before us their relation and subordination to the supreme and absolute God of the universe.

In the same way, the presence of the idea of the incarnation precludes the idea of the mediation of angels between God and man, being corrupted. It is impossible for the Blessed Virgin or any angel to take the place in the idea which belongs to Jesus Christ, the Redeemer and Saviour of the world, the Mediator between God and man. It is clearly understood and vividly realized that Jesus Christ is the medium of union between God and man through the incarnation of human nature with the divine nature in his person. The idea of sin derives its influence from the divinity of his person.

His merits derive their influence also from his divinity. He is the source and fountain of all mercy, because he is God who possesses life in himself. He is the sacrifice perpetually offered in the eucharist, the perennial life from which the soul is nourished in the holy communion. The power of the saints is derived from him, subordinate to and dependent on his mediation. The Virgin and the saints are invoked on account of their relation to him, and are invoked as his ministers in dispensing his grace. It is impossible, therefore, to attribute to them any separate independent power; and, so, the devotion to Our Lady or to the saints only brings him into bolder

relief, and by contrast and comparison enhances the conception of his infinite elevation, as their and our creator and sovereign, above all creatures even the most exalted. Dr. Johnson with his usual strong good sense, saw this, and with his usual manly honesty avowed it, as every one knows who has read his *Life* by Boswell. Intelligent Protestants ought to be ashamed of themselves for perpetually reiterating the stupid charge against the Catholic Church, that she substitutes the Virgin and the saints as objects of worship in the place of God, or as objects of confidence in the place of our Saviour Christ. The only excuse for those who make this assertion is invincible ignorance, an excuse not very creditable to men who profess to be theologians. It may avail for those who have grown too old to make any new studies or receive any new ideas, and for those whose intelligence and learning are so circumscribed that they cannot become acquainted with or understand the arguments of Catholic theologians. But for those who have the obligation and the opportunity to study and understand these grave questions, but yet persist, either through culpable ignorance or wilful dishonesty, in misrepresenting Catholic doctrine, there can be no excuse. In spite of our desire to stretch charity to its utmost limits, we cannot help thinking that they are afraid to meet the question openly and fairly, afraid to investigate, and afraid to discuss the issue between us on its real merits. They apprehend, more or less vaguely or distinctly, that they cannot maintain their ground if they state the Catholic doctrines fairly and argue against them as they really are. Their instinct of self-preservation teaches them that their only safety consists in the smoke which they

create by their incessant fusillade of misrepresentation, and which hides the true aspect of the field from their deluded followers.

We leave this part of our subject with a reiteration of what we have already affirmed and proved. The attempt to prove *a priori* from the idea of God, or from the idea of the incarnation and mediation of the Word made man, that the religious veneration of the saints is incompatible with the supreme worship due to God, and the supreme confidence we are bound to repose in the merits and grace of the sacred humanity of Jesus Christ, is perfectly futile. The only real question is one of evidence : whether the Catholic Church can furnish evidence of her divine authority to teach that the Blessed Virgin and the saints have received a subordinate office of mediation, and are to be honored and invoked by a special and formal *cultus*. If the evidence which is proposed can be refuted, the worship of the saints may be qualified as a vain observance, a superstition, a useless addition to Christianity. But it can never, with any reason, be denominated idolatry ; because it distinctly limits itself to that veneration which is simply commensurate with a merely created and derived dignity, leaving intact and perfect the supreme worship of God. It can never be denominated a substitution of many saviours and mediators in place of the one Saviour and Mediator Jesus Christ ; because it leaves the doctrine of his mediation intact and perfect. That this evidence can be demolished by sound historical learning, scientific exegesis of the Scriptures, or solid theological arguments, we have no fear. We do not think our antagonists have much hope of doing it. They have already said all that can be said on their side, and only damaged their own cause

by it. They cannot produce a universal testimony from all countries to the C without resorting to subvert their own leave them to sink that has swallowed Colenso. These t exhaustively handled and able Catholic we refer those real investigate them.

The second part of relates to the honored images of Christ.

Anticatholic writers, cal, careless, and arguments against and practices, and tories, directed men *vulgaris*, especially w this, which is one themes, that it is follow and refute and methodical m very much in asser rative expressions, tions, ridicule, and wit, in unmeaning themselves as the and spiritual persons and wholesale depredations, especially the peasantry and countries. the substance of against the veneration, and reduce precise statement, thing like this : The images in religious tholics is idolatrous is actually an adoration of gods in place of the not, leads to and worship, and bears appearance of being It is, therefore, to be intrinsically dangerous and therefore prohibite

law, and as in many cases among the uneducated grossly superstitious and heathenish. It is, therefore, on a par with the idolatry of the Greeks and Romans, and other pagan nations, which is so severely denounced in the Holy Scriptures, and so unmercifully ridiculed by the early Christian writers; although enlightened Catholics, like enlightened pagans, may be free from the grossness of the vulgar superstition.

A full discussion of the subject would require us to go into the question of the nature of image-worship among the heathen nations. This has been done already by Bishop England, who has handled the whole matter with great learning and ability in his "*Letters to the Gospel Messenger*." It has also been briefly but satisfactorily treated in an article on "Is it Honest?" in a former number of this magazine. We may assert it as a certain and established fact, that the heathen priests and other intelligent advocates of polytheism held the opinion, so far as they were sincere believers in their own system, that the divinities whom they worshipped were in some way bound to their images, and acted through them as the soul acts through the body. They did not, of course, worship the metal or wood of which the images were composed; but they did worship the images themselves, as being animated statues informed by a divine virtue, and really containing the persons they represented. Philosophers like Socrates, Plato, and others, and persons who were imbued with the principles of the more sound and monotheistic philosophy, were not idolaters in the strict and gross sense. They regarded the divinities of the popular mythology as only a sort of genii, and probably considered their images as only representations intended to impress the senses and

keep alive the belief and devotion of the people. But the doctrine of polytheism was not the doctrine of the sounder and higher philosophy. The system was idolatrous, both in its substitution of imaginary beings for the one, true God, and also in its offering of the worship due to God to images as containing their imaginary divinities. It is necessary to take into account, in estimating the idolatrous character of this heathen worship, not only that it terminated upon objects which were not divine as the ultimate end of the homage given, without reference to the supreme creator and lord, but also that these objects were unreal and imaginary beings. It was not, therefore, merely an undue exaltation of the creature, but a substitution of mere creations of the imagination in lieu of the true God. It was, therefore, not only polytheism, or a denial of the unity of God, and a division of the deity among many beings possessing divine attributes, but *idol*-worship, that is, the worship of nonentities in place of the real, infinite Being. The image represented nothing real. It was worshipped as related to an imaginary divinity, supposed to reside in it and to communicate to it a certain divine quality. There being no such person really existing, the image was a mere idol; and the worship had no real object to terminate upon except the material of which it was composed. A man who cherishes and honors the picture of his wife has a real and legitimate object upon which the affections and emotions awakened by the picture may terminate; but an artist who falls in love with a picture painted after an imaginary ideal in his own mind loves a mere painted form, an idol, and is, therefore, guilty of an absurd form of picture-worship. If this love takes the place of the love

of God in his soul and leads him to place his supreme good in this imaginary being, he is an idolater. The heathen had nothing in their idols but lumps of wood, stone, or metal, fashioned to represent some imaginary being. They were therefore open to all the ridicule and scorn of the prophets and other servants of the true God, for shaping to themselves gods which were the mere creations of their own art and skill. The condemnation of idols in the Holy Scripture falls, therefore, not chiefly upon the mere use of images as representing the object of worship, but upon the making and honoring of images representing beings who, if they existed, would not be entitled to the worship they received, and who, in point of fact, had no real existence. Idolatry is also called in the Scripture demon-worship, because, as we understand it, the demons by means of it seduced men away from the worship of God, and also because, by possessing the images of the false gods, speaking through the oracles, and inciting to the commission of a multitude of crimes in connection with idolatry, they reduced the heathen into servitude to themselves.

The prohibition of images to be used in the worship sanctioned by the divine law was a precept of discipline enacted for a special reason. The reason was the same which lay at the foundation of that economy by which the trinity of persons in the Godhead, the incarnation of the Son in human form, the hierarchy of angels, the glory of the Mother of God, the exaltation of the saints to a deific union, were at first obscurely revealed, and only gradually disclosed to the clear knowledge and belief of the generality of the faithful. It was necessary to establish first the doctrine of the divine unity and spiritu-

ality, then the Trinity and incarnation, so firmly in the faith of the people of God, that it could not be disturbed by anything similar. It was necessary to prevent corrupt worshipping of creatures before it was safe to allow the revelation of all creation and incarnation, which is the consequence of the incarnation, to be fully known. The Trinity and Incarnation were but dimly revealed, and not distinctly known by the *élite* of the faithful, in order that the attention of the childish, imperfect minds who lived in those early times, surrounded by a brilliant and polytheism, might be fixed firmly on the unity and spiritual divine nature. It was the mission of the patriarchal and Mosaic dispensations to preserve down the doctrine of the unity of God. There would have been danger in distinctly revealing the Trinity before the time, that the minds would have been corrupted and perverted by a false conception of the plurality of persons in the Trinity, as of a plurality of beings. The Incarnation would have been perverted also into anthropomorphism, or the conception of the human nature as identical with human nature. Too distinct a knowledge of the angelic hierarchy would have dazzled the minds of a people unprepared and continually tempted to idolatry, and would have diverted them from the contemplation of the worship of God. Sculpture and painting would have affected the senses and imagination too strongly, and would have fostered a disposition to conceive of the divine nature as divided among many persons, and resembling material, concrete objects. It was necessary that the people should come and manifest themselves in his true character, and he should establish an

, competent to teach and define
 unity and Incarnation in their
 n to the divine unity, to con-
 all errors, and to direct the de-
 ment of theology with unerring
 de, before the grand and ab-
 nysteries of faith could be safely
 d to the gaze of the multitude.
 ord himself proceeded with
 caution in these matters, and
 the apostles and their succes-
 The trinity in unity and the
 of Christ had first to be
 ed and to be sunk indelibly
 e mind of the church, be-
 e Blessed Virgin and the
 ould be brought prominently
 l; and religion had first to be
 with spirituality and pure,
 morality, before the splendor
 hip and the riches of the fine
 d all the subsidiary means of
 ing the senses and the imagi-
 could receive their due develop-
 Nevertheless, that the unity
 lation might be manifest and
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 d to bloom forth in its season
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 God whose branches are des-
 o overshadow the world, ex-
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 ng. It would lead us too far
 w up this thought. Orthodox
 nts will admit it in regard to
 cipal mysteries of Catholic
 The text of Scripture shows
 that ceremonial, architecture,
 sic, in a word, all that was not
 o lose its symbolic character
 ily in the minds of the peo-
 e profusely employed in the
 of the old law. Philosophy,
 science, and literature were
 abeyance to a great extent,
 given sufficiently for intellec-
 ture in the inspired writings.
 otwithstanding the restriction
 n sculpture and painting, yet

images were to a certain extent made
 use of, by the divine commandment,
 for symbolic purposes in the sanctua-
 ry and in the temple. This is their
 true and legitimate use, and they are
 to be classed with other symbols,
 emblems, or exterior signs and re-
 presentations to the senses of persons
 and things in the supersensible and
 celestial world. Sacraments, holy
 places, holy things, temples, altars,
 vestments, ceremonies, images, all
 belong to the same order, and find
 their reason and principle in the In-
 carnation. The Incarnation is the
 highest consecration and elevation of
 material substance and form. The
 body of Christ is hypostatically uni-
 ted to the divine nature and made
 the true, living image of the Godhead,
 as the Second Council of Nice teach-
 es, the medium by which God is mani-
 fested in the sensible and visible or-
 der. Through Christ the whole ma-
 terial universe is sanctified and uni-
 ted with God as its final cause. The
 fanciful theosophies and mythologies
 of the heathen world were only abor-
 tive efforts to express this truth.
 Mr. Gladstone has recently given ut-
 terance to this idea in very beautiful
 language, so far as Greek polytheism
 is concerned, in his review of *Ecce
 Homo*. Heathen art was similarly a
 perverted foreshadowing of Catholic
 art, copied after the ideal, not of re-
 deemed and glorified but of fallen
 nature, not of heaven but of hell,
 which is but a dark counterpart of
 heaven.

Modern Protestants will generally
 admit the lawfulness and utility of
 sculpture and painting, considered as
 the outward expression of the Chris-
 tian ideal of beauty, the representa-
 tion of persons, scenes, places worthy
 of respect, means of improving the
 senses and imagination with religious
 ideas. They are not like their an-
 cestors, who defaced sanctuaries, ri-

find themselves compelled to refer to their conception of the intelligence and volition the image of their own manner of thought, of their sentiments and emotions. In the same manner, when a person thinks of Jesus Christ, contemplates on his life, death, and glorious state in heaven, he will form to himself images which represent his conception, images so much more distinct as they reflect the unity of Christ with which we are more immediately united than we are with the divine nature, and in which we are therefore able to represent more exactly and vividly to our imagination. Are we to say, then, that every person worships the image of God or of Jesus Christ which his intellect has formed, and becomes by an idolater? Certainly not. Reason and faith assure him of the existence of God and Christ as objectively real, distinct from his mental conception, and surpassing all his apprehensions. His intention in worship is directed to God as he really is, and is true worship, though the intellectual media which the soul is obliged to make use of are imperfect and inadequate. The case is no way altered if the crucified or painted image of Christ is made use of, instead of or together with the intellectual image. The crucifix is only a permanent image affecting the exterior senses, while the intellectual representation is an insistent image affecting the interior senses. Coleridge says that there is "an intermediate something between a thought and a thing." The same may be said of a statue, though a statue is more of a thing than a painting is. The material substance employed by the artist is only the substratum of the form, which is something ideal, as language is merely the medium of thought.

In painting or sculpture of real merit, the higher and more perfect conceptions of men who possess the artistic gift are transferred to the minds of those whose ideal conceptions are of an inferior order, or who, at least, are not able to give their conceptions an outward and permanent expression. The artist who makes a statue or painting of our Lord intends to represent him according to the ideal which he has in his own mind. His object is to bring the ideal conception of Christ vividly and distinctly before the imagination of the beholder. The more completely he succeeds in producing the desired effect, the more perfect will be the identification of the image with the object it represents in the imagination of the beholder; that is, the more image, the more completely it is an image, the less does it attract attention to its own separate reality, and the more does it fix the attention of the mind on the object it represents. A person whose mind is susceptible to the influence of art, looking at a masterpiece of painting or sculpture, forgets that it is only a representation, and seems to himself to be looking at the reality. His imagination transports him to the scene of crucifixion, and he is spell-bound as he gazes on the face of the dying Christ. The same emotions arise in his mind that would arise if he were actually gazing upon the crucifixion itself. If he is a Christian, he will spontaneously elicit acts of worship toward the Son of God dying on the cross. These interior acts will manifest themselves by exterior signs, by the respectful posture, the silence, the reverential expression of countenance, the moistened eye, which betray the workings of the soul within to any attentive observer. Suppose that he kneels down and offers a prayer, that he kisses the feet of the image

of Christ, that he exclaims aloud, "My Lord and my God!" is that idolatry? Is he worshipping a picture or a statue? If he is, then all the merely interior and mental acts of a person who is affected by a statue or picture of Christ are equally idolatrous. If the sculptured or painted image of Christ is really substituted for Christ himself, and receives as a reality, distinct in itself, any homage or affection which it terminates as an ultimate object, then all admirers of works of art are guilty of the same species of absurdity, commit the same unreasonable act, in a lesser degree, which culminates, in the case supposed, in the supreme folly of adoring marble, ivory, canvas, and paint. That class of persons who go into raptures over works of art, therefore, have nothing to say against the Catholic use of the crucifix which is not contradicted by their own practice and avowed sentiments. If the devout sentiments awakened by a crucifix or a painting of the crucifixion are legitimate for once and for the space of half an hour, they are legitimate at all times. If it is lawful to go to a picture-gallery in order to see a masterpiece, it is lawful to buy it, to hang it in an oratory, to visit it every day, and to make a regular and constant use of it, as a means of exciting devotion. If the inward sentiments it awakens are lawful, so is their outward expression; and if this outward expression is in itself lawful, it may be prescribed as a law by the ritual of the church. The same principle that justifies the making of a crucifix, and the looking upon it with emotion, justifies the church in placing it above the altar, bowing or genuflecting before it, incensing it, exposing it on Good Friday to veneration, and chanting the

words: "*Ecce lignum adoremus.*"

The crucifix, considered as a material object, is merely the same respect which is paid to the Bible, an altar-cloth, or any other object devoted to religious use. As a representation, it is distinguished from the object which it presents, and the acts of exterior veneration which are performed upon it are merely referred altogether to the object presented. They are like the kiss imprints upon his wounds, or the uncovering of the face in the procession passing through Washington. There is no question, therefore, in the case of veneration given to the crucifix, that is, Does the object presented, that is, our Lord Jesus Christ, deserve the veneration, or divine worship, which we pay to him, and which is signified by these exterior manifestations toward his image? The case with the images of the Virgin and the saints. The devotion paid to them has the same material of which the devotion to Christ is composed, but passes to the object presented, that is, the persons represented. The only question, then, is, Do these prototypes deserve the devotion we intend to pay them? If it is right to signify devotion by marks of respect to the object presented, as bowing, offering incense, hanging lights, decorating the altar, which they are placed upon, and kneeling before them, and prayers.

We have already shown that persons who have the mere devotion of the imagination toward pictures act in a manner which is analogous, and pass through the same mental process v

by the Catholic in the respect he pays to the sacred images and the saints. The only difference is, that the latter makes his imagination in the service of a real and practical faith and

His devotion is not a mere actual or sentimental devotion, but a spiritual exercise. It is, therefore, less dependent on the artistic excellence of the representation than the merely sentimental sentiment of the votary of art. A crucifix or a simple image of the blessed Virgin is sufficient for the purpose for which the devout Catholic makes use of them, as a step-ladder by which he may ascend his mind to the contemplation of Christ and his blessed mother. In other circumstances give value to the objects besides their intrinsic worth. Their history, their associations, the traditions of past ages cluster about them, often give them a sacredness far beyond the value of symmetry and beauty. For example, we should much prefer the Bernini's exquisite statue of St. Peter, which the Rev. Mr. Bacon goes so far as to say betrays his refinement of art, destroyed, rather than the venerable statue of St. Peter, which, with manners the reverse of the refined and refined, he calls "an idol." Even persons of the most exquisite taste often love an old, worn, old portraits, old articles of furniture, and many other old things intrinsically ugly and valueless more than any similar objects which are new, costly, and fashioned in the highest style of art. For the same reason, certain objects of devotion, which are devoid of all artistic excellence, may be very dear and venerable to Catholics of the most cultivated taste. Much more,

then, it is natural that rude and unsightly statues or pictures should be objects of devotion to Catholics of uncultivated taste. Protestants make a great mistake in judging of the sentiments of the common people in Catholic countries. They attribute to superstition what is really to be ascribed only to uncultivated taste. The sentiments which are awakened by masterpieces of art they can understand; but they cannot understand that ordinary and even grotesque images are masterpieces of art and models of beauty to the rude and childish mind of the multitude. To their prejudiced and distorted fancy, these images appear like idols, and the devotion of the people toward them like a stupid idol-worship. They do not appreciate the fact that they are to these simple people what *chefs-d'œuvre* of religious art are to them—a vivid representation, in outward form, of their own highest ideal. The susceptibility of these untutored minds to those emotions which are awakened through the senses is far greater than that of the more educated, though it is not so chastened. This is especially the case with the southern races. Poetry, music, painting, everything which appeals to the imagination, finds a ready response in their ardent temperament. It is, therefore, a proof of the highest wisdom in the church that she has taken advantage of all these means of impressing religious ideas upon the minds of all classes of men in every stage of intellectual development. There are some whose devotion takes a more purely intellectual form, and who elevate their minds to God and heaven more easily by interior recollection and meditation than by any exercise of the imagination or any outward aids. A few prefer the solitude of a cell or a cave to Cologne Cathedral, and an hour's ab-

stracted contemplation to all the pageantry of St. Peter's. Such are permitted and encouraged to follow the bent of their own inclination and the leading of the divine Spirit. The mass of men, however, even of the educated and cultivated, need the help of the exterior world to give them the images and emblems of divine and spiritual things without which they cannot fix their attention or awaken their emotions. The quality and quantity of the helps and instruments with which they worship God vary indefinitely. The devotion of those whose state is a kind of intellectual childhood, or in whose temperament imagination and passion predominate, will necessarily be more sensuous than that of more cultivated minds or races of a more cool and sedate temperament. It is the same principle, however, which pervades and regulates all; the spirit is one, though the form varies. The true mystic, who is absorbed in the contemplation of the divine nature, does not deny to the sacred humanity of Christ, to the Blessed Virgin, the saints, or to any holy things, their worth and excellence, although he does not fix his attention upon them so frequently and so directly as others. The great saints and theologians of the church never despise the devotions of the people or accuse them of superstition. The distinction between the intelligent few and the superstitious many in the Catholic Church, is one which the most highly educated and spiritually minded Catholics disdain and repudiate as a dishonor to themselves. It is made by sciolists, who are unable to answer the arguments of our theologians or to deny the sanctity of our saints, and who seek to evade in this way the overwhelming force of the evidence for the truth of our religion. The veneration of saints and

the use of images in worship, they say, though it may prevent the *élite* of the church from offering a supreme devotion to God and looking upon Christ as their only God, it prevents the multitude from falling into idolatry. We are not to deny the fact that they are next to nothing of the kind in the religion, and state of mind of the multitude. We know these things. We know as much abhorrence of the images as they have, and as much enlightenment and devotion to God of the multitude. There is no taint of idolatry in the devotion of the Catholic Church to the image of God and Christ in the minds of her children. They worship them in a manner which is out of the conception. The act of drawing from God a devotion which is due to the sacred humanity which is due to the sacred humanity which comes with a very great deal of Protestants. What is the use of trying to reclaim mankind and to spread the worship of God? They have accepted of the Catholic priestly error of the Catholic priesthood, the scandal of disunion, the scandal of disunion. They have bred anxieties against the Trinity of Christ which is extinct, together with the error of the Catholic priestly error of the Catholic priesthood, the ancient heathenism everywhere Christianized on an immovable doctrine of the Trinity of Christ, together with his adorable name.

We are now carry

of converting the heathen, and of defending theism and Christianity against the hosts of enemies raised up against them by the revolt of the sixteenth century. If Christianity is to gain in the future new and more glorious triumphs over the false religions of the world, it will be through our labors and our blood that she will win her victories. Not only do the defence and advancement of the supernatural order rest on us ; we are obliged also to defend nature, reason, the arts, the poetry and romance of life, from a gloomy Puritanism, a hopeless scepticism, a desolating materialism, which would sweep away all spiritual philosophy, all sound science, all gayety and charm in life, all joyousness in religion, all ideality and heroism in the sphere of human existence. It is against a universal iconoclasm we have to contend—an iconoclasm which seeks to throw down and deface the image of celestial truth and beauty, to break the painted windows through which the light of heaven streams in upon this earthly temple, to efface those angelic and saintly forms with the Madonna who is the queen of the whole bright multitude, to overthrow the cross, and finally to drag down the sacred humanity of Christ, together with the deity that dwells in it and is worshipped through it, leaving mankind without a temple,

an altar, a Saviour, or a God. We have learned the nature of the warfare we are engaged in too well from the conflicts of eighteen centuries, to be deceived or misled. We know that an attack on the smallest portion of the edifice of the Catholic Church means its total subversion, and that, consequently, it is just as necessary to resist it as if it were avowedly aimed at the foundation. We know that we cannot and must not yield up the smallest fragment of Catholic truth for any plausible end whatever. Although, therefore, the veneration of saints and holy images is not among the most necessary and fundamental parts of the Catholic religion, yet, as the principle from which it proceeds is an integral portion of Catholic doctrine, we shall always maintain it with the same fidelity as we do the primary truths of the Creed, the Unity and Trinity of the Godhead, the Incarnation, Passion, and Resurrection of Jesus Christ. The images of Christ, of the Blessed Virgin, and of the saints, will always remain above our altars and on the walls of our churches ; the *Salve Regina* and *Litanies of the Saints* will never cease to be chanted in our solemn services ; and we shall continue to adore the Incarnate Word in his sacred humanity with the worship of *latria* until the end of the world.

NELLIE NETTERVILLE; OR, ONE OF THE TR

CHAPTER XV.

BEFORE leaving the guard-room, Ormiston poured out a large goblet of wine from a flask which he had sent one of the soldiers to procure at a wine-tavern hard by, and insisted upon Nellie drinking it to the last drop.

The remainder of the flask he gave to Roger, who, truth to say, was almost as much in need of it as Nellie; and they then all went forth together, O'More having previously pledged his word, both to Ormiston and Holdfast, to consider himself merely as a prisoner at large, until they themselves should release him from his parole.

Their way led them from the gate-house into Bridge street, and from thence to Ormond Gate, Earl's Gate, "Geata-na-Eorlagh," as it was then sometimes called. With Major Ormiston in their company, this was opened to them without a question, and they afterward proceeded, as fast as Nellie's strength permitted, up the steep hill street, debouching into the Corn Market. Entering the latter, they found themselves face to face with Newgate, the great criminal prison of the city. There it stood, dark, strong, and terrible—too strong, Roger could not help thinking, to be a fitting prison for the frail, dying woman it was guarding for the hangman. It seemed, indeed, almost like an abuse of power to have cast her there, so helpless as she was, and powerless, in the strong grasp of the law.

Newgate had originally formed a square, having at each of its four angles a tower, three stories high, and

turreted at the top; however, those four towers, which had been received from the city, and when Nellie looked at them for the first time, it could not be seen from the gate-house, with its iron gates, and a wall of iron at either end. Near the gibbet, metaphorically speaking, really; for few, indeed, were the prisoners shut up within the walls, ever left them for a nation than the garrison position in which it hardly avoid seeing onward toward the faint hope of poor Nellie's eyes. In the prison, Ormiston stood in the advance of his company, placed himself between Roger, however, upon the wall, leaned, knew, by the look which shook her from under caution had been, lie, in fact, had a guessed at the ghastly office there; and as reluctantly—and all in spite of herself, felt as if she had roughly realized the which her mother considered that she grew in the thought forced naked reality, on her mother—*her mother*—and personification delicate womanhood hour be dragged and ashamed, beneath a man's grasp? What very feet failed to do

oger was compelled rather to than to lead her past the spot, pausing or suffering her to until they stood before the of Newgate?

e, as at the city gate, the name authority of Ormiston procured ready admission, the jailer reg; them with courtesy, and show- em at once into a low, vaulted on the ground-floor of the pri- Notwithstanding this, however, ton had no sooner announced me of the prisoner they had to visit, than the man showed oms of great and irrepressible rassment.

he prisoner had been very ill," uttered; "had burst a blood- in the morning, and the bleed- d returned within the hour. A had been sent for, and was at oment with her; but if Major ton could condescend to wait, uld call his wife, who was also endance on the poor lady, and tell her to announce the arri- f a visitor. It must be done ;" he repeated over and over "very gently; for the doctor ready told him that any sudden would of necessity prove fatal." niston eyed the man curiously blundered through this state-

He knew enough of Newgate, was then conducted, to doubt if the visit of a doctor was a often vouchsafed to its inha- s; and feeling in consequence me mystery was concealed be- the mention of such an official, s almost tempted to fancy that Netterville was already dead, at, on account of the presence daughter, the man hesitated to . The next moment, however, d leaped to another and more t conclusion, though for Nel- lake, and because intolerance d no part of his character, he

made neither question nor comment, as the jailer evidently expected that he would, on the matter. Greatly relieved by this apparent absence of suspicion on the part of the English officer, the man brought in a stool for Nellie to sit upon, and then once more announced his intention of going in quest of his wife. Just as he opened the door for this purpose, Ormiston caught a glimpse of a tall, gray-haired man, who passed down the passage quickly in company of a woman. The jailer saw him also, and with a sudden look of dismay upon his features, closed the half-opened door, and turned again to Ormiston.

"It was the doctor," he said with emphasis—"the doctor who had just taken his departure; and as there was nothing now to prevent their seeing the sick lady, he would send his wife at once to conduct them to her cell."

A long ten minutes followed, during which time Nellie sat quite still, her face hidden by her hands, and shivering from head to foot in fear and expectation. The door opened again, and she sprang up. This time it was the jailer's wife who entered.

"The poor lady had been informed," she said, "of the arrival of her daughter, and was longing to embrace her. Would the young lady follow her to the cell?"

Nellie was only too eager to do so, and they left the room together. Ormiston hesitated a moment as to what he would do himself; but not liking to leave Nellie entirely in the hands of such people as jailers and their wives were in those days, he at last proposed to Roger to follow and wait somewhere near the cell during her approaching interview with her mother. To this Roger readily assented, and they reached the open

door just as Nellie entered and knelt down by her mother's side.

More than a hundred years later than the period of which there is question in this tale, the treatment of prisoners in the Dublin Newgate was so horrible and revolting to the commonest sense of decency and humanity as to demand a positive interference on the part of government. There is nothing, therefore, very astonishing in the fact, that the state in which Nellie found her mother filled her brimful with sorrow and dismay. The cell in which she was confined was low, and damp, and dark, and this she might have expected, and was in some degree prepared for; but she had not counted on the utter misery of its appointments; and the sight of her pale mother—death already haunting her dark eyes, and written unmistakably on her ghastly features—stretched upon the clammy pavement, a heap of dirty straw her only bed, and a tattered blanket her only covering, was such a shock and surprise to Nellie that, instead of joyfully announcing the fact of her reprieve to the poor captive, as she had intended, she fell upon her knees beside her, and wept over her like a child.

"Mother! mother!" was all that she could say for sobbing, as she took her mother's hand in hers and covered it with tears and kisses. Mrs. Netterville appeared for a moment too much overcome to speak, or even move, but gradually a faint flush passed over her wan face, and her eyes at last grew brighter and more life-like, when Nellie, making a strong and desperate effort to command her feelings, suddenly wiped away her tears and bent over the bed to kiss her.

"O mother! mother!" the poor girl could not refrain from once more sobbing, "is it thus that I see you after all?"

"Nay, child," she said, with difficulty, "you thank God for it on your part, but you do not thank God for it on my part. I had not burst a blood vessel to-morrow—yes, I shudder ran through my frame, and she broke down."

"But I have brought you a reprieve," sobbed Nellie, saying what she said, and saying it at that moment when her heart was full of grief. Only a few days more she would have been free, when—tears choked her, and she hid her face on her mother's bosom. Her heart were breaking, and she half raised herself to embrace her mother. For one brief moment that she had struggled with that which lurks in every heart, and which Nellie's eyes called forth afresh in that brief moment that she had seen liberty, lost just when she had been found again—she had become more than ever in her eyes—that which was to be her part. It might have been, and it was with a bitterness more than that of death its body shook and trembled aspen leaf beneath the storm. Misery thus laid upon the unguarded word of fact, changed, as if by magic, thoughts and feelings. Death and life, and liberty, freedom and captivity, put on a new and unrecognised in her eyes, and that was only a minute or two seemed to her soul real consolation, had the guise of a great blessing. It was as if God himself had come to her with feigned me-

might so have said, and sunk in the burden! But with that and well-tried spirit the struggled otherwise.

sping her wasted hands together and lifting up her eyes to heaven the dying woman exclaimed, in which none could hear and of the truth of the sentiments cried, "My God! my God! Thy not mine, be done!" Then she back quietly on her pillow, exerted indeed with the effort she made, but calm and smiling and as if that sudden glimpse of happiness and life had ne- nirage-like, risen to mock her its beauty.

the first use Mrs. Netterville made victory over nature was to com- ellie.

"Weep not, dear child," she whispered; "weep not so sadly, rather thank God with me for the relation which he has given us in meeting. Where is Hamish?" added, turning her dim eyes to the open door, where Ormiston and More were lingering still, and ntly fancying that one or other em was her absent servant—re is Hamish? He has done bidding bravely; why comes he forward, that I may thank

Hamish is not here, mother; I am with my grandfather."

"God help you, child!" moaned Netterville, a sudden spasm at heart at the thought of her untended child, "God help you! have come hither all this way alone?" "Other," said Nellie in a small voice, "I am not alone. Before came with me. Without would have been impossible." "Roger More—Roger More," repeated Mrs. Netterville, trying to gather together her memories of the gone by. "It was in the arms

of a Roger More that your father breathed his last.

"In mine, dear lady!" cried Roger, unable any longer to resist the temptation of presenting himself to Nellie's mother—"in mine! And knowing that the father did me the honor to call me friend, Lord Netterville has had the great kindness to entrust me with the daughter in this long journey, which the love she bears you compelled her to undertake."

Something in the tones of Roger's voice, rather than in the words he uttered, seemed to strike on the mother's ear. She smiled a grateful smile of recognition, and then turned a questioning glance, first upon his face and afterward on Nellie's. Perhaps Roger interpreted that glance aright. At all events, he took Nellie's hand, and, as if moved by a sudden inspiration, laid it on her mother's, saying:

"Only the day after that on which I saw her first, I told her that I would never ask for this dear hand until her mother was by to give it."

"Her mother gives it," said Mrs. Netterville solemnly. "Yes! for I guess by Nellie's silence that her heart is not far from you already."

"Mother, mother!" cried Nellie, resisting Mrs. Netterville's feeble efforts to place her hand in Roger's—"not here—not now—not when you are dying."

"For that very reason," gasped the mother. "My son," she added, fixing her eyes full on Roger, "*you* can understand. I would see my Nellie in safe hands before I go."

"It would be the fulfilment of my dearest wish," said Roger earnestly, "if only it be possible."

"It *is* possible," she was beginning; but pausing at the sight of Ormiston, who had by this time joined himself to the group around her bed, she

ut repining—nay, ‘repining’ is he word,” she said, correcting lf—“I go in great joy and jubon to the presence of my God.” mother!” sobbed Nellie, cut e soul by this allusion to her age, “that is the worst of all. ot insist upon it, I entreat you.” ilence, Nellie!” Mrs. Netter- answered, almost sternly. nk you I could die happy if I ou—a child—a girl—unprotect- this wild city?”

mother, be not angry, I beseech Nellie pleaded, “if I remind at I came hither safe!”

y, but you were coming to your r, and the world itself could say il of one bent on such a mis-

To-morrow, Nellie, you will be erless, and I will not have it f you hereafter, that you went ering through the country pro- by a man who had no hus- right to do it. Child, child!” Netterville added, in a tone of t agonized supplication, “if you have me die in peace, if you not that your presence here ad of joy) should cast gall and ar into the cup of death, you ield your will to mine, and go to your grandfather a wedded n.”

mother!” cried Nellie, terrified e vehemence with which her r spoke, “dear mother, say no It shall be even as you wish. nise. Alas! alas! this weary ng has commenced again— shall I do to aid you?”

s. Netterville could not speak, od was gushing violently from s, but she pointed to a jug of on the floor. Nellie took the t once, and dipped a handker- into the water; with this she l her mother’s brow, and d her lips, until by degrees the rhage subsided, and the dying

woman lay back once more pale and quiet on her pillow.

Just then, to Nellie’s great relief, the jailer entered, bearing a lighted torch; for the sun was going down, and the cell was almost dark already.

After him came Ormiston and O’More, accompanied by the gray-haired man who had been with Mrs. Netterville at the moment of their own arrival in the prison. Ormiston took the torch from the jailer’s hand, and placing a gold piece there instead, dismissed him, with orders to close the door behind him, and to give them due notice before shutting up the prison for the night. As he set the torch in the sconce placed for it against the wall, the light fell full upon Mrs. Netterville’s face, which looked so pale and drawn that for a moment he thought that she was dead, and whispered his suspicion to the stranger.

The latter drew a small vial from his bosom, and poured a few drops upon her lips. They revived her almost immediately; she opened her eyes, and a smile passed over her white face as they fell upon her visitant. “You here again, my father!” she murmured beneath her breath. “I thank God that you have had the courage. You know the purpose for which I need you?”

“I know it—and, under the circumstances, approve it,” the stranger answered quietly. “The sooner, therefore, that it is done the better it will be for all.”

“Poor child—poor Nellie!” murmured Mrs. Netterville, as she caught the sound of the low sobbing which, spite of all her efforts at self-control, burst ever and anon from Nellie’s lips. “Poor little Nellie! no wonder that she weeps. It is a sad, strange place for a wedding, is this prison-cell!”

“These are strange times,” said

the priest kindly, "and they leave us, alas ! but little choice of place in the fulfilment of our duties. Nevertheless, sad as all this must seem at present, I am certain that your daughter will, some day or other, look back upon her wedding in this prison-cell with a sense of gladness no earthly pomp could have conferred on marriage ; for she then will understand, even better than she does now, how, by this concession to a mother's wishes, she has secured peace and happiness to that mother's death-bed. That is," he added, turning and pointedly addressing himself to Nellie, "if sorrow for her mother's state is the sole cause for all this weeping?"

Nellie felt that he had asked indirectly a serious question, and she was too truthful not to answer it at once. She did not speak, however—she could not; but she gave her hand to Roger, and made one step forward.

"Come nearer," whispered her mother, "come nearer, that I may see and hear."

Roger drew Nellie nearer, until they both were standing close to the sick woman's pillow.

"Raise me up," the latter whispered faintly.

He lifted her in his strong arms, for she was as helpless as a child, and placed her in a sitting posture, with her back supported by the wall near which her bed was placed.

As soon as she had recovered a little from the faintness consequent on this exertion, she waved her hand to Roger as a signal that the ceremony should begin. The priest turned at once to the young couple, and commenced his office, making it as brief as possible. Brief, however, as it was, and bare of outward ceremonial, Ormiston, as he stood a little in the background, could not help

feeling that he ne
looked on, might ne
such a strangely tou
wasted features of
for whom death see
until her anxiety for
child had been set
the fair face of Nell
grief and watching
budding rose to
brighter beauty wit
of sunshine ; Rog
look of grave yet co
in his eyes as best s
nature of the scene
a foremost actor ; t
the risk of his own
was fulfilling one of
offices of his sacr
vaulted roof above,
damp as the light f
the bare, bleak wa
the names of many
inscribed upon the
row, hope and fea
forward, on the o
brightest hours, and
on the other, into th
tomb—all were gra
in that prison-cell,
form a picture wh
needed the pencil o
to render in its full

It was done at last. I said the word which wedded wife, and folded her in her arms. "Perished," I whispered, "Thank you; for I know you; for I know you have cost you!" and I pressed her hand in Roger's. "Perished," I said, "my son—take witness that I give out a fear for her. To you in whose arms I may well inter!"

"You shall never—never!" said Re-
calm, determined

than many words, brings peace to the soul, of truth. "I knew her from the first day I saw her, and so much for her brightness and her human beauty, as for that beauty which I thought I discovered in her soul, and which she has so nobly proved since then. Over the years such as that time has no value; the love, therefore, that springs from it must last for ever."

"It is well, my son," replied Mrs. Netterville, "I thank you, and be assured. And now, be not angry with me. You go! For this one day I must be all my own—to-morrow there will be no one to dispute with you."

He spoke the last words hurriedly, and the jailer entered at that moment to inform Ormiston that the prison was about to be shut up for the night, and that it was his duty to see that all the prisoners were left in.

"Is it not Nellie—not my child?" asked Mrs. Netterville, with an appealing look, first to the jailer and then to Ormiston. "Surely you will leave her with me?"

"They must!" cried Nellie passionately, "for by force alone can I drag me from you."

"But," said the dying woman, addressing herself this time to Ormiston, "add this one favor, I beg of you, to all the others you have shown me, and let my child close his eyes?"

"I cannot refuse you, madam," he replied, much moved. "But is your effort equal to the effort? Would it not be better to have the jailer's assistance?"

"—no!" cried Nellie, answering her mother, who looked inclined to assent to this proposition, could reply. "I am equal, more than equal. I would not exchange a stranger with us to-night for the world."

"Come for her, then, at the first dawn of day," said Mrs. Netterville, with a glance, the meaning of which they understood too well. She gave her hand in turn to each of the young men, and then signed to them to withdraw. Ormiston did so at once; but Roger turned first to Nellie, and taking her passive hand, lifted it silently to his lips. Not to save his life or hers could he have done more than that in the solemn presence of her dying mother.

He then followed Ormiston. The priest lingered a moment longer to speak a word of cheer to his poor penitent; but the jailer calling him impatiently, he also disappeared, and the cell-door was closed behind him.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE rattling of the key in the lock as the jailer shut them up for the night came like a death-knell on the poor Nellie's ear. So long as Ormiston and Roger had been there beside her, she had, quite unconsciously to herself, entertained a sort of hope that something (she knew not what) might yet be devised for the solace of her mother; and now that they were gone indeed, she felt as people feel when the physician takes his leave of his dying patient, thus tacitly confessing that all hope is over. The lamp, which, in obedience to a word from Ormiston, the jailer had brought in trimmed and lighted for the night, revealed the cell to her in all its bleak reality, and as she glanced from the straw pallet, which at Netterville they would have hesitated to place beneath a beggar, to the pitcher of cold water, which was the only refreshment provided for the dying woman, Nellie felt anew such a sense of her mother's misery and of her own inability to procure her comfort, that, unable to

utter a single syllable, she sat for a few moments by her side weeping hopelessly and helplessly as a child. Mrs. Netterville heard her sobbing, and, after waiting a few minutes in hopes the paroxysm would subside, said gently:

"Nellie—my little one—weep not so bitterly, I entreat you; you know not how it pains me."

"How can I help it, mother?" sobbed the girl, unable to conceal the thought uppermost in her own mind. "You suffer, and the lowest scullion in the kitchen of Netterville would have deemed herself ill-used in such poverty as this!"

"Is that all, my child?" said her mother, with a faint smile. "Nay, dear Nellie, you may believe me, that, to a soul which feels itself within an hour of eternity, it is of little moment whether straw or satin support the body it is leaving. Eternity! yes, eternity!" she murmured to herself. "Alas! alas! how little do we realize in the short days of time the awful significance of that word, forever!"

"Mother, you are not afraid!" burst from Nellie's lips, a new and hitherto unthought-of anxiety rushing to her mind.

"Afraid!" Mrs. Netterville echoed the expression with a smile. "No, my daughter, by the grace of God and goodness of Our Lady I am not afraid. Nevertheless eternity, with its ministering angel Death, are awful things to look on, Nellie, and if I could smile at aught which makes you weep, it would be to think that such a silly grievance as a straw pallet could add to their awfulness in your eyes."

"Not to their awfulness, mother," Nellie sobbed, "but to their sorrow; it is such a pain to see you comfortless."

"And has no one else been com-

fortless in death?" Mrs. Netterville whispered almost reproachfully. "Only consider, Nellie, the bed which you lament so sorely, the very couch of down comfort, when he laid him down, the hard wood of the cross to which he was fastened."

"Mother, forgive me, I have no thought of that," said Nellie. "I only thought of your dear face."

"Think of nothing now, but this one word of comfort, 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord;' and hope and peace may be so with me to-night. Dry your eyes and listen, mother, much to say, and but little wherein to say it. Dry your eyes, for I cannot bear to see you weep thus. Your tears have no power to make me repine."

The last hint was sufficient. Nellie resolutely checked her sobs, laid her head down on her pillow, in order that she might speak to her with less fatigue.

Then, in a few earnest words, Mrs. Netterville set her daughter the duties of her new life, and gave advice, precious as it would have been at any time, was doubly precious now, as it did from the lips of her mother; after which, true to her ever uppermost in the I, and which she had too soon adopted her husband's command to feel as keenly upon another, could have done himself, returned to her own place of burial.

"It cannot be at Netterville," she said. "I may as I had ever hoped, by the grace of my brave husband! But I will go to my western home, dear Nellie, my new western home, where my friends, I believe, are yet unnumbered—there, if it be possible, I will gladly take my rest—th

n come sometimes to pray for
oor mother, and where, when
sband's father follows me, as
bt he must full soon, he can
l quietly to sleep beside me."

paused, and Nellie muttered
ing, she hardly knew what,
she hoped would sound like an
in her mother's ears. Not for
would she have saddened her
a moment by allowing her to
er that Roger, like themselves,
een robbed of his inheritance,
at, instead of that quiet western
of which she spoke so confi-
her wedded life with him
e spent of necessity in a for-
nd.

tever she did or did not say,
ther evidently fancied it was a
e in conformity with her wish-
d went on in that low, rambling
eculiar to the dying :

was not thus—not thus that I
ought to visit that wild land.
med of a resting-place and a
ne—a meeting of mingled joy
dness—and then a homely life,
t its close a peaceful ending.
is better as it is—much better.
ext meeting will be all of joy—
that eternal home where God
s together his beloved ones,
ids them smile in the sunshine
presence. Yes, yes! it is bet-
it is!"

s God wills. He knows best
nows," and then Nellie stop-
owerless to complete the sen-

remember me to my father, Nel-
Mrs. Netterville continued
—"for father I may truly call
ho has been in very deed a
to me ever since I was wed-
his son. And poor Hamish
let him not think himself for-
and tell him especially of the
ide I feel for this great conso-
procured me by his faithful ser-

vice—my Nellie's heart to rest on in
dying—my Nellie's hands to close
my eyes in death."

The last words were barely audible,
and after they were uttered Mrs.
Netterville lay for a long time so
mute and still that, fancying she was
asleep, Nellie hardly dared to move,
or even almost to breathe, lest she
should disturb her. At last she felt
her mother's hand steal gently in
search of hers.

"Your hand, dear Nellie," she
whispered softly. "Nay, do not
speak, my daughter, but take my
hand in yours, that I may feel, when
I cannot see, the comfort of your
presence."

Nellie took her mother's hand in
hers. It was as cold as ice, and she
gently tried to chafe it. But the
movement disturbed the dying wo-
man.

"It prevents me thinking, Nellie,"
she whispered faintly, "and my
thoughts are very sweet."

The words sent a gush of tender-
ness and joy to Nellie's heart, telling
her, as they did, that her mother's
was at peace. But the physical con-
dition of that poor mother still
weighed heavily on her soul, and tak-
ing the mantle from her own shoul-
ders, she laid it on the bed, hoping
thus gradually and imperceptibly to
restore warmth to the failing system.
Mrs. Netterville perceived what she
had done, and, true to that forgetful-
ness of self which had been the chief
characteristic of her life, she would
not have it so. "Nay, nay, child,"
she murmured as well as she could,
for she was by this time well-nigh
speechless, "put it on again, for you
need it, and I do not. This death-
chill is not pain."

She tried to push it from her as
she spoke, and became so uneasy
that Nellie, in order to calm her, was
forced to resume the garment. Sat-

isfied on this point, her mother closed her eyes like a weary child, and fell into a dozing slumber. It was the stupor preceding death, but Nellie, never suspecting this, felt thankful that her mother's hacking cough had ceased, and that her breathing had become less painful. For more than an hour she sat thus, her mother's hand in hers—praying, watching, weeping—weeping silent, soundless tears—not sobbing, lest it should disturb the sleeper.

The night passed onward in its course, but day was yet far off when the lamp began to waver. Sometimes it flickered and sputtered as if just going to be extinguished, and then again it would flare up suddenly, casting strange shadows through the gloomy space, and deepening the pallor on the sleeper's brow, until it almost seemed as if she were dead already. Lower still, and lower, after each of these fresh spurts, it sank, while Nellie watched it nervously; but just as she fancied that it had actually died out, it flashed up high and bright again, full upon her mother's face. Nellie turned eagerly to gaze once more upon those dear features. Even as she did so, a rush of darkness seemed to fill the cell—darkness that could be almost felt—and a pang seized upon the poor girl's heart, for she knew at once by intuition that the lamp was now gone indeed, and that she had looked for the last time on the face of her living mother.

The sudden change from light to darkness seemed somehow to disturb the invalid. She opened her eyes wearily, and something like a shudder passed over her; but when she felt her daughter's hand still clasping hers, a heavenly smile (pity that Nellie could not see it then—she saw its shadow on the dead face next day, however) settled on her features, and she whispered:

"You here still, dear
Thank God—thank God for t

"Mother, what would you
lie asked, amid her tears.

"It is coming, Nellie;
frightened, dearest. It is
like a gentle sleep. Pray
dear one; pray loud, that I m
you."

What prayer could Nellie
such a moment? An orphan
by the loss of her father, s
about to be doubly orphaned
mother's death, and her ti
turned naturally and sponta
toward that other Parent
home is heaven, and who, Fa
he is to each of us, has p
himself to be so in a yet m
pecial and individual manner
fatherless of his earthly kingd

The words of the "Our F
seemed to rise unbidden to be

"Our Father who art in he

"Who art in heaven," her
repeated after her; and then
pause of sweet and solemn
tion.

"Thy kingdom come," Nelli
more found voice to say. Mr
terville had ever kept the de
that kingdom in her heart of
Surely he was now calling her
joy it in eternity! So Nellie th
and the thought gave her st
and courage to go on.

"Thy will be done!"—th
which was calling her last
from her side. Nellie sobbed
as she uttered the words, bu
Netterville took them up, an
voice of ineffable love and swe
kept repeating over and over
as if she never could weary
sentiment,

"Thy will be done; *thy*
thy will—thy will, ever m
and to be adored—*thy* will, m
my Father, and my Redeeme
will, not mine, be done!"

Nellie listened until she almost felt as if she herself were standing with her mother on the threshold of eternity. A sweet and awful calmness settled on her soul. She knew intuitively that her mother was in the very act of dying, but she no longer felt fear or sorrow. It was as if the Judge of the living and the dead, not stern and exacting, but tender and approving, was descending in person to that bed of death to speak the sentence of his faithful servant. It was as if saints and angels were crowding after him, bowed down, indeed, beneath his awful presence, but yet glad and jubilant over the crowning of a sister spirit, and bringing the songs and sweetness of heaven itself on the rustling of their snowy wings. And in the midst of such thoughts as these, Nellie still could hear her mother's voice repeating, "Thy will, my God, not mine, be done."

Fainter still and fainter grew that voice, as the soul which spoke by it receded toward eternity; then all at once it died away, and Nellie felt that the last word had been said in heaven.

It was very dark now, and very cold—the cold that precedes the dawn—cold in Nellie's heart within, and cold in the outside world around her. She shivered, and was scarcely conscious that she did so. Was her mother really dead? She knew it, and yet could scarce believe it. For a little while she knelt there still, waiting and holding in her breath in the vague, faint hope that once more, if it were even for the last time, once more that sweet, plaintive voice might greet her longing ear. But it never came again. At last, by a great effort, she put forth her trembling hand and touched her mother's face. It was already growing cold, with that strange, hard coldness which makes

the face of the dead like a marble mask to the living hands that touch it. She shuddered; nevertheless, with an instinctive feeling of what was right and proper by the dead, she did not withdraw it until she had pressed it gently on the eyelids, and so closed them without almost an effort.

That done, she knelt down once more, and, hiding her face in the scanty bedclothes, tried to pray.

Day began to dawn at last, and a few sad rays forced their way into that gloomy cell; but Nellie never saw them. Sounds began to come in from the newly-awakened city, but Nellie never heard them. The prison itself shook off its slumbers, and there was a slamming of distant doors and an occasional hurried step along the passages; and still she took no heed. She knew, in a vague, careless way, that at one time or another some one would be sent to her assistance, and that was all she thought or cared about it. In the mean time she prayed, or tried to pray; but when at last they did come, they found her stretched upon the floor, as cold almost and quite as unconscious as her dead mother.

CHAPTER XVII.

"To the memory of Francis, Twelfth Baron of Netterville, one of the Transplanted, and of Mary, the widow of his only son."

Nellie stooped to decipher the inscription, but it may be doubted if she saw aught save the stone upon which Hamish, in obedience to his master's dying orders, had engraved it, for her eyes were full of tears. A hurried journey to the west, another death-bed, and a few weeks more of tears and renewed sense of desolation had followed the events record-

ed in our last chapter, and then at last a holy calmness settled upon Nellie's soul—a calmness and a happiness which was all the more likely to endure that it was founded upon past sorrows bravely met and meekly borne, in a spirit of true and loving resignation to the will of Him who had laid them on her shoulders. From the day of her departure from Clare Island, the old lord had drooped like a plant deprived of sunshine, and he died on the very evening of her return, his hand in hers, smiling upon her and her brave husband, and leaving for only vengeance on his foes the inscription which heads this chapter, to be engraved upon his tombstone.

Nellie laid him to rest beside her mother; for through the kindness of Ormiston she had been enabled to carry out Mrs. Netterville's dying wishes, and to bear her remains to that western shore which she had so fondly and so vainly fancied was to be her daughter's future home. Ormiston had done yet more. He had obtained a reversal of the sentence of outlawry against Roger, coupled with the usual permission to "beat his drum," as it was called, for recruits to follow his banner into foreign lands, to fight in the armies of foreign kings. It was the evil policy of those evil times.

To rid Ireland of the Irish was the grand panacea for the woes of Ireland, the only one her rulers ever recognized, and of which, therefore, they availed themselves most largely, careless or unconscious of the fatal element of strength they were thus flinging to their foes. As a native chieftain and a well-trying soldier, Roger had a double claim upon his people, and short as had been the time allotted to him for the purpose, fifty men, of the same breed and mettle as the soldiers who fought at a

later period against an Englishman until he cursed, in the bitterness of his heart, the laws which had doomed him of such subjects, had all obeyed his summons. They assembled under the temporary command of Hamish, near the tower, with the moment for embarkation the ship that was to convey them to their destination was riding at anchor in the bay on that very evening when Nellie and her husband knelt for the last time beside her mother's grave. It was like a cold parting with that mother, with Roger at her side she could feel altogether friendless or unhelped, and they prayed for a little time in silence, with a calm sense of satisfaction which had something of heavenly sweetness in it. At last it was to go, and Roger laid a warning finger upon his young wife's shoulder. She did not say a word, but she bowed once more and kissed her mother's name upon the stone; she gave her hand to Roger, they left the churchyard together. While she had been lingering there, Henrietta had landed with Ormiston at the pier to bid her a last adieu. The quick eye of the Englishman instantly perceived the goodly company of recruits assembled near the tower, and with a little smile of delicious triumph she pointed them to her companion. Ormiston raised his head reprovingly. He was thoroughly a soldier not to laud the policy which drafted large bodies of men into foreign armies, but he was full at that moment of his own concerns, and had little inclination to waste time in discussing the conduct of his leaders. The truth was, Henrietta's reception of him on his arrival from Dublin the night before had disappointed him. He had come in obedience to her own ten orders, as conveyed to him

e, and instead of the frank, loving nature which his own frank and good nature had anticipated, he had found her shy, cold, and, he was obliged to confess to himself, almost morose. At first he consoled himself by attributing this in a great measure to the presence of her father before whom she always seemed unable to assume the bearing of a good and unruly child; but when her own invitation he had rowed that morning to Clare Island, in that manner, instead of softening, as he had hoped, grew even colder and more constrained than it had been before, he became seriously distressed, and unable to endure the suspense any longer, they had hardly landed from the boat ere he turned round upon her, and said:

"Henrietta, before you move one step further, you must answer me a question—are we in future to be friends or foes?"

"Not foes! Oh! certainly, not!" Henrietta stammered, taken aback by the suddenness of the question. "Oh! certainly, not."

"Because I cannot endure this uncertainty much longer," he went on, as he had not heard her. "I must have an answer, and that soon. I will, indeed, insist upon your own answer, but I will not. It was written in the air, a sudden impulse, and the fate that gives you to me for a wife must be said with a calm consciousness of its import. What shall that be, Henrietta—yes or no?"

"Yes, if you will have me," she answered in a low voice, half-turning away as she did so.

"So long and so faithfully as you have loved you, and do you still love me?" he answered, almost reproachfully.

"There is an 'if,' however," said Henrietta; "and when you have

heard me out, you will have to decide the question for yourself."

"Nay, the only 'if' for me is the 'if' that you really love me," he replied wistfully, and in a way which showed he felt by no means certain upon that score.

"That is the very thing," she answered, flushing scarlet. "Harry, dear Harry, remember that I have never had a mother's care, and promise to be still my friend, even if what I have got to tell you should alter all your other wishes in my regard."

"What can you have to say that could do that?" he asked impatiently. "For God's sake, Henrietta, say it out at once, whatever it may be!"

"It is not so very easy, perhaps," she said in a low voice. And then she added quickly: "They call me a woman grown, Harry, and yet in some few things I think that I am still almost a child."

"In a great *many* things rather, I should say," he could not resist saying, with a smile.

That smile reassured her, and she went on quickly: "You know that it has never been a new thing to me to consider myself your wife, Harry. My father has treated me from childhood as your affianced bride, and we have played at being wedded in the nursery. You cannot be surprised, therefore, if in my feelings toward you there has been something of unquestioning security, which does not enter usually, I think, into the relations in which we stood toward each other. This kind of sisterly feeling—oh! do not look so cross, Harry," she cried, suddenly stopping short, "or I shall never be able to go on."

"Do not talk of sisterly feeling, then," he answered moodily, "for *that* I cannot bear."

"I need not, for I do not feel in

the least like a sister to you now," she answered, with a pretty *naïveté*, that made him almost depart from the attitude of cold seriousness in which he had elected to receive the confessions of his betrothed. He checked the impulse, however, and signed to her quietly to proceed.

"You know, for you were with us at the time," she accordingly went on, "how much I was charmed with this wild western land when my father first brought me hither. You know, too, of my indignation when I found that the real owner had been deprived of it in order to our possession. True, I had heard before of the law of transplantation enacted for the benefit of our army, but not until it stared me in the face as an act of private injustice, done for the enrichment of myself, did I thoroughly appreciate its iniquity. From that moment the very abomination of desolation seemed to me to rest upon this land, which I had once felt to be so beautiful. I grew angry and indignant with all the world—with my father chiefly, but with you also, Harry, because, though I acquitted you of all active share in the robbery, I yet felt that it was your character as a good officer, capable of holding it against the enemy, which had encouraged him to commit it. From dwelling upon the injustice, I went on almost unconsciously to question of its victim. At first, however, I only thought of him with a sort of contemptuous pity, as of a half-tamed savage wandering sadly among the hills which had once been his own. But one day I met him. You remember that evening when I returned home so late, that you and my father became alarmed and went out to seek me? I told you then that I had lost my way, but I did not tell you that it was the O'More who had helped me to regain it, and who,

of my own will could I have
 red it to another."

on," said Harry, now smiling
 turn, for she had paused in a
 sudden confusion at this full
 avowal of her sentiments
 regard—"go on, for I can
 to you with patience now,

ever dreamed again, Harry, of
 er than yourself," she answer-
 ly; "and when, the day after
 eparture, I went to Clare Is-
 warn him of a coming dan-
 at not, I do assure you, with
 er motive,) I saw at once that
 er cared for any woman in the
 it was, or soon would be, Nel-
 terville. It did not grieve me
 was so, but I confess it wound-
 woman's vanity a little, and
 noment I felt inclined to be
 with her. But I was ashamed
 pitiful feeling, and for the first
 my life, perhaps, I tried to
 r my evil passions. In this
 eet, quiet frankness greatly
 me, and her forgetfulness or
 ness of the great injury I, or
 vents, my father, had inflicted
 , made me blush for my own
 ness. If ever you take me
 wife, Harry, and that you find
 more manageable one than I
 iven you reason to expect, re-
 er that you will owe it entirely
 example."

ay, nay! not entirely!" here
 sed Harry, "for the sun shines
 upon a barren soil."

nd now," continued Henrietta,
 less of the compliment, "can
 rgive me, Harry? Believe
 u know all. I have told you
 th, and the whole truth. I
 not deceive you in such a mat-
 the world."

y love, I believe you, and I am
 han satisfied," he answered in
 : of trustful tenderness which

left no room for doubting in Hen-
 etta's mind.

"And, Harry," she added plead-
 ingly, "our home that we have left in
 England is as pleasant, if not so sub-
 lime, as this, and we can call it, at all
 events, honestly our own!"

"Some day, dear Ettie, we will go
 there; and should your father's
 death ever place these lands at our
 disposal, we will leave them to their
 rightful owner."

"O Harry! how could I doubt
 you?" she said remorsefully. "Can
 you ever forgive me for it?"

"Yes, if you will never doubt
 again," he answered with a bright
 smile. "But, hark! the bugle sounds,
 and yonder is Roger and his wife
 talking to old Norah at the tower-
 gate."

Henrietta looked in that direction,
 and she saw that Nellie was taking
 leave of the old woman, who had
 flung herself at her feet, and was sob-
 bing bitterly. This much she could
 guess from the attitude and action
 of both parties; but she could not
 guess the infinite delicacy and feeling
 which Nellie contrived to put into
 that last farewell, nor yet the rever-
 ent admiration with which Roger
 watched his young wife, as, silenc-
 ing her own deeper sorrows, she
 soothed the old woman's clamorous
 grief over the departure of her heredi-
 tary chieftain and his bride, "her
 beautiful, darling, young honey of a
 new mistress!"

Nellie was still occupied in this
 manner when the bugle once more
 sounded. The soldiers, who at the
 first summons had mustered together
 under the command of Hamish, in-
 stantly put themselves into motion,
 and, with flags flying and pipers
 playing, marched past the tower, sa-
 luting Roger as they did so, and
 coming down to the place of em-
 barkation amid the wails of music

THE HOLY SHEPHERDESS OF PIBRAC.

CANONIZED BY POPE PIUS IX. IN 1867.

latter part of the sixteenth
eneath the walls of Tou-
omed, almost unseen and
a little flower of the fields,
cate chalice emitted a per-
cely perceptible to mortal
passed away, and seemed
but its odor still lingered
ad blossomed; and after
rs had gone, its dust was
nto the sanctuary, that the
might be filled with the
agrance.

ie Cousin was born at Pi-
lage of nearly two hundred
the environs of Toulouse,
year 1579. The parish
s dependent on the great
the Knights of Malta in

The château belonged to
ur, Lords of Pibrac. The
prietor was Guy, famous at
orator, a poet, and a suc-
rtier. Once the proudest
ace of the place was the
tharine de Medicis and her
Margaret of Navarre, who
nificantly entertained by
of Pibrac. But now the
two queens, and the fame
nce of the great orator, are
gotten; while the memory
shepherdess has lived for
ee centuries in the hearts
nhabitants of Pibrac. The
a forsaken ruin; but the
s become a place of pil-
because Germaine prayed
s arches, and there found a

her was a poor husband-
whom tradition gives the
Lawrence. Her mother's
VOL. VII.—48

name was Marie Laroche. From the
first moment of her existence, she
seemed destined to suffering and afflic-
tion. She was infirm from her birth,
being unable to use her right hand,
and afflicted with scrofula. While yet
a child, she became motherless; and,
as if these were not trials enough to
accumulate at once upon the head of
one so frail, her father did not long
delay to fill the vacant place on his
hearth. Absorbed in her own chil-
dren, this second wife, instead of
pitying the hapless orphan whom
Providence had confided to her care,
conceived an aversion for her. But
the trials to which Germaine was
subjected were proofs of the divine
favor. To them she was indebted
for the brilliancy of her virtues, es-
pecially humility and patience.

As soon as she was old enough,
her step-mother, who could not en-
dure her presence at home, sent her
forth to guard the flocks. This was
her occupation the remainder of her
life. But even in the depths of her
lonely life, our shepherdess created
for herself a more profound solitude.
She was never seen in the company
of the young shepherds; their sports
never attracted her; their jeers never
disturbed her thoughtful serenity;
she only spoke sometimes to girls of
her own age, sweetly exhorting them
to be mindful of God!

We know not from whom Ger-
maine received her first religious in-
structions—what hand, friendly to
misfortune, revealed to her the great
truths of salvation. Doubtless, it
was the curé of the parish; for holy
church despises not the meanest of

the humiliations and this in-
And, as if her cross were
light, she imposed upon her-
ditional austerities. During
ter part of her life, she de-
rself all nourishment but
d water.

at a conformity to her poor,
and persecuted Saviour,
n the heart of Germaine an
ove for his adorable hu-
Notwithstanding her feeble-
other obstacles, she assist-
day at the Holy Sacrifice
lass. Even the obligations
alling could not keep her
rch at that hour. Confiding
she left her flock in the pas-
hastened to the foot of the
is a misguided piety which
us to neglect the duties of
of life in order to satisfy
tion; but with Germaine
the result of prompt obe-
a special inspiration. She
o would guard her sheep;
e, poor lamb of Christ's
ent to refresh herself at the
of living water.

when her sheep were feed-
by the wood of Boucone,
irted the fields of Pibrac,
inded with wolves, at the
the church bell she would
crook or her distaff in the
nd hasten to the feet of the
hepherd. At her return,
ys found her sheep un-
Not one was ever devoured
lves, nor did they ever stray
ighboring fields.
After St. Germaine's death,
nts of the hamlet remem-
unearthly brightness of her
week after week, she ap-
the holy sacraments.

rightness, a more ethereal beauty,
er face and encircled her form when,
in vision,
serenely she walked with God's bene-
upon her."

In the Holy Eucharist she found
a compensation for every grief.
That divine Spouse to whom she was
pledged placed himself as a seal
upon her heart, thereby strengthen-
ing it to endure the trials of life, and
enriching it with such abundant
grace that, while dwelling at large in
the great temple of nature, her life
gleamed before him, brightly, and
purely, and constantly, like the un-
dying lamp of the sanctuary!

Like all the saints, Germaine had
a singular devotion to Mary—that
devotion so dear to the Catholic
heart, and which is considered by the
fathers as a mark of predestination.
The world does not realize how much
it has owed to Mary during these
eighteen hundred years; yet some,
some of us know how dark and al-
most unbearable it would be with its
sorrows, and cares, and privations, if
over all were not diffused the beauty
and softness, the sweet charm of
virginity and love, from the divine
face of Mary!

To Germaine, the Ave Maria was
another salutation of the angel pre-
luding the overshadowing of the
Holy Ghost; and she murmured the
sacred words with infinite tenderness,
above all, at the hour when they are
on every lip. As soon as she heard
the Angelus bell, which has three
times a day, for six centuries, in-
toned the Ave Maria between heaven
and earth, it was remarked that,
wherever she might be, she imme-
diately fell upon her knees as if in-
sensible to the incommodiousness of
the place.

The Rosary was her only book;
and to her this devotion was no vain
repetition. "Love," says Lacor-
daire, "has but one word, and, in
saying that for ever, it is never re-
peated."

"Ever transformed to meet our needs,
Oft as Devotion counts her beads,

As if those beads had caught the light
 In her celestial girdle bright,
 But each with its own colors dight,
 'Thus, whenso'er that prayer is heard,
 Fresh thoughts are in each solemn word:
 An orb of light comes from the skies
 To kindle holy liturgies:
 It gathers and gives back their rays,
 Now turned to prayer, and now to praise."

The love of God insensibly leads to the love of one's neighbor. Germaine, when she could, used to draw around her the little children of the village, and endeavor to explain to them the truths of religion, and sweetly persuade them to love Jesus and Mary. This little school, held in the shade of a thicket of the lone fields, was a spectacle worthy of the admiration of angels, and is a proof of the unselfishness of real piety, even in the most lowly.

Although the piety of Germaine produced a profound impression in the village, yet the world is the same everywhere, and always conceives a secret aversion to piety. It cannot avoid censuring it in some way, however unobtrusive a piety it may be. Religion imposes esteem upon the world, and the world avenges itself by raillery. So the wits of Pibrac persecuted Germaine with mockery; they laughed at her simplicity, and called her a bigot.

But if God permits, for the perfection of the saints, that their virtue be turned into ridicule, he knows, when it pleaseth him, how to render them glorious in the eyes of the world.

In order to reach the village church, Germaine was obliged to pass the Courbet, a stream she generally crossed without difficulty in ordinary weather; but after heavy rains, it was too wide and deep to be passed on foot. One morning, as she was going to church, according to her custom, some peasants who saw her afar off stopped at a distance, and asked one another in a tone of mockery how she would pass the

stream, now so swelled that the most vigorous hardly have stemmed. Dreaming of no obstacles not seeing any, she proceeded as if none existed. Wonder of divine power! As of old the Red Sea opened for the children of Israel, the Courbet divided the humble daughter of Lazarus, and she passed thus wetting even the edges of her garments. At the sight of her afterward often repeated, the peasants looked at one another with fear; and from that time began to respect the maiden whom they had scoffed at.

After having thus proved the faith of Germaine by diminishing material obstacles to the performance of her duty, God wished to purify her charity to the point of perfection.

If any one could be exempted from the necessity of charity and alms-giving, it was certainly our shepherdess. She had no superfluities; she lacked the necessaries of life. When she wished to retrench, in her extreme privation and severe labor, which consisted of bread and water? But she was so ingenious; and, seeing our Lord in the person of the poor, Germaine often deprived herself of a part of the bread which was for her nourishment, to give it to the hungry, and the treasure of her privations were the deeds of the saint. One day reproach us with our power! What will they say when he beholds, rising from his hardness of heart, the Lazarus of Lazarus!

pious liberality of Germaine
er an object of suspicion to
p-mother, who, not divining
ources, accused her of steal-
ad from the house. One day
ned that Germaine, who had
ne with the flock, carried in
ron some pieces of bread.
, and armed with a cudgel,
mediately ran after her. Some
other inhabitants of Pibrac
ed to be on their way at this
oment to the house of Law-
Cousin. Seeing this woman
beside herself with passion,
ined her intentions, and has-
o protect Germaine from the
tment with which she was
d. Overtaking the step-
they learned the cause of
ger. Finding Germaine, she
her apron, and instead of
it was filled with bouquets of
lthough it was a season when
lowers were not in bloom.
od confounded the malice of
lacable enemy by renewing a
, likewise wrought in favor of
Elizabeth of Hungary and
ints.

At this time, Germaine was re-
as a saint. Lawrence Cousin,
ing more tender sentiments
this pious child whom he
little known, forbade his
nnoying her any more, and
to give her a place in his
with the other children. But
ne, accustomed to suffering
ing privation, besought him
e her in the obscure place
er step-mother had assigned

Now that Germaine attained
ved the perfection of her hu-

We must not consider it a
honor to have been esteemed
ac; nor a small reward to
ud a place at the fireside of
ce Cousin. Human nature

is the same everywhere. There is no
theatre too small for ambition. We
know there are as many cabals for
the first place in a village as for the
chief place in an empire.

Perhaps it may not be entirely
useless to speak of the exterior of
the blessed Germaine. The man-
ners and customs of the remote pro-
vinces of France retain so much of
primitive simplicity, they change so
little year after year, and the people
in these localities have such a marked
appearance, that we may form a
reasonable idea of her person and
habits.

She is represented in paintings and
engravings as we see scores of shep-
herdesses in the south of France at
this day—seated on a hillock in the
fields, and surrounded by her flock.
With a spindle in her hand, and
under her arm the distaff laden with
flax, she is spinning, after the primi-
tive manner of that country. She is
rather below the medium size, and is
slight in form. She has the long
head of the Toulousains, and their
dark, Spanish complexion and eyes.
The face, half hidden by the pictur-
esque scarlet capuchon, is expressive
of silence, *interior* silence; and for-
cibly speaks of the deep, deep calm
within. A pleasing sadness, or rather
a subdued joy, veils her face. There
is an introspective look about the
eyes which shows that her spirit has
passed the bounds of sense, and
is concentrated in one mysterious
thought—some dream of a heavenly
world. Sitting alone, away from her
kind, her thoughts were pure and
holy and bright, like the fragrant
flowers of her own green meadows.
She must have seemed to the other
peasants like some phantom of un-
earthly love, as she sat there enve-
loped in a divine ethereal atmosphere.
In the distance rise the towers of the
church, and the antique château of

the Lords of Pibrac, and between murmurs the Courbet. Over all, is the sunlight of her own bright clime.

Perhaps the miracle of the roses is the most popular representation of Saint Germaine, as something not quite so unearthly. There is no mystery about the look of the fierce step-mother, as with one hand she raises the cudgel over the head of the resigned-looking girl, and with the other grasps the apron from which tumble out the bright and fragrant flowers. The face of Germaine is somewhat sad, and her eyes are cast down in fear to the earth. Tremulous and mute she stands before her step-mother, for she is humble and sore afraid. There is a reflective charm about her of which she is wholly unconscious, for it emanates from that spiritual beauty visible only to the intelligences and bright ardors around the throne.

Saint Germaine died soon after the miracle of the roses. Almighty God, having sanctified her by humiliations and sufferings, withdrew her from this world when men, becoming more just, began to render her the honor her virtue merited. She terminated her obscure and hidden life by a similar death, but according to appearance this terrible moment, which confounds human arrogance, gave her no terror or pain.

One morning, Lawrence Cousin, not seeing her come out as usual, went to call her where she slept—under the stairs. She made no reply. He entered and found her upon her bed of vine-branches. She had fallen asleep while at prayer. God had called her to enjoy the reward of eternal life. She had ceased to suffer.

It was about the commencement of the summer of the year 1601 that Saint Germaine entered into the joy of her Lord. She was twenty-two years of age.

That same night two pious men

were overtaken near Pibrac darkness of night, and obli- await the return of day in a n- ing forest. All at once, in t- dle of the night, the woods we- ed with a light more brilliant- dawn, and a company of- clothed in white garments a- rounded by a dazzling light, by on the darkness toward th- of Lawrence Cousin. Soon af- returned, but there was and- their midst—more radiant sti- had on her head a chaplet o- flowers. . . .

People came in crowds to- neral, wishing to honor her wh- had too long despised, wh- late they had known. This- first testimony of public ven- Her body was buried in the- in front of the pulpit. For- years after, it was found enti- preserved from corruption. been embalmed with her virgi- rity. In her hands were a ta- a garland of pinks and heads o- The flowers had scarcely fade- grain was fresh as at the time- vest.

The holy body was remov- finally placed in the sacristy, people of all ranks, incited- wonders wrought at her tomb- to offer their homage.

In 1843, more than four h- legally attested miracles had- wrought at her shrine, and so- the faith of the people in her- before God, that the Archbis- Toulouse, and nearly all the- prelates of France, petitione- Holy See for her beatificati- had been desired before the- Revolution, but it was not atte- till the time of Gregory XVI.

When the commissioners w- examine the condition of the re- of the venerable Germaine, a- extraordinary scene took place

abitants of Pibrac, thinking that beatification of their shepherdess at terminate in the loss of their treasure, came in a body to the of the church. They received commissioners with threats and with stones, so it was only with culty an entrance could be effected into the church. The furious multitude followed, and the examination made in the midst of a frightful tumult. "No! no!" was heard on sides. "No beatification. St. Germaine cures us when we are sick; that is enough. She belongs to us. We wish to keep her."

The brief for the beatification of Germaine Cousin was issued by the order of his holiness Pius IX., on the 1st of July, 1853.

The Triduo which was held at Pibrac, in 1854, in honor of this event, manifested the joy and the faith of the people. Altars, lighted up by the bright sun of France, were erected in the fields once trod by the feet of Germaine, so that hundreds of Masses

could be offered at once. The whole country around poured in. Toulouse had vacated. There were eighty thousand persons assembled around the shrine. On the first day there were fourteen thousand communions.

In the procession were eight hundred young ladies robed in white. They all held white lilies in their hands, and wax tapers in the other, and as they entered the church and reached the altar, they deposited their lilies on one side and their lilies on the other. Conspicuous in the procession were those who had been cured by the intervention of the holy shepherdess. Lights were in their hands, and they made an offering of incense at the altar.

The house in which the blessed Germaine had lived was endangered during those days of religious triumph. It was in a tolerable state of

preservation, but every one seemed anxious to secure a portion of the walls that once sheltered her, and especially of the spot sanctified by the angel of death.

A resident in the south of France at the time of the beatification of Saint Germaine, as she was even then, with one accord, called in that country, I was forcibly impressed with the enthusiastic veneration and confidence with which she was regarded by all classes. Every week I heard of some new miracle at her tomb; so they soon ceased to excite wonder, and seemed to belong to the established order of events. There was scarcely an individual in my circle of acquaintance who had not been, at least once, to prostrate himself at her shrine, and there was a lively faith in her protection, which proved to me how strongly the spirit of the middle ages still animates the hearts of the faithful.

So popular a devotion was a novelty to me—a "*native American*"—but I could not long remain insensible to its influence. One misty October day found me likewise an humble pilgrim at the shrine of the holy shepherdess of Pibrac.

The very air of that antique chapel inspires devotion. A supernatural influence seemed to impregnate everything around me. I saw, too, that I was not the only one who felt this subtle influence penetrating to the very heart; for the faces of all the pilgrims, priests, religious, and laymen of every rank who are constantly arriving and departing, were indicative of a holy awe. Though I got there at a late hour, and it was raining, Masses were still being celebrated, and the church was full. It was no festival. It was so every day. Masses were said at every altar from early dawn till the latest canonical hour. Prostrate groups from different

parishes were always there, clustered in the nave, or gathered about the shrine; and here and there were lone pilgrims who, like me, had been brought from the ends of the earth. And around and over all were constellations of brightly burning tapers, emblematic of the prayer of faith, left there by the pilgrim as loth he slowly left the hallowed sanctuary.

The tomb of Saint Germaine is in a side chapel, protected by a grate. Her relics are covered with gold and silver and precious stones, *ex votos*, which gleam in the light of the votive candles around. Involuntarily there comes to the heart in this fitting place, and to the lips, the strain, *Exaltavit humiles!*

"Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick!" is the cry of every weary, sin-laden heart; above all here, where thou dost love to display thy goodness and thy power. The sacred heart of thy humanity, ever touched with feeling for our infirmities, is not hardened. It is still as tender and as compassionate as when thou didst weep over the grave at Bethany, and

thy hand that tho saints, d body of t faith and love. "because uttered repeated over pen of love c only the have no inexhaus

If ever should be with the the spiri manity b Christ's

Reade vine low reign po in honor maine C and in MEUS, A sus, my things l

FROM THE LATIN OF PRUDENTIUS.

AN ELEGY.

URELIUS PRUDENTIUS CLEMENS, the glory of the early Christian poets, was born in Spain in the year 348. He studied eloquence in his youth under a celebrated master. He was twice made governor of provinces and was raised to the highest rank, and placed at the court by the Emperor Theodosius I., next in dignity to the emperor's person. But in the vigor of his age, he quitted worldly honors and employments, made a pilgrimage to Rome, and on returning to Spain, led a secluded life, consecrating his leisure to the composition of sacred poems. He is esteemed the most learned of the Christian poets, and, for the sweetness and elegance of his verses, has been compared to Horace.

VENIENT citò sæcula, quum jam
Socius calor ossa revisat,
Animataque sanguine vivo
Habitacula pristina gestet.

Quæ pigra cadavera pridem
Tumulis putrefacta jacebant,
Volucres rapiuntur in auras,
Animas comitata priores.

Quid turba superstes inepta
Plangens ululamina miscet?
Cur tam bene condita jura,
Luctu dolor arguit amens?

Jam mœsta quiesce querela,
Lacrymas suspendite matres,
Nullus sua pignora plangat:
Mors hæc reparatio vitæ est.

Sic semina sicca virescunt
Jam mortua, jamque sepulta,
Quæ reddita cespite ab imo
Veteres meditantur aristas.

Nunc suscipe, terra, fovendum,
Gremioque hunc concipe molli;
Hominis tibi membra sequestro,
Generosa et fragmina credo.

Animæ fuit hæc domus olim
Factoris ab ore creatæ ;
Fervens habitavit in istis
Sapientia, principe Christo.

Tu depositum tege corpus ;
Non immemor ille requiret
Sua munera fictor et auctor,
Propriique ænigmata vultûs.

Veniant modò tempora justa,
Quum spem Deus impleat omnem ;
Reddas patefacta necesse est,
Qualem tibi trado figuram.

Non si cariosa vetustas
Dissolverit ossa favillis,
Fueritque cinisculus arens,
Minimi mensura pugilli ;

Nec si vaga flamina, et auræ
Vacuum per inane volantes
Tulerint cum pulvere nervos,
Hominem periisse licebit.

TRANSLATION.

The hour is speeding on amain
When back into its olden form,
Once more with ruddy life-blood warm,
The spirit shall return again.

The freed soul soars aloft through space :
So, dust with dust, aloft through air,
This heavy clay swift gales shall bear
From its sepulchral resting-place.

Why doth the crowd surviving fill
The air with a lamenting vain ?
Why with such idle griefs arraign
The justice of the Eternal will ?

Oh ! end these pangs with murmurs rife,
O mothers ! cease your tears, your woe ;
Weep not for your dead children so,
Death the renewal is of life.

The dead, dry seed lies hid from view,
To burst forth to new glorious bloom ;
The former beauty to resume,
The ancient harvest to renew.

O earth ! in thy soft bosom keep,
And quicken with new warmth this clay,
This sacred frame to rest we lay,
It smiles in thy embrace to sleep.

'Twas once the immortal spirit's cell,
That breath breathed from the lips divine ;
Here was the living wisdom's shrine,
Here deigned the Christ supreme to dwell.

Guard it beneath thy faithful sod,
For He, one day, will re-demand
From thee this labor of his hand,
This breathing likeness of its God.

Oh ! for the appointed hour to rend
The grave ! the hope God gives is sure :
Safe, beauteous, through these gates obscure
What now descendeth shall ascend.

Yes, though this frame divinely planned
Be wasted by decay and rust,
And naught left save a little dust,
The filling of the smallest hand :

Though these strong sinews ashes be
On wandering breezes wafted wide,
Inviolat ever shall abide
The mortal's immortality.

C. E. B.

TRANSLATED FROM DER KATHOLIK.

THE ANCIENT IRISH CHURCH.

THE history of the ancient Irish church, for many reasons, claims our respectful attention. In the time of the migration of the European races, this church had a great mission to accomplish among the Germanic tribes. When the Goths had overrun Spain, the Franks and Burgundians conquered Gaul, the Anglo-Saxons invaded Britain, the Vandals spoiled Africa, and the Lombards gained strongholds in Italy; when the Alemanni and Sueves had penetrated into the valleys and claimed the mountains of ancient Helvetia; who was it in those stormy times that elevated the moral condition of those peoples, drew them out of the darkness of German paganism, or converted them from Arianism; regenerated them internally, civilized and incorporated them into the kingdom of God, after they had devastated the provinces of the Western empire, leaving ruins, deserts, confusion, and desolation behind them in their plundering march? It was the missionaries of the ancient Irish church that rescued Europe from the barbarism of that period. Evidently sent by God, those Irish missionaries founded new Christian colonies in different lands, hewed down the forests, civilized the deserts, founded churches, schools, and monasteries. As the Roman empire without the barbarians was nothing but an abyss of slavery and rottenness, so would the barbarians have been a wild chaos without the monks. The monks and barbarians combined produced a new world which we call Christendom.

Germany also owes missionaries of the church. In the olden times was called the "island of sages;" as her people receive from us the honor of "martyr-nation of the world" for their inflexible fidelity during three centuries of less and brutal persecution, one but God in heaven, number of the saints who mingled with Irish soil," the oldest Irish writer, the prophet of St. Ailbe of Embsay, not by hundreds, but by the holy Irish bishops, all monks, and virgins. The days of St. Patrick, after his successful apostolic mission, Ireland was not only a great school for foreign missionaries, the second Thebes, in which the spiritual life was roughly practised, and the monks could devote their whole life to the study of philosophy. The holy writ under the aegis of the Pious men went from the European continent to France, and even from France to the classic and holy "island of sages" to learn the doctrines of perfection, literature, and science in the renowned monasteries of Columba and Cuthbert.

Even to this day Ireland is favored by God. The snakes in it or other venoms. The very danger of the animal kingdom is excluded from its sacred ground. All attempts to naturalize

ures there have been unsuccessful. The old Irish rhyme reads :

St. Patrick was a holy man,
He was a saint so clever,
He gave the snakes and toads his ban,
And drove them out for ever."

Throughout Ireland there are the fields of wheat and grain of every description, and many lakes. The climate is mild, and snow so that cattle can graze in the fields all the year round. Rain showers are frequent, and give such fertility and verdure to the soil as no other land in Europe possesses, so that the island is known as "Green Isle," or the "Emerald isle." The flowers, and trees of Ireland, their shape, color, and material, resemble one somewhat of Normandy in France, or of Asturia in northern Spain.

The *History of the Ancient Irish Church* has been just presented to the public by an author who is in a better condition than most of his contemporaries to write such a work, which charms us more and more the more frequently we read it. We speak of the recent work of the Abbot of St. Gall, Dr. Charles John Greith, in which we recognize one of the greatest efforts of German historical literature. We cannot, therefore, refrain from imparting to our readers an epitome of the contents of this remarkable and highly interesting production. The right reverend author considers his work of four hundred and sixty-two pages as an introduction to the history of the Abbot of St. Gall." He published the first book on the commemoration and centenary of the consecration of the Cathedral of St. Gall, August 17th and 18th, 1867, and dedicated his literary effort to the chapter and clergy of his diocese. From early youth the distinguished author has been familiar with the legends and

history of St. Gall, and studied them with love and veneration. Love for that great Irish missionary saint, whose worthy successor Dr. Greith is, inspired the work whose continuation we desire most earnestly. "St. Gall has left behind him a world-wide reputation as the apostle of the Swiss Alps. Centuries have not diminished his fame, which the gratitude of Christians sanctions."

Veneration for St. Gall has been spread far beyond the boundaries of Switzerland; from the foot of the Alps to Upper Burgundy and Alsace, even to the limits of the Vosges; then into Brisgau and the Black Forest, to the Suabian Alps, and thence into Nibelgau, and Algau. In all these regions, the monks of St. Gall imparted the blessings of religion and education. Full of admiration for the Christian zeal of St. Gall and his disciples, our author recalls the words spoken by Ermenreich of Reichenau, to Abbot Grimald of St. Gall, over a thousand years ago: "How could we ever forget the island of Ireland, from which the rays of Christian light and the sun of Christian faith have shone upon us!" Taking this expression for his motto, the right reverend writer gives us his magnificent *History of the Ancient Irish Church and its Connection with Rome, Gaul, and Germany*.

Divided into six books, the work describes in the two first the migrations of the barbarians and the fall of the Roman empire; then the heresies which swarmed in the church of the period; then the school of the island of Lerins, where St. Patrick, the apostle of Ireland, was instructed. The four last books are consecrated to St. Patrick and his apostleship in Ireland; to St. Columba, the apostle of Scotland; to St. Columbanus and his deeds in France, Flanders, and the north of Italy; and to St. Gall,

the apostle of Germany. The sixth and last book treats of Christianity and its customs in the Irish church.

The illustrious author made use of manuscripts as well as printed works in the compilations of his history. Many manuscripts were at his disposal in St. Gall itself. The original sources of ancient Irish history consist of different materials; genealogies which trace the origin of kings or saints and their relatives; annals which give the year of the death of saints, or of other distinguished characters; church calendars which give the day of the month on which the death of a saint occurred; and finally, the lives of the saints themselves. These biographies are copiously used. We cannot restrain our desire to quote what the author thinks of those sources of history. "Erudition is not sufficient for us to judge the biographies of the ancient saints; we must have sympathy with them in their zealous labor; and a spiritual relationship in their faith. Every age must be judged according to the ideas and customs which prevail in it; and every saint according to the circumstances in which he lives." The poetic as well as the historical element, the legendary as well as the authentic, must be combined in forming a correct estimate of a saint's character.

Even in the early part of the middle ages, every cathedral church, large monastery, or distinguished hermitage, possessed its hagiographers, who wrote the lives of the saints of the place, either from authentic written documents, traditions, or from knowledge acquired as eye-witnesses. Since John Moschus published his collection of legends, extraordinary diligence in the criticism and sifting of the ancient biographies of the saints has been manifested in the church. The collection and cri-

tical works of the Bollandus, Mabillon, d'Acher, keep their reputation to the present day. To display such a thorough researches, that the modernists have been unable to of any consequence in the. The truthful historian in those apostles of religionization among the Germans they were, children of the representatives of its ideas and manners. Following he will not cast doubt of their motives, or of their merit in drawing out of barbarians out of the paganism and immoral light of Christianity and blind party spirit of our nizes no justice, and modernism is only satisfied to throw everything that is holy out of history. The pagans tear with scorn the tures into shreds before and subject to a lawless, ablest records of ecclesiastical history, while they try to own monument that might weary pilgrims of earth to heaven.

II.

THE most trustworthy regarding the first trace of Christianity in Ireland, inform to the time of Pope Celestine (A.D. 422-432,) that Columba had been converted. Up to our Lord 432, no Christianity had trodden the soil of Ireland, or caused the light of faith to over the hills and through the green Erin. Palladius was the first apostle, (A.D. 431) is true, several High-Church writers have endeavored to establish the establishment of an Irish

St. Patrick; but this theory is supported by any authentic documents. Besides, the attempt of writers was prompted by the desire of proving an origination in belief between Ireland and Rome. Nevertheless, it is improbable that many non-missioned Christians may have come from Britain and Gaul into Ireland before the year 430, and formed small communities, or lived scattered among the heathens. "On the marts of every day commerce, the seeds of Christian faith have been borne to Erin from Britain and Gaul; as from the earliest direct business relations kept up between Nantes, other ports of Armorica Gaul, and Ireland. To the north-west of Gaul came the Irish rovers, under the leadership of some distinguished chiefs, in quest of plunder, and frequently carried off Christians into captivity. In this way St. Patrick, a youth of sixteen years of age, was taken from the coast of Armorica by the pirates of King Niall, with many thousand others destined to bondage, as he informs us in his writings," (p. 86.) Besides the fact that there was no church prior to St. Patrick, there may have been individual Christians in the country, we know that the Christianity introduced into Ireland was Roman, and that the apostles received their mission from the pope. Pope Celestine, in the year 431, sent Palladius, deacon and arch-deacon of the Roman church, as the first missionary. This was the first man, who had long been looking his eyes toward Britain and the western islands of Europe, had a very important task to execute in Ireland, namely, to strengthen the dispersed Catholics in the land and to evangelize the heathens.

He landed in Hy-Garrchon, penetrated into the interior of the country, baptized many, built three churches in the province of Leinster; but, taken altogether, his mission was unsuccessful, and he met with much opposition. "But when Palladius understood that he could not do much good in Ireland, he wanted to return to Rome, and died on the voyage, in the territory of the Picts. Others say that he received the crown of martyrdom in Ireland."

What Palladius began—but which God's providence willed to remain incomplete—Patrick accomplished in sixty years of apostolic labor. Him God chose as the instrument, and fitted him for this holy work. That he received his commission from Rome from the hands of Pope Celestine, A.D. 432, cannot be doubted; for the fact is confirmed by a crowd of witnesses, both Roman and Irish. We must, therefore, consider and reverence Patrick as the apostle of the Irish people.

All the early Irish annalists unanimously agree that his mission began in the year 432, and that he died in 493—an apostleship of sixty years! How great and glorious for him and for his people!

Patrick was born A.D. 387, in Boulogne-sur-Mer, in modern Picardy, and was of noble Roman origin. In his sixteenth year, in a marauding expedition of an Irish clan called Niall, he was carried prisoner to Armorica Gaul; thence to Ireland, and there sold to a pagan officer named Milcho, whose swine he herded for six years. After this, he escaped, and returned to his native land. Having fully determined to consecrate himself to the service of God, he went to Marmontiers, the monastery of St. Martin of Tours, to study there the principles of Christian science and perfection. A few years

after, he visited the happy island of Lerins, near Marseilles, at that time one of the most famous schools in Christendom, and met there, as fellow-students, the holy monks Honoratus, Hilary, Eucherius, Lupus, and others. An interior voice there told him that he should return to Ireland to preach the Gospel in that country; and he therefore travelled from Lerins to Rome, in order to represent to the holy see the darkness of heathenism which brooded over Ireland. But, as the apostolic see was not then in a condition to provide for the Irish mission, Patrick went back to Gaul, and remained with St. Germain of Auxerre, under whose guidance he made further progress in holiness and learning. Such was his life up to the year 429.

In this year he accompanied Bishop Germanus and Lupus to Britain, who were sent by the pope to root out Pelagianism in that country. Thus was Patrick prepared for his apostleship.

It was then he heard of the mission of Palladius, and its failure. (A.D. 431.) The holy Bishop Germanus cast his eyes on Patrick, who knew the Irish language, people, and country from personal observations. Did he not seem peculiarly fitted—sent, in fact, from heaven, to undertake the conversion of the Irish nation?

Patrick, therefore, with the priest Legetius as his companion, went to Rome, and received from Pope Celestine his blessing and the necessary authority to undertake the task of converting Ireland. It is hard to tell now whether he was consecrated bishop by Celestine before his departure, or by Bishop Amatorex, of Eboria, a city in north-western Gaul. He reached Ireland in the first year of Celestine III. A life of continual triumphs began for him. He was

repulsed from the coast of Dublin; no matter; he sailed for Ulster, and landed at Strangford. He converts the chieftain Dichu and his whole house, and celebrates his first Mass in Ireland in a neighboring barn. At the royal city of Tara, he meets King Leoghaire, with all his clan; defends and explains Christianity in their presence, and gains a victory over the Druids. Dublach, a Druid and poet, is converted, and sings, for the future, only hymns in the honor of the true God. The daughters of the king, Ethana and Fethlimia, also bow to the yoke of the Gospel, and consecrate their virginity to God, and many other holy women follow their example. Thus, a happy beginning was made in the island.

Soon the converts number thousands. Everything succeeds; the conversion of the Irish people was effected without persecution or martyrs. Patrick frequented the national assemblies, and used the occasion to preach to the multitudes. He destroyed idolatry and idolatrous practices throughout the whole land, and built churches to the living God on places that had hitherto been dedicated to the worship of idols. Wherever he went, he baptized crowds of men, provided the new Christian communities with churches, made the most virtuous of his disciples priests and bishops, and appointed them to govern the faithful, and extend the reign of the Gospel.

Thus did he labor year after year, going about preaching, baptizing, and blessing, in Leinster, Ulster, Munster, and Connaught; and everywhere his astonishing activity and self-sacrifice effected wonderful results. Everywhere the people were ready and docile for the reception of Christianity. Divine Providence wonderfully protected him from all danger.

when the whole island was tated to Christ, congregations, and churches erected in all of the country, St. Patrick set on foot a metropolitan see for the primate of Ireland. For this purpose the heights of Rathfriland, or Armagh, near which stood the old royal fortress of Ema. After the building of his cathedral, the conversion of the Irish, St. Patrick passed the remaining of his life partly at Armagh, at his favorite spot at Sabhul, where he began his missionary career. He assembled a few synods, and his *Confession*, as it is called, on the approach of death, and was completed by his last illness at Sabhul. When he felt his end approaching, he collected his remaining strength, and endeavored to go to Armagh, the place he had chosen as the place of his burial; but, warned by a voice from heaven, he returned to Sabhul, and died there eight days after, on the 17th of March, 493.

III.

Let us now glance at the disciples and followers of this great man. They carried up his work with such zeal and indefatigable activity that, at the close of the sixth century, Christianity had spread over all Ireland. We distinguish, in the Irish church, "Fathers of the First Order," and "Fathers of the Second Order." The first came from Rome, Italy, Gaul, and especially from Wales or Cambrisia, who followed St. Patrick as his preceptor, and aided him in his mission. They are the "Fathers of the First Order." Patrick brought with him from Rome, in the year 432, nine missionaries; in the year 439, Secundinus, Auxilius, and Iserminus, were sent to him from Rome. The two last of these, together with Be-

nignus, were present as bishops at the first synod of Armagh, in the year 456. Bishop Trianius, a Roman, another disciple of St. Patrick, imitated so exactly the life of the great apostle, that his food was nothing but the milk of one cow, which he took care of himself. The first mitred abbot of Sabhul was Dunnus; and the first bishop of Antrim was Leoman, Patrick's nephew. The oldest Irish bishops appointed by Patrick, were Patrick of Armagh, Fiech of Sletty, Mochua of Aendrun, Carbreus of Cubratham, and Maccarthen, of Aurghialla. Seven nephews of St. Patrick, who followed him from Cambria, are invoked in the Irish litanies as bishops. They are the sons of Tigriada, Brochad, Brochan, Mogenoch, Luman; and the sons of Darercha, Mel, Rioch, and Muna. When the heathen Anglo-Saxons conquered Britain in the year 450, and sought to destroy the old British church, many learned and pious men fled to Ireland, and joined Patrick. Thirty of them were made bishops, and devoted themselves to the special task of converting the neighboring islands. The most renowned of these Welsh missionaries are Carantoc, Mochta of Lugmash, and Modonnoc, who introduced the rearing of bees into Ireland, where they had never been seen before. Three companions of St. Patrick—Essa, Bitmus, and Tesach—were expert bell-founders, and makers of church-vessels. The fact that Patrick was sent from Rome, that his first assistants were Romans, and that his co-laborers from Gaul and Britain were sons of the Roman church, completely destroys the Anglican hypothesis of an Irish church independent of Rome. Even Albeus, who, on account of his services, was called the second Patrick, Declau, and Ihac, the apostles of the Mumons; Enna,

or Enda, the founder of the great monastery of Aran; Condland, Bishop of Kildare, all disciples of St. Patrick, were educated and consecrated bishops in Rome. There also were Lugach, Colman, Meldan, Lugaidh, Cassan, and Ciaran, consecrated and afterward numbered among the earliest bishops and fathers of the Irish church.

From the time of St. Patrick, continual communication was kept up between Rome and Ireland by countless pilgrims, as many documents attest, (Greith, p. 142-156.) Patrick left his love and reverence for the Apostolic See of Peter as a precious legacy to his immediate disciples; and they, in turn, to their successors up to the present day. The frequent pilgrimages of Irish bishops, abbots, and monks, are facts so well proven, that the Anglican theory of a separate Irish church is shown to be a pure invention, no longer contended for as truth by any respectable historian.

Let us now pass to the fathers of the second order in the Irish church, and their illustrious foundations. The founders of those numerous Irish monasteries, which counted their inmates by hundreds and thousands, those men who were mostly brought up by the immediate successors of St. Patrick, belong to the "Second Order of Irish Fathers." Twelve of them, instructed by the renowned Abbot Finnian, at Clonard, are called the twelve apostles of Ireland. At their head stands Columba, the apostle of the Picts, shining among them like the sun among the stars. Their names are, Columba, of Iona, Corngall, of Bangor, Cormac, of Deormagh, Canech, of Achedbo, Ciaran, of Clonmacnoise, Mobhi, of Clareinech, Brendan, of Clonfert, Brendan, of Birr, Fintan, Columba, of Tirgelass, Molua Fillan and Molasch, of Damhs-Inis. These

holy men erected all over Ireland in the adjacent isles churches and convents, which became centres of learning, and sanctity. The monastery of Clonard, founded in the sixth century by Abbot Finnian, contained in his lifetime three thousand monks. Clonmacnoise, a monastery founded by St. Ciaran, in the middle of the eighth century, where agriculture was made a special study, and Monaster-eveon on the Boyne, Monaster-boycne in the valley of the Boyne, Dearmach, etc., were the first of the new kind of institutions. These first Irish monasteries were regularly-built houses, but not composed of numbers of separate cells, but made of wicker-work, stalks, and mud. The church or oratory stood in the midst of the huts, and was made of the same material. It was not till a later period that the Roman architecture was introduced into Ireland, and then stone edifices took the place of the primitive structures. In the annals of the erection of churches, for the people preferred wicker buildings, and their progress shows itself up to the twelfth century. The stone churches were looked upon as the fruit of foreign architecture. St. Bernard informs us in his letter to St. Malachy. The Romans gradually introduced into Ireland the fine arts and a higher order of architecture, as she had done at an earlier date in Gaul and Britain. Singing became usual. The Irish hymns took the place of the rhapsodies; and the muses forgot to sing of heroes, and to tune their harps to sing of Christ and his saints.

The Irish missionaries went to the barren lands and made the deserts ameliorated the condition of the natives, spread commerce, and opened new islands in the sea. The Irish saints, at the period

the writing, were great naviga-

Greith paints in glowing colors of St. Columba and his labors in Ireland, the Hebrides, and Scotland, as well as the discipline and of the Abbey of Hy, which was founded by him. We cannot enter into details, but refer the reader to Greith's book. Columba was born on the 7th of December, 521. The first half of his life, Ireland was the scene of his zeal ; the second was spent among the Scots and

In Ireland he founded Derry, and Kells. He went with twelve disciples to Caledonia in the year 563. Christianity among the Scots had degenerated ; and the people were still pagans. The king of the Picts, Brudrius, gave him the island of Iona or Hy, where his mission began which God crowned with wonderful success. He soon became a beacon light for all the faithful Scots and laity of Ireland and Caledonia. He visited Ireland to counsel his noble relatives, settle their disputes, or oversee the churches and monasteries which he had established, travelled among the Picts preaching the Gospel, founding monasteries, erecting churches which should regard Iona as their mother. He founded thirty-two churches, to most of which monasteries were attached, in Scotland ; and eighteen among the English in the space of thirty-three years, (197.) Even during his lifetime he was so celebrated that, from all Princes, nobles, bishops, priests, monks, and the faithful of all classes he was sought for counsel in their difficulties, consolation in their distress, help in their necessities. He fought against the superstition of the Picts, the cunning of their magicians, and the wickedness of lawless men. Princes' sons, whose fathers had lost their lives and crowns

in battle, went to Iona to lay their grievances before Columba, and to each one according to his need, the saint gave consolation and hope. The common people brought their children to him, to ask him to decide their vocation. It was not an unusual spectacle to see kings and nobles lay aside the insignia of their greatness at Iona, and break their swords before its altars. Columba's prayers were very powerful. His blessing controlled the elements and the forces of nature. He seemed to rule nature as a lord. He had also the gift of prophecy. He died June 9th, A.D. 597. His departure from life was made known to many holy men in different parts of Ireland and Scotland at the same time, who declared that "Columba, the pillar of so many churches, had gone to-night to the bosom of his Redeemer." The isle of Iona was illuminated by a heavenly light, emanating from the countless angels who came down to take up the happy soul of the saint to the bosom of his God.

The Irish monasteries increased wonderfully during the sixth century. Finnian's monastery at Clonard, as already mentioned, contained 3000 monks ; and that of Bangor and Birr had the same number ; St. Molaisse had 1500 monks around him ; Colombanus and Fechin had each 300 ; Carthach, 867 ; Gobban, 1000 ; Maidoc, Manchan, Natalis, and Ruadhan, each 150 ; Revin and Molua were each the head of several thousand. There was no common rule for all those convents, like that which St. Benedict wrote for the religious of his order, (A.D. 529.) Each monastery had its own laws. Columba had made no special rule for Hy or for his other monasteries. St. Colombanus was the first who collected and methodized the customs and traditions of Irish monastic life.

are the apartments where the prisoners receive their friends, separated from them by two gratings seven feet apart. It will remind you of the picture in *Old Curiosity* where Mrs. Nubbles and Kit's mother go to see Kit in jail. A prisoner can receive a visitor once in three months, write one letter, and receive one; but they are not here so long. Newgate is a house of detention before except for those condemned to death—a mere jail. Here we are in the great oblong halls with cells opening on to galleries. A wide iron staircase in the middle of the hall and across this little courtyard, and we stand outside a cell.

In the American prisons you have seen, you say that the cells open on to a corridor, with a grated door, and sometimes a grated window. Not so here. The door is solid, with only a small hole for purposes of ventilation, and a trap below it through which food, etc., may be passed.

If the prisoner wants anything, he rings a bell, the action of which is automatic. Fix your eye on the bell; outside. I pull the bell in, and a tin flap flies back, showing the number of the cell. Thus the prisoner knows what bell has rung, the prisoner, having no power to open the flap when it has once gone back, cannot avoid discovery if he has rung merely in order to trouble. The cell is sufficiently light, you see, and is lighted from the courtyard through that arched window near the ceiling. A nice roomy room enough, with the bedding laid away on one of those shelves in the corner. On the shelf below is the prisoner's bowl with the spoon on it. Everything must be in its place. If the spoon were on the floor it would be out of place; it lies on the reversed bowl. Rest-

ing against the wall is his plate, and on the lowest shelf are his books. Oh! yes, you may examine them—the same in all the cells, Bible, Prayer-Book, hymns, and psalms.* The other volume comes from our library, and is changed every day, if necessary. At this little turn-up shelf the prisoner takes his meals, or reads by the small shade-lamp above it. In the corner is a nice copper basin with plenty of water. There are two apertures, one to admit warm air, the other for ventilation; every comfort provided for him, you see. Yes, we keep the prisoners entirely apart from each other, never two together, unless some one comes here for drunkenness, and has delirium tremens, and then we put two others with him for safety's sake. Now we'll go up to the next corridor; in the one below are the doctors' cells, where fresh prisoners are kept until they have passed through a sanitary examination.

Step into this cell, occupied, as you see, by a mere boy. There's his pile of oakum on the floor. Go on with your dinner, my man; no need to stop for us. As we go up higher, more light comes in from the courtyard; the upper cells are reserved for prisoners who are likely to be here some time. The next cell occupied too, you see, though we've not many prisoners here now, the trials being just over. Yes, sir, this man is trying to educate himself a little; has a dictionary on the shelf beside the library-book—a volume of travels this time. Now that we are in the corridor again, let me tell you that this same shock-headed young man is condemned to ten years of penal servitude and twenty lashes, for highway robbery with violence.

* Prisoners who do not belong to the Established Church can be visited by a priest or by a dissenting minister.

The lashes are to be received before he leaves Newgate, but more on that subject presently.

Here we are in the old part of Newgate. In your reading, no doubt you've come across the name of Mrs. Elizabeth Fry. It was in this same long, dark room that she used to assemble the prisoners, and read and pray with them. No, I have no means of judging of the durability of her conversions. It is easy to talk of converting criminals; but perhaps her chief merit lay in setting the example in England of a friendly and trusting intercourse with these poor wretches. Yes, it is strange to see the whipping-block in this room, but indeed, sir, corporal punishment has become an absolute necessity. It is never used to force prison discipline, but is administered in execution of a sentence, imposed by a magistrate for wanton violence. It is a curious fact that these brutes, who go about garrotting inoffensive travellers, breaking jaws and skulls with their brass knuckles or dusters, as they call them, are the veriest cowards on earth when physical pain comes to themselves. In this very room they will cry like children, and beg to be forgiven. I don't feel half the pity for them that I do for the poor creatures going to be hanged.* This iron door survived the fire in the Gordon riots, you see. Come through here,

* We are not fully convinced of the wisdom of introducing the whipping-block once more into the honorable company of penal inflictions in England. One of the most satisfactory cases of reformation we have known among persons guilty of grave crimes, was that of a "garroter." It is our strong impression that corporal punishment would have degraded him beyond all human hope of redemption. At least, great care should be taken to keep the use of this instrument of torture within the bounds of absolute necessity. Imprisonment may soften the heart; perhaps many persons have died well on the scaffold, who would have died impenitent under other circumstances; but however great may have been the number of spirits crushed by flogging in prisons, we venture to doubt whether there is a single instance on record of its having produced or aided reformation.

if you please, sir. This is an of the large rooms in old Newgate where prisoners were kept before the solitary system came into vogue. The change is a most fortunate one for all concerned, I'm confident.

I've no question that many a convict was hatched here among the prisoners herded together in these cells. You can see for yourself what kind of a talk there would be among them. Perhaps some footman was here for stealing his master's pocket watch. What a chance for an old hand to get a little useful information in a friendly way: "Your master was a very easy, comfortable kind of a man, was he? Well, them well-to-do men mostly is easy-tempered. I'm a particklerly well-to-do, an't I? Old family he belongs to, eh? Vast lots o' plate some o' them noblemen do have! Wonder me that they don't sell it and get good out on it, 'stead of hidin' it away at the banker's? Don't let it at the bankers! Pity the cuss as cleans it, then! Go to Bath or Ton or Bath, of course, when the son's over; I thought as much as that takes poor folks to travel," etc. And then, the first step after getting out of Newgate would be to make the maid-servant when the father was out of town. Very devoted, be, until some evening he'd this "such a pity there were no oranges in the house, or something else to cool your mouth with; there's such a nice, respectable place in the corner; wouldn't she just round there and choose something for herself?" And then, while the poor girl was gone, the accounts, well instructed as to the whereabouts of the plate, would run the safe at their leisure. You depend upon it, sir, it was a very bad thing for society when the present discipline was adopted.

the little court-yard we are cross now is one of those where the prisoners take their exercise. Oh! sir; they all have regular times exercise, and in these yards with the building there is no possibility of their making their escape. I am going to show one of our cells for solitary confinement. Let me turn the gas in this small room. You open this door which I open, and then an inner door, which I open

Step in, sir. Now, turn so your eye may catch the gaslight decide. Here is a bedstead; you feel it, if you don't see it. In the cell, pitch-dark and cut off from the rest of the prison so completely that no shouts or screams would be heard, unruly prisoners are confined every period between one hour and ten days, with only bread and water for food. There is ventilation and warmth here, as in the other

The doctor comes each morning to see that mind and body are healthy. Only by sentence of a magistrate can the confinement be prolonged beyond three days. Yes, sir, an awful place; and then, too, when you look upon it as sheer lost

We have soldiers in here sometimes, and they say that they make up for three days on bread and water in the guard-house, by drinking their whole pay in eating and drinking when they come out; here it's just loss of rations, and nothing else. You'll hardly ever find an old thief in here. "Oh! stop my grub, whatever you like," he'll say, and so he takes care to have well enough to keep out of the way." The prisoners who mind their business are little ragamuffins, accustomed to creep into any dark hole, to lie themselves up and go to sleep. They are never afraid of anything. Young boys, in prison on suspicion of robbery or whatever, are dreadfully

scared. But you'll be glad to get out into the daylight again, I am thinking, sir.

I'll show you our chapel now. In that screened gallery the women sit, where they can see everything without being seen. There is divine service here every morning, as well as on Sundays. No, sir; I've no authority to show you the female side of the prison, which is quite distinct from ours, and has female warders, and a committee of lady visitors. The system of female keepers works perfectly well; but it would have been impracticable before we adopted separate cells, because the talk among the prisoners was such as no decent woman should hear. A wicked woman is a thousand times worse than a bad man, and less intelligent, too. You see, sir, a woman falls because she is either pretty, or silly, or unprotected. Now, bad men and boys are often the most intelligent of their class, and are selected as tools for that very reason, by older rogues than themselves. It is one of the terrible features of the case, that the country loses valuable servants in these quick-witted outlaws.

Here we come out upon the sloping passage, leading to the criminal courts—Birdcage-walk, the old thieves call it. Over-head we get the light through the open iron-work, you see. Under the flags are buried all those who have been hanged, and the initial letter of the name is scratched on the wall above the grave. That iron door at the end leads to the court-rooms. Yes, indeed, sir, some of the prisoners one learns to like best are those awaiting execution here, educated men sometimes. Oh! yes; I know the names that all these letters stand for. Muller lies there. No, he was not much of a man, any way. Here's Courvoisier, who murdered Lord Russell; he was my lord's

valet. Those five letters stand for five pirates. This one was a coachman, who murdered a female in the city, and burned the remains in his stable. Here's a man who killed his wife. Why, yes, sir; there are a good many in here for wife-murder; aggravating, I suppose, at times. That was an Italian, who killed another female in the city. This man hung his own child in the cellar. Oh! no, he was not insane; jealous of his wife, or something of the sort, I believe. There are a good many more here, but their cases were not so well known. Another court-yard to be crossed, sir, and here we are in one of the condemned cells. A good deal larger it is than the common cells, you see, with a bedstead, a good-sized table, and a long bench. From the time of his condemnation, the poor fellow is never left alone, night or day; two officers take turn and turn about in staying with him. Oh! certainly, sir, they talk with him; not about his case, of course, but of any book they have been reading, or of things outside the prison, and so on. The idea is not to let his mind dwell much on what is before him, and so spare him all the suffering we can.

You are right, sir; it would be absolutely impossible to dispense with capital punishment in this country. Murder is common enough now, but I am confident it would be much more frequent if the fear of death were withdrawn. Your professional thief *never* commits murder. All rogues have an especial line of business. A house-breaker is never guilty of highway robbery; a highwayman never picks pockets; and they none of them commit murder. Now, sir, there is a deal of talk about the horrors of a public execution, and the bad effect such a sight must have on the people. Well, sir, I am of a

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its influence, should be judged severely. And yet, sir, since the utility of death is less designed as punishment of criminals than as a voice of the public, even this decision is very hard to make. We only hope that our children will consider the matter more wisely than we do.

This room, sir, inclosed in glass, is an apartment where a prisoner sees his solicitor. The door is closed upon client and counsel, and the officer in attendance cannot hear the talk, or learn what points are discussed in the defence.

Here we are in the room where the prisoner is prepared for execution.

I'll get the key, and unlock the closet where our irons are kept. This is the old style, sir, very cumbersome, as you see. Here are the iron shackles Jack Sheppard wore. They would be so much too large for me, that I could slip my foot out of them; but in those days they were fastened around the ankle, so that they fitted close. When you read of a man breaking loose from his irons, you find it sounds very grand; but all he did was to unwind the pad from his ankle and draw his foot out. These are the irons we use in travelling with convicts; here are common handcuffs, as you see; and here is a sort of harness worn by prisoners about to be executed. It pinions the arms firmly, and, at the last moment, fastens the legs together. Why, sir; I can't say that educated men fear it any better than ignorant men.

I've seen educated men most easily frightened. I think it was more they feared, sir, not shame.

When they are ready, they pass through this passage, and out through the iron door I showed you in the courtyard, on to the square. Step into the cabinet a moment, sir. On those benches are casts taken after death

from those who have been executed. There is Muller, there is Courvoisier, there is Marchand. The young fellow with negro features was only nineteen. He murdered his fellow-servant. Yes, the one next him looks like a negro too; you are probably right, sir. The one with the well-formed, dimpled chin little thought how his pleasure-loving youth would end. Surprisingly life-like they all are. Yes, these are the men who lie under the flags in the Birdcage-walk. This way, sir, for your hat and cane. Good day, sir. Astonishingly fine weather for the season.

II.—SAINT LAZARE.

THE ancient convent of Saint Lazare, in Paris, once the home of St. Vincent de Paul, is now a prison for women taken from the lowest depths of Parisian life. Their name is legion; their sufferings from sickness and neglect before arrest are unutterable. France has no law for such as they beyond the will of the prefect of police. What alleviation, you ask, has been found for this corrosive social evil? A more effective one than disbelievers in French virtue would anticipate. All females who come under the notice of the police for sanitary reasons or criminal matters, are sent to Saint Lazare, where, instead of jailers, there are fifty-five Sisters of Charity.*

How many of the miserable creatures are converted by intercourse with these noble and refined women, God only knows. The day of judgment will reveal the difference between real and apparent success. But a woman who has been first the plaything and then the scorn of society, must think more tenderly of

* Or, more strictly speaking, fifty-five Sisters of Marie Joseph, the sisterhood devoted to prison discipline in France.

God in Saint Lazare, than in any ordinary prison or workhouse.

Two objections which may be made to the system of treatment adopted at Saint Lazare, I will try to answer before enumerating the very details which would probably suggest them.

In the first place, it may be urged that the prisoners are made so comfortable that imprisonment becomes a reward rather than a punishment, a bribe rather than a threat. Secondly, it may be with truth asserted that the wicked poor receive better care in such an establishment, than society gives to the virtuous poor who have never seen the inside of a jail.

To the first objection I answer, that imprisonment is never easy for such women to bear, because the passions which bring them so low, love of excitement and vanity, find no food in a well-ordered prison; that the opposite system has been tested ever since the world was, and still the world overflows with impenitent sinners; that at least half the prisoners of Saint Lazare are wicked for want of precisely what they find there—judicious training; a decent dwelling-place, good example; and, last and best reason of all, that this system is the one most in accordance with the teaching and example of Christ.

And my answer to the second objection is this. Let us seek out the honest poor, provide them with decent lodging-houses at low prices, with practical education, useful and entertaining reading, innocent amusement, and, above all, with religious and moral instruction; but do not let us relax our efforts to reform sinners merely because we have shamefully neglected our duties toward saints. We may say truly that the respectable poor are hard to find, because their very virtues conceal them from the public eye. We have no such excuse

where sinners are concerned; they are festering in every jail, infirmary, and almshouse in every country throughout the world. Justice and charity, demands that society provide decent asylums where sinners may hide their wretchedness.

But let us examine the discipline of Saint Lazare in detail, that the reader may judge for himself; these objections have been scarcely disposed of.

The inmates are divided into classes: 1st. Women who have been tried for crimes and condemned to life; 2d. *Filles publiques*, consigned to Saint Lazare by the police for various reasons; 3d. Young women and children sent thither by their parents (*correction paternelle*); 4th. Women kept there by the police as vagrants.

The uniform is neat and inconspicuous, dark blue for one class, fenders, and maroon for the others. The children wear no uniform. The clothes-rooms are arranged methodically, under-clothing and dresses being laid on shelves in orderly piles which would satisfy the most fastidious Yankee housewife. The common prison garments are comfortable and well made; but there is a higher grade of clothing for those who can afford to pay for it, which is there on "pistole," as the term is, taken from an old French coin. The same is to be seen for food and lodging; comfortable accommodations being provided while small luxuries can be purchased at a small expense. Taped all over the prison, the inmates may know the fixed prices of various articles, and not be seduced to dishonesty on the part of the officials. The present writer has endured the terrible ordeal in the presence of all conscientious visitors, seeing everything the various kinds

ed, can answer for the excellency of soup, coffee, bread, &c. Having been allowed to test himself with visual proof in going through the well-ordered facilities, he can only vouch for neatness and apparent convenience.

The work-rooms are generally furnished with tiers of benches gradually to the ceiling, so that one can superintend a roomful of women. The gentleman who accompanied me in my first visit told me with some pride the comfortable straw seats. "The empress here one day," he said, and the prisoners if they were in need of anything. They told her the wooden benches were uncomfortable and her majesty ordered these to be made, where they can sit all day without great fatigue. Our empress is a good and cheerful soul."

Many institutions send work to be done at Saint Lazare, and each prisoner receives a certain proportion of the proceeds of her labor, that she may have the wherewithal to begin a new life when her term is out. Every day's earnings she writes down in her own little account-book, a record of hopes, as it must be to her. The court-yards, there is an hour's recreation every day, are large and cheerful. In the centre are large tanks where the women are allowed to wash small articles of clothing; an inestimable privilege, as any one knows who has seen prisoners trying to extemporize a bath in their cells with a tin basin. These courts are the favorite haunts of sparrows who twitter cheerfully within the old prison as under the eaves of good dwellings. A magpie was seen about in the cloister with the appearance of an *habitué*, looking amaz-

ingly as if he were there on sentence.

There are a number of infirmaries, all tended by Sisters of Charity, and well supplied from a kitchen devoted to hospital diet. The patients are of the lowest class, their maladies the saddest that flesh is heir to. That such a hospital should have any attraction to the visitor is impossible; but remembering the hosts of such forlorn creatures who throng our jails and almshouses in America, I longed to transport wards and warders to the other side of the Atlantic and inaugurate a change in prison discipline for women.*

I had the good fortune to be accompanied by a gentleman associated for many years with prison reforms, and charged with high authority in the matter of prison discipline in Paris. He makes it his rule to visit the prisoners at all times and seasons, that he may detect any breach of discipline or lack of fidelity on the part of the superintendents. He is a man who under the wretched disguise of vice recognizes humanity, no matter how defiled; who looks rather to remove the causes of sin than to procure its punishment, and sees in every culprit a good man spoiled. Let no one suppose that I mean to advocate a feeble administration of justice. No; in a prison, over-indulgence means chaos; present weakness means future severity. At Saint Lazare steady, unswerving vigilance is observed, and silence enforced among the prisoners. Discipline being maintained evenly, not spasmodically, the prisoners can be allowed privileges very important to them. Visitors are admitted twice a week to converse with the women through

* In the February number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD appeared an article entitled *Paris Impious, and Religious Paris*, giving some interesting details concerning Saint Lazare.

d if found expedient. My
alled to him child after child,
lked with them as he might
th his own children at home.
tle thing cried bitterly. Her
had turned her into the streets
: for herself, and the police;
her wandering about the city,
ought her to Saint Lazare.
ld her little hand in his and
it softly as he said all the com-
things he could think of;
as not much to be said, one
onfess. I asked where she
be sent when the six months
ut. "To some industrial es-
ment under the charge of Sis-
Charity," was the answer;
empress sees to all such
"

young people are kept entirely
te from the prisoners, in the
art of Saint Lazare. They
everal hours' schooling, and
heir working hours, in which
urn money for themselves and
establishment, as the women

do. Each child has an exquisitely
neat cell to herself for the night,
opening with a grating on to a corri-
dor, so that the watching sister can
exercise a strict *surveillance*.

Whenever I see the right thing
done in the right way for public
offenders, I think of the man who
first turned my attention to the sub-
ject of prison discipline—Governor
Andrew, as he will be to us all in
Massachusetts, no matter who holds
the state reins. Surely the sun has
not often shone on any spirit more
steadfast or more tender than his;
surely, the days of chivalry produced
no knightly courage more unblench-
ing than his; surely, whatever bless-
ings come to Massachusetts in her fu-
ture career, her children will never
forget how valiantly that brave man
fought for judicious legislation, for a
humane execution of the laws, and for
the equal rights of Catholics and
Protestants—will never forget John
Albion Andrew!

TRANSLATED FROM LE CORRESPONDANT.

A HEROINE OF CONJUGAL LOVE.

MARQUISE DE LA FAYETTE.

EN, at the end of the year 1864,
ildren of Madame de Monta-
ving overcome the natural scru-
f filial modesty, consented to
o the public the treasure of
examples and Christian virtues
d in the remembrances of
other, *Le Correspondant* was
t among the public organs to
ce the lively interest felt in
ital. The success more than

justified our predictions. There is
no one who would not be edified by
the perusal of the life of Madame
de Montagu, and the book has al-
ready taken its place in our libra-
ries.

Since that publication, the Duchess
of Ayen, around whom are grouped
five daughters widely differing from
each other, and each with a strongly
marked individuality, has become

in some sort the type of the Christian mother in modern society.

Indeed, maternal love was in truth the terrestrial passion of her heart, and would entirely have occupied it, had not the care of this dear flock borne with it higher duties, and rendered greater her accountability. The marvellous gift had been given her to form souls; to develop the budding good within them, and, while respecting the originality peculiar to each, to arm them with incomparable strength.

We need not return to what, four years ago, we have already published of the Christian discipline, the simple and retired life to which the Duchess of Ayen had accustomed her daughters, realizing in them her type of true womanhood, making the heart superior to destiny, neither dazzled by fortune or success, nor cast down by the ills of life. When the life of Madame de Montagu was first published, only in episode we recognized those of the noble daughters of the Duchess d'Ayen, reserved by Providence for the rudest trials, or destined for a bloody immolation. We speak of the Viscountess de Noailles, who with her mother and grandmother, the old Marchioness of Noailles, perished on the scaffold, and Madame de La Fayette, the voluntary prisoner of Olmutz, in truth one of the most touching heroines of conjugal love. In the life of their sister they are but secondary figures; but as it is permitted even among the saints of paradise to have a preference, we must confess that, in this beautiful group of heroic figures, our predilection has always been for the two eldest. It will be readily understood, then, with what respect and emotion we have opened the book, in which we would not only find the abridged recital of the actions of Madame de La Fayette, but could see her act, hear

her speak herself
mother, listen to
cents of her voice,
feel the very beat

This volume, p
with great typog
tains the life of th
written by Madam
in the fortress of
gin of a Buffon, wi
and a tooth-pick,
hateful inspection
jailers. We coul
touching relic. N
distinguished aut
should this ever p
would it not justif
vagances? And
life of Madame de
ed by a daughter
dame de Lasteyrie
sentative of the vi
a race of which, a
pression applied to
family, all the dau
and the sons valia
two recitals we a
ment, that we had
to publish in April
good Abbé Carrie
tic full of zeal, bu
ter, and who only
holy ministry coul
ty, relates, in the
faith, the anguish
to his lot it fell to
condemned ones t
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generation of the
many and such ext
may rest assured o
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lives. The origina
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First publication. In the rapid
 we will try to make from
 documents, we will present the
 striking traits of the character
 of Madame de La Fayette.
 Madame de Noailles, second daughter
 of the Duchess of Ayen, was of
 ardent temperament, of deep
 ability, with a lively imagination
 and a mind well informed. She ever
 refused to adopt any idea imposed
 on her, that could not be subject
 to free discussion. She seized difficulties
 and penetrated to their
 essence. While still a child, she was
 troubled by doubts of her religion,
 when, at the age of twelve, she
 prepared for her first communion.
 She does not give us the nature
 of these doubts, but it is clearly
 that they never interfered with the
 practice of piety; on the contrary,
 her thirst for truth increased her fer-

Her pious mother was not
 troubled at this state of her soul;
 she divined the source, and waited
 with confidence for grace to
 dissipate the clouds. Only, she
 decided it best to defer the first
 union of her daughter until,
 reassured, she could enjoy
 supreme happiness in all its
 fullness. And she did not presume
 much on the integrity of her
 father; never was more solid
 or firmer faith implanted in a
 heart of deeper conviction.

We were to study anew the perfect
 model of a mother which the
 Duchess of Ayen presents in the
 portrait drawn of her by Madame de
 Lafayette, a portrait depicted, too,
 with sincerity that does not fear to
 penetrate the shadows, and so
 in its reality, we should dwell
 on the profoundly Christian spirit
 which directed her in the choice of her
 in-law. We there see her rising
 above all worldly considerations,
 looking above all things in them the

moral qualities which may assure the
 happiness of her daughters; for she
 did not look upon marriage, as is too
 often done, as a simple affair of interest,
 of fortune, or of vanity, but it
 was, in her eyes, the sacred tie in
 which love should bear the greater
 part. God, who united man and
 woman, and who said, "Man shall
 leave father and mother, and cleave
 to his wife, and they two shall be one
 flesh," has he not made love the duty
 of Christian marriage? Under the
 old régime and among the nobility,
 marriages were contracted early, and
 Mesdemoiselles de Noailles were
 scarcely twelve or thirteen years old
 when the first proposition for their
 hands were made for them to their
 mother. One of these candidates,
 the Marquis de La Fayette, was himself
 only fourteen years old. "His
 extreme youth, his isolated position,
 having lost all his near relations, an
 immense fortune suddenly acquired,
 which the Duchesse d'Ayen looked
 upon only as a temptation," all these
 considerations, which in a purely
 worldly view would have seduced
 many a mother, decided her at first
 to refuse him, notwithstanding the
 good opinion she entertained of his
 character. The Duke d'Ayen strongly
 insisted on an alliance which
 combined every advantage of rank
 and wealth, but the duchess for several
 months none the less persisted in
 her refusal; and it was only after a
 more attentive examination of the
 character of M. de Lafayette had
 reassured her of the future of her
 daughter, that, demanding a delay of
 two years, she finally gave her consent.
 The idea of the moment when
 she must resign her daughters into
 the keeping of another, filled her
 with apprehension; evidently, she
 desired for them a felicity that she
 had not enjoyed herself, that of entire
 conformity of tastes, thoughts, and

character in the companions of their lives; and when the marriages were resolved upon, it is delightful to read in the recital of Madame de La Fayette the detail of touching cares with which this tender mother charged herself, to prepare these eldest daughters for their new stations—one to espouse the Viscount de Noailles, a cousin whom she had loved since her infancy, and the other to be united to M. de La Fayette.

"My heart attracted me to M. de La Fayette," says with much simplicity the manuscript of the prisoner of Olmutz, "and with a sentiment so profound, that our union has always been one of firmness and tenderness through all the vicissitudes of this life—through all the good and evil that have been our lot for twenty-four years."

"With what pleasure I discovered that, for more than a year, my mother had looked upon and loved him as her son! She detailed to me all the good she had known of him—what she thought of him herself, and I soon saw he possessed for her the filial charm that made the happiness of my life. She occupied herself in aiding my poor head, especially about this time so empty and so weak, to keep from going astray during such an important event. She taught me to ask, and she asked for me, the blessings of heaven on the state I was about to embrace."

"I was then only fourteen and a half years old, and, having new duties to perform, my mother believed it her duty to reapply herself to the care of forming my sister and myself for our future destinies. The confidence with which we always conversed with her, gave her abundant opportunity. It was not the kind of confidence to which, I believe, mothers oftener pretend than obtain from their children—that inspired by a companion of one's own age—but the perfect and intimate trust which needs the direction and approval of a parent, and causes a pang of fear in any step, visit, or conversation, of which she may not approve. A confidence, in fine, which always returns to its support—to its guide, in whose light it would repose as well as in its tenderness; a guide who, if even one could not always approve its decisions, and might encounter its reproaches, would still be considered necessary, and to whom the idea of dissimulation would be insupportable."

"Such was my feeling toward my mo-

ther, who often permitted me her."

The ceremony of the marriage was accomplished, the husband and wife, years set out for his residence. The young bride testified at this separation all the feelings she experienced for him. She turned: the religious and virtuous Madame de La Fayette viewed, she made her first step with an entire faith and humble dispositions, and on the 15th of December became a mother for the first time.

The faculty of loving, which bounds in this youthful heroine, testified in all the tastes, sentiments, and interests, had given her the right to sincerity, "I love you," she said, "worldly, passionately," she said, "the political faith of her husband, and, without any personal thought, without weakness, from her most valiantly accepted all the and all the perils of the path of a man whose political prejudices governed him exclusively the best part of her heart was movable in her religious faith. Madame de La Fayette never had a principle nor a practice to her conjugal idolatry. It is remarkable, also, that this passion for her husband increased the vivacity of her feelings for her mother, her children, her oldest sister, who, from her infancy had been her dearest friend."

Inasmuch as she was so devoted to every duty, so her soul was in all its affections. The death of her husband broke out about this time in England and her America opened to the Marquis de La Fayette the brilliant arena that was to give immortality to his name;

companion began an existence the same time, of anguish and joy, of grief and devotion. The family of Noailles had strongly philosophical ideas, and followed the liberal views of the eighteenth century. The generous enthusiasm, however, which led M. de La Fayette to devote himself to the service of the American people vindicating their independence, was at first disapproved of and considered madness by the Duke d'Ayen and Marshal de Noailles. The marriage was nineteen; he had been married three years, was already a father, and soon expected a second child.

Madame de La Fayette and the Duchess d'Ayen alone understood the motives that determined the departure of M. de La Fayette; she never studied in every way to alleviate the torture of her heart, preparing to be considered insensible, as much of a child, to giving the example, by showing her grief, of the object of her worship.

Meanwhile, the great struggle, of the new world was the theatre, in which aristocratic England herself at war with the principality of modern society, all Europe in suspense. The first interest was felt in France at the success of the Americans.

The French government, not understanding how matters stood, hesitated, nevertheless, to take any part in the quarrel, publicly declared itself still more faithful to the United States; the successive incidents of the war were eagerly sought after, each success of the insurgents excited enthusiasm, on all hearts beat in unison. That of Madame de La Fayette, the success of the young hero who so actively contributed to glorious results.

must transport ourselves to

this time, recall its events, watch the fever of public opinion, to understand what must have been, after two years' absence, the first return of M. de La Fayette, and the intoxication of joy his wife experienced. He was not long in setting out again for the new world, and did not return from there finally until 1782, after the brilliant campaign of which his valor assured the success, and which terminated by the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. His return was unexpected, a surprise for the court as well as the city: the *memoirs* and *memories* of the Count de Segur furnished curious testimony to support what we have said. We read:

"All who lived in that day will still remember the enthusiasm occasioned by the return of M. de La Fayette, an enthusiasm of which the queen herself partook. They were celebrating, at the Hotel de Ville, a brilliant *fete* on the occasion of the birth of an heir to the throne. The news came of the arrival of the conqueror of Cornwallis. Madame de La Fayette, who assisted at the *fete*, received a special mark of favor; the queen placed her in her own carriage, and drove to the Hotel de Noailles, where the marquis, her husband, had just alighted."*

The excess of sentiment of Madame de La Fayette for her husband at this time, was such that she suffered intensely in his presence. She endeavored to conceal her passion for him, and trembled lest she might seem importunate, and weary him. Some years after, she confessed to M. de La Fayette this passionate attraction for him which she had so resisted; "but," she added gently, "you need not be dissatisfied with what is left."

We, who have only known M. de La Fayette soured and old, and do not feel well disposed toward him, because, under the restoration, he shadowed his glory as liberator of

* Tome i. p. 180.

two worlds by intrigues with secret societies ; we find it difficult to imagine him so charming, "carrying away every heart." But it was even so ; and, at the same time that popular favor rendered him so powerful among the multitude, the most beautiful, the proudest, the most brilliant ladies of the court, were madly in love with him.

But we are not writing a biography of M. de La Fayette, and it will be understood that, in an article on the saintly companion of his life, we would not wish any controversy on so illustrious a person, and for whom, with some reservation, we profess great and sincere respect. We will not speak, then, of the events of the revolution, in which he played so prominent a part, only inasmuch as our heroine was mingled with and took part in them.

The abolition of the slave-trade was one of the philanthropic preoccupations of M. de La Fayette. He bought a plantation at Cayenne, *la belle Gabrielle*, in order to give an example of a gradual enfranchisement of the slaves, and referred to the active charity of his wife the details of his enterprise. With this view, she kept up a correspondence with the priests of the seminary *du Saint-Esprit*, who had a house at Cayenne. If circumstances did not permit the realization of her hopes, at least she had the consolation of knowing that, thanks to the religious instruction given to the blacks on this plantation, they were guilty of less horrors than at any other point in the colonies.

We must recognize here, too, and to its eternal honor, that America has always been the portion of the globe where liberty of conscience, loudly proclaimed, has never ceased to be practised. It was not so in old Europe and in France before

1789, so the contrast presents this free state of things, and numerous vexations to which different religions were exposed, could not but forcibly strike de La Fayette on his return. On a journey to Nîmes, where he died more closely the situation of the Protestants, he was able to present, with full knowledge of the facts, a proposition to the Assembly of Notables in 1787, demanding restoration to the civil rights which they had been despoiled of.

I love to remember that as a prominent Catholic clergyman, Mgr. de La Motte, Bishop of Langres, and Cardinal, warmly supported the proposition for this act of justice. Madame de La Fayette shared these sentiments, and received with interest the Protestant ministers, the result of the affair attaching around her husband. A zealous child of the Catholic Church, she detested the persecutions that not only alienate her children, and appeared to her so opposed to the spirit of Christianity.

After 1783, M. de La Fayette's family had increased considerably, and whose political importance reached its height, left the baron de Noailles, to establish himself in his own house, *rue de Bourbon*, near *rue de Lille*. And there the increasing wave of the revolutionary movement, that was never able to overcome the virtue and bravery of a king, the most estimable man of any who ever wore a crown, found our heroine. The high position of M. de La Fayette, despite the nobility, member of the Constitutional Assembly, and commander in chief of the Parisian National Guard, imposed obligations on him in his wife never repudiated her. She was seen to accept the successive demands of each of the d

is, to the number of sixty ; to
e at the blessing of flags and
patriotic demonstrations. The
l kept open house, and did its
in a manner to charm his
ous guests.

it, says her daughter, Madame de
ie, initiated into her most secret
s, 'what she suffered in the depths
own heart, only those who heard her
can tell. She saw my father at the
a revolution of which it was impos-
foretell the end. Every evil, every
r, was judged by her with a complete
illusion in her own cause ; yet she
sustained by the principles of her
i, and so convinced of the good he
o, and the evil he might avert, that
e with incredible strength the con-
langers to which she was exposed.
said she to us, did I see him go out
this time, without thinking that I
is last adieu. No one was more
l than she by the dangers of those
ed ; but in these times, she rose
erself, and in her devotion to my
oped he could prevent the increas-
e."

may infer from these words
eternal anguish of Madame de
ette during the three first years
revolution. In the Duchesse
she found a support full
etness and tenderness ; who,
sharing none of the opinions
son-in-law, believed firmly in
titude of his intentions. Her
sister, the Viscountess de
s, felt exactly as she did, loved
a husband, young, handsome,
and charming, associated in
most advanced ideas of M. de
ette, and, like him, a member of
sembly. The eldest daughter,
Madame de La Fayette, began
time to be of much comfort
; she had her make her first
nion in 1790. It was, in the
of the great political events of
och, the first concern of her
al heart.

civil constitution of the clergy

was to be one of the most sensible tri-
bulations of Madame de La Fayette.
She considered she should, more par-
ticularly on account of her personal
situation, declare her attachment for
the Catholic Church ; consequently
she was present at the refusal of the
oath which the curé of Saint Sulpice
made from the pulpit, of whom she
was a parishioner ; she was con-
stantly meeting there with persons
most known by their opposition to
the new principles, and with those
then called the *aristocratie*. She
took part assiduously in the offices,
at first in the churches and after-
ward in the oratories where the per-
secuted clergy took refuge.

She continually received the nuns
who fled to her for protection ; or
priests not under oath, whom she
encouraged in the exercise of their
functions, and the preservation of
their religious liberty. She well
knew that such conduct was hurtful
to the popularity of her husband, of
great importance to her to preserve,
but no consideration could stop her
in what she considered a duty.

M. de La Fayette never interfered
with the conduct of his wife ; he held
as nobly to his principles of liberty
of conscience in this respect as in
all others. Aloud he disapproved of
the oath extorted from the Catholic
priests, opposed it wherever he could,
and was at least successful in pre-
venting the articles relative to this
civil constitution of the clergy from
being constitutional ; on the contrary,
they were even rejected from the
class of ordinary laws that any new
legislature might revise. For Ge-
neral La Fayette deluded himself
that the constitution of 1791 was
destined to last. But whatever his
sentiments, that which made him re-
spect the religious convictions of his
wife, and oppose all his power to the
persecution of the clergy, does great

honor to his character. As the priests under oath were habitually received by the commander of the National Guard at Paris, Madame de La Fayette never dissimulated before them her attachment to the ancient bishops; but she mingled in her expressions so much adroitness with her sincerity that she never wounded them. Only once she deviated from the rule of tolerance that she imposed on herself on her husband's account, and that was when the newly elected constitutional Bishop of Paris, came to dine officially with the general. She would not recognize by her presence the quality of his diocese, and dined out, although she knew by doing so it could not fail to be made a subject of remark.

Meanwhile, the ever-increasing revolutionary delirium multiplied disorders, paralyzed the efforts of the constitutional party, and rendered the part of M. de La Fayette more and more difficult. He was suspected on both sides, by the court and by the Jacobins, and was rapidly wearing out the remains of an expiring popularity in an already useless struggle.

The king, to escape the odious tyranny of which he was the victim, attempted to fly from Paris; we know the rest. Arrested at Varennes, brought back to the Tuileries, he and his family were placed in the closest confinement. The unhappy prince at last resigned himself to accept the constitution, the Constituent Assembly terminated its sittings, and was replaced by the Legislative Assembly, and General La Fayette, sincere in the illusion that the revolution was finished and the future secured, gave in his resignation as commander of the National Guard, and set out for Auvergne with his wife and children. Now in the destiny of Madame de La Fayette there

came a short truce of happiness journey from Paris to Chartres was a series of ovations that produced enthusiasm spread, for the last before her idol. The Duchess and the Viscountess de Noailles came a little while to share the parent and transitory calm; but Duke d'Ayen had emigrated to the Netherlands, and Madame de Morny had taken refuge in England. The formation of three grand armies had been decreed, in imminent prospect of a foreign war; the command of the centre was confided to General La Fayette, who repaired to his post in 1791.

The year 1792 saw the happy journey of the 20th of June, after followed by the scenes lamentable still, of the 10th of August.

At the news of the wicked attack of the 20th of June, the General La Fayette did not fear to address the assembly, from Maubeuge, where then his head-quarters, and in which he declaimed with indignation and vehemence against the Jacobins; and finally, quitting camp, he hastened to Paris and appeared at the bar of the Assembly there to brand energetically the offences committed at the Tuileries and demand the punishment of the guilty. Was not this act of courage alone sufficient honor for a life? But finally, seeing he had no hope from the Assembly, he attempted to organize a resistance at Maubeuge in order to save Louis XVI. The triumphant Jacobins replied, on the 10th of August, by a decree of proscription to the refusal which General La Fayette made to recognize the king; a price was put on his head, and, constrained in his flight to seek a refuge in a foreign country, the patriot of 1789 fell on the flight into an Austrian post, was ar-

his aides-de-camp, conducted to Namur, then to Wesel, and ordered by the allied powers as an *of universal peace*, whose liberty incompatible with the surety of ean governments.

arbitrary detention of MM. de yette, Latour Maubourg, and x de Pusy, remains one of the ces of the government of the or Francis II., and he cannot ed nor enough for it ; but in the ion of parties and in view of own of M. de La Fayette, had or him some great advantages ? eyes, the five years of *carcere* nflicted upon the hero of Ame- liberty, completed his glory. vere the sentiments of Madame el when she wrote to congratu- m on his release : " Your mis- e has preserved your glory, and r health can be restored, you me out perfect from the tomb your name has acquired a new "

But dating from this epoch, was not the ineffable anguish lame de La Fayette ? Informed arrest of her husband, she had e thought—to release him or is captivity. But she had two uties to fulfil ; to get her son France, and, if possible, to con- m to the friendship of General agton, and to protect the inte- f the creditors of General La e by giving them the seques- estates for security, and in he experienced great difficulty. ed at Chavaniac, where she sting with her son, aged thir- her two daughters, and the unt who had brought up M. de ette, she obtained from Roland, inister of the interior, permis- it to be taken to Paris, but to at Chavaniac on parole. En- ed by this testimony of huma- id hoping to be delivered from agement that weighed so hea-

vily on her, she smothered her natu- ral pride and again addressed herself to Roland :

" 'I can only attribute to a sentiment of kindness,' she wrote him, 'the change you have brought about in my situation. You spare me the dangers of too perilous a jour- ney, and consent to give me my retreat for my prison. But any prison, be it what it may, is insupportable to me, since I have learned this morning from the gazette of M. Brissot, that my husband has been transferred from town to town by the enemies of France, and is being conducted to Spandau. What- ever repugnance I may feel to owe a service to those who have shown themselves the enemies and accusers of him whom I revere and love as he only is worthy of being loved, yet it is in all the sincerity of my heart that I vow eternal gratitude to him who, while relieving the administration from re- sponsibility and giving me my freedom, will afford me the opportunity to rejoin my hus- band, if France is sufficiently free to allow me to travel without risk.

" On my knees, if necessary, I ask you this favor. Judge of my present state of mind.
NOAILLES LA FAYETTE."

A faithful friend bore this letter to Roland. He appeared deeply moved, and replied immediately :

"I have placed your touching appeal, my dear madam, before the committee. I must observe, however, that it would not appear to me prudent for a person of your name to travel in France, on account of the unfortunate impressions just now attached to it. But circumstances may change. Be assured if they do, I shall be the first to seize upon them for your advantage."

For three months the poor woman was without any news of the general, though she redoubled every effort to obtain it ; she wrote to the Princess of Orange, to the Duke of Brunswick, to Klopstock, but all in vain. Toward the middle of June, there came to her, through the interposi- tion of the United States minister, two letters from M. de La Fayette ; they were dated from the dungeon of Magdebourg, and the inquietude they gave her concerning the health

were rushing to massacre all in ; it was the announcement of the death of Robespierre.

representatives, Bourdon de and Legendre came soon after to the prison and assign the fate to each. All were set at liberty.

Madame de La Fayette, on whom they were not willing to pronounce sentence until they sent for the opinion of the committee. The young woman was but little concerned at the prolongation of her captivity ; for she had just learned that her mother, her grandmother, and her sister had perished on the guillotine. Her grief was overwhelming, but she never revolted, her faith preserved her. "Now," she said to her children, "I find the sense of those I mourn, those, too, I desire, and those that I pray to put in my heart, and some day I obtain all at once." Notwithstanding the active solicitations of Monroe, the new minister from the United States, Madame de La Fayette was not liberated ; Le Plessis was used for other purposes, so she was transferred to the Maison de la rue Notre Dame des Champs ; she remained there four months, and met there with the best people, for it was now the end of the reign of terror who left the prisons ; but there, as elsewhere, she gained the respect

Her physical sufferings were increasing during the rigorous winter of 1795. Everything froze in Paris, and she was peculiarly sensitive to cold. God granted her a precious consolation, the visits of the Abbé Carrichon. He gave her all the details she hungered for of the death of the three persons that he had accompanied to the scaffold, and with him she had a complete examination of all the details of her life. On the 23d

of January, 1795, the deliverance, so long retarded, of Madame de La Fayette was finally signed, and she was set at liberty.

Her first care on leaving prison was to hasten to Mr. Monroe and thank him for all he had done for her, and begged him to finish the good work by obtaining passports for herself and family. She had but one aim, to rejoin her husband in Germany with her daughters, and place her son in safety in America. The letter she wrote General Washington, in which she portrays with simplicity, firmness, and dignity the obligations she was under to M. Frestel for his devotion to her and her family, and begs for him the regard he deserves, is truly remarkable. As to her son, she expresses herself thus : "My wish is, that my son may lead a very retired life in America, and continue the studies that three years of misfortune have interrupted ; and that being far away from scenes which might abase or too strongly irritate him, he may work to become an efficient citizen of the United States, of which the principles and sentiments are entirely in accordance with those of French citizens."

When the time came to part with her only son, the separation seemed cruel to her mother's heart ; but she was firmly convinced she acted in this matter as her husband would have dictated. She found her strength in this thought. As we read of so many sacrifices, sufferings, and sorrows so valiantly supported, we find ourselves so associated in the sentiments of this incomparable person, that we wait with feverish anxiety the moment when she should rejoin her husband. The memoirs of Madame de Montagu give us the details of the touching reunion of Madame de La Fayette at Altona with her two sisters and her Aunt de Tessé ; they will be

found in the account of Madame de Lasteyrie. The conversation with the Emperor of Austria is also there given. He granted her permission to shut herself up at Olmutz, and by opening heaven to her, he could scarcely have made her happier.

" 'We arrived,' wrote Madame de Lasteyrie, 'at Olmutz, the 1st of October, 1795, at eleven o'clock in the morning, in one of the covered carriages found at all the posts, our own having been broken on the way. I never shall forget the moment when the postillion showed us from afar the steeples of the town. The vivid emotion of my mother is ever present with me. She was almost suffocated by her tears; and when she had sufficiently recovered herself to speak, she blessed God in the words of the canticle of Tobias: "Thou art great, O Lord, for ever, and thy kingdom is unto all ages, for thou scourgest and thou savest," etc., etc. My father was not informed of our arrival; he had never received a letter from my mother. Three years of captivity, the last passed in complete solitude, inquietude concerning all the objects of his affection, and sufferings of every kind, had deeply undermined his health; the change in his countenance was frightful. My mother was struck by it; but nothing could diminish the intoxication of her joy, but the bitterness of her irreparable losses. My father, after the first moment of happiness in this sudden reunion, dared not ask her a question. He knew there had been a reign of terror in France, but he was ignorant of the victims. The day passed without his venturing to examine into her fears, and without my mother having the strength to explain herself. Only at night, when my sister and I were shut into the next room assigned to us, could she inform my father that she had lost on the scaffold her grandmother, her mother, and her sister.' "

Madame de La Fayette shared her husband's captivity twenty-seven months. She paid with her health—we may say with her life—the privilege of being reunited to him she loved, and proving to him her tenderness; but it was such great happiness to her that, whatever the severity that accompanied it, it seems not even at such a price to have been too dearly bought.

At last the success of arms opened the dungeon. The French plenipotentiary signing the treaty of Cambray exacted that the prisoners immediately set at liberty. Of the fortress were there to them, and the 16th of 1797, they set out for Hamburg, just five years and a their arrest.

Happy to owe his liberation the triumph of the French, de La Fayette addressed Bonaparte the expression of gratitude and that of his commands, in these terms:

"HAMBURG, O

"CITIZEN GENERAL: The Olmutz, happy to owe their your irresistible arms, have enjoyed captivity the thought that their life were attached to the triumph public and to your personal glory they enjoy the homage they render to their liberator. It we have been gratifying to us, Citizen to have offered in person the these sentiments, and to have the theatre of so many victories that won them, and the happiness placed our resurrection among of his miracles. But you know to Hamburg has not been left to It is from the place where we by to our jailers that we address to their conquerors. In the soil in the Danish territory of Holstein we will go to try and re-establish you have saved, we will join to patriotism for the republic the interest in the illustrious genealogy we are not only attached for the has rendered our country and of liberty, but for the particular that we delight to owe him, a deepest gratitude has for ever our hearts. Salutation and

"LAFAYETTE,
LATOUR MAUBO
BUREAUX DE PU

Among all the marks of showered upon the escape of Austrian tyranny, none M. de La Fayette more de

from Madame de Staël—full of
 of emotion. Mathieu de
 morency added to it a few lines
 which these words strike us: "The
 constant occupation of your misfor-
 tune and your courage has outlived
 it, and ever will, my alienation
 of all political activity; but I be-
 lieve I should renew all my ancient
 enthusiasm to welcome one so con-
 cerned in the cause of liberty."

Though the health of Madame
 de La Fayette was destroyed, she pre-
 served her wonderful activity and
 of character. It was she, the
 one of her family, whose name
 was not on the list of the banished,
 who was able the first to enter
 Paris, and there regulate her affairs
 and the return of all her relations.
 As she again who, after the 18th
 of Brumaire, understood that General
 de La Fayette should return immedi-
 ately without waiting for any authority
 which might possibly have been re-
 quired of him. Sure of the marvellous
 influence with which she judged her sur-
 roundings, he followed her advice
 without any other information. The
 day of his arrival in Paris was not
 long to the first consul; he
 ordered the general to return to Hol-
 land and solicit his entrance, like
 any one else. Madame de La Fayette
 called upon him, was graciously
 received, exposed the peculiar posi-
 tion of her husband, and the favor-
 able effect that his return could not
 but produce on all honest and pa-
 triotic men, and proved herself noble,
 brave, and prudent. "I am de-
 lighted, madame," said the first con-
 sul, "to have made your ac-
 quaintance; you have great good
 to do, but you understand nothing of
 politics." However, it was agreed to
 let de La Fayette might remain
 in Paris without asking per-
 mission. Madame de Lasteyrie, in
 the capital, in which the most noble

sentiments are expressed so simply
 and happily, has given us a page
 that portrays the whole soul of her
 heroic mother.

"Retirement would still have been pre-
 ferable to my father under the consular
 magistracy of Bonaparte; under the despot-
 ism of Napoleon, it was, through honor, en-
 forced upon him. In either case, it fulfilled
 the wishes of my mother. After so much
 suffering and exhaustion, a retired life—per-
 fect quietude would not have been necessary
 for her—in which in peace she could conse-
 crate the affections of her soul to those dear-
 est to her, was the only earthly happiness
 she sought. She felt too deeply, too pas-
 sionately, I may say, the emotions of family
 life to desire others. Neither the grandeur
 of her former state, nor the *clat* even of
 her misfortunes, had excited in her that
 pride of imagination which cannot bear a
 simple existence. Her devotion rose above
 every trial, but the sentiments and easy du-
 ties of an obscure destiny sufficed for her
 heart. Love filled it entirely."

What can we add to this picture?
 Nothing, only to ask the perusal of
 the admirable letter of M. de La Fayette,
 which ends the volume. He
 there relates the long agony, the
 tender and charming delirium of the
 heavenly creature whose affections
 he possessed. To have seen him a
 practical Christian would have been
 the realization of her most cherished
 wish. "If I am going to another
 home, you must feel," she said to him
 once, "that I shall be occupied there
 with you. The sacrifice of my life
 would be very little, however much it
 may cost me to part with you, if it
 could assure your eternal happiness."

Another time, she said to him:
 "You are not a Christian?" As he
 did not reply, she said: "Ah! I
 know what you are, a fatalist."
 "You believe me proud," answered
 the general, "are you not a little so
 yourself?" "Oh! yes!" she cried,
 "with all my heart. I feel that I would
 give my life for that sect." Another
 time, in this half delirium which led

astray her ideas, but never her heart, she said: "This life is short, troubled; let us be reunited in God, and set out together for eternity." Her God and her husband were her thoughts to the last moment. She died on Christmas night, the 25th of December, 1807, pressing the cherished hand and saying, "I am yours for ever."

Those who wish to finish this picture of conjugal love, must do as we have done, seek in the memoirs of an illustrious contemporary the scene that completes it. In the *Memoires de M. Guizot*, in the year 1834, we read:

"Some months before M. de Talleyrand had retired from public affairs, another celebrated man, very different in character, and celebrated in other ways, had disappeared from all worldly scenes. No life had been more exclusively, more passionately political than that of M. de La Fayette; no man had more constantly placed his political sentiments and ideas above all other pre-occupations and all other interests, and yet in his death he was completely estranged from them. Having been ill for three weeks, he approached his last hour; his children and family alone surrounded his bed. He spoke no more, and they supposed he could not see. His son George noticed that, with an uncertain hand, he sought something on his breast; he came to the assistance of his father and laid in his hand the medallion that M. de La Fayette always wore suspended from his neck. He pressed it to his lips, and expired."

This medallion contained the likeness and hair of Madame de La Fayette,

his wife whom he had twenty-seven years before already separated from the world, alone with the thought of the devoted companion of his life, he died. When requies were spoken of, it was a well-known fact in the family, that La Fayette wished to be buried in the little cemetery adjoining the church of Picpus, by the side of M. de La Fayette, in the midst of the ruins of the revolution, for the memory of the royalists, and of the aristocrats, whose relations had founded the religious establishment. This was the veteran of 1789 who was so much respected and carried out in a immense crowd, troops, nations, people of all kinds accompanied the funeral procession through the boulevards and streets of Paris, and at the gate of the convent, the carriage was stopped; the interior could not admit more than three hundred persons; the principal relations, the principal authorities entered alone, walked slowly through the convent garden, then penetrated into the cemetery. There no political manifestation took place; no display was pronounced; religious and intimate memories of the deceased were present; politics had no part near the death-bed or the tomb of the man whose life it had long governed. LÉON AR

TRANSLATED FROM THE REVUE DU MONDE CATHOLIQUE.

FLAMINIA.

BY ALEXANDRE DE BAR.

really believe that the
ever?" said the Baron

I do," answered the
very strange," replied the
emptying at a single
card of beer whose size
ld alone look at with-

believe that those whom
in this world we shall
the next, and they will
even as we shall re-
?"

I do!" again replied

et more strange," ob-
ron; and then both of
ed to smoke on in si-
eemed, indeed, so com-
ed in the contempla-
uish clouds of smoke
ntinued to puff forth so
the already misty and
osphere, that one might
ve thought that the
uld end there; but
he case.

it by this interval to
to our readers who
it Shrann and the Ba-

They were two old
, of whom the recol-
emains in the minds
knew them, as be-
perfect type of that
voted friendship which
an one thinks or than
They were two brave
had courageously held

their places during the wars in the
commencement of this century.
They had fought side by side with
all the ardor of their youth and patrio-
tism, and had on many occasions
saved each other's lives by their bra-
very. This community of dangers
and obligations had yet further
strengthened the links of a friendship
commenced in their childhood; so
that when the peace of 1815 gave to
Europe, wearied out by war, a time of
rest, our two friends placed their ex-
perience and capabilities at the ser-
vice of their country, as they had al-
ready offered the tribute of their
blood and courage, each taking on
himself the tie and responsibility of
married life. Both married on the
same day the two daughters of a
neighbor whom the war had ruined;
and if their brides were little endow-
ed with worldly possessions, at least
they were rich in virtues, and that is
a wealth which equals the former, al-
though it be much less sought after,
and, we may even add, more difficult
to find.

Unfortunately these marriages so
alike in happiness were far less so in
their duration; for at the end of two
years Gertrude, the wife of the Ba-
ron Frederic, died, leaving in the
heart and life of her husband a void
which nothing could fill. Many were
the efforts made to console the poor
baron, many were the mothers who
lavished on him their sweetest smiles;
many were the maidens who directed
on him their chaste regards, and who
pictured to themselves a brilliant fu-

ture in which his name and fortune held a prominent place ; but all was useless, for the baron remained quite insensible to these efforts and designs. His friend, and even his sister-in-law, counselled him to seek in a new marriage that close and loving friendship which he was so well adapted to appreciate ; but at length, seeing him so obstinately faithful to the memory of Gertrude, they feared to afflict him, and so ceased to press him on the subject, trusting all to time, which, nevertheless, rolled on without bringing any change to the baron's regrets and resolutions. His was one of those strongly organized minds where the impressions, lively as they are lasting, resist the stronger that they are unaccompanied by outward efforts. Hence was it that the baron supported, without giving way an instant, the blow which had struck him, and yet the wound in his heart remained as sensitive and as painful as on that day when with his own hands he placed his well-beloved Gertrude in her shroud. Old age came on, bringing with it its longing for rest, and then the two friends quitted their public life as they had entered it, side by side. The baron went to live with his brother, for thus he designated his friend ; and only once every year left his castle to visit his own property and tenants, toward whom he showed a kindness without limit. Some of these tenants abused that kindness, and paid their rent year after year, with tears, excuses, and complaints, the worthy baron leaving them unmolested ; and when his steward spoke to him of sending off the estate these families, he replied : " Better that this should happen to me, who have patience with them, than send them away to those who probably would have none." No sooner was he returned to the castle than he forgot all these things,

and recommenced spoiling and indulging his nephews and nieces, of whom he had no small number ; for Count Shrann was a descendant of those ancient families who seem to have preserved the prolific virtue of the golden age ; nor did the number of his nephews and nieces give anxious thoughts to the baron, so often would he say to his friend :

" Why torment yourself so much about the future of your children ? You will always have enough to do with them all in life ; and besides, I myself, who have but cousins in law, do not know what remote degree of affinity, I find it but just that my nephews should inherit my property before them."

And then the count became silent, for he found the baron's answer quite natural, and such as himself should have made, had the positions been reversed. Between these two men, so closely united by affection and so similar in heart and understanding, there was but one subject on which their point of view was diametrically opposed, and that was the one with which they were engaged at the opening of this chapter. Count Shrann, who had been brought up by a loving and pious mother, was a Catholic both in heart and soul ; whilst the Baron Frederic had, on the contrary, lost both his parents at a very early age, and had been brought up by his uncle, who boasted of being the friend and protector of the Encyclopedists ; that Frederic had been educated in that cold and barren school of materialism which Voltaire has the doubtful honor of having founded. But Frederic believed in nothing spiritual, a circumstance which caused great chagrin to his friend, when it happened that on this, as on so many former occasions, the two friends after the dinner-hour, had passed

ours in smoking and drinking
hundreds of beer, whilst making
the questions and the same an-
on this, the one great subject
or difference in opinion and

you believe that the soul
ever?" said the baron.
certainly I do," replied the

s very strange," answered the
and then both recommenced
like yet more vigorously than

After a lapse of time during
two less serious men would
discussed three or four such
s of conversation, the count
enced: "What do you see
age in my remark?"

s to see a mind such as yours
ly to similar ideas and tales
, to say the best of it, to
children with."

or my part, am yet more ad-
d to see a man so logical as
f refuse to believe it; and how
ou treat as springing from
ss of mind that belief which
nnot deny fortifies the soul
ces it above the blows of ad-
?"

e soul, the soul," replied the
"what is the soul? A name
a substance, and I do not
hat of indefinable and vague.
thing that we can neither see
ch, and which eludes both the
and the understanding. I,
part, believe in nothing but
ich I can see or touch."

would remind you, my dear
that there are a crowd of
n which you believe, without
ving seen them."

is because science explains
things, and I believe in her."

ence! why, you are too clever
admit of her inability to give
full explanation of any one
Science proves that the fact

exists, but she does not explain the
first cause of its existence. She dis-
covers the eternal laws which rule the
universe, and it is by that means
that she conducts the unprejudiced
spirit from the discovery of things
created to the knowledge of the
Creator of all things; but the first
causes of these same laws are utterly
unknown to her."

"And what tells you that she will
not yet discover them?"

"Never! For if the human un-
derstanding is immense, yet it is
not infinite. We have seen many
discoveries and marvels; our great-
grandchildren will witness yet many
more; but these will not be produced
in any more developed sense than
that which I just now indicated to
you. The first causes will ever rest
unknown to them as for us."

"But where are the proofs which
prove the existence of the soul, and
render it palpable to the eyes of the
understanding?"

"The eyes of the heart, do they
not equal those of the understand-
ing?" quickly answered the count.
"What! You feel within yourself a
soul which thinks and which loves,
which possesses in itself a longing
for happiness, a thirst for truth, so
utterly beyond the happiness and the
truths of this world that it can only
be a *souvenir* or a revelation, from on
high, of something purer and more
perfect; you love the good and you
spurn the evil, even to self-sacrifice;
nay, more, you prefer death to the
evil; you hear in the depths of your
heart that powerful voice which cries
to all humanity that the soul cannot
die; and yet you ask for a proof of
the existence of this soul, and of its
immortality! Death is visible to us
on every side. He menaces us; he
presses upon us; all that is above,
beneath, on each side of us, is dead
or dying. Man alone drives back

before him that supreme law of final earth decay and oblivion ; he whose life is form, comparatively much shorter than that ward of all other existences in this world, A sou he alone hopes for an eternity which render has no type here below, and which anima he could not even have conceived in palpab himself, had it not been revealed to has fle him. Surrounded by errors, he less. dreams the truth ; wretched in this motion life, he dreams of a happiness with soul h out alloy ; mortal, he dreams of im- lestial mortality. Is not all this an infalli- your c ble proof of his future destiny ? God, with a who created man, would not he be suffer this is both cruel and unjust had he given whilst him all these profound aspirations to- ward a future state of happiness, only that th to plunge him finally in the abyss of of its eternal death ? That secret voice that fe speaks to you also, my friend ; it re- to the sounds in the silence of your heart, to Ger and offers to you, as it does to others, living, its consoling hopes. Why do you and yo not listen to it ? When you saw when before you, pale and discolored, des- shall c tined to an inexorable decay, the love l body of her whom you so much loved ; thine when the mouth that had so lately one, t spoken to you, closed for ever ; when am co those eyes, in which you had ever and o read their tenderness, became fixed, thou d dull, and without expression ; when Whi that hand, which had but a moment ing, t before sought yours to press it for a himsel last time, fell for ever powerless, equal- which ly insensible to the kisses with which trembl you covered it, and to your tears, tion, w which rained on it—" Here the bar- "Al ron, without trying to hide his emo- do ! tion, dried, with the back of his hand, consol the tears that this recollection of his cried l beloved Gertrude caused him. The ing fo count continued : "That mouth, yet wr those eyes, that hand, they are the stition same ; but where is the soul which plungi animated them ? Did you not then found : hear that interior voice which called is no with yet greater force, Thou shalt there e see her again ? That body which the that h

the error was much more pleasant than the truth, and that in place of hope, perhaps false, but certainly full of consolation, to re-find friends one day, they have left us the terrible certainty of having ever lost them, and that they leave with the heavy burden of misery which is crushing human nature, after having broken the very support that blind man to bear its weight. Now the evil is done, how remedy it? If I do not believe, what must I believe? What must I believe?"

Acknowledge humbly our utter helplessness; humble the pride of an imperfect reason, which is irritated by thought that there is something wrong with it; listen to our conscience which speaks within us; and then, boldly kneeling down before the God who has created the universe, speak to him, with simplicity and confidence, these words of the blind man in the gospel, who cried, 'Lord, that I receive my sight!' God is not weary of persevering prayer. Pray, and you shall see likewise."

Certainly," said the baron, "if I believe, I should at once believe; but I have never seen a soul?"

My great-grandfather did," answered the count.

You are joking."

Not at all. Adolphus Shrann, great-grandfather, saw not only one soul, but even two!"

He was dreaming, then."

No, for he knew what he was going to see, and that thought alone sufficient to keep him awake."

Ah! then in that case somebody deceived a jest of him, and by some optical illusion caused him to believe he had seen a veritable supernatural vision."

No, I assure you it was not so," answered the count. "I am determined to relate the history to you in this evening; and," added he,

with a voice changed by the ardent friendship that he felt for the baron, "I should esteem myself really happy if its recital could cause you to kneel down side by side with me before the altar of that God whom you are so worthy to know. It is but there that we are separated, and did you know all that my true friendship suffers in the thought that, after living these long years together, and after having shared all the trials and the pains of this life until our old age, notwithstanding this, I should yet be alone when the hour comes to receive the recompense. Ah! my dear Frederic, that single thought would suffice to empoison the joys of paradise."

Here the two friends warmly shook hands, and after having again replenished their tankards and their pipes, the count commenced the story that you are going to hear.

"You know," said the count, "that the Shrann family has always been cited as one of the most fruitful in all Germany."

"And you! you certainly have not derogated from the example of your ancestors," said the baron.

"Neither had the Count Franz, the same who was raised from the rank of baron to that of count by Ferdinand III., in 1645, since he was the father of fifteen children, eight boys and seven girls; and of these sons Adolphus, the seventh son, was the only one who remained to perpetuate the name and race, for the others gave their lives to defend their country and the empire. But if this numerous offspring was an honor to the family, it was also a great cause of anxiety to the count; it being a fact that though a numerous family be a source of fortune to a poor farmer, such is not the case with a poor nobleman; and it was no slight task to place advantageously

all these children, so that they might worthily bear and uphold their family name. Count Franz made, therefore, the most active endeavors to marry his daughters and to establish his sons; and he succeeded as well as he had hoped, since only one son remained at home, and that was Albert, the youngest child; nor did the future of this the last scion of his race much disturb the count, destined as he was, by him, from his very youth, to enter the church. But divine Providence often smiles at and overthrows our wisest calculations, and this is what occurred in Albert's case; for, notwithstanding the serious tendency given to his education, it was found that of the eight sons of the count this, the youngest, showed the greatest courage and taste for war. This martial spirit was the great despair of his tutor; for the lad left on the smallest pretext his studies and his books to play with an old rusty sword that he had found in one of the lumber-rooms of the castle, and with this he amused himself for hours, fencing against his desk or stool, and shouting all the war cries and songs that he had heard or read. When the vexed tutor complained of his pupil's conduct to the count, and of his little attention to his more serious studies, joined to his openly expressed contempt for them, the count answered, 'Bah! never mind; time will change all this, and you know that it is only natural that he should have imbibed a little of the family taste for war.' The seventh son, Adolphus, likewise distinguished himself by his recklessness of danger and by his great courage. This conformity of tastes, yet more than the similarity of their ages, had closely united these the two youngest brothers together; so that when the day came that the younger saw the elder leave

home as a lieutenant in the army, he engaged in that life of adventure and danger of which they had so often talked together, he was not without a yet stronger repugnance to the future destined for him. The prospect of spending his days in the seclusion of the cloister, instead of following in the footsteps of his brother, and of achieving the achievements of a soldier, inspired him with not only a strong distaste for this future, but with an aversion to all that the count had intended for him. Albert fell into a state of despair and lethargy; nor did his tutor dread that rusty sword which Albert had been wont to play with; not that his progress had advanced any better for it, though he read with perusal the *Iliad* and the *Æneid*, he was still tainted with distaste from the study of the classics, and when any of his friends were made to him on the subject, he would allege that 'he should be allowed enough to cause him to feel *ennui*.' Not that the serious religious feeling was dead in him, far from that; he was, on the contrary, animated with the liveliest and most sincere faith; nor was it an invincible repugnance to the obligations of the priesthood, generous, sober, charitable, and therefore esteemed the sacrifices that the ecclesiastical state requires. What he feared and dreaded above all was the uniformity and of repose which seemed to him the life of a monk. This antipathy to the life of a monk, which he was destined to lead to day, when, unable at last to resist any longer against his inclination, he armed himself with all the resolution, and respectfully represented to his father his invincible distaste for becoming a priest, and asked for the favor of being allowed to become a soldier. Great was the

f the count on hearing this de-
What was he to do? he who
made all his arrangements in
that Albert might become a
p; and here was this son who
ice of bearing the mitre and
al staff, desired nothing less
to wield the sword and don the
of mail.

It is very perplexing,' at last
red the count, after having
hed his ear several times; 'this
of yours completely upsets all
ans; but rather than see you
re a bad priest it shall be as
esire. Although,' again added
th a heavy sigh, 'it is very per-
g.'

bert, after having again explain-
his father all the reasons for
pugnance to the life of a priest,
ued, 'You see, my dear father,
is not a taste for the pleasures
world that drives me from the
ood; it is only my dislike to
onotony of such a life that hin-
e from embracing it. My vo-
leads me to follow a career of
rand of change, and not one
e and uniformity. But I think
ere is a means of conciliating
eas that your tenderness had
sted for me and my own tastes.'
desire nothing better than that,'
red the count with visible cha-
but how to do so, that is the
on. I wish you to become a
, and you desire to become a
n; now, we are no longer in
ys when bishops wore a suit
l inside their robes.'

That is true, dear father; but
ould place me in a position to
e one day a knight-com-
r,' (here the count lifted up
id with an air of satisfaction.)
order of St. John of Jerusa-
continued Albert, 'is a glo-
order, assimilating' to the
by its vows and its constitu-

VOL. VII.—51

tions, and to the army by its obliga-
tions and labors. The Turks are
now menacing Christendom; what
more glorious use can one make of
one's sword than to defend one's bro-
thers in Jesus Christ, and to oppose
one's self against the barbarity of
the Mussulman, who already regards
Europe as a wild beast does his prey?
What more glorious destiny than to
consecrate one's courage and one's
life to force back even to the very
sands of Asia those hordes of infi-
dels whose domination, similar to a
pestilential atmosphere, has brought
ruin and death upon the fertile coun-
tries where it extends?

"If, then, as I hope, you will con-
sent to my desires, I shall find in
that career the occasion to place in
a yet higher rank the glorious name
that you have given me; and thus
both my ancestors and yourself shall
have reason to be proud of their de-
scendant.'

"My worthy ancestor, on hearing
this proposition, felt a similar satis-
faction to that which a man would
feel who, after being shut up in a
chest during some hours, could at
last stretch his limbs out again in
liberty. Therefore was it that he
seized eagerly a proposition which
drew him out of a great difficulty;
for between ourselves, be it said, the
worthy man was more accustomed to
fighting than to solving difficult ques-
tions. It was easy for the count to
prove the sixteen quarters of nobility
which the rules of the order required
for the admission of Germans;
moreover, he had several friends in
the order whose influence he made
use of; nothing, therefore, opposed
itself to the realization of Albert's
desires; and, in consequence, a few
weeks after the above related con-
versation, he left Germany, and be-
came page to Nicholas Coroner, then
Grand Master of the order, and Gover-

nor of Malta. In this position he did not fail to make himself very soon remarked by his dauntless courage and impetuous audacity. The requisite occasions did not fail him; each day the galleys of the order darted from their ports, as the eagle from his eyrie, and, powerful as the eagle, seized on some one of the innumerable Turkish pirates which were then ravaging the coasts of the Mediterranean, burning villages, and carrying off their wretched inhabitants to reduce them into a painful and degrading slavery. In this manner the order rendered the most important services to Europe, whilst the most adventurous spirit in it found means, in this incessant warfare, to satisfy his thirst for danger. Albert, ardent and indefatigable, scorning danger and braving Death, who seemed to shrink back before so much bravery and audacity, fought so often and so well, that scarcely was the time of his novitiate finished, than, by the general consent of his companions in arms, and the approbation of the grand master, he was created knight. In truth, it was impossible to show more valor and self-diffidence. This latter quality shows forth the more, that it was not an ordinary virtue in the order. Some years thus rolled on, during which the bravery of Albert had caused him to be known and remarked in all the commanderies of Europe; but the time was come when at length he should appear on a field more worthy of his talents.

"I will not here give you a recital of the events which brought the troops of Mohammed IV. under the walls of Vienna; since, in the first place, you recollect them as well as I do; and in the second place, it is too sad a thought for him who feels within him a soul truly German, to reflect that there was a day when Ger-

man hearts beat with fear before the standards of Mohammed! At a time when the Hungarians, with their ferocity and intemperance, were so much less than the Hungarians, with their intemperance, which even their excess of fanaticism does not excuse, call to the heart of Europe those battles of European civilization which were fought in Germany. At a time when news which reached him of the death of Mustapha on Vienna, he was to the commanderies that were nearest to him, and animating the knights, united together to overcome with great difficulty a few of his companions, with whom he hastened to that city. They reached Vienna on the very day that Leopold left it; and terrible was the desolation then reigning in the town, abandoned by those who had to have been the first to face danger and animate the country by their example.

"The brave Count of Starhemberg commanded the fortress which he did not dare hope to save, although it was determined to die in its defence. The aid that Albert brought was fully accepted by him; for he brought eight or ten thousand men to the city against the Turkish army, whose number was three hundred thousand; and besides this, the city was badly provisioned and insufficiently armed. Nevertheless the defence was organized in the manner possible; arms were distributed to all the citizens; and the schoolboys were taught to use arms, and perform the active duties of the defence of the walls; the entire population determined to suffer famine, and all the horrors of a prolonged siege, rather than yield tamely to the enemy. Preparations made, they awaited the arrival of the infidels; nor did they wait long, in a few days after the departure of the emperor, the Turkish army encamped before Vienna, and o

rst trench. Then began in st that terrible siege. Albert med prodigies of valor; now ing a sortie, then driving back assault, ever in the foremost he, as it were, multiplied him- going on every side; he foresaw provided against all emergen- his courage excited even the timid, whilst his unchange- calm reassured their fears. In midst of all this peril, which ed endless, he alone seemed at se; so much so, that the Count remberg used to say, 'Oh! that only one hundred knights like for then, in place of resting blocked up, like a rat in his I would drive back, and follow ese three hundred thousand s to the very walls of Constan- e!' During all this time, not- tanding the pressing demands of ope, Innocent IX., and in spite e necessity which bound the

Christian nations to prevent a's falling into the hands of ifidels, the aid so much needed ut slowly organized. Already he siege lasted two months, and ng had yet happened to relieve despair of the wretched inhabi- already weakened by famine. e seemed to them no alternative en a cruel and lingering death yet more painful slavery. Almost they reduced to the last extremi-

It was quite impossible to ob- rovisions, and the ammunition earily exhausted, whilst many of annon had become useless for e; and yet no voice was heard spoke of surrender. Soldiers citizens, alike excited by the ple and firmness of the chiefs, orted with courage and resigna- ll the horrors of a desperate de- . At last the signals and ban- of King John Sobieski were from the walls as he came to

their rescue, leading the combined forces of Europe. It was time! The King of Poland, notwithstanding the immense inferiority of his troops in point of numbers, hesitated not a moment to take the most favorable position for giving battle to the enemy. Mustapha, on his side, divided his troops into two divisions, the one destined to make a last and desperate assault upon the city, and to enter it by main force through the breaches already made in its walls; whilst the second division was to stop the passage of Sobieski, and to hinder him from giving any aid to the besieged. But the impetuosity of the attack of the Christians was such that the battle became but a rout on the side of the Mussulmans, as they fled before their pursuers on every side, and were as soon and as completely dispersed as is a wisp of straw before a hurricane. Vienna free, Europe breathed again, being once more delivered from the immediate fear of the crescent, whilst awaiting the day when the Mussulman should be for ever driven back to the arid sands from whence he came. This heroic defence spread a new lustre upon the arms and reputation of the order. But none of its knights had acquired a similar renown to that of Albert. The name of this young warrior was in every mouth, his souvenir in every heart, and he shared with John Sobieski the enthusiastic ovation made by the Viennese to their deliverers. The loudest acclamations of admiration and gratitude greeted him during the day that he accompanied the King of Poland, who, still covered with the blood of his enemies, went in solemn state to the cathedral of St. Stephen, there to assist at the *Te Deum* which was sung in thanksgiving to God for this miraculous delivery of the city from the Turks. Mustapha, forced to

make such a speedy retreat, had left in the possession of the Christians all his treasures, tents, and baggage. Among the spoil was found the standard of the Prophet. This, it was decided, should be offered to the pope as a gage and as a memorial of the victory, and it was Albert who was chosen to perform this honorable mission. His old father nearly died with joy on learning of the glorious renown of his son; and I leave you to guess if he did not praise himself in his heart for not having resisted the desires of Albert. The old count foresaw in the future his family giving a grand-master to the Order of St. John, and he trembled with happiness in thinking of the honor which would thus result to the Shrann race and name. In fact, one could hardly say where would have stopped the worldly honors of Albert, had not God reserved for him a yet more sweet and glorious recompense for his labors in his service."

At this point of his story, the count took a few minutes' repose, minutes that were fully employed, to judge by the manner in which he emptied the tankard that stood before him; and as the two friends did nothing without each other's aid or example, the baron hastened to imitate his friend; and when his tankard left his lips, there did not remain sufficient in it to satisfy the thirst of a wren. Then, grasping with a firm hand the immense jug of beer which awaited their good pleasure, he filled his own glass and passed the jug on to the count, who, with an equal dignity and silence, took his share. It is true that the baron paid but a slight attention to all these details of a family history that the count so complacently related to him; perhaps he was getting impatient for the appearance of the two souls that had been promised him; but he let

no indication of his impatience escape him, and continued on with great tranquillity, forth clouds of smoke which timed to the cadenced sound of the old clock that stood before whose sculptured oak canopy he had delighted the taste of the quary. At length the count commenced: "The Turks appear to have abandoned their project of invading Germany, but the war yet continues with activity between them and the order and the pope on the shores of the Mediterranean. Notwithstanding the great successes, and the most valiant efforts, the part of the Turks, fallen into the hands of the Christians, a new expedition was then planned upon to lay siege to Constantinople. Hector de La Tour de Montrieux having been chosen as commander, he made choice of me for his lieutenant.

"Upon one of the galley boats the pope had joined to the army of the Knights of St. John and the Venetians, the young Giovanni de' Medici, only heir to one of the distinguished names in the republic of Venice, had been sent out to join them. This illustrious family had long been a friend to our house; in fact, we counted several generations between the two families; therefore, Giovanni learnt from his father that Albert was in the fleet, he made attempts to become acquainted with him; and succeeded so well that in a short time they became the greatest friends in the world.

"On this event, so slight in appearance, nevertheless dependent on the destiny of Albert. You may have remarked, my friend, that the same was with us all. The acts which are important in our lives, the events which decide our future, and from which result our happiness or mis-

, have always as their first
 enancement, some circumstance
 is perfectly indifferent in itself,
 the results of which have an in-
 fluence on our entire destinies.
 One would say that divine Provi-
 dence mocked our proud reason, in
 making use of events which at
 first seem so utterly unfitted to
 : at the end which it proposes
 self; and I might even add, that
 impenetrable mystery would
 suffice to eyes less wilfully
 led than your own, to prove the
 existence of an unseen power that
 restrained by human laws and
 dices. Does God owe to each
 of us a miracle? Ought he to
 find for each individual man the
 laws which govern the uni-
 verse? Can we not believe in him
 as we see the very rivers flow
 to their sources? Does he not
 test himself to us at each instant
 of our lives, on each side of us and
 ? Is not the admirable connec-
 tion of events which exists in this
 world sufficient to make the certi-
 ficat of his power and of his inces-
 sation shine forth to the vision
 of the soul, as shines forth before the
 of the body the brilliant multi-
 tude of planets that have each their
 appointed path in the wide space of
 heaven? The siege was terrible, and
 the access cost to the Order of Malta
 and twenty of its bravest knights;
 the Tour de Maubourg was
 among the number of the dead, and
 he, who had flown to his side to
 assist him, had fallen covered with
 wounds, which caused his life to be
 endangered. His youth, the strength
 of his constitution, and, above all,
 the tender care taken of him by his
 father, Giovanni, finally triumphed
 over the severity of his wounds, and
 soon as he was sufficiently reco-
 vered to bear the fatigues of the
 campaign, Giovanni brought him to

Venice to visit his family, who re-
 ceived him with the warmest hospita-
 lity. I have told you that Giovanni
 was the only heir of the Balbo fami-
 ly; this was but partly true, since
 there were two daughters, Flaminia,
 who had then attained her eighteenth
 year, and Antonia, who was but seven-
 teen.

"Nothing could be more unlike than
 these two sisters, Flaminia and An-
 tonia. Although both were in looks
 and in character equally charming,
 Heaven had gifted them with very
 dissimilar talents and tastes. Never-
 theless, this did not impede the ex-
 istence of an intimate friendship be-
 tween these two natures so diametri-
 cally opposed; and, later in their
 lives, it proved no hinderance to a
 complete confidence. It is thanks
 to this confidence—that arose be-
 tween them one day by reason of an
 imperious necessity of mutual aid
 and sympathy—that I can now de-
 scribe the more intimate particulari-
 ties of this history. Antonia, as you
 may judge from the portrait of her
 hanging in the room, was one of that
 sort of beauties that seem to overflow
 with vigor and life. Her complexion
 slightly brunette; her eyes of a deep
 black, ever glistening under her well-
 arched eye-brows, notwithstanding
 the depth of her eye-lashes; her
 mouth ever smiling, with its full
 and firmly designed lips; her per-
 fectly chiselled nose, whose nostrils
 dilated at every instant; and, above
 all, the extreme vivacity of her face,
 where was portrayed, as in a mirror,
 every emotion that agitated her, even
 the most fugitive; all in her appear-
 ance indicated one of those vigorous
 natures that have need of real physi-
 cal exertion. An over-rich develop-
 ment of physical forces impedes the
 flight of the imagination. Thus, Anto-
 nia was always remarked for the viva-
 city of her impressions, for the impe-

tuosity of her sentiments, and for the sallies of her quick and brilliant spirit. But that world of reverie, peopled with vague and indefinable forms; that world illumined by a supernatural light, where we catch the glimpses of a happiness unknown here below; that world which is created by the soul and colored by the imagination, was to her quite unknown. Whilst her sister delighted in all this, and listened with her whole heart to those harmonious voices which spoke to her of a coming happiness penetrating and sweet as the joys of heaven, Antonia was bounding like a young fawn among the trees of their garden, or, mounted on a spirited horse, rapidly ascended the paths of the mountains that surrounded the town. The same impetuosity was to be remarked in her sympathies and antipathies; she could not moderate her expression of them, nor did she even seek to impose upon herself a useless constraint on this subject. On the other hand, Flaminia seemed already to bear in her entire appearance the impress of those sorrows that she was destined to suffer. Her look, so sweet and sad even in its smile, was half veiled with her eyelids, and gave to her face an indefinable expression of melancholy. That expression could be again found in her delicately shaped mouth, and even in her movements full of languor and grace. Whilst Antonia, lively and petulant, employed by every outward effort the too abundant forces of her life and youth, Flaminia seemed to place hers in reserve for the terrible moment of need. She concentrated in the depths of her soul all her impressions; nor could she give to herself a reason for so doing. She had the consciousness of her exquisite sensibility, and protected it, under the shield of indifference and affected calm, against all

contact that could have. But under this apparent an attentive eye could have cognized the marks of an and of a strong nervous A sudden flame would lighten up those glances ed in indifference, the social voice took an accent asm, and her whole expressed, being animated by th an emotion that she no strained, and whose vibrations the more violent, because far from pouring itself e surrounded her, as did was one of those that hour in life is destined trate all its force on a sing and on an only affection. ly cold and impassible, he sensibility showed itself perceptible signs; but la happy to find at her side with similar ideas, all this. Is there not in us, at th when life commences, th at the epoch when the so from the long slumber of vague presentiment of destinies? For the same we have so often seen the b diers tremble on the mo battle, feeling beforehand will call them during the d not likewise in us a v warns us of the trials th have later in our lives t The birds have a presentin coming storm, even when sphere is yet full of splendor insects that crawl upon t foresee in the autumn the the approaching winter, an their eggs with a double c silk; and why should man vored than the birds or inse should he be the only cre is delivered up, as it were hands and feet bound, to

future? It is possible that a obeyed that sentiment of modesty that causes us to hide our eyes our better qualities—secret riches of our hearts, may lavish them without stint on a hidden object that we have

She knew herself to be in- of half-loving any object, and that her heart was a fragile ent; that, if touched by a hand, it would render harsh sounds, but that it would break under a rude or awkward; and she wished to pre- from such a fate. None of surrounding her suspected the of this instrument; on the 7, her great outward calm-ssed for the evident indica- a certain coldness of heart, the expansive nature of her as considered as the sign of some sensibility. Flaminia ch grieved at being thus mis-ood, and very often, in the of the night, bitter tears from her eyes; very often y crucifix which hung at the her couch, saw opening before soul so full of purity and love, ne to seek, at that inexhaus-urce, a present consolation ture strength. Sometimes she that she heard in herself the mutterings of the heart's tem- en she prayed with ardor, al- verishly, as she listened to the within her of those myste- pices which warned her of a ril, and told her to spread her those riches of affection oving ardor, that then devour- and that one day would con- r. In these moments of in- alarm, she drew herself yet God, hiding herself under the of his protecting hand, ever p over those who with faith it; and then she felt herself

reassured. At such moments as these was it that she felt herself to be so completely alone, notwithstanding the parental tenderness that surrounded her, and she suffered by this loneliness. In truth, Flaminia was right—she was alone; for though both the Prince and Princess Balbo cherished their daughter, yet time seemed to have passed on for her alone, and not for them. The child had merged into the young girl; the *naïve* graces of the infant had given place to the more opened charms of youth, yet they had remarked nothing of all this. They dreamt not even that parental affection ought to be modelled after the child of whom it is the object, and ought to transform itself and grow with that child. They did not understand that the protecting tenderness accorded to the infant who shelters himself under it as does a bird in its nest, becomes insufficient for the heart that time has developed, and that has need of leaning upon sentiments less protecting and more friendly. One of the most dangerous shoals in the difficult task of educating children, is doubtless that of noticing the first moments when the child whom we have held until then under our hand, and caused, as it were, to live of our own life, lays aside the trammels of infancy, and seeks to fly with his own wings. It is then that we ought to know how so to modify our affection that we may inspire that freedom and that confidence in ourselves that will protect this second period of life, as a salutary fear protects the first.

“Now for the development of these sentiments, so fragile and delicate, we must seize the instant when the child commences to become a man, when he first feels awakening in him thoughts and sensations that are his own, and not simply the echo or reflection of our own. It is at that mo-

felt in his soul—a void that even his glory was unable to hide from him, and which friendship was powerless to fill. Like Flaminia, he felt himself isolated on the earth; but while her solitude was sweetened by a hope as vague as her thoughts and desires, that of Albert was a bottomless abyss, full of discouragement and despair.

“The profound darkness of night then fell upon his soul, an obscurity similar to those sombre and cold nights in winter, when the eye sees not a single star piercing the sky covered with clouds; and when the sad heart hears but the moans of the wind that bends the tops of the bare trees as it passes over them, mingled with the boding cry of the birds of prey which slowly wheel around in the thick and misty atmosphere. A lassitude had fallen on him similar to that which a traveller feels at the sight of a straight and monotonous road which extends as far as the eye can reach in a dry and burning plain. Seeing nothing around him that seemed worthy either a desire or an effort, he allowed himself to be carried slowly on by time toward the common end; nor did he hasten that course by his vows; for even whilst he firmly believed in the joys of eternity, he felt not his soul drawn toward them. If he had run forward to meet death, it was through his natural intrepidity; for he felt in its presence but the same desolating indifference that he had shown at the moment of his recovery to life. Such were the secret sentiments of Albert and Flaminia when their mutual destiny placed them for the first time in presence of each other in the ancient *salon* of the Palace Balbo. We are both of us, my dear Frederic, so far distant from the time when our hearts first experienced these impressions of affection, that there now

remains to us but a very slight recollection.”

“You are deceived,” interrupted the baron; “from the day when for the first time I saw my poor Gertrude, until that when I placed her in her tomb, I have forgotten nothing of all that has passed between us. There is not an hour of that much-regretted time which is not present in my memory; not an incident, however slight it may have been, that I cannot recall in even its slightest details!”

“You can the more easily understand, then,” continued the count, “how it was that these two souls united themselves so closely the one to the other, that there soon existed between them but a single life, a single taste, and a single thought; and how it was that they both preserved, even until their very last moment, the most absolute certainty of their mutual affection, without ever having interchanged a single word on the subject. Scarcely had they been but a few days together, when already Albert had penetrated into all the thoughts of Flaminia. He read in her heart as in an open book; he divined all its secrets; that soul which to all others was closed, he saw opening, and breathed all its perfumes, foresaw all its destinies! Was it, then, in a few commonplace conversations that he had gained so complete an insight into that heart habitually closed? No; he had not judged Flaminia by any acquaintance that he had gained of her character by her words or actions; he had only looked upon her, and instantly, by intuition, he had understood her; and this was so true, that there were moments when it might have been said that he saw her think. On her side, Flaminia saw the soul of Albert by that same light which I should call supernatu-

ral, did I not consider it as one of the eternal laws instituted by the Creator. She knew him to be loyal and generous, and she saw his unchangeable goodness and patience; not because he had had any occasion of showing them before her, but because a lively and penetrating light thus showed him to her. All that Albert felt found in her an echo; the mirror does not more faithfully produce the image than did her soul his slightest sensations. By his side she felt happy, because she felt herself understood and loved. A new existence then opened for her; movement and activity succeeded to her vague reveries and habitual indolence; new horizons showed themselves each day to her soul. Nature became more beautiful, the flowers more sweet, the sun more brilliant; it seemed to her that her eyes had been shut until then, and that they now opened for the first time. At the same time that a new affection acquired over her soul a stronger influence than her affection for her family had yet exercised on her, even these became more lively and more complete. Nevertheless, it was no longer at that source whence she had so long drawn her sensations and ideas that she now went to seek them: all came to her from Albert, or had reference to him. She saw by his eyes and thought by his ideas; her tastes, her desires, were nothing else than the tastes and desires of Albert. Were he present, she seemed to live with delight; in his absence it seem-

JOHN STERLING.

ATEVER importance may attach to the life and writings of John Sterling, due to the fact of his having been a representative man. With a mind supremely original, without being wonderful in his career, he has even made the subject of a memoir by two eminent men, Archdeacon Hare and Thomas Carlyle. The former presents Anglican belief, which is full of partial infidelity, and the other presents the eighteenth-century belief, which is full of simplicity, pure and simple; and the one and the other have each given the portrait of their friend in colors of their own.

Archdeacon Hare has traced the regret the lapse of Sterling into infidelity, while Carlyle has seen in every lapse a rise into transcendental faith of the highest order. Neither of them has neglected, but, on the contrary, both keenly appreciated Sterling's literary labors and his character; and both would concur in placing him out as a type of that education of thinkers and supposed philosophers in whom doubt and unbelief are ever contending for the mastery—who are ever seeking, and are never able to come to the knowledge of truth—a mongrel breed, sprung from an unnatural union between Deism and Christianity.

John Sterling was born at Kaimess, in the Isle of Bute, on the 1st of July, 1806. His father rented a small farm attached to the Castle, and the first four years of John's life were spent on a wild-wooded, rocky coast, among headlands, and thundering breakers. His mother gave him a good schooling; when he left the Isle of Bute, it was to the well-grassed, many-brook-

ed village of Llanblethian, in the Vale of Glamorgan. Five years more passed in that pleasant spot, and time never effaced the lovely images it imprinted on Sterling's mind. Every line and hue, he said, were more deeply and accurately fixed in his memory than those of any scene he had since beheld. Beautifully and with deep feeling did he retrace the impressions they made on his childish fancy, in an article written in the *Literary Chronicle* in his twenty-second year. He had not seen the spot since he was eight years old, yet he described the old ruin of St. Quentin's Castle, the orchard of his home, the school where he used to read the well-thumbed *History of Greece* by Oliver Goldsmith, and the garden-sports of himself and his playmates, with as much distinctness as if they had been *souvenirs* of the previous spring. Very precious are such recollections, for one personal experience is worth a hundred facts learnt from books.

When Napoleon returned from Elba, in 1815, little Sterling was in the midst of French school-boys, at Passy, shouting, *Vive l'Empereur*. His father had become a writer in the *Times*, under the name of *Vetus*, and was in hopes of being appointed one of its foreign correspondents. The Hundred Days which convulsed Europe drove the Sterlings from France; and fortune, who tries literary aspirants with her ficklest moods, shifted the father from Russell Square and Queen Square, to Blackfriars Road and the Grove, at Blackheath. At last he rode at anchor, and was permanently connected with the *Times*. John was sent

to Dr. Burney's school, at Greenwich, and afterward came under the tuition of Dr. Waite, at Blackheath, and of Dr. Trollope, the master of Christ's Hospital. He was twelve years old when his younger brother, Edward, died. It was an early age to become familiar with death. John felt the loss as if he had been a Catholic. God or nature, one knows not which, taught him the communion of saints. "Edward is near me now," he used to say to himself. "Edward is watching me. He knows what I am doing and thinking. He is sad for my faults. I must, I will strive to do what he would approve." Very active was his mind at this period. His keen eye observed everything; his soul was winged. He read the entire *Edinburgh Review* through, from the beginning, and cart-loads of books from circulating libraries, "wading," as Carlyle says, "like Ulysses toward his palace, through infinite dung." No advantages of education were denied him. At the University of Glasgow he was tutored by Mr. Jacobson, since Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford and Bishop of Chester; and in 1824, when he was in his nineteenth year, he removed to Trinity College, Cambridge, where another man of eminence, Julius, afterward Archdeacon Hare, became his tutor and his lasting friend. He was in all respects worthy of such friendship. A youth who, with a delicate frame, could stand waist-deep in the river, to aid in passing buckets to and fro, when the buildings of King's Court were on fire, must have had a singular disregard of self, and readiness for all moral enterprise. "Somebody must be in it," he said, when his tutor remonstrated with him. "Why not I, as well as another?" Friendships were the best gift Sterling received from Cambridge. The

classical knowledge he acquired was not very exact, nor did he submit to any strict discipline.

Union he was "the master-brother" and out of such comrades as Buller, Richard Milnes, John Goble, Richard Trench, and Frederic Maurice, he made of the dear and intimate friends.

Frederic Maurice, indeed, had two sisters; and to him an ardent ridge he owed chiefly the force of his opinions and character. The latter was at that time beginning to found a school of thought, the former, Frederic Maurice, had long been, a real leader of the Broad Church in the Anglican communion.

If ever there was a modern prophet, Samuel Taylor Coleridge was one. As a poet, he was as a divine, an *ignis fatuus*.

He rejected faith to reason, coquetted infidelity, embraced German idealism, discoursed by the hour on the Logos in language calm and shining, but conveying meaning whatever to any on hearers.* Your reason (I bound you to accept a number of facts and principles which understanding (*Verstand*) might be an unbeliever, but would exalt you into a Christian. Everything depended on this question, and if you could not comprehend it, (which nobody could much the worse for you.) English society was fast being envenomed by such theosophic nonsense. The clear dogmas of tradition and the simplicity of Scripture, were being observed in the name of jargon. Dr. Pusey in his time was sliding into German subject. Isaac Taylor was watering C

* Carlyle's *Life of Sterling*, p. 7.

own into human philosophy ; bold was pleading for an Erasmus church comprising all sects and inations ; Dr. Hampden's tergity was effacing the time-halanguage of the schools ; Colewith his drunken imagination, Milman, with his rationalistic n of Scripture miracles, were the way for Strauss and Reand if it had not been for the revival of primitive tradition istic lore, the English mind have wandered away into the desert of infidelity without one one guiding path by which to to the fresh pasture of truth ace.

ing, unfortunately, was not t under this happier influence. ed sown in him by Coleridge s compeers produced, as we e, its natural fruit, and made forerunner of that worship of ty which is now to so large an superseding the worship of

After spending a year in College, Cambridge, he mitted to Trinity Hall, and in 1827, the university altogether. d to seek a profession, and ot what to choose. He tried te secretaryship, and ended, se, with literature—the pro of all clever men who have

For that, and especially for al literature, he was best fit—his thoughts were quick and t, “beautifullest sheet-light-t to be condensed into thun-s,” deriving their momentum vift strokes, not from metallic

copyright of the *Athenæum* be-sale, Sterling and his gifted thought it would make a fine ; for them. He wrote much the years 1828 and 1829, togeth Maurice, who was editor. *Shades of the Dead*,” “Alexan-

der the Great,” “Joan of Arc,” “Wycliffe,” “Columbus,” “Gustavus Adolphus,” “Milton,” and “Burns,” are full of thought, color, and enthusiasm, but they produce a saddening effect. They are “a beautiful mirage in the dry wilderness ; but you cannot quench your thirst there !” Sterling knew not the stand-point from which alone the characters of past times can be duly appreciated. He describes Joan of Arc as “perhaps the most wonderful, exquisite, and complete personage in all the history of the world,” yet he maintains that “her persuasion of the outward appearance of divine agency was caused by a *diseased* excitability of the fancy.” As if to hear a voice from heaven “to assist her in governing herself,” to see an angel, and receive visits from the departed, implied of necessity a diseased imagination ! He sees in Wycliffe a Gospel hero almost as full of “immortal wisdom” as Coleridge, his “Christian Plato.” He couples him with Erigena, who “questioned transubstantiation—the master-sorcery,” and Berengarius, who “opposed the same monstrous doctrine.” But he tells us in praise of these new lights, what may well be regarded as dispraise, that “they encouraged themselves to cast away the belief of all that Luther afterward rejected by the simple study of the Bible, *unaided by general knowledge, and without the guidance of sufficient interpreters.*” Such is the fatal admission of one of whom his friend and biographer, Archdeacon Hare, writes that “the most striking and precious quality in his writings is the deep sympathy *with the errors and faults, and even with the sins, of mankind.*” Here, then, is another admission—an admission, not of the disciple, but of the master, that while Sterling combated that Catholic religion which is from first to last the worship of Christ, he

n the midst of tropic vegetation, does, and slaves as yet unworthy edom. One hurricane, fiercer its fellows, stripped the roof the house where Sterling lived, hirlled about the cottages of the es as if they had been chaff. while, in December, 1831, Tor-the deluded democrat general, es Spain, runs ashore at Fuen-with fifty-five desperadoes like lf, seizes a farm, barricades it, rounded, surrenders, is haled his comrades to Malaga, and hem all, the rich Irishman ind, is swiftly fusiladed. "I hear ound of that musketry," wrote ag; "it is as if the bullets were g my own brain." No wonder, his brain the folly of a wild rise was mainly due.

penance came; religion was dy; and prayer, earnest prayer idance, arose from his lips as under the dates and palms, ized on the mirror of summer Such prayer had been and more fully if teachers such as dge, with his gift of words, dward Irving, with his gift of s, had not already imbued him t multitude of truths which half untruths, and untruths were half truths. He believed f to be "in possession of the gs of Christ's redemption;" ough he scarcely as yet knew ments of Christianity, he began k of teaching it. It is always ywith pious Protestant youths. ave vocations to preach before re schooled; and what ought aken for presumption is hailed ir friends as the most signal f grace. So Sterling, wearied t India life, formed a vague e of anti-slavery philanthropy, rned his face toward Europe s thoughts toward the minis-he Established Church.

It was in June, 1833, and on the banks of the Rhine, that the unripe aspirant for holy orders met his old friend and tutor, the Rev. Julius Hare. That worthy gentleman encouraged a desire he should rather have checked, and Sterling was not long in arriving at a determination to become Mr. Hare's curate at Hurstmonceaux in Sussex, and wear, at least, the surplice and stole, though he had no hood or academical degree to adorn himself withal. So on Trinity Sunday of the following year, he came out of Chichester Cathedral a raw deacon, and established himself with his family in a modest mansion in a quiet, leafy lane of Hurstmonceaux. Very diligent was Sterling in his pastoral duties; but the fervor of his zeal soon cooled. In September he began to have misgivings, and in February following he had quitted the path he had prematurely chosen. The reason assigned was loss of health; but Carlyle guessed shrewdly, and with too much truth, that Sterling was disappointed even to despair by the church whose garment he had spasmodically caught by the hem. The virtue he expected did not go forth from it, and the glimmer of truth which reached him came through a dense cloud of confused writings. The very names of these betokened chaos, and the twilight that struggled through them was sufficient neither to cheer nor to guide. Many pages of Archdeacon Hare's memoir are filled with extracts from Sterling's letters, and accounts of his favorite studies at this period. They form a labyrinth none can thread, where he wanders to and fro without landmarks, bourn, light, or hope. The more he reads the Old Testament, the less can he believe in its miracles; and having no guide who speaks with authority, he applies for

John Sterling.

contrary, he now and then performed service for a friend at Bayswater, but it became more and more apparent that his faith in Christianity was partial and unsound. His mind was not in the highest degree devoted, nor had he that fear of the unknown which is the beginning of wisdom.

His knowledge of German writers was confined to semi-sceptics and self-appointed evangelists, Neander and the like. Carlyle introduced to him higher souls, of literary merit and intellectual height. He brought him in contact with Goethe, Richter, Schiller, and Lessing, and with these he could satisfy the void which an immanent religion had been unable to fill. Mr. Dunn, an amiable Irishman, became one of their circle, and we learn from Sterling himself that *his* theology was combed of the Greek fathers, mystics, and ethical philosophers, and its main defect was an insufficient apprehension of the reality and depth of sin. The very word sin was considered objectionable in the mouth of Carlyle and Mill, because it was the correlative of grace. Sterling's friends seemed fated to be the disciples of his soul. He had named Edgeworth, a nephew of the Edgeworth the novelist. He had read in Plato and Kant, yet was less of a believer than they. He entertained not creeds, but the phantoms or Kantian *ghosts* of creeds." Says Carlyle, of whom Sterling was a witness, that "*his* fundamental principle is the good of evil, and the necessity of wishing to jump off one's shadow."

His feeble health again, in 1836, drove Sterling to a sunnier clime. He was always dodging and jerking, 'to escape the scythe of Death.' His feeble frame revived, he delved in the mines of litera-

ture for fine gold. The theological fever in his mind had abated. Such is Carlyle's account—and the faith of pure reason returned, or almost returned. He had done with theology, rubrics, church articles, and "the enormous ever-repeated thrashing of the straw." But did he find the grain? If theology is chaff, where shall we look for wheat? Will the heart of mankind accept literature as the *summum bonum*, the guide of life, the antidote of sin, sorrow, and death? Yet for it Carlyle and Sterling bid farewell to Christianity, and cry: "Adieu, ye threshing-floors of rotten straw, with bleared tallow-light for sun; to you adieu!" *The Sexton's Daughter* was a poem which indicated Sterling's gradual renunciation of those fragments of Christianity which still clung to him. He even began to think of attacking revelation, on the principle of folly rushing in where angels fear to tread. The Christian religion, he believed, would be really indebted to him for meddling with its foundations, and he should be "doing good to theology," by writing what would for ever exclude him from ministering even in the Church of England. His letters at this period are full of distressing jumble, which Archdeacon Hare records as Christian with a certain unction, and Carlyle, more sagacious, claims as antichristian with a chuckle of delight.

A *sickly* shadow of the parish church still hung over Sterling's compositions, according to the latter biographer, and he gives an amusing description of the parson-like way in which his friend read aloud the *Sexton's Daughter* at Blackheath, and gave painful effect to its maudlin morality. It was "a dreary pulpit, or even conventicle manner; that flattest moaning hoo-hoo of predetermined pathos, with a kind of rock-

them. He admired an essayist who sat loose to the received opinions and belief of his time, chose Plutarch for his favorite author, (as Rousseau and Madame Roland did after him,) and "of all men seemed most thoroughly to have revered and loved the saint, prophet, and martyr of pagan wisdom, Socrates."

Perhaps Socrates would not be in such good odor with the sceptics of our day, if he too had not been in some sense an unbeliever. Perhaps it is in his *protesting* character that they chiefly admire him, and trace in him some resemblance to the sage of Wittemburg. They admire him, and set him up as a model, because he was a witness against the established and popular religion of his country. Yet it may be that Socrates had really more faith than they have, and with all the disadvantages of paganism, made, if we may so speak, a better deist than nineteenth-century sceptics. Perhaps his mind was clearer, after all, than Montaigne's, or than Sterling's, who wrote of Montaigne that, "in the bewilderment of his misunderstanding at the immensity and seeming contradictions of the universe, perhaps he even hoped that *one day or other* the puzzle of existence would find its solution in the accompanying puzzle of revelation."

We have not time, in this place, to follow Sterling's review of his friend Carlyle's works. Suffice it to say, what we believe to be the fact, that he discovered Carlyle's intellectual stature to be high because the literary world had already recognized it as such; but he did not discover the extent of Tennyson's powers because the literary world had not yet recognized them. This is not very complimentary to Sterling's critiques or penetration—but dreamy and indisinct beauty is all that he ever catches, and his *exposé* of Carlyle's

philosophy is as hazy and unsatisfactory as his appreciation of Tennyson is hesitating and imperfect.

After founding the Sterling Club, our hero once more turned his face toward the sweet south. In company with his friend, Dr. Calvert, he crossed the Alps, and wandered from city to city through the garden of Europe, till he reached, in the winter of 1838-9, the city without a rival. Perhaps Sterling was apt to let other people reflect for him. If he had set his own thoughts originally to work, he could hardly have failed to detect in the metropolis of Christendom something more than he pretended to find. A philosophic mind, even of a minor order, could not allow itself to dwell on Rome, the Holy See, and the pontifical line, without finding in them matter for the greatest consideration and most searching inquiry. Whence the mighty, the enduring influence of these on mankind and mankind's history, if there lie not at their root, principles which escape the glance of superficial observers? Whether divine, human, or diabolical, they must deserve philosophical research, were it only for the magnitude of their results. Yet Sterling is bold enough to affirm that "one loses all tendency to idealize the metropolis and system of the hierarchy into anything higher than a piece of showy stage-declamation, at bottom thoroughly mean and prosaic." Again he tells us that "The modern Rome, pope and all inclusive, are a shabby attempt at something adequate to fill the place of the old commonwealth." So warped was his judgment that St. Peter's itself found little favor in his eyes. His artistic notes are as unsound as his religious ones. Prejudice jaundiced all. "I have seen the pope," he says, "in all his pomp at St. Peter's; and he looked to me

as Whig or Tory, Peelite or Anti-Peelite, not as the whim took him, but as it took the blatant public for whom he wrote. There "Captain Whirlwind," as Carlyle used to call him, let loose his winds, and, securely anonymous, looked forth from his cave on the seething seas and thundering surges which he rolled on the shore. The son could not but reflect in a degree the father's face. Hence, in John Sterling we find, to his misfortune, great and habitual uncertainty. "Christianity," he wrote, not long before his death, "is a great comfort and blessing to me, although *I am quite unable to believe all its original documents.*" What kind of Christianity was this which comforted him, and whence did it derive its evidences? The same inconsistency and vagueness appears in his remark—and it was one of his latest—that he had gained but little good from what he had heard or read of theology, but derived the greatest comfort from the words, "Thy will be done." As if these words did not involve the whole circle of theology, as the egg contains the chicken, and the acorn the oak.

In the beginning of 1843, Sterling broke a blood-vessel; his mother also became seriously ill; and his father's mansion at Knightsbridge, "built on the high table-land of sunshine and success," was filled at once with bitterness and gloom. Very affectionate and pious were Sterling's letters to his mother; nor can it be said that death came to either of them unawares. They saw the grim shadow approach, and awaited his stroke with such fortitude as their sense of religion gave them. "Dear mother," wrote Sterling, "there is surely something uniting us that cannot perish. I seem so sure of a love which shall last and reunite us, that even the remembrance, painful

as that is, of all my own follies and ill tempers cannot shake this faith. When I think of you, and know how you feel toward me, and have felt for every moment of almost forty years, it would be too dark to believe that we shall never meet again."

On Good Friday, 1843, Sterling's wife had borne him another child, and, with her infant, was doing well. The post arrived on the Tuesday following, and Sterling left her for a moment to read the tidings brought of his mother. He returned soon with a forced calm on his face, but to announce his mother's death. Alas! another bereavement, still more desolating, was at hand. In two hours more his beloved wife also was numbered with the dead. His two best friends were cut down by a single blow; to him they died in one day—almost in one hour. A mother's love is unique; there is nothing like it in the world; a wife's love is all that imagination can picture of earthly affection; and to Sterling they were now both things of the past. Alone, alone he must pursue his pilgrimage, haunted by the perpetual remembrance of joys never to return. "My children," he cried, "require me tenfold now. What I shall do, is all confusion and darkness."

It is in such seasons of bereavement especially that the Catholic realizes his church as the mourner's solace and the outcast's home. But Sterling, unhappily, was debarred from this best and sweetest consolation. Friends he had in abundance, but they were almost all errant meteors like himself, and stars shining in mist. By the death of his mother he became rich, when riches could no longer purchase increase of joy. He took a house at Ventnor in the Isle of Wight, and there strove to live for his children and in a sphere of

poetry. But his lyre had few listeners; and it would be but loss of time to criticise at length what is now forgotten. Now and then he went up to town, and even entertained friends in his father's desolate dwelling at Knightsbridge. It was like "dining in a ruin in the crypt of a mausoleum." His silent sadness was manifest to all through the bright mask he sometimes wore. "I am going on quietly here, rather than happily," he wrote from Ventnor to Mr. Frank Newman; "sometimes quite helpless, not from distinct illness, but from sad thoughts and a ghastly dreaminess. The heart is gone out of my life." That life was fast ebbing away, and he knew it; he was drifting into the vast ocean of eternity, and he watched without regret the receding shore. A certain piety sustained him. "God is great," he would exclaim with Moslem fervor, "God is great." His heart yearned especially toward Carlyle, and the Maurices were constantly at his side. Infidelity and semi-Christianity, in death as in life, were his presiding genii. He clasped the Bible in his feeble hand, though he believed it but in part. He prayed to be forgiven; he thanked the all-wise One; but it was long since he had begun "to deem himself the opponent, the antagonist of everything that is," and antagonism is a frame of mind little conducive to peace and joy. A few days before his death he wrote to Carlyle: "I tread the common road into *the great darkness*, without any thought of fear, and with very much of hope. Certainty, indeed, I have none. . . . Toward me it is more true than toward England, that no man has been and done like you. Heaven bless you! If I can lend a hand when THERE, that will not be wanting." To this same friend, four days before his death, he

addressed some stanzas which Carlyle has not published, but says were written as if in starfire and mortal tears." His eyes were closed on this world on the 18th of September, 1844. He sleeps in the burial ground of Bonchurch, and is embalmed in the memory of his friends.

His natural virtues were of the highest order; his life was conformed to his temper uncomplaining, his nature transparent, and his imagination lively. Standing, as he did, midway between belief and unbelief, he conciliated the esteem and friendship of believers and unbelievers, if Archdeacon Hare and Mr. Maurice are to be reckoned among the former. Archdeacon, indeed, goes far in excusing he makes for Sterling, saying, "Such men we honor, altho they fall; nay, *we honor them the more because they fall*;" a sentiment so extravagant that the most liberal Catholic will condemn it without hesitation.

Every life has its moral; and that of Sterling's is certainly no exception to the rule. He is a type of educated England in the present day—a Christian, half-infidel. Nature and cultivation had given him all that was requisite to make him a useful member of society, and to cheer his dying hours with the retrospect of existence applied to the happiest and highest ends. But one thing was wanting in him, a steady purpose and a clear view of the means by which it was to be obtained. If he had been fortunate enough to know how to enjoy, and exemplify the Catholic religion, it would have supplied him with a definite scope, and have given him down a rule of faith and obedience by which to compass his ends. He would have collected all his scattered forces, given edge to his arguments, sober color to his imagination, satisfaction to his yearnings, rest to his disquiet, comfort to his sadness.

would have enabled him to realize with all the certitude of faith facts which by the light of nature he could not credit, and truths which he could not comprehend. It would have taught him with authority things which his teachers propounded in doubt, asserted feebly, or distinctly denied. It would have saved him from a wasted existence, from the shallow theology of Archdeacon Hare and his "Guesses at Truth," from the puzzle-headed metaphysics of Coleridge, the wild utterances of Edward Irving, the Arian tendencies of Maurice and Dean Stanley, the supercilious incredulity of Carlyle, the proud unbelief of Francis Newman, and the efforts, intentional or unintentional, of them all to bring about an unnatural and odious alliance between infidelity and Christian faith. They have labored hard

to establish a school, and in England the results of their toil is unhappily everywhere apparent. Unbelief is wearing a Christian mask ; and often has the language of Christ on its lips. Ministers of religion scatter doubts in evangelical terms, and scoffers mimic the tones and language of honest disciples. Atheists and Deists do homage to the son of Mary, and speak respectfully of saints, doctors, and popes. Protestant divines apologize for sincere unbelievers, and quote with approval the writings of the apostles of doubt. Conciliation and compromise are loudly called for on both sides, and hatred of all law and dogma is extolled as charitable and wise. The proposal of marriage between Christianity and Infidelity is openly published ; and the Catholic Church alone solemnly and persistently forbids the banns.

SAINT COLUMBA.

COLUMBA, gentlest of all names ! Bequest
Of a strong Celtic mother to a child
Who, unto life's meridian, kept the wild,
Impassioned grandeur of his race ; his guest
The patriot bard ; while innocence oppressed
Flew, with the instinct of souls undefiled,
To his great heart, who, to the guileless mild,
Called heaven's swift curse upon the lifted crest
Of lawless power. And still the generous mind
Pores, kindling, o'er heroic legends quaint,
In which grave history dips her brush to paint
That nature fierce and tender ; but combined
With grace celestial, till the man we find
Crowned with th' eternal glories of the saint.

GHEEL.

A COLONY OF THE INSANE, LIVING IN FAMILIES AND AT LIBE

THE Belgian Kempen Land is a vast stretch of sandy plains in the provinces of Anvers, Brabant, and Limburg. Its chief parish, Gheel, has a population of some 12,000, about one fifteenth of which are lunatics in family treatment, and many of them occupied in the usual routine of domestic, field, and garden work. This custom has prevailed there for a thousand years. In the seventh century, a chapel was built and dedicated to Saint Martin, the apostle of the Gauls. Some cells of pious hermits surrounded it and formed the principal nucleus of Gheel. Here the young daughter of a pagan king of Ireland sought a refuge from his incestuous love, accompanied by Gerbert, the priest who had converted herself and her mother to Christianity. Her father, discovering her traces, pursued her, caused Gerbert to be put to death, and his servants refusing to execute his sanguinary orders against his daughter, he cut off her head with his own hands, thus avenging, by the most horrible crime, the defeat of his guilty passion. Certain lunatics who witnessed this terrible martyrdom, and others whom piety led to the grave of the victims, as the legend runs, were cured. Gratitude and faith attributed the merit of these cures to the holy young virgin, henceforth honored as the patroness of the insane. Attracted by hopes of a miracle, other families brought their afflicted to the foot of the memorial cross and double bier. The visitors, on their departure, confided their patients to the charity of the resi-

dents. This custom became a tradition. Little by little, a village formed here, animated by the same well as prayer, and which became at last, an important burgh. It had a fine and beautiful church, built in the twelfth century, of Saint Dymphna, replacing Martin's chapel, early in the thirteenth century, and was consecrated on the completion in 1340, by the bishop of Cambrai. The popular devotion there was approved by a papal bull of Pope Eugene IV., in 1400. A confraternity composed of nine priests, and a director was instituted in 1562, which in 1562 changed into a chapter consisting of nine canons and a prior.

From these times up to the present day, a current of pilgrimage is sustained by the malady of the faithful.

This fountain of prayer and piety, these pious cares solicited, these pious cares solicited, have become a source of industry and liberty for the insane, of prosperity for the district, and is readily explained. The soil of the Kempen renders it difficult to live there, hospitable but more onerous there than elsewhere, and economy as well as charity counselled the host to keep him apart would have been the time of those occupying care of him. Left alone, he would naturally attach them to the fields, and then the soil which solicited arms, the step of progress was accomplished. So, without any constraint, the attractions of social labor

influences, many of the insane : useful members of the family. st inspirations of religion, red by considerations of econ- ume to be organized in a secu- tice of humble virtues by the f affectionate cares. Thus, in e middle ages, the Gheel folk, : the light of science, but in a religious faith made fruitful heart and sustained by their ; practised a treatment of in- based on the liberty of move- n rural and domestic industry, the sympathy of an adoptive far from all that might recall er past.

arbitrary discipline founded netrical and military ideas in : times has not spared Gheel ; atever abuses ten centuries troduced and habit protected as well as its good services, ascertained by a most thorough : The new regulations for in 1851-'52-'57 and '58 secure, as written laws can go, the ing of the insane.

insane are admitted at Gheel : distinction as to nation, re- age, sex, or fortune. Every one omed with sincere sympathy, ceives the same hygienic and l care, though nothing pre- the rich from enjoying their , or whatever, in the way of s, their relatives may provide m. One English gentleman, ance, consumes in festive en- nents the income of a large

Of late years, the Belgian stration has excluded from certain dangerous forms of such as homicidal and incen- onomias, and those who istantly bent upon escaping ny place to which they may en taken, or whose affections such a nature as to disturb decency. It does not appear, r, that this recent transfer of

250 patients had been called for by any disasters. It was rather a con- cession to administrative routine, and Mr. Parigot, the inspector at that time, regrets that the colony should thus have lost a class of pa- tients the control of whom best at- tested its moral power. Both the patients and their guardians felt ag- grievied by this arbitrary measure.

No distinctive dress is worn by the insane ; their garments are such as are worn by the country folk in gen- eral, so that nothing calls public at- tention to them, nor reminds them of their peculiar situation.

Liberty under all its forms is the good genius which has inspired, pro- tects, and preserves this colony : es- pecially the liberty to come and go, to sleep or get up, to work or to rest, to read or write or talk at pleasure, to receive one's friends or correspond with them without any restriction. The supreme science of government consists in not contradicting the in- sane, but humoring their innocent fantasies, or imposing nothing by force, but obtaining all by persuasion. Unless some evident and particular inconvenience prevents it, they enter public places, smoke a pipe at the *café*, play a hand of cards, read the papers, or drink a glass of beer with the neighbors. The tavern-keepers are not allowed to sell wine or dis- tilled liquors.

If liberty, equality, and fraternity are not *political* terms there, they are the realities of common life. The lunatic is a man, and is treated as such by the same right as all his brothers in God.

You would never hear at Gheel such a complaint as this, by a poor lunatic confined in an asylum, where, indeed, he was the subject of intelligent and devoted cares :

"They call us *patients*, to control us and to oppress us, but they do not allow us the indulgence of sick folk !

taneous intervention of the neighbors sufficed ; for it was understood, for many leagues round, that any individual whose demeanor awakened suspicions of his sanity, should be conducted to Gheel as to his legal residence. The restorer of a runaway was also entitled to mileage for his trouble. When it is known that a certain lunatic is beset with the idea of escaping, which may take possession of the insane like any other, it is customary, after obtaining a permit therefor from the physician in charge, to fasten two rings or bracelets, covered with sheep-skin, upon the legs, with a covered chain, about a foot in length, connecting them. By this means the lunatic, without being confined, has his movements obstructed, while attention is directed to him. How preferable this is to the mortal *ennui*, to the sullen despair of confinement in an asylum ! What matters it to the patient that his limbs are free, if before him is the barrier of bolts and bars—of massive doors, and impassable walls !

The *morale* of the insane cannot be otherwise than favorably affected by association with persons who protect him with solicitude, while they appeal to his good sense and good will, admitting him on a footing of equality to their hearths, their tables, and their work : such a welcome banishes from his mind the idea of humiliation and oppression, which everywhere else is connected with that of sequestration. Instead of being a pariah shaken off by society, he now belongs to humanity ; his dignity as a man is safe, for it is respected in its chief privilege—liberty.

In the name of this liberty, he is trusted—he is constituted, in a measure, the arbiter of his own lot. If he do not abuse it, supervision of him

is relaxed. If his freedom be sometimes limited, the least remaining gleam of reason suffices to render him conscious that the restrictions imposed are not hostile in their spirit, but are simply precautions which he may disarm by a rational conduct.

Such sentiments sustain or awaken within him the life of the soul ; they influence his manners and bearing. He does not lose the habit of society, and if he one day return home, it may be without shame or embarrassment ; his absence will have been a journey, and not a humiliating sequestration.

Translated from political into psychologic language, liberty is spontaneity ; and if we analyze it more profoundly, we find this term applicable to those actions only which employ the limbs, the senses, and the intellectual faculties as ministers of our inmost affections of will. For all spontaneous action, the head, the hands, and the heart are in union—the conflict between the spirit and the flesh is reconciled.

This supreme harmony implies the unison of man with himself, with his fellow-creatures, and with his spirit-fountain life. Express it as you will, its conception is the basis of the Christian therapeutics of insanity. All must be obtained of the lunatic by gentleness, and not by intimidation or violence ; nothing ought to oppress the individuality of the patient. The mission of the guardians is to render inoffensive, amiable, and useful, a person imperfectly conscious of his acts. It is by one of the noblest powers of the spirit that they say to him virtually, Be free, and understand the sympathies that animate us. Alexander of Macedon accepted the beverage of his physician Philip before mentioning that Philip had been accused of intending

to poison him. Now the insane are, in the immense majority of cases, no more guilty of ill intentions than the Acarnanian doctor, and our Alexanders of Belgium are poor peasants.

These Gheelois have faith in their providential mission, faith in the ancient miracles which have predestined their country to the cure of insanity, faith in their own power. Esquirol one day expressed to a peasant of this place his apprehensions about paroxysms of mania. The countryman laughed at his fears, and said: "You do not understand these folks; I am not strong, and yet the most furious of them is nothing for me." This is the way they all talk. The sentiment of an unlimited and privileged power is insinuated from childhood into the soul of the Gheelois by example and tradition. This power grows with his muscular force and experience; it imposes upon the insane, who feels himself feeble and disarmed before a master, and usually submits without resistance. Any desired help can be had, moreover, at a moment's warning, from the neighbors. The exigencies of family life with the insane invite the inhabitants of Gheel to respect their inoffensive fantasies, and to study in all its aspects the difficult art of directing their erring wills, of redressing their false ideas when they threaten mischief, of taking advantage of a lingering sentiment of sociality or a last gleam of reason, to secure themselves against violence and surprises. On the other hand, as they can have recourse to material constraint only in accidental cases, as they can reckon but exceptionally on the intelligent obedience of patients, it is especially by the evolution of sympathies, those quick rays of the soul which usually survive the intellect, and are often extinguished only with life, that the Gheelois

have understood the tactics of government. That women excel in this diplomacy is not surprising. On them devolves the delicate and important part of them based on managing by means the most whimsical character. Simple, ignorant, laborious, and free from the vanities of fashionable life, kind by nature, religious by tradition, and guided by her heart, a woman of Gheel accomplishes the feats of devotion and sagacity, her cares, which no disgust, she is the visible Providence to the poor madman. By her ingenious expedients, she averts stormy scenes and never shows herself without title or costume, she is the sister of charity. To maintain power over her fantastic subjects, she studies their intimate thoughts, serves their least gestures, directs their secret projects, and leads the lost souls the most dissipated. To subdue the most savage, a young girl does not shrink from the manoeuvres of an innocent coquette. At other times, it is the impetuosity, the magnetism of the look, of the intonation, of the voice, that lays its spell upon the spirit and dissipates its force. It is not rare to see maniacs of the Celtic type, of a scrawny, emaciated frame obeying little words whose only arms are a few words spoken with authority. The mothers and fathers are not backward in these arts of management. They sides their innate turn for the peace of their households, their interests lead them to it. Idleness is a loss, and the best of losing his time and making others lose theirs, if he remained a man of value, would soon become a burden. Compulsion to labor is out of the question. It is necessary to lead the lunatic, to entice him by making the work attractive. Is he

They are patient. Is he awk-

They make fun of his bluntness without humiliating him ; he is better next time. As soon as he ceeds a little, he is flattered and encouraged ; he soon comes to his job. Gradually he is tamed and tamed. Behold him, then, an and a useful member of the colony, proud of himself, a friend and of the house, rising at the same time as his companions and sharing their oils. Fallen as he may be from his estate, does he not still possess greater capacities of sociability than those of wild beasts ? To succeed in the education of the insane, the inhabitants of Gheel have discovered a persevering and intelligent means, the power of which is enhanced by the natural sympathy of the sane man. Much charity in the gentleness upon the lips, and in the actions, *reasoning* even, at an early moment, exert a sovereign influence over characters whose sensibility is exalted by disease. Patience is the first of virtues necessary to the community, and it has always been at the height of the aberrations of the mad to meet. No eccentricity does either surprise or anger. In twenty years Daniel Peter has been warding with a Gheelois. This covers the walls of his chamber with the most original caricatures ; never does he mingle with the members of the family ; he likes only the children, Joseph ; but he brings him to the point of abdicating his personality. He nicknames him and him, persons and beasts, the matron, whom he calls the "our major." When she asks him to go through the door whether he will eat, he replies : Joseph will like it ; or else, Joseph will not. The only way of getting rid of him is to compare him with some tall object, calling him

a tree, a mast, a tower, etc. On Sunday only he will eat no meat, and takes flight at sight of a woman or of a horse. Notwithstanding all these whims, he is beloved by all the family, and remains inoffensive, because he is well treated. He returns to his lodgings regularly every evening after having wandered in the woods and over the heath. From this exchange of kind offices, which is the general tone, the most solid attachments spring. "You must have seen the afflicted family of *der Phlegger* around the sick-bed of *die Phlegling*, you must have witnessed the touching scenes when the latter goes forth cured from the establishment, in order to get a clear idea of the means which constitute the basis of the treatment and the proper employment of which assure the success of the colony. These testimonies of gratitude and of mutual affection, these tears of happiness and of regret, these promises to see each other again, are the sincerest homage that can be rendered to the solicitude of the guardians."*

Nothing better proves how deeply these feelings have penetrated, not merely into individual souls, but into the blood and race, than the conduct of the children of Gheel toward the insane. Elsewhere generally, and even at Horenthals, in the neighborhood, we have seen the unfortunate persecuted and derided. Childhood, especially, is without pity for them. Nothing like this at Gheel. There the *Zott* is, even for children, an amusing companion, without wickedness, often a comrade of their games, sometimes a protector. It seems that between beings who have not yet quite attained their reason, and those who have lost it, some alliance is formed. Dr. Parigot relates his first visit as inspector to a farm near

* *Bulchens. Report of 1856, pp. 34-35.*

Gheel. * It was a cold, snowy spell in the winter. The family were pressing round the hearth beneath the vast chimney-place, and the best seat was occupied by a lunatic. The unexpected appearance of a stranger on the threshold of this poor house, troubled the quiet inhabitants a little. The frightened children took refuge, with little cries, between the legs of the maniac. This poor man's affection for the children was vividly depicted in his countenance, as he protected them with a gesture. This affection was, perhaps, the only tie that attached him to society, but this tie of love protected himself, by deserving the regard of his hosts." We have been gently touched by seeing in the streets of Gheel an old man bearing two children in his arms, while two others followed his steps. The intellectual focus was extinct, or projected but a feeble and vacillating light, but the affectional focus still revealed by its glow the moral grandeur of man even in his saddest miseries.

A woman of Gheel was in company with a maniac, when suddenly he was seized with a paroxysm of excitement. The danger was great, her presence of mind was still greater. She took the young child that she was bearing in her arms, and whom the madman loved, placed it in his arms, and availed herself of this diversion to slip out by the door; then, concealed behind the window, she followed with eye and heart the movements of the lunatic. Marvellous calculation! the child had at once and completely calmed the madman, who, having caressed him and set him upon the floor, was now playing with him. A few minutes afterward, the mother could reënter, the crisis was passed. No one at Gheel blamed this conduct in the mother, who had estimated justly the fascination of infancy.

When the equality of age to friendship, this becomes very between the children of the and the insane. There is one which boards a young lunatic is also deaf and dumb. She become a cherished sister of daughters of her host. When are at work together, enter a nounce that you come to take afflicted child back to the home. Instantly a cry of terror, follows the precipitate flight of these carrying their friend along with will teach you how lively is the of their tenderness.

A woman of beautiful and countenance, and superior education had been found insane at Br without any information concerning her. From her own imperfect answers, it seems she was a native of Mauritius, where her father had a man of note in the French nation. Entrusted to a family of hers at Gheel, they welcomed her with a delicate deference for her previous antecedents. During twenty years they served a little table apart from her, with more elegance than her own; yet they received on her account only the pittance allowed to paupers. One day when Mr. L mentioned this, they answered: "It is enough, doctor; we love our little lady, and we wish to keep her here. No one could pay us for what we are doing; but we have no children, and this is our society."

A father on his death-bed had commended to his daughter a lunatic, who had witnessed her and who had amused her when young. When she married, she brought in dower to her husband by the fulfilment of the contract. Heaven bless her generosity. The lunatic lived nearly a hundred years old. In this period, their house had been rebuilt; but the spouses made

rifice of its symmetry and convenience, so as to leave untouched the cell of this old man which had become endeared to him by a long abode.

The relatives of patients are often too poor to offer presents. One day Dr. Parigot was visiting a young epileptic. As he had always found him well cared for, and knew that his friends came to see him every year, he ventured to ask the mistress of the house what she received on his account. She smiled and replied: "Our Joseph's relations are poor like me, and make their journey afoot. I keep them here a week, and they return afoot, but I give them a rye loaf and bacon to eat on the road. These are our presents." The exercise of these pious and delicate virtues has formed in the heart of the Gheel folk a sentiment of corporate honor and of mutual responsibility, which withstands individual perversions as well as the conflicts of social life. The whole community is interested in the fate of these unfortunates. Every one there might affirm concerning the insane, the *humani nihil a me alienum puto*.

The household that has no lunatic seems to lack something, and looks out for a favorable occasion to supply this want. The reciprocal supervision of the inhabitants prescribes moderation and justice to all. If woman presides in the household, and man out of doors, the eye of the community, watching over both, protects the weak in the course of daily life, as in the struggles which a paroxysm sometimes necessitates. Denounced by the cries of the victim, any arbitrary violence would be promptly reported to the physicians and to the administration. If official defenders were absent, the public voice would suffice, and it could not be silenced. Any suspicion of im-

proper conduct is readily cleared up by the interchange of visits in the neighborhood, and thus a protection is established permanent, universal, invisible, sanctioned by custom and superior to all administrative patronage or written rule.

A population thus reared in the practice of sincere devotion to a special humanitarian office, by immemorial tradition, by interest, by personal and communal honor, and by religious faith, may well bear comparison with the most zealous servants of any public or private asylum. The brothers or sisters of charity, who are but casually guardians of a certain infirmity the more difficult of treatment, because it attacks the soul as well as the body, can hardly possess those hereditary faculties and the thousand expedients which from infancy upward germ in the child and develop in a family and locality, devoted to the treatment of insanity. How much more unequal is the comparison with simple mercenaries! Heaven forbid we should ignore the abnegation of self, so often evinced in the most obscure services, or the unprovided aptitudes which neither danger nor disgust discourage. Yet it cannot be denied that the insane generally persist in regarding all overseers as jailers and complacent tools of the injustice of families or of society. At Gheel, on the contrary, the most susceptible patients can see around them only hosts who take in boarders, and among whom they often find friends and companions. Before all disinterested judgment, what is elsewhere the competition of business here assumes the character of a social and medical mission, while a closer analysis discerns, in this creation of a lively faith sustained at once by charity and interest, a fortunate equilibrium of the springs of human action. The twofold motive

terest in him. When this symmetric indulgence can no longer be of the natural family, where for it elsewhere than in the five family? Less discomposed by tenderness, the latter more obtains the obedience of the c, who even through his dark-reason, fails not to perceive he has neither the right nor the s of imposing his caprices on gers.

e fact constantly occurs at upon the arrival of raving ma-

After a few days passed in guardian's house they can scarce-recognized. Coming with the jacket or in bonds, they are sed as soon, almost, as these ken off. Must this change be uted to the new sphere that en- them, to the regard that is led to them, or to the new cur- of impressions and ideas that ses their own folly? These nces, severally useful, are thened by their association. gh them, what remains sound mind is aided by good tenden- what there is morbid, is restrain- At Gheel is perpetually renewed henomenon which occasioned ch surprise at Bicêtre, at Cha- 1, and in all the hospitals of e, when intrepid humanity their chains and whips, con- d, until then, the only possible ments for controlling the in-

It now remains for science to ss that every closed establish- is itself a chain, the last but aviest that remains to be sup- ed.

e lunatic taken to an asylum is, the first, assailed with painful ssions, bunches of large keys, ve doors, bolts, bars, cells, walls, guardians, uniforms, re- ons, bells, all the appearances ll the realities of a prison. At

Gheel, welcomed with alacrity by the family to which his abode secures a pension, he feels himself at his ease. This first welcome exerts over the insane soul the most auspicious influence; for one who comes from a hospital, it is a true emancipation. By daily repetition, this contentment soon becomes an energetic preference. When of late years certain councils of the Belgium hospitals decided on withdrawing their insane from Gheel, to transfer them to a rival establishment for the sake of some trivial economy, it occasioned the most touching scenes. Guardians and lunatics embraced each other weeping, and several of the latter hid themselves to escape from this transfer. Force had to be employed with others. Besides breaking in upon their affections and their habits, they knew they were passing from liberty to confinement! When questioned on this subject, their feelings clearly appear. A foreign physician visiting Gheel with me, one day asked a lunatic who had spent some time in one of the lock-up establishments, which system he preferred. "You may answer that for yourself," he replied reservedly; but a long and silent look beaming with joy was the expressive interpretation of these words. This attachment to Gheel and to the guardian's family often survives the cure. Guardians have often been known to keep gratuitously, wards restored to their right minds, but who had lost their families or their relations with the world. Not seldom is a friendly correspondence kept up all their lives, while living far apart. Annual pilgrimages from Brussels to Gheel renew ties formed during the malady.

There seems to be no possible doubt that life for the insane is more benign at Gheel than in the immense majority of asylums. Patients sent

there in the initial period of insanity, frequently experience a change for the better, and many recover their reason. Some cures have been effected at Gheel, after two or three years of abortive treatment elsewhere. Maniacs, much agitated, in whom the spring of life preserves its energy, are cured sooner than the quiet ones, who often become imbecile. Monomaniacs, especially religious monomaniacs, are seldom cured. They are more fortunate with intermittent forms of insanity, and such are the patients preferred by the Gheelois, as most helpful in their work. Cures are more frequent on the farms, where the insane labor, than in the village, where they are less occupied. It seems to be ascertained that the number of cures has diminished with the falling off in devotion, and this result is no surprise to science, which, without intervening in the religious question, accounts faith among the most powerful therapeutic agents. Among the patients classed as curable, the proportion of cures has averaged between fifty and sixty-five per cent. Unfortunately, about three fifths of the patients sent to Gheel are desperate cases, on whom all the resources of art have been vainly exhausted elsewhere; for Gheel makes no flourish of trumpets, and only of late years has possessed even an infirmary, or a corps of physicians. Its simple hygiene of liberty, and the family life of poor peasants, is not calculated to exert the *prestige* of those sadly magnificent palaces in which the insane are confined by thousands, and where pretentious science so unwisely snubs nature. Certain medical administrators have even pretended that Gheel was only fit for the incurable. Formerly, they came in search of miracles; now, they seek a last abode here. It should be remarked, moreover, that

hospitals, where the keeping insane is a burden, are inclined to dismiss them as cured on the signs of real improvement; at Gheel, where their keeping is a source of profit, and where the patient is often more comfortable at home, nothing hastens his cure, which is authorized only after a mature examination by the physician of the section and the general inspector. The chances are greater than elsewhere, that the patient's mental condition corresponds to a solid cure.

In default of complete restoration, the conditions of life at Gheel minimize in the insane a general aggravation which constitutes the general manner of being compatible with mental derangement. The mental state, reduced to its simplest expression, excludes neither physical comfort nor a certain order of moral enjoyments, some of which are due even to refinement. The subversive tendencies are attenuated, if not annulled. A young lady, confined for a year in a large asylum, where she broke up there everything that she could lay her hands upon, and where the severest restraints had to be put on her. At Gheel, free among the peasants, she breaks up only bits of wood. Unable to overcome entirely the fatal impulse that led her, still she understands that she is in a family which deserves consideration, since, far from oppressing her, they allow her to obey her instincts and needs of active movement. A young lunatic does her hosts as much harm as she can, and this remarkably exhibits the influence of Gheel, which mitigates when it does not cure, and obtains, better than any other system, the state of passive "innocence."

This innocence rises occasionally to a sympathetic and rational benevolence. Among the old lunatics

There are, generally, compatriots or acquaintances of the new-comers. The former become the interpreters of their companions in misfortune ; they initiate them into the kind of life led at Gheel ; they advise them how to manage, point out to them what the place presents of interest, and thus assist in naturalizing them.

If liberty is the first principle of the colonial system, labor is the second. Although every lunatic is free to abstain from it, and no physical discipline or coercive measure is brought to bear on him, a few sympathetic words and example frequently suffice to wean the insane from idleness. From half to two thirds of the whole number are usefully occupied. The household cares are shared by women, by the aged and the infirm, along with the children and servants of the family. Most of the artisans, such as tailors, shoemakers, cabinet-makers, blacksmiths, bakers, curriers, etc., find a place in the local industry. Some work on their own account, and are patronized in proportion to their skill. There used to be at Gheel an excellent cabinet-maker, very intelligent, and who earned a good deal of money in the exercise of his trade. A Dutchman, he had served in the French army, was made prisoner in Russia, then incorporated among the Cossacks of the Don. In 1815, being in Belgium, he deserted, or rather resumed his liberty and nationality, and married at Brussels, where he fell into hallucinations which occasioned his transportation to Gheel. He lived twenty-five years there, practising his art with success, and talked very rationally about matters in general, only he affirmed that the devil every night entered his body by the heels, and lodged somewhere in it, which led him to conclude all his discourses by asking for a

probe to hunt the evil spirit. Care is taken to place every lunatic in a family so situated in village or country, as to employ his or her industrial capacities to the best advantage. The furious maniacs are most in request by the peasants, a preference easily explained. Fury attests the energy of the organism ; the internal force, physical or moral, is disordered but abundant. In their periods of calm, madmen of this class are vigorous laborers ; whereas no profit can be made of an idiot or a paralytic. On a sudden and violent paroxysm of acute mania, the farmer's family, aided by the passengers and neighbors, soon obtain control of it. Quieted again, the lunatic resumes his work, and this work, which profits the farmer, ameliorates by an energetic and continuous diversion the state of the patient, rendering his paroxysms less frequent.

Although the importance of working is now very generally understood, few asylums are provided with adequate grounds, workshops, and implements for employing their patients to advantage ; hence this progress is still a rare exception, and even when it exists, its benefit is much diminished by the vexatious constraint of its discipline resembling penitentiary labor. In most of the rich establishments life passes in oppressive idleness, leaving the patient all day long to his dreams, without procuring him that muscular fatigue so propitious to sleep at night. It is enough to drive a sane man mad.

As for mental occupation with books, games, spectacles, and social assemblies, they tend to excite instead of reducing the circulation of the brain, and are often opposed to the desired equilibrium of the organism. In the Russian hospitals, the military organization of labor becomes but a tribute of passive obedi-

ence to absolute authority, and ceases to effect energetic revulsion from the bewilderment of the mind. So needlework affords to women a kind of instinctive or mechanical activity of the fingers, which leaves the imagination vagabond. Such labors, prolonged for many hours, are so much the more objectionable from their sedentary nature, which rather favors than averts glandular obstructions and correlative disturbance in the circulatory and nervous systems.

The mode of life of the small farmer, considered as a whole, combines natural interests with varied occupations and movements requiring skill and strength in moderate degree, observation and attention. Above all, man feels himself here a direct coagent with the elemental forces, a shareholder in the commonwealth of the universe, alternately obeying and commanding, utilizing and enjoying the play of solar and planetary forces. It is true that all have not equally the intellectual consciousness of their participation in this great drama, nor the intimate satisfaction and dignity that accrue from it; yet none can be alien to its penetrating virtues, they sustain the meanest hind and the most oppressed slave; much more, the free, the voluntary, and amateur collaborator. The aspects of nature wear the color of the spirit; they are sanative in proportion as man becomes the mirror, the guide, and the instrument of her powers. In the prisoner, at best their suggestions cherish painful aspirations. For the free laborer alone are they pregnant with infinite sweetness.

The arts, and especially music, contribute to the social life of Gheel, and repeat for many a tormented spirit the experience of David with Saul.* A lunatic, surnamed Colbert

the Great, a skilful violinist, for the harmony or choral society his name is still honored in the memory of all the Gheelois. His portrait adorns the hall where the society holds its meetings, and this image attests the cordial fraternalism devoid of prejudices and of shame, which characterizes the folk. In their concerts, at public or religious festivals, the part is distributed to the musicians according to the irrespective talents; to play or sing well, nothing more is required. To improve nature there is a singing-school for the insane. Müller, a distinguished man composer and chief of the Gheel music club, is the director directed by the public voice, who sustains the honor of forming, among the sane, pupils who shall assist him in his concerts.

Several of the insane are members of the choir of Saint Dym. Many of them piously mingle in the processions. They are often seen at this church imploring on their knees for the grace of heaven. Only those whose illusion it is to believe themselves gods or kings, do not do so; but otherwise behave themselves with decency and respect. As elsewhere, individuals subject to aberrations of reason, still under the influence of the prevailing ideas and manner of deportment, and in their turn good examples. They are generally much attached to the faith of their childhood. In health or in sickness, and at the approach of death, they are admitted to the sacraments of the church when their condition is not such as to exclude moral conscience. These ministrations raise the poor lunatic in his respect, and in the eyes of the people they are a medicine of the soul.

Toward the close of the eighteenth century, when the rigors previ-

* 1 Kings xvi. 23.

ed against the insane were re-
a king was the first to experi-
he benefits of an opposite sys-

George III. was treated by
on the conditions of personal
, out-door amusements, and
mily life. The sons of Willis,
l to their father's lessons, con-
to receive at Greatford, luna-
boarded in private families, but
es which limited this privilege
e wealthy. Gheel, without
id palaces, gardens, and parks,
delight visitors, but make little
sion on those who are used to
accords to the poorest the
ent of George III., and with
ecious addition of work.

France, Pinel was the promoter
rsevering apostle of the reform
inaugurated at Bicêtre, then ex-
l to the Salpêtrière and Cha-
. Aiming to raise to the dig-
patients those hapless victims
ad previously been treated as
als or as wild beasts, beaten
ained, he realized half his pro-
e in making them simple pri-
, watched and cared for with
gence. His successes were
gated throughout Europe, and
blic or private asylums aban-
the system of direct violence
straint, to give, in the measure
ir resources in grounds and
gs, a larger part to liberty of

action and to labor. The so-called
"non-restraint" system of England
merely substitutes for active cruelties
dark cells padded with mattresses.
Some asylums endeavor to utilize the
influence of the director's family cir-
cle, but only at Gheel are the com-
mon rights of man accorded to the
insane. Benevolent sentiments to-
ward the insane have been cherished
in Mohammedan countries; regular
and methodical labor with a view to
economy is common to many estab-
lishments; excursions and amuse-
ments are organized by a few: but
nowhere so effectively as at Gheel
have liberty, sympathy, and labor
been combined in the common in-
terest of the insane and of their keep-
ers. These, with the sedative influ-
ence of a mild, moist climate on the
temperament, and the consolations
of religion for the soul, have almost
divested insanity of its dangers, and
authorize emancipation from those
chains of stone which elsewhere
weigh no less than chains of iron on
the unhappy victims of fear and dis-
trust.

This humble parish addresses to
every conscience a lesson eloquent in
its simplicity of tender devotion to-
ward our brothers the most fallen, and
whom the world disdains and repul-
ses. It shows how charity may pre-
cede and complete science.

LIFE'S CHARITY.

AND the great sea closed over that wild struggle, and the wreck went down with its precious freight of immortality!

There was a single cry that came from the white lips, one glance from the tearless, appealing eyes.

"All ready!" sounded a rough voice from the long-boat.

"For my child!" she called out to me, above the awful din and tumult. And I could only clench the rosary with its precious crucifix in my bosom, and spring into the already crowded boat. I missed and fell, and, grasping an oar, fought the angry sea for life.

I vaguely recollect a fearful shriek, as the steamer turned and settled; and when she sank, the strong current drew in the last of the boats, the boat in which *she* had taken refuge. I closed my eyes, but in my ear rang the agony, the wild despair of that cry, "My God! my God!" I suppose I fainted; for I only remember opening my eyes on the deck of a small vessel, which was scudding under bare poles before a perfect hurricane. Weeks passed by, and in a quiet English village, on the soft, balmy south coast, I lay trying to regain the strength which brain fever had quite exhausted.

My kind English nurse told me that through it all I grasped the rosary, and her heart was touched by my devotion to the crucifix. This recalled that fearful autumn morning, when, amid the dimness of the fog, the *Arctic* went down to her burial.

Reverently I kissed the crucifix, and murmured my *Credo*; from the very depths of my soul went upward, "I believe in God!" Then, as I

clasped the cross, I felt it move. I went through my prayers, I suppose that the pressure of hands caused the spring to fly, and a closely folded paper fell on my breast. The crucifix was not and hollow. I carefully unfolded the delicate paper, and a shudder passed over me as the vision of that woman, struggling amid the breakers, arose from memory's gloaming. The very first words that met me were, "I believe in God!" and I wrote, "I will follow his guidance." Far from those that are dear to me, I have buried my husband, his fathers rest; and now, my voice calls me from my home to the Atlantic. I dreamed last night of a fog, a dense mist, that hung like a curtain; of a fearful crash, a vision of anguish that seems to me for dreaming; but my child's cry is echoing in my heart, and God speed my wanderings! I know as of coming woe oppresses me, but I believe in God! and his will save me.

"My little daughter, Marguerite, is with her guardian, Henry Cecil, No. 36 East — street, New York. May the everlasting Arms forever fold her!"

RUTH CECIL

Poor lamb! my heart whistles for the one idol, and so desolate! The spring found me on my journey to the busy metropolis; and we parted on my way to East — street, I, the most elfish little fairy that had ever set drifting on life's sea, all alone. A bonnie wee thing, Madge Cecil; so frail that her touch here seemed too slight for holy yet from the wonderful gray came flashes that gave promise

lid future. Golden hair court-
ed by sunbeams, and, flecked with
wrinkles, wrapped around the most grace-
ful countenance that twelve summers had
bestowed upon. She knew of her mo-
ther's death, for her deep mourning
contrasted almost painfully with the
delicate whiteness of her com-
plexion. And when I drew her upon
my knee and put the rosary in her
hand, she threw her arms around me,
sobbed as though her heart would

I really trembled as I listen-
ed to a storm of passionate agony
convulsing a frame which had
so often offered in combat. "Mamma!
Mamma!" she sobbed out, and she
drew me closer. "Will God take
me to her? O mamma! come
!"

My heart ached for the child, whose
suffering seemed agonizing her very soul,
and I tried to quiet her, and told her of
my father's home where, with the ho-
piness of God, her own mother
was singing hallelujahs. I told
her that this earth was only a brief
sojourn-place which led to the
haven of eternal love, the land
where farewells could never bring a
shadow, nor partings cast a shadow.
The large gray eyes looked
longly up into my face, and with
arms around me, I felt the love
of her heart go out toward her with
strength and purity I had never
known before.

From now on after this, her guardian plac-
ed her at Madame Cathaire's large
boarding-school, and "Uncle Hal,"
as he now called me, was always
my chosen confidant and friend.

Years passed, and I watched her
beautiful girlhood unfold. She had
talents, a quick intellect, and in-
appreciation of the beautiful;
and, a purer spirit seldom lived in
mortal tenement. Yet, with her
spontaneous, impulsive nature, she
possessed a quiet strength of control
which caused visions of the old martyrs

to rise; for I felt that she, too, could
wrestle with passion, and, with God's
grace, subdue all sin.

And thus time sped on, and each
passing season left its impress only
to mature and render more perfect
the succeeding; and her eighteenth
birthday found her the realization of
spiritual loveliness. The exquisite
golden curls of her childhood fell in
irregular waves from the low Grecian
brow, and the sweet, earnest eyes
always recalled those of Guido's an-
gel, bearing the branch of lilies, in
his beautiful picture of "The Annun-
ciation." She was living with her
guardian, and her great wealth at-
tracted many in a city where gold is
"the winning card."

There was a charming freshness
and *naïveté* in the young girl, and at
times almost a religious light gleam-
ed from the depths of her large gray
eyes.

Her guardian's nephew, Henry
Elsdon, had just returned from Eu-
rope, and I watched him as he dallied,
at first carelessly, among the crowd
that gathered around her.

I did not fancy the young man,
and there was an indescribable bar-
rier which rose up always when I
tried to like him. He was what the
world would call handsome and *dis-
tingué*, but the droop of the lower lip,
the heavy jaw, and narrow forehead
truly told of the fierce animal nature
within. Madge was very lovely in this
first season, and it was plainly appa-
rent that he entirely failed to impress
her; indeed, at times her coldness
toward him was marked.

On returning from vespers, one
mild May evening, she asked me to
accompany her on her Sunday visits.
Of course, I went, for who could re-
fuse her? Down the dark streets we
wandered, till we arrived at an old
brick house that, a hundred years
ago, may possibly have been in its
prime. She tapped at the dingy

door, and, like an angel of light, her presence seemed to brighten the room. A sick woman lay stretched on a miserable pallet, and a racking cough shook her weak frame; but a smile of happiness illumined the pinched features, and her voice was tender as it thanked Madge for her gentle deeds of love.

A woman's kindness is never more beautifully displayed than in a sick chamber; and my heart did homage to the young girl, as she knelt by the sick woman's bed, murmuring, in low, comforting tones, the prayer:

"Visit, we beseech thee, O Lord! this habitation, and drive far from it all the snares of the enemy. May thy holy angels dwell herein, to preserve her in peace; and may thy holy benedictions always remain with her, through Christ our Lord. Amen."

Her face was radiant, and her upturned eyes were holy with inspiration. Just then a shadow darkened the doorway, and I looked, to meet the eyes of one perfectly absorbed in the scene before him. My startled movement recalled Madge, and a soft color deepened in her cheeks as she seemed to feel the observation of the stranger.

"O Miss Cecil! here is Mr. Grey, who has been as kind as yourself. This is Miss Cecil, Mr. Grey." And then he advanced, and the fading sunlight fell upon a splendid specimen of manhood. Six feet of magnificently proportioned height, and a head which Vandyke would have gloried in; steel-gray, flashing eyes, a brow upon which intellect and will were marked, and a complexion which the suns of Southern Europe had darkened into olive.

"Pardon me, Miss Cecil, but the likeness is perfect, and the name so familiar. Was your mother Ruth Anderson?"

Tears streamed from her eyes as

she half-whispered, "Yes!" could never speak calmly to her mother, for her love seemed to strengthen as years made time more keenly felt. In an instant she was by her side, and, with the but perfectly respectful manner so acceptable to a woman, he told her how eagerly he sought for this child of his esteemed friend. He had been abroad with her mother, and remained in Europe till within a few months. He had read of the fearful doom of the *Arctic*, and tried to trace the child.

"I need not tell you, Madge, how very glad I am to see you, and how long, I shall hope to be your good friend."

And they did meet very often. Madge spent the summer at her port, and Mr. Grey's cottage near her guardian's lovely home. He supposed there is truth in the old and familiar theory of elective affinities; for the strength of his sympathy seemed to absorb her gentle trust, and her impulsive, passionate heart was entirely swayed by his steady, strong affection; in each chord felt the echo of the other. And so, in the autumn, I was surprised when she pointed to the magnificent *solitaire* diamond on the forefinger of her left hand, and told me that she had promised to be the wife of Newton Grey.

They had returned to New York, and Madge and Mr. Grey were sitting over a portfolio of engravings at the further end of the library, I sat smoking in front of the bright fire, dreaming day-dreams, when the smoke curled and floated away, and suddenly the door opened, and Henry Elsdon came in. I shall never forget the look of surprise only for one single moment, and then he studied his features; only for an instant his face looked thus, and then

ick, soft step, he crossed the
ry, and *suavely* joined the circle
nd the engravings. I could see
Newton Grey would never stoop
spect him; but Madge recoil-
om him, for there was not the
test affinity between such na-

Uncle Hal," she told me one
ing, "I always feel that I ought
oss myself when Henry Elsdon
s near me, that I may pray to be
d from some impending evil."
nd my lamb was right, for truly
f did prey near for her destruc-

business called me to the South,
I left New York to breathe the
rier air of Charleston. It was a
ious winter, that soft season in
unny South. Violets in the gar-
in December, and the scarlet
r roses and sweet mignonette
tening the lovely villa - like
s on the battery.

was slowly descending the stone
that led from the beautiful ca-
al, while the last echoes of the
p's gentle voice yet rang in my
when a letter was put into my
s by my friend Colonel Everett.

not open it then, but strolled
Broad street, to the Mills House,
n my pleasant room I sat down
joy Madge Cecil's confidence.
ine my horror as I read:

Come to me, dear Uncle Hal, for
alone can strengthen me in this
l sorrow. I cannot understand,
esterday Mr. Grey left me after
rt visit, and to-day they tell me
e is dead. I hear low whisper-
of a terrible sin, of which Henry
on is guilty. For my dead mo-
sake, come and aid your deso-

MADGE."

left that evening, and on Satur-
held my darling in my arms.

the whole story in its fearful
l was repeated. Henry Elsdon
wished to marry my ward, but

she had refused him, some time be-
fore her engagement with Newton
Grey. Elsdon's pride was piqued,
and he determined to be revenged.
Then began a system of deceit that
was Machiavelian; for with subtle
skill he won Grey's friendship, till at
last, in one unguarded moment, he
dared to speak lightly of Madge. In
an instant Grey rose, his face white
with a terrible calm:

"I am in my own rooms, Mr. Els-
don, therefore you are safe; but you
must feel that each word that you
have uttered shall be retracted, else
there can be but one settlement."

"And, by God! there shall be but
one settlement!" And Elsdon's face
glared with hate.

And so in the code that teaches
murder—cold, passionless, brutal
murder—they sought refuge; and
Newton Grey fell, pierced through
the temples.

Sorrows seem truly convoyed on
this ocean of life, this sea of wild
unrest; for in a few months Mr.
Alan lost his fortune, and, of course,
my ward's wealth was also engulfed
in the great whirlpool of ruin.

A strange suspicion clouded my
heart, and with an intuition of the
truth, I felt that I could single out
the demon who had spread destruc-
tion in this home.

But with the suavity of deceit, he
subtly turned aside the tide of cen-
sure, so justly his due, and the world
even forgave him for the duel; for
strange travestied stories floated
through the city. Who gave them
to the public? I felt, I knew that
Henry Elsdon had only added to the
infamy which weighed upon his soul;
but as yet the avenger had not struck,
the race of hell had not been accom-
plished! . . .

It was the exciting winter of '60—
December, 1860! South-Carolina
had torn herself from her sisters,
and Washington was in a ferment.

"Ah God! I do repent, and if a thousand years of suffering could atone for all, I would not shrink from a single pang. Sister," and he turned and held her hand closer, and gazed long and anxiously into her half-averted face. "My God! can it be?" But she turned further into the shadowy twilight, and her face was almost hidden. "Sister, I must tell you, because there is something in your tone and look, though I cannot see you well, that brings her back to me; so be patient for a little while and do not leave me yet. In the long ago I loved, and she whom I worshipped gave me no return. I think that circumstances might have moulded her differently, though my selfish passions taught me then to care for little, save what contributed to my own gratification. Well, I watched her love for another, and the devil influenced me; he stole away my truth, my love, my honor! I was mad with jealousy, I was wild with disappointed love, and I swore to be revenged. Therefore the schemes I laid, the deceit I practised; ay, I bided well my time. I stole the friendship of her lover, and poured my poison into his ears; but his noble nature shamed me, his trust could not be shaken; then—ah! how well I remember the evening—I spoke of her as my heart never believed; I lied, wickedly, maliciously lied, upon her! Then his knightly spirit rose, and he fell by my hand! I had begun; the poison was maddening; I could not stop, even though murder barred my path; so I counselled her guardian as to investments, and in one mad moment her fortune crashed with his.

"Still I tracked her on her mission of mercy to Washington; I dogged her steps when she left the couch of the sick woman whose death agonies she had soothed; I stood near the door of the wretched hovel, listening

to the sweet tones of her voice that is haunting me to-night; and—I hardly knew what I was doing, I only felt that there was yet something undone which might humble her, might place her at my mercy; hell's fires raged in my heart—and, may God forgive me, but I spoke words to *her* which no man should utter and live. But she escaped me, and was torn from my grasp, while her pallid face grew whiter still as she spoke in terror, 'In the name of the cross, forbear!'

"Since that evening, I have never seen her face; but, sister, to-night all her saintly purity comes back to shame me, and I feel that the flames of hell would be less fiery if I could hear her say, 'I forgive you!'" There was a brief pause; the twilight of June shadowed the whitewashed wards, and the young moon shed a soft light over the starry heavens; but was it a message that flashed from Our Lady's crown, that lit the pallet over which the sister leaned? Ay, the face of Guido's angel, the angel of the lilies, shone over the dying man, as the sweet voice whispered, "Do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you."

"Her voice!" he cried. And a sudden strength seemed to possess him; for, seizing her hand, he pushed back the black bonnet, and whispered, "Madge Cecil, dare I pray for your pardon?"

"And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us. Amen." And she gave him her crucifix, which he pressed to his lips.

"Then let me die in your faith; for, if its doctrines teach you even to forgive me, then through the prayers of your church will God grant mercy to my soul." He fainted in her arms, and she summoned me.

"Dr. —, take care of him till my return."

I had heard it all, but she failed

cluding the abstract to the consentment to work, resolution of joint action.

venture to suggest something so, to those of our fair readers may be awakened to a desire of giving their woman's rights by the aid of their gifted countrywoman. Practical, and yet not so difficult, giving checks for one thousand dollars, or searching the streets for orphan children. A society exists in New York for making and embroidering vestments and other ornaments for the altars of poor churches and missions.

Why not inaugurate the same among the ladies of New York, for the benefit, first, of small country churches and chapels in our own State, and secondarily of similar churches elsewhere? We cannot rise by a sudden *coup de main* and accomplish everything in a day. It is possible to make a beginning with one necessary work of character another, and to bring them gradually to the colossal dimensions of poverty and misery and vice have been reduced without any effort. — ED.

The *Atlantic Monthly* of April, 1868, appeared a generous high-toned article, entitled "Our Catholic Brethren," in which the author, appreciating the fact that we cannot lose ground by treating with justice those who differ from our opinion, frankly recognized the struggles of our priesthood and the success with which they have been crowned.

The assertion in this article we venture to comment upon, making the occasion for a few suggestions to the Catholic women of the United States, whose right to the labors of Catholic men is undeniable and incontestable, being based upon the unvarying teaching of the church.

The author, in speaking of a missionary bishop whom he had known and respected as an "absolute gentleman," an "exquisite human being," in whom all the frailties springing from self-love had been consumed, leaving the "whole man kind, serene, urbane, and utterly sincere," concludes thus: "*A Catholic priest, indeed, would be much to blame if he failed to attain a high degree of serenity, moral refinement, and paternal dignity;*" because, be it understood, he has neither family cares nor business anxieties to harass him.

Most assuredly true, so far as concerns priests in a Catholic country, where the ranks of the priesthood are full; perhaps true in a purely missionary country, where the priest, in his intervals of repose, communes with his only companions, God and nature; absolutely untrue when applied to a parish priest in the United States, drained of his spiritual riches all day, and often half the night, and for relaxation thrown sometimes upon the companionship of his inferiors. It is no uncommon thing to see a noble priest, at the very centre and core of life, when powers should be ripe, strength unbroken, hope and nerves unshaken, break down, crushed under the weight of work which should have been divided between several persons, leaving to each one work enough to occupy a man of average capacity, time for study, and time for the recuperation of his spiritual powers by prayer and meditation.

Now, where is the remedy for this? Not in a sufficient number of clergymen, because we cannot hope for such a blessing for many years to come. Not in a diminution of labor, thank God, for the domain of the church is constantly widening, and souls are clamoring more and more eagerly for the privileges of religion.

only knit them more closely to old friends and to natural claims ; and this is seldom consistent with much exterior activity soon after conversion. It is very rarely advisable to undertake any work of importance without the advice of a judicious confessor ; a just appreciation of one's personal strength and weakness is too rare a gift to be relied upon as a right.

It is our misfortune in the United States that the number of communities is very small in proportion to the work to be done ; but though a clergyman would rather receive assistance from religious than from any one else, he would gratefully accept the aid of women of the world, provided they were possessed of judgment, tact, and perseverance.

To take up a charitable enterprise from love of excitement and lay it aside just as one's assistance had become valuable, would not be a proceeding modelled on the actions of the early Christians.

To make one's way into a public institution to patients or prisoners in a manner at variance with the regulations of the establishment, would not tend to advance the cause of religion.

To foster the whims of the poor and excite in them false wants, would add to their sufferings, not lessen them.

All these mistakes may easily be made by well-meaning persons who have not prudence. With fidelity, modesty, and common sense, it is impossible to make serious blunders, and it is possible to do a great deal of good without the sacrifice of much time or comfort.

Those who have health and leisure can work for the church ; those who are too busy or too ill to undertake missionary labor can pray for the church. All who have an hour to spend or an eve and pater to recite, or an ache or a pain to offer to Al-

mighty God, can do their share of the blessed work.

Without questioning the fact that the highest of all vocations is the call to a religious life—conceding the point that the work done by women has been usually better done by religious than by women of the world—we think there is a tendency to deny, to that obligation resting upon us all to do the work God marked out for us, the name of *vocation*, unless it leads us to a life in the community or to marriage. We venture to predict that an important share is to be taken in the work of the church in this country by women who have neither a vocation to join a religious order nor to marry.

There is a correspondence between the various vocations of religious orders and those of persons living in the world. Let us read over the golden record, and decide which path we are called to follow. There are the working orders, Sisters of Charity, of Mercy, of the Good Shepherd ; the teaching orders, Ursulines, Sisters of the Visitation, Ladies of the Sacred Heart, and that sweetest of orders, the Sisters of Notre Dame, whose fame is hidden behind humility and obedience ; and the contemplative orders, on whose prayers hang the fruit of thousands of energetic enterprises.

Most of the prisons, work-houses, and hospitals in the United States need the influence of judicious women. As such institutions are almost exclusively filled with poor people, and as more than half our poor people are Catholics, more than half the inmates of asylums, penitentiaries, etc., are Catholics ; it is, then, a matter of justice that Catholic prisoners, patients, and paupers should be under Catholic influences. Obedience to discipline is a principle most strongly inculcated by the church,

and no consistent servant of the church will infringe the smallest regulation in any institution to which he has admission. When this truth is fully recognized, Catholic ladies will be allowed to visit freely all the public establishments in the Union. Let those who wish to do work corresponding to that of the working orders use all available opportunities for alleviating the sufferings and ameliorating the condition of the lower classes.

There are hosts of children who must learn the catechism; not after a parrot-like fashion, such as any ignorant person can teach it to them, but in a vital manner, so that the truth shall be set in their souls like a jewel, to be transmitted to future generations as a precious heritage. Every well-disposed and intelligent Catholic child can be sent forth from his course of instruction in the Sunday-school with the fervent determination to be a missionary in his own little sphere. Those who emulate the labors of the teaching orders have not far to seek for their work.

The Catholic literature of Germany, and Italy should be in general circulation in America, through the medium of good translators. Women are especially fitted translators. Their impressions and adaptive minds make it for them to understand an author's thought and adopt his style. Those who would follow in the steps of the contemplatives of other ages, whose leisure hours were to writing for the benefit of religion, study critically their mother tongue and one other modern language, thus unlock some of the treasures of foreign literature to those less than themselves.

But enough, and more than enough for the present. We have sought to arouse a sense of the importance of the work to be done, not to enter upon the best method of accomplishing it. We have tried to show Catholic women what are their rights, let it to God to awaken in them the ambition to claim and appropriate those rights.

THE LAST GASP OF THE ANTI-CATHOLIC FACTION

PROTESTANTISM and the Protestant denominations may be considered under two aspects. Under one aspect, the former is an imperfect Christianity, and the latter are societies professing each a certain form of this Christianity. As such we respect them, recognize the Christian and evangelical truths they retain, honor the virtue and goodness which are found among their adherents, and freely admit their great utility in many important particulars. We

have no desire to wage a fiercer polemical war upon them, but we desire to discuss with them in a liberal spirit the differences between us, the causes which keep us in separation, and the means of reconciliation and reunion.

Under the other aspect, the former is a denial of the first principles of Christianity, and the others are agitations under the control of party leaders whose principal object is the destruction of the church of Christ.

as and discipline. Although the various denominations do not have an hostile intent toward all dogmatic discipline, each one professes to maintain whatever it has selected as a constitutive principle out of the Christian system, yet the sum and result of their efforts against the Catholic ends to the utter demolition of Christianity. This active, anti-

Protestantism in our own country is principally composed of a comparatively small fraction of nominal Protestants. It is a thin wheel, an *imperium in imperio*, a faction, very impotent, extremely turbulent. The quarrels of its component parts with each other interfere with their unity of action against their common enemy. Now, however, a common sentiment seems to awaken in them that they better postpone their private quarrels until they have compassed their united energies the fall of Rome.

Such a phenomenon has not quite recently in the ecclesiastical heavens. The newspapers of the principal sects have resounded with all for united efforts on the part of the Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, etc., against the progress of the Catholic Church in the United States. Dr. Bellows, who is as restless as a cat when he were pursued by the Eu-
angelists and who seems to get into a comfortable frame of mind as he prosecutes his travels, has given a loud call showing the necessity of doing something to prevent Protestantism which it has made the business of his life to overthrow with ridicule and contempt. In several papers, false to their orthodox protestations of hatred against Protestantism and friendly with Catholics, re-echo the cry which is taken up by one and

another of the lowing presses in turn, until each one *quid lachrymabile mugit*. Dear friends, what is the matter? If you will permit the citation of a somewhat trite classical passage, permit us to ask, *Tantene animis celestibus ira?* We have been much at a loss to divine the immediate exciting cause of such a sudden aggravation of symptoms in our domestic "sick man." We think, however, that we have at last discovered that we are the innocent cause ourselves, through a few little harmless tracts, which were intended as a poultice, but have proved, we suppose on account of the extreme irritability of the patient's skin, a violent blister. We made the discovery by reading the following circular, which we publish cheerfully, in order to promote as much as possible that free and lively discussion which our excellent friends at the Bible House desire:

(PRIVATE.)

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN CHRISTIAN UNION,
27 Bible House, New York,
June 17, 1862.

MR. EDITOR:

DEAR SIR: We are desirous of employing, in your journal, the pen of one of your ablest contributors, in the fair and thorough discussion of the recent publications and pretensions of the Roman Catholic Church.

You have doubtless seen some of the popular tracts of the "Catholic Publication Society." They have been circulated in all parts of the country with great assiduity. They are very ingenious and plausible, and very fallacious. It is a matter of common interest to all who love evangelical truth that these fallacies should be promptly and effectively exposed.

We have a proposition to make which seems to us to be for the mutual advantage both of your enterprise and of ours. If you will send

us the address of that one of your contributors or collaborators whose papers on this subject will be most acceptable to you and your readers, we will make proposals to him for contributions to your journal, we supplying him with a copy of the series of popular tracts of the "Catholic Publication Society," and such other documents as he may need, and paying for his literary labor at a generous rate of compensation.

If you shall succeed in introducing us to writers on the Roman Catholic controversy who are learned, accurate, and courteous, and at the same time lively and effective in their popular style, we shall hope to continue and renew an arrangement which must be for the advantage of all the parties to it, and of the great cause of Christian truth.

Yours respectfully,

J. ROMEYN BERRY,
H. C. RILEY,
LEONARD W. BACON,
E. F. HATFIELD,
SAMUEL I. PRIME,

Committee on Publications of the "American and Foreign Christian Union."

Naturally, we have been on the alert ever since receiving this interesting circular, expecting a rare treat from the articles to be furnished by the learned, courteous, lively, and well-paid contributors to the press who must have jumped at once at this handsome offer. We have not yet gathered in a very ample collection of choice *morceaux* as the result of our study of the anti-Catholic press. We have obtained, however, a few gleanings which may be indications of an abundant harvest yet to come. Here is one from *The Episcopalian*, which no reader of that paper will expect to find either accurate, courteous, or lively, but which, as communicating a piece of rare and

recondite information, may fitly be a sample of the "learned" style.

"It has been suggested—and, we not without some reason—that the of ritualism in the Protestant Episcopal Church may be traced to the Roman Catholic Church itself; in other words, the Roman Church, with the view of bringing the Episcopal Church, has sent us secret emissaries, of the Jesuit who, while pretending to be Episcopal, are really Romanists, and whose mission is to introduce one Romish novelty after another, until the congregations in they are introduced are gradually but drawn into the communion of the Catholic Church.

"To those who have studied the ruling policy of the Roman Church, and its secret workings for ages past, this suggestion will not seem strange or far-fetched. That equally subtle means for proselytism have been used by that church in the past no one can doubt who has read history; and what has been done is done—or, at least, tried—again.

"FRE

"TRENTON, N. J., June, 1868."

The following, from *The Episcopalian Union*, if not learned or lively, is at least in a high degree "accurate and courteous," being the most respectful remonstrance against the audacity of Catholics in pretending to be so numerous, and to be the corner-stone of a catholic open day on Sunday:

"HE THAT RULES THE CITY RULES THE COUNTRY.—The Pope of Rome well knows this axiom. The Jesuits know it. The politician knows it. They all act upon it. Their ties are chosen as their centres of organization. From these centres their power radiates through every town and village, hamlet and district of our land. In government like our own, this is particularly true. The pulsations of life and power in our larger cities, both in religion and politics, indicate the condition, in these respects, of our whole country. Hence the policy of the Papal hierarchy of inducing subjects, when emigrating to the United States, to settle within the limits or excess of our cities. Statistics show that foreign Papal immigration, East, West, and South, settle chiefly within or about

cities. No one with his eyes open has failed to see this with respect to New York, New Orleans, St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, and Buffalo. The *foreign* population of these cities *rule* them. They present a majority of thirty thousand in New York. What may be their exact proportions in our other populous cities, the writer has at present no means of ascertaining. But from the number, the grandeur, and the costliness of their cathedrals and educational institutions in other cities—in such as Chicago and St. Louis—we should judge that their number is greater in proportion to their population than it is in New York. This statement has reference to the Papists. For the *infidel* proportion who come to our shores from Europe, and who have been driven to infidelity by the tyranny and wickedness of Papacy, have no sympathy with that system in propagating its means of worship. All their sympathies are with our free institutions. Their licentiousness and disregard of the Christian Sabbath are the fruit of their infidelity. Even for this the Papal Church is responsible before God. But the Papacy, in its *spirit* and in its *policy* and in its *designs*, is opposed to our republican government. It is the sworn inveterate enemy to every principle and policy which favors republicanism. No bishop, no priest, and no member of the Papal Church ever has been or ever can be a loyal subject of a free government. Every pretence or profession or act which they avow to the contrary is the necessary outgrowth of wilful deception, hypocrisy, and falsehood. Among the *masses* of her members an oath of loyalty may be the result of ignorance; and it may be permitted to remain of binding authority so long as it does not conflict with their first and paramount obligations with their church. But with the bishops, the priests, and the Jesuitical hordes of their hierarchy, an oath of loyalty or of testimony is of no value as a test of truthfulness. Nay, it is often taken as a means of deception, to accomplish some concealed purpose. Their fundamental doctrines of *mental reservation* and *universal subordination* to Rome necessarily exclude from their virtues that of true patriotism. That this hierarchy has for some years past been collecting, arranging, and concentrating the elements of her strength in and around the cities of the United States, is evident to any one who has watched its progress. Her power is abundantly manifest in the influence which she has exerted in the legislation of our cities and our states, in the appointments of many of our highest offices of trust and power, in the disposition and distribu-

tion of our public charities, and in the control of our popular system of education; and that the time has come, in their judgment, when she can, with safety to herself, openly assert her power, can be seen in the popular tracts, now numbering some thirty-one, of her religious press, in the public discussions of her periodicals, in her politico-religious organizations, as well as in her open and defiant Sabbath parades, and other desecrations of that blessed day. Let her have full scope to her power and freedom *as a church, in a legitimate way*. Let her seek to build up her cause as a system of religion, the same as Protestant churches in our country. But let her not attempt to ride rough-shod upon the rights of Protestants by her noisy parades, with drum and fife and boisterous shouts in front of our churches upon the Sabbath—by her insolent and brutal outrages upon unoffending Protestants when peaceably pursuing their avocations. Let her no longer refuse to listen to the respectful remonstrances of American citizens against such encroachments. Public religious services and the administration of the Lord's Supper in some of our churches were almost entirely prevented by the noise and confusion of the Papal parade on a late Sabbath. This nuisance has been *repeated* in New York and Brooklyn in opposition to the respectful but earnest petition of Protestant laymen and clergy. On these occasions, several of our largest streets were piled up with city passenger-cars, that were forced to stop running on account of the procession. And what was all this confusion, all this violation of law and order, upon the Christian Sabbath for? Why, simply that a single Papal congregation might lay the corner-stone of the church of the 'Immaculate Conception.' Hundreds of quiet and orderly churches must be interrupted in their worship, the rights of large corporations must be trampled under foot, and the stillness of the Sabbath be invaded by the drum and fife and shout of a *drunken rabble*, for the sake of a single Papal congregation! Such occasions are not without a purpose. They afford the priesthood a fine opportunity of testing the strength of numbers, of trying the patience of the Protestant community, of gradually corrupting their respect for the Christian Sabbath, and of intimidating politicians with a show of power. Their design is a *political* one. There is no religion about it. Her power is broken upon the 'Seven Hills' of Italy, and she is trying now to re-establish it in the metropolis of America. But who dare array himself against her avowed de-

termination to subordinate all things to her purpose? What politician, what party, or what partisan newspaper dare oppose the political system of Papal hierarchy? It remains for the Protestant clergy of our evangelical denominations to take up the cause of religious liberty. No one will dare to speak out if they remain silent. The eyes of all are toward them. They must take the lead in the conflict with 'the man of sin.' God has thrown the responsibility upon them. They can, if they will, sway both the religious and political destinies of our nation. Let no one talk about the danger or the fanaticism of introducing politics into our pulpits. The days of such cowardly conservatism are past. Let politicians as well as Papists, at whose feet the former bow, be made to feel that patriotism is a Christian virtue, and that its sacred fire is kept alive and pure only in the breasts of those who swear by an open Bible and a free conscience. If our Protestant ministers will do their duty, the masses of our people will see the danger which threatens us. They will unite their strength in a successful issue with the powers of darkness, and our politicians, seeing the strength of such a combination, will withhold their sympathy and patronage from a system which, in the garb of religion, aims its death-blow at the very root of our civil liberty. C."

The following is a specimen of the "lively and effective" style:

CATHOLICISM.

A REPLY TO J. G. PARTON'S ARTICLE IN THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

This little treatise is respectfully presented to J. G. Parton and all our Catholic brethren, by their brother and friend, Charles W. Gilbert.

"And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, *All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.*"—Matthew xxviii. 18.

"This is the stone which was set at naught of you builders, which is become the head of the corner. Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is *none* other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."—Acts iv. 11, 12.

"It behooved him to be made like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful and faithful high-priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people. For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted."—Hebrews ii. 17, 18.

GALESBURG, June 22,

MR. J. G. PARTON: DEAR SIR: myself you will excuse me for the I have taken in addressing you this letter has been called for by reading a column in *The Atlantic Monthly*, in April, respecting our Catholic brethren.

I have neither time nor space to half I want to, only to mention a few. And first, you say there is a difference between Catholics and Protestants in mode of praying; you say a Protestant his face in his hands, but Catholics though they kneel, but the body is. Dear sir, do you not know the reason Catholic brethren worship images? God has forbidden. Turn to the commandment: "Thou shalt not make thee any graven image, or any like anything that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath," etc. "Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, neither to them: for I the Lord thy God am a God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not be without punishment to him that taketh his name in vain. Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do thy work," etc. Take your Bible and the commandments.

Dear sir, can you find one of our Catholic brethren that keeps the commandments? Turn to the First Epistle of John, second chapter, fourth verse: that saith, I know him, and keepeth his commandments, is a *liar*, and the truth is not in him."

You speak of their communion. drink the *wine* and eat the bread, has commanded? No, no! A little put on the tongue. Please turn to the seventeenth chapter of Revelation, verse 1.

The next topic is the Catholic school. Sir, what is a Sabbath-school without the Bible to direct us? teach little children the way of life? Do you not know that they do not allow the Bible to be read in a Sabbath-school nor in a day-school? the reason they will not send their children to the Protestant schools.

What said St. Paul to Timothy: that from a child thou hast known the Scriptures, which are able to make thee unto salvation through faith which

Christ Jesus."—2 Timothy iii. 15. We read also, in the sixteenth verse, "*All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.*"

What said Jesus? "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have *eternal life*: and they are they which testify of me."—John v. 39.

You say the children in the Sabbath-school sing to the Virgin Mary the following stanza, "O Mary! Mother," etc. Dear sir, who is this Mother Mary? Let Christ answer. Turn to Matthew xii. 50: "For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother." Read also in Mark iii. 35; also Luke viii. 21.

You quote the prayer that the superintendent uttered, in Latin. How *edifying* that must have been to the children, especially when he used the word *immaculate* Host! Could the children have understood that word, they would have blushed.

You give us a glowing description of the different cathedrals, and how they are occupied. Now, my dear sir, let me tell you, the best prayer-meeting that I ever enjoyed was in a *log-cabin*. Read St. John iv. 23, 24. Jesus told the woman of Samaria that the hour had now come "when the *true* worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." Christ told the woman of Samaria she need not go up into the mountains nor to Jerusalem to worship the Father, but anywhere, in the *log-cabin* or in your house, if you worship God in spirit.

The next topic is, you say: "Our Catholic brethren are very candid, and are as truly and entirely convinced of the truth of their religion as any Protestant."

I am now almost seventy-three years of age, and have labored among our Catholic brethren more than forty years. I have seen many of them *happily converted, born again*; as Christ told Nicodemus, told him repeatedly, "Except a man be born again, he could not enter heaven."—John iii. Yes, I have seen them *put off* the old man with all his deeds and put on Christ; yes, his very *countenance* was changed; yes, he will not visit the Dutch gardens or saloons on the Sabbath. Said a *converted* Roman Catholic lady to me, the other day: "I have *perfect peace* now. When I belonged to the Roman Catholic Church, I was in constant misery."

Said a converted Catholic man, aged sixty-

six years: "I never took any comfort before." I asked him if he was ready to die. He said, "*Yes.*" I asked him how he knew. Putting his hand on his breast, he said, "*Spirit tell me so.*" So Christ says his Spirit shall enlighten every man that cometh into the world.

In all my conversation with our Catholic brethren, I have never found the first one that could say with St. Paul: "I long to be absent from the body that I might be present with the Lord, that I might be clothed upon with another body like unto his."

Our Catholic brethren are taught that there is a *purgatory*. I wonder if St. Paul had to go there first. I have often asked our Catholic brethren where the *penitent* thief went to, that was crucified with Christ, when Christ said to him, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise."

If there is a purgatory where we have to go to atone for our sins, Christ must have suffered in vain, though he cried on the cross, "It is finished."

I have seen Catholics die in despair. I had one in my employ as a sailor on the North River. He caught a severe cold; it ran him into a quick consumption. I asked him if he would like to have me read the Bible to him. He said, No; he said the priest had forbidden him to read the Bible or hear it read. As he was failing very fast, I went in again and asked him if he wished me to read to him in the Bible. He said, No, but wished I would go and call the priest. I did so, and after the priest went away, I went into his room and asked him if he was happy. He answered, No, and cried bitterly, and said, "*I am going to hell! I am going to hell!*" and died in a few minutes.

You next speak of young men that were studying for the ministry; you say they study Latin, Greek, and theology. Dear sir, what is theology? If I understand it, it is a Science of God. How can they study theology without the Bible, the word of God? They are not allowed the Bible, so a converted Roman Catholic priest published to the world, at least he said that there was not more than *one* in twenty that ever saw a Bible.

You say the Catholic Church is getting very *rich*. I do not doubt it. Oh! how I pity the poor Catholic brethren. See how they *toil* and *work* to support the priest and the nunneries, and to *build* meeting-houses to please the eye and charm the weak minded. And what do they get for all this? Let echo answer. Look at our poor-houses. Every winter thousands have to go to our poor-houses to be taken care of by our Protestant

churches. Here in our city many would have perished this last winter, had not our poor-master fed them.

You next give us a history of a wonderful miracle that was performed in Washington in 1824. Dear sir, do you think any Protestant with one eye, and that half-open, can be made to believe *such nonsense*? If you wish to see miracles wrought in the nineteenth century, just give the *Bible* to our Catholic brethren, then you may see greater *miracles performed* than you speak of; for to see a man that is *dead in sin* changed to a *spiritual* man, made *alive* in Christ, is a miracle.

Our Catholic brethren are taught that their church was the *first church*. Let me inform you that there was no Roman Catholic church on the earth for three hundred years after the death of the apostles. Permit me to quote a few passages from the word of God. 2 Thessalonians ii. 3, 4: "Let no man deceive you by any means: for that day shall not come, except there come a *falling away first*, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition; who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God." Could an angel from heaven portray the character of the pope in any plainer language?

1 Timothy iv. 1-5: "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the *latter times* some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils; speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a hot iron; forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain *from meats*, which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth. For every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused, if it be received with thanksgiving: for it is sanctified by the word of God and prayer."

Paul speaks of visiting the churches; that is to say, little bands of Christians. We read in the Acts of the Apostles xv. 3: "And being brought on our way by the church;" that is to say, a few Christians. Read, also, xvi. 5: "Likewise *greet* the church that is in their house," etc.

You will now turn to Revelation xiii. 16-18: "And he causeth all, both small and great, rich and poor, *free* and *bond*, to receive a mark in their right hand, or in their foreheads." Now, every true Catholic receives the sign of the cross in his forehead every Ash-Wednesday; every priest, when he is ordained for the ministry, receives the mark of the cross in his right hand.

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of the will of the flesh, nor of the
in, but of God."—John i. 13.

Will us that in this easy and pleasant
Catholic brethren join the church.
Does joining a church make a
Christ-like? Christ says: "If ye have
, ye are mine; if ye have not my
are none of mine."—Romans viii. 9.
: whole chapter; it contains the
n of salvation.

Catholic brethren are taught that the
ary was *born* immaculate! What
y! And also that the church is

When Christ asked Peter and
cles, "Whom say ye that I am?"
swered and said, "Thou art the
e Son of the living God." Upon
nowledgment or confession of Peter,
ist was the son of the living God,
id, "I will *build my church*"—not
er, as the pope claims.

By our Catholic brethren are not
to be found praying. Please turn
th chapter of Matthew, and read
verse, which is as follows: "But
en thou prayest, enter into thy
id when thou hast shut thy door,
y Father which is in *secret*; and
er which seeth in secret shall re-
: openly."

By the superintendent of the Catho-
th-school you visited told you that
sited many of the Protestant Sab-
bols and had copied after them.
where he found a Protestant Sab-
bol *without the Bible!*

By that the Catholics expect to rule
ountry, and that ALL Protestant
will be in their Sabbath-schools.
say, "Let God be true, but every
ar."—Romans iii. 4. St. Paul has
ed that the time shall soon come
e Sword of the Spirit SHALL de-
Man of Sin.

are thousands of our Catholic
in America that are *sick* of the
religion, and will soon leave it.

When I was engaged in teaching a Sab-
bath-school of Catholic children, a father
and mother called on me and wanted to put
their children in my school. I said, "Your
priest will not allow you to do so." They said
they did not care anything about their priest;
they had been brought up in *ignorance*; they
did not want their children brought up so.

You cannot tell us of a Sabbath-school
in all Italy, or in any other country where
the Roman Catholics rule, except those
that have been established by Protestants.

You tell us about Roman Catholic bene-
volent societies. Where, oh! where is there
an asylum for the blind and deaf and dumb,
that they may learn to read the word of
God, and get a knowledge of our Saviour
Christ Jesus, and learn the way to heaven?
You cannot show one in any Catholic
country.

Permit me to give you another graphic
picture from the Bible, giving a picture of
the priests' dresses. Please turn to Revela-
tion xvii. 4, 5: "And the woman was
arrayed in purple and scarlet color, and
decked with gold and precious stones and
pearls, having a *golden* cup in her hand,"
etc.

Now, all this I have seen in the great
cathedral in Montreal. I have seen our
Catholic priests and brethren *bowing down*
to graven images for several minutes.

Mr. J. G. Parton, dear sir, I sincerely
pray that you will, after reading this com-
munication, repent, (not do penance,) and
turn to the Lord, and not be under the ne-
cessity of calling upon the rocks and moun-
tains to fall on you and hide you from the
face of the Lamb. (Revelation vi. 16.) Do
read, also, verse 17: "For the great day of
his *wrath* is come; and who shall be able
to stand?" Do read this communication
carefully, and pray that it may be blessed to
your salvation.

No more at present, and I remain your
friend in Christ,

CHARLES W. GILBERT.

since then. Ah me! how much has been lost! Of that goodly company, what has become of them? Heroes and heroines have vanished from the earth. Thrones have toppled, dynasties crumbled, institutions that seemed fast as the everlasting hills have withered away. But the church that was present and was judged moribund by transcendental zeal, and rattled so ominously in the ears of the present still.

Mr. Vickers was finally resolved to start a journal which should represent the ideas which had been influenced by the association already leading to dissolution. How to procure the requisite funds was a question of some difficulty, seeing how hardly philosophic and commercial speculation conspire. An appeal was made. Would Mammon have the power to aid an enterprise whose spirit defied his methods and imperilled his assets?

The prudent God disclaimed the involvement; and the organ of American transcendentalism, with no pecuniary basis, left to the chance and gratuitous efforts of friends, if intellectually or spiritually prosperous, had no statistical success. It struggled, through four years, with all the difficulties of eleemosynary journalism; and then, significantly enough, with its last breath, and gave up the ghost. These are the four volumes among the choicest treasures of my library. They contain some of the best of Theodore Parker's, of Martineau's, of Thoreau's best things; not a weak or writers less absolute and less

meanwhile the association, if so it could be called, had gradually dissolved. Some of its members turned papists—I should have sought refuge in the bosom of the Catholic Church. A few of the preachers pursued their calling, and perhaps have contributed somewhat to liberalize and enlarge the thoughts of their day. Some have slipped their anchors on this bank and shoal of time, and lie sunk beneath the wave, whose queenly hand has no peer among the women of this world.

Of one

'A strange and distant mould
Wraps the mortal relics cold.'

ly, a fragment of this strangely combed body lodged in a neighboring town, became the nucleus of an agricultural prize in which the harvest truly was plenteous, and the competent laborers and of which, the root being rotten, the blossoms soon went up as dust."

Mr. Vickers may thank the Archbishop of Cincinnati for having given his boyish lucubrations a little momen-

tary notoriety, which they never could have acquired by their own merit. They are crude, ill-mannered, replete with commonplace, effete, and senseless vituperations of all that is venerable in Catholicity and Christianity, and betray an ignorance of the subjects treated of which makes them unworthy of any serious attention. The point which the discussion chiefly turns upon is "freedom of thought." If Mr. Vickers is a disciple of the German pantheistic school, as we suppose him to be, he is not in a condition to maintain that there is any such thing as thought or freedom. We intend to give abundant proof of this assertion, in a series of articles, to be published in our Magazine, on Pantheism, in which we shall show, to the satisfaction of any person capable of metaphysical reasoning, that pantheism destroys the possibility of thought, in the true sense of the word, as the intellection of real, objective truth. Pantheism destroys, also, all possibility of freedom by reducing all phenomena to a fatal, invincible necessity. A pantheist is bound to accept all the persecutions of the middle ages, all the definitions of the church, and the encyclical of the pope, as manifestations of God. Our godlike friends are too much like the wife of the Connecticut corporal, who replied to the query of her innocent offspring, "O ma! are we all corporals now?" with the haughty rejoinder, "No, indeed! only *your pa and I*." Mr. Vickers and the members of the free-thinking coterie are not the only participators in the universal deity. If Mr. Vickers's brilliant exposition of the doctrine of the immaculate conception was a divine inspiration, Archbishop Purcell was equally moved by divine inspiration to the paternal castigation which he administers to his young and somewhat forward fellow-celestial. In fact, Mr. Vickers, the archbishop, the book containing their controversy, THE CATHOLIC WORLD, ourselves, our readers, St. Thomas, Torquemada, Luther, Heidelberg University, and the Jesuits, are all one thing, or one nothing; a *Seyn*, or a *Werden*, or a *Nichtseyn*; all bubbles on the fathomless ocean of infinite—nonsense. It is a wonder that Mr. Vickers lays so much

to heart, and makes such a serious business out of that which has no reality. A nephew of the great German philosopher, Hegel, who was also a favorite pupil of Feuerbach, and who is now a devout Catholic, told us, some time ago, that he asked Feuerbach why philosophy was making no progress, but seemed to be at a stand-still. The latter replied, that they had already proved by philosophy the nothingness of everything, and it was, therefore, useless to push philosophy any further, adding, that it was time to go back to common sense. Such is the end of that lawless, intellectual activity which Mr. Vickers calls "free thought." It is like a head of steam that bursts its boiler, and is then dispersed in the circumambient atmosphere.

MEMOIRS AND LETTERS OF JENNIE C. WHITE—DEL BAL. By her mother, RHODA E. WHITE. 1 vol. royal 8vo, pp. 363. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. 1868.

We must presage our notice of this interesting book, by saying we have a dislike to memoirs written by fond and partial friends. Lives of the saints we love to read, but our digestion was early impaired by the memoirs of good children (who all died young) with which we were fed for Sunday food, and we have latterly been in the bad habit of turning away from a book labelled, *Memoirs of*, etc.

However, we read Jennie's life with interest; and it is a beautiful story, giving to the reader a delightful insight into a truly Catholic family, where the breath of piety permeates the daily walk of every member, mingling with and heightening the light-hearted pleasures peculiar to the seasons of childhood and youth. The tale of her courtship and marriage is told with a sweet and winning grace, which charms us by its naturalness. Quite unlike the prevailing spirit and sentiment of "Young America" is the history of the prompt obedience to the mandate of parental authority, in giving up their engagement. The accepted lover, a resident of Santiago, New Granada, had promised his aged father not to forsake his own country, and Jennie's father could not give his

consent to that far-off gle, they pleased from influence mother re

Contrary can girls v nie's marriage. The both earn faith, and faith, are ness in ma happy you circle of f Jennie left a comparative distra churches c us a glowing spirit by land at her destiny and we co why such intelligent whom her have proved way of n was the fi attracted n by her bra her large C her home childlike s giving us heartaches herself for appears a be gay, w every piece ing." Mr. nada at a t erals," un ascendant, ligious lib first acts w gious com upon the w es, banish took an oar to be Catho himself po a governme no connect state, the p

cle for the twenty-third of their Constitution :

"In order to sustain the national sovereignty and to maintain public peace and security, the national government, and in some cases the state government, shall exercise the right of supreme inspection over all religious worships, as the law shall determine."

This is a law of liberty very like those the English Catholics enjoyed under Queen Elizabeth.

Mrs. Del Bal exerted herself to give the press at the North the true state of the case with regard to this matter, since the public papers have loudly lauded Mosquera and his government. How far she succeeded in influencing minds that swallow eagerly anything called "liberal," we are not told. Our friend Jennie was loyal to her heart's core, and never ceased to call herself and her husband American citizens; and her thorough celebration of the "glorious Fourth" was a complete success. American thrift and industry carried her through what would have been impossible to a New Granadian.

But it is Jennie's almost superhuman efforts to revive the faith in the land of her adoption which excite our wonder and admiration, even more than the tender breathings of her woman's heart, separated for ever from the earliest loved. She had everything to struggle against in her work; "deplorable ignorance among the lower classes, and the falling away from faith and duty in the educated;" and this in a land once hallowed by the daily sacrifice. Well might she call the country "God forsaken," when those who should have cared for the sheep became themselves grievous wolves devouring God's heritage. The secret of the country's desolation we may read in this sentence :

"It is a well-known fact to Protestant travellers and a wound in the heart of the Catholic world, that the Catholic priesthood in this part of the world and in the West India Islands, scandalize the faithful. Why are they permitted to remain in the church? is asked often by Protestant and Catholic. Because they are sustained by a government which will not acknowledge papal authority; and if the archbishop were to remove

them to-morrow, it need be, they would be reinstated by the laymen. Hence these scandals."

But we turn from this sad picture to our young friend. Working with all the ardor of a soul given to God, filled with the love of Christ, her prayers and labors brought forth abundant and immediate fruits; but not till that day when the Great Master shall make up his jewels will it be known how many were brought back to faith and duty by her efforts. The missionary spirit pervaded all her life, and we may believe that love for souls, in part, led her to give her consent to so sad and final a parting from her early home; for she laid her plans for these poor, neglected people before she left her father's roof. She found some pious, devoted women in Santiago, (where are they not found?) and she gave them work to do. Everything prospered in her hands: Sunday-schools, altar societies, associations of the Sacred Heart; and at last, through her instrumentality, the laws were repealed that closed the churches, the *Te Deum* was sung, the sanctuary lamp was re-lighted, and 'la nina Jennie' was acknowledged, by the grateful people, as a public blessing God sent.

It is extremely touching to mark how, amid the constant terror of revolution, the wearing care of churches, hospitals, Sunday-schools, altar societies, plantations, and housekeeping, with a retinue of easy-going, lazy servants, she turns to entertain a dear friend with tales of her beloved parents, recalling the happy and united life at home, and then runs to console these absent ones by telling them, in her letters, with the artlessness of a child, that her husband must be good, since she is so happy with him, away from all she loved before! Only four years was she permitted to cheer the heart of her fond husband—only four years to lead the life of a devoted missionary in that desolate vineyard. The snapping of the chain by death that bound that household; the departure of her noble father—we may well believe—coming upon a heart filled with care for the souls about her, lying in worse than heathen darkness, hastened her own death.

As we close the volume, we can not

mourn for her nor for her dear family ; it is a blessed privilege to have such a friend in heaven.

"Life is only bright when it proceedeth
Toward a truer, deeper life above :
Human love is sweetest when it leadeth
To a more divine and perfect love."

No, we mourn for Santiago, and pray our dear Lord to compassionate a country so piteously torn by revolutions, and abandoned by those who should be first to hear the cry that comes over the land to all Catholics, "Send us priests who have an apostolic spirit, good judgment, and tact!"

The publisher's portion of the work is well done. It is well printed on fine paper, and the binding is in keeping with the rest of the book. It is, in fact, the handsomest book Mr. Donahoe ever published, and we are glad to see so great an improvement in his book-making.

THE WOMAN BLESSED BY ALL GENERATIONS; OR, MARY THE OBJECT OF VENERATION, CONFIDENCE, AND IMITATION TO ALL CHRISTIANS. By the Rev. Raphael Melia, D.D. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1868. For sale at The Catholic Publication House, New York.

Dr. Melia is an Italian priest, residing in London; a man of solid learning, great zeal for the conversion of Protestants, and possessing a competent knowledge of the English language. His work is a comprehensive treatise on the dignity and office of the Blessed Virgin, and the reasons for the veneration and invocation of Mary practised in the church; to which is added a devotional treatise on the imitation of her

virtues. The author goes thoroughly into the arguments from Scripture, tradition, reason, theology, and antiquity. His style is lively, popular, and somewhat diffuse, so that his learning is brought to the level of the understanding of ordinary readers, and his arguments made plain by ample and simple explanations. The book is also illustrated by *fac-similes* from ancient works of art. It is a treasury of knowledge on the charming and delightful subject which it treats, and both Catholics and Protestants who wish to gain thorough solid information respecting the Catholic devotion to Mary, with ease and security to themselves, will find this to be the very one they are in need of. The author is entitled to the thanks of all English-speaking Catholics for his labor of love, and we trust that his excellent work may be the means of increasing and diffusing, both in England and America, that solid and fervent devotion to the Blessed Mother of God which is both the poetry and an integral part of the practical piety of our religion.

WE have just received from Messrs. Murphy & Co., Baltimore, *The Acts and Decrees of the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore*. THE CATHOLIC WORLD, for August, contained an elaborate article on this work, written from an advance copy kindly furnished by Mr. Murphy. It is unnecessary to say anything more with regard to its contents, except to reiterate what we then said as to its external appearance. It is a handsome volume, finely printed on good paper, and bound in various styles and in the best manner known to the art of binding, and is a credit to the publisher. It is for sale at the Catholic Publication House, New York.





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